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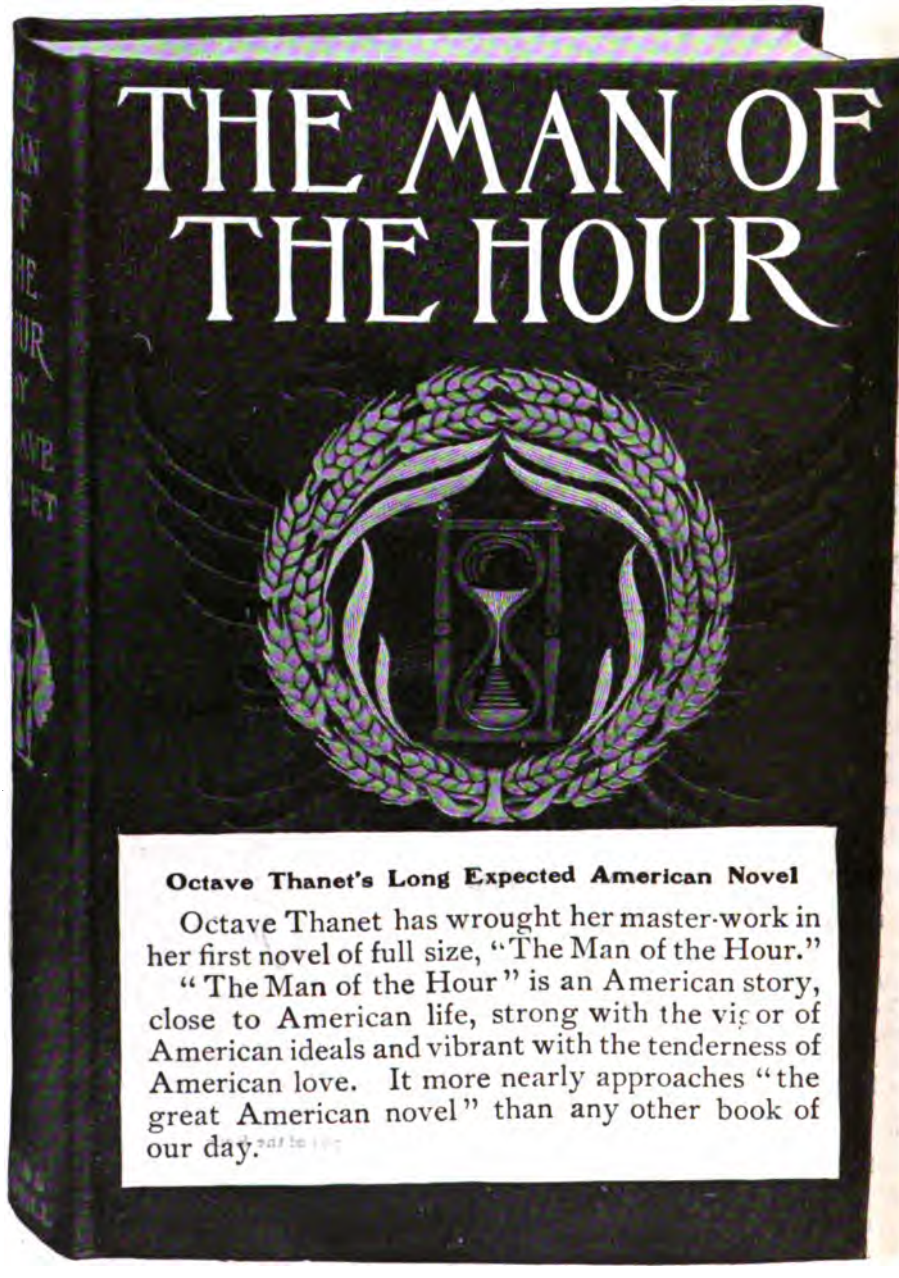
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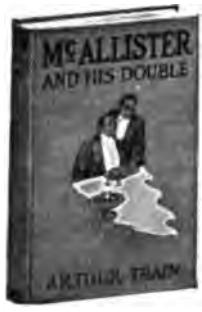
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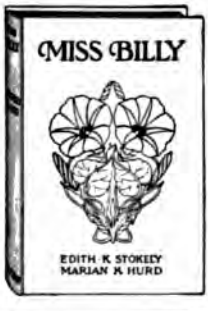


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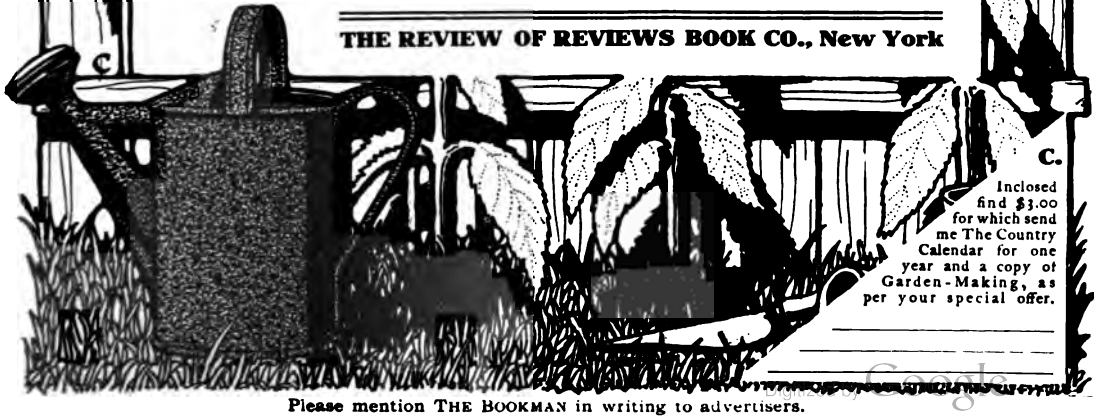
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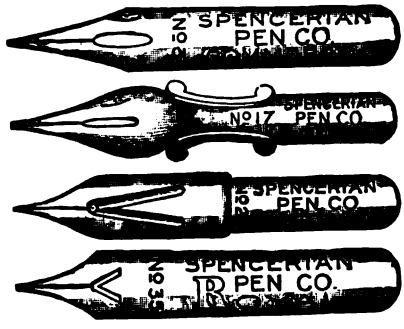
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Another Spelling Spasm.

Once in so often the advocates of "fonetik refawrm" relieve the loneliness of their isolation by emitting a fresh "appeal" or "exortation" to the world at large, which has quite forgotten their existence. The latest one of these sporadic spasms occurred in a recent number of the *Independent*. That periodical begs every one to join it in adopting twelve barbaric bits of cacography, identical, we believe, with the list which was approved more than a decade since by the American Philological Society and about five years ago by the National Educational Association. Among the twelve forms which the *Independent* urges every one to adopt are *prolog, thoro, thorofare, thru*, and *tho;* and the rest are like unto them. Of course the approval of the Philological Society and of the Educational Association has had no influence with any one. Nobody would take to wearing nose-rings or to shaving one side of the head, just because a small body of earnest persons recommended it; and with equally good taste and judgment the public has eschewed fantastic freaks of spelling. Even the *Independent* admits that it has "stood almost alone" in its adoption of the grotesque. And naturally. For who cares how many minutes a day he loses by spelling decently, rather than like a vulgarian? We are all willing to give these minutes freely, for there are a good many things more valuable than time.

On this head, however, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in a letter published in the *Sun*, has very nearly punctured one of the bubbles blown by the "refawrmers." They claim that their pet measure, if generally adopted, would save space in printed matter. But listen to Mr. Johnson:

> A mathematician among the reformers has made nice measurements of the comparative widths of the letters and counted the frequency of their occurrence, and thence computed the space that would be saved in books if the letters that he considers useless were omitted. He thus displays an amusing ignorance of typography. Assuming the accuracy of his computation, if the type of a book were set up in one long line that line would be shortened as he suggests. But books are broken into pages, and the pages into paragraphs, and the paragraphs are made up of comparatively short lines. When a compositor has set a line of type, if the last word does not quite fill the line he puts more space between the words, or if the last word is a little too much he diminishes the space between the words and thus gets it in. Contemplation of this fact for ten seconds will convince any one that the proposed "reform" would not diminish by a single page the bulk of any book.

Mr. Johnson also narrates what he rightly styles "an interesting reminiscence," which sheds a good deal of light upon the ingenuous ways and scientific sincerity of the cacographic cranks. We quote the paragraph in full, because the

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story is so very characteristic of a certain type of reformer:

About three years ago, I think, I received an invitation to attend a meeting of "spelling reformers" in this city, with a request that if I could not be present I would send a letter expressing my views. I sent such a letter, setting forth views widely different from those of the "reformers," and the secretary received it. But when he went to the meeting he remembered to take all the other letters he had received, and singularly forgot to take that one. He told the assembled reformers he had received such a letter from me, but had left it at home. As there are no messenger boys in New York, of course he could not send for it, and none of the reformers offered to go and get it. So the letters that told them what they already believed were read to them, and the one letter that would have told them something else was not read. Common sense and common honesty would suggest that as my letter had been invited, and its absence was due to the fault of the secretary, it should have been included in the published proceedings. But it was not. Would it be ungenerous in me to harbour a suspicion that the "spelling reformers" do not wish to listen to anything on the other side of the question?

The *Independent* has been canvassing its readers and other persons with a view to getting them to take a sort of pledge to use the twelve queer spellings on its list. It says hopefully that of the persons approached, four out of five have promised to use these twelve spellings "in their private correspondence." This seems to us a most reprehensible restriction. They are unwilling to offend the public at large by the eccentricity of their spelling, but they have no scruples whatever against outraging their intimate and valued friends. By the way, the *Independent* mentions as usual the names of those persons who years ago gave their approval to the original list of the Twelve Words. Among them is that amiable linguistic anarchist, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. Now we should like to ask the Professor just one simple question. For the past three or four years, he and his faithful Achates, Professor Brander Matthews, have been labouring to prove that in language there is no such thing as authority in language, save only usage. Usage is King, and to usage must every appeal be taken. Very well, then. Usage has established a definite system of spelling English words. Why not follow usage, stop kicking forever against the pricks, and recognise the fact that nobody cares a hoot for the Twelve Spellings, or for mathematical demonstrations over a question of pure taste?

Improving the Language.

We don't know why it should be so, but there certainly is a concerted effort to bring in new endings in the case of two or three ordinary English words. The most curious example is found in the words "offspring" and "craft," of which hitherto there has been only one form for singular and plural alike. But now we find both in books and newspapers mention of "offsprings," and (as yet only in newspapers) descriptions of "the harbour crowded with gaily decorated crafts (!)," and so on. Of course this sort of thing takes its rise in ignorance; but if not stopped it will create confusion in the mind of the average person, and in the end lead to further barbarisms. Perhaps after a while we shall hear not merely of "offsprings" and "crafts," but of "sheeps" and "shads." The more or less esteemed *Sun* of this city has officially decided to spell "kidnapped" and "kidnapping" with one *p*. Such, we observe, has been its rule for months. We cannot ascribe ignorance to the *Sun*, and it has never favoured spelling-reform. Why, then, "kidnaped" and "kidnaping"?

The Coming Season.

There is, of course, always the chance that the coming autumn season will bring a new book from a new source that will cause us all to "sit up and take notice." Not that we are anticipating any such book, only there is the possibility. But in looking ahead in a general way we have to confine ourselves to the writers to whom we have been in the habit of turning for season after season—to the men and women whose reputations, such as they are, are established. So far as

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we know, there is to be no new Kipling book, nor are we at all likely to hear from Conan Doyle. Nor will there be anything to show any signs of recent activity on the part of either Mr. James Lane Allen or Mr. Richard Harding Davis. There will be books by Dr. Van Dyke and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Winston Churchill, who for the past six or eight years has been having a new novel published in the early summer of every other year, will take his chance in the autumn struggle with a love story entitled *Coniston.* Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston will follow up the success of that vastly overrated book, *The Masquerader,* with *The Gambler,* which is to appear some time this month. There is to be a new Cholmondeley novel, but it is doubtful if it is put between covers before the early spring. Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Fair Margaret,* which has been running serially, will be issued about October 1st. Mr. Stewart Edward White's name, together with that of his collaborator, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, will be on the title-page of *The Mystery,* to appear late this month. Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman's *The Debtor* is to be issued in October. There will be no novel from Mr. Howells, but he will be represented by a collection of *London Films,* while Mark Twain will publish *Editorial Wild Oats,* which, for the honour of one who was once a great American humourist, we fervently hope will be found infinitely better than his other works of recent years. In *Nedra,* an autumn book, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon forsakes Graustark for an island somewhere in the Indian Ocean. Mr. Jack London's *The Game* is of very recent date, yet this indefatigable worker will be represented by a new juvenile, and Mr. Booth Tarkington will follow up *The Beautiful Lady* with a long novel, *The Conquest of Canaan.*

Epigrams Wanted in Montana.

Inmates of the stout red volume called *Who's Who* have no doubt received copies of the following letter, which we print here for the good of the cause:

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, July 17, 1905.

Hon. ——— ———

MY DEAR SIR: I wish an *original toast* or *epigram* from you, with *autograph* for publication in "Toasts, Roasts and Epigrams."

This book is designed to be a compilation of wit, humour and intellectual sayings of celebrated men and women of America.

It aims to be a cheery, helpful, entertaining melange; a banquet in itself, spiced with variety; serving to aid dinner givers in embellishing banquet lists, and at the same time preserve some of the good things of present-day brains, discriminatively sought and spontaneously given.

If you are disposed to supply one or more epigrams or toasts on selected appropriate subjects, they will be gratefully received.

Thanking you in advance for prompt reply,

I am Sincerely yours,

——— ———

It seems as if almost any one might help him, to judge by the things one sees in print. No one can talk for five minutes without saying something that in the back part of a magazine or in the pages of *Life* would serve as an epigram or that Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler could turn instantly to good account. An epigram nowadays is any short platitude italicised or done by George Ade into slang and capital letters. Give a proverb a black eye or an old saw false teeth; take any sentence and Tomlawsonise it, and the thing is done. "Sleep and the world sleeps with you; snore and you snore alone," was once considered an epigram and quoted by Augustin Thomas in his play. This has served as a model for many thousands of them during the past year. Others may be made by beginning with "Woman is like a—" and thinking of something she is not like and sticking to it till it seems to mean more than it ever could. Another recipe, much used in newspaper work, is, Be homely and forcible, concluding wherever possible with a moral thump. "The trouble with a handsome scarf-pin is that neckties thereafter have to live up to it. People ought to remember this when they join a church." All epigrams herein described should be sent at once to Great Falls, Montana. It is a worthy charity, and there could be no better place for them than in that "cheery melange," "embellishing the banquet lists," very far out West.

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When Dramatic Critics Disagree.

Great waves of contempt swept over Mr. Max Beerbohm recently on reading Mr. Huneker's *Iconoclasts,* and he wrote an article, from which we select some eloquent passages:

I hope and trust he is a young man. I hope and trust he is a very young man. . . . That this latest book has not been dashed off in the heat of youth I refuse (in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary) to suppose. Looking from my window, I refuse to suppose that the colt in yonder meadow kicking its hoofs so blissfully, so uncouthly, so ineffectually, is a full-grown horse. . . . He "writes up" the subject of dramatic literature just as his humbler colleagues "write up" the subject of a fire or a murder. "Whim," wrote Emerson over his study door. "Vim," writes Mr. Huneker over the door of the cable car, in which (presumably) he does his work. . . . Mr. Huneker has read "Love among the Artists," and he wishes to say that the story is not a pleasant one. This is how he says it. "It is as invigorating as a bath of salt water when the skin is peeled off—it burns; you howl; Shaw grins." No matter that we don't howl over the story. Enough that Mr. Huneker *does* howl at us. . . . Its violence and vulgarity are hardly the worst faults of this book. A careful and consistent expression of violence and vulgarity might take rank as literature. But here these qualities are expressed so very carelessly. The writing is so bad that you have to read between the lines to discover what Mr. Huneker means; and when, as often happens, he means nothing, you naturally resent the waste of your time. Of course the quick-lunch public has nothing to resent.

The hypothesis of extreme youthfulness is probably assumed only for rhetorical purposes, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Beerbohm knew the precise extent of Mr. Huneker's seniority. Mr. Beerbohm himself happens to be rather young, and young creatures, especially of the sort described by Thackeray as "ojous, droll, sarcastic," dearly love this little device, "beardless" being one of their very worst adjectives. The young in letters are, it will be found, almost always the most grandfatherly. Having once attained the sad sufficiency of middle age, they are not nearly so haughty about it, and the epithet "beardless" soon disappears from the vocabulary of their contempt. Apart from this, he has certainly laid bare Mr. Huneker's literary vices, and incidentally those of several American writers of the arrestive sort sometimes called "brilliant" by people in a hurry because some particularly limp reviewer swears they make him "sit up." The practice of uneasy writing is growing on us. Only the other day a Boston magazine editor was advertising for "Heart Throbs," which he says are now greatly in demand, even among the "plain people."

But Mr. Beerbohm sees only the vices of Mr. Huneker. Not a word in the article about the good points of the book, and there are many. For one thing, one covers a good deal of ground with Mr. Huneker, not arriving anywhere perhaps, but seeing a good bit of country first and last. Like a motor-car owned by a certain mad editor whom we know, he quivers and explodes a good deal, and goes often merely for the sake of going or of making speed or passing other motor-cars or astonishing the wayside fences or tossing hens, and quivers and explodes most of all when he is not going anywhere—still he does take you about, and you soon grow used to the fuss of it all and the smell of naphtha. On the other hand, readers of Mr. Max Beerbohm have reason to complain of the long pauses in which that entertaining trifler leaves them with nothing whatever to do. He is as much addicted to under-thinking as Mr. Huneker to over-stating, and he presents a broad, fair mark for a rejoinder if Mr. Huneker can only be induced to make one. By every means possible dramatic critics should be encouraged to fire into one another's lines. It will tend greatly to the advantage of the profession. It is not a kind thing to say, but personally we should be gratified if almost every shot proved fatal. Not, however, in the case of these two, who, though they may hate each other, have this much in common—that they are among the very few whom anybody could wish to see survive.

Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, famous for his contributions to physiological chemistry,

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An Important Discovery.

has surprised the world by a discovery in an entirely new field. In the last number of the *International Quarterly* he unfolds a new theory of happiness, which was revealed to him some time ago, but which he kept to himself until he had tested it by his own experience. Its essential point is that happiness can be reduced to an astonishingly compact and convenient algebraic equation. Happiness equals the square of the energy voluntarily exercised minus the square of the energy expended against the will. But let us present his own more precise statement:

> If E stands for the amount of energy voluntarily exercised, W for the amount of energy exercised against the will during the same time, I offer the following equation as the aptest representation of the facts: H stands for happiness,—
>
> $$H = (E + W)\ (E - W) \text{ or } H = E^2 - W^2$$
>
> I cannot help fearing that the reader will regard this formula as idle play, and I wish therefore to insist that this is a way of illustrating observed and approved facts, and is clearer than all formulæ of verbal form. The formula has guided me correctly in choosing between a number of possibilities which demanded resolutions of greatest consequence for my own welfare and that of my own family; and I think that the reader will at least be interested to try and understand this exposition.

*

The Polemics of Literary Measurement.

A certain reticence may have been noticed in these columns as to what constitutes real poetry and as to the relative measurements of bards—matters treated with admirable precision in other magazines during the past year. This is due, we fear, to gross uncertainty. Parnassus has never been for us ringed with lines showing altitude above sea-level, like the mountains in the school geographies, nor have we been able to grade geniuses as accurately as we could wish. Ranging one bard along with another, old or new, great or small, we are apt to miscalculate by many centimeters. We are not even sure of ourselves in applying the Johnsonian parallel to present poets of a certain degree. We might say, for example, that, If of Gilder's Muse the steam pressure is higher, that of Carman is broader in the beam—but we should do so with little confidence that it would survive the tests of later investigators. Hence our pleasure (a little mixed with envy) in recent magazine discussions grading authors according to sweetness, girth, weight, height, depth, speed and durability, with never a moment's doubt. Perhaps a compatriot of Emerson declares he is entitled to the first rank anywhere, and from this position shall never be dislodged, and a London reviewer says he cannot allow it because Emerson was lacking in *Je-ne-sais-quoi*-ness, and lived too long at Concord, Massachusetts, and much as he hates to disquiet America, he must rate Emerson two points lower. Or it may be that Professor Barrett Wendell in the course of his Cambridge lectures does not rate the versatility of Dryden so high as it is rated by some Oxford don, who has scheduled the qualities of all the poets and marked them on the scale of ten, and the don turns quickly to his tables and finds that many of Professor Wendell's tastes are inexcusably erroneous, wrong by Troy weight, wrong by avoirdupois, and that they are not always expressed in donnish language, several phrases being merely suggestive and three prepositions misplaced. So on this firm basis he proves the lecturer illiterate and shallow-pated, and then with wider sweep (for he happens to be a Saturday Reviewer) dismisses all American scholarship as quite worthless and American. Or, again, it may be that Mr. Markham (the world's most expository poet, "The Man with the Key," the only one as yet known who after the printing of a poem can live handsomely for several years on the income of his explanations), appears once more in a magazine, and the question immediately arises, Is it a deathless song? And one maintains that Mr. Markham is the true bobolink singing with his breast against a thorn, and another disproves it by citing two or three mixed metaphors or lines that he cannot understand.

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That lone last peak of my soul had spoken,
That last peak lost in light.

"How can a peak speak?" says the foe of Markham, and a man from the poet's ranks fells him with a Bible. "'Why hop ye so ye high hills?' says the Bible, and how can a high hill hop?" And on they go, each deciding the thing absolutely and trying to bind the rest, and Mr. Markham waits cheerfully, knowing that his time will surely come, and meanwhile plans lecture tours along all the principal trade routes in the country. This magazine may not always address itself to these grave issues in the clarion tones that they deserve, but it appreciates the spirit of such discussions and loves to see them going on.

Authors and the Ring.

The Prize Ring has had a fascination for a great many authors besides Mr. Jack London, whose sombre story, *The Game*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. While this is the first tale by Mr. London which deals entirely with a professional boxer, his interest in and first-hand knowledge of the sport of Figg and Broughton was shown in "The Shadow and the Flash," which appeared in THE BOOKMAN about two years ago. "All fights are good reading," said George Borrowe, and the only wonder is that there are not more of them in fiction. Every few pages in the works of Fielding and Smollett men and women are busy cudgelling one another, but these impromptu battles in wayside inns lack the stress and excitement of the "regulation" affairs. The same may be said of the schoolboy fights of fiction—Cuff and Dobbin in *Vanity Fair*, Tom Brown and Slogger Williams in Hughes's famous book and the struggle with which *Lorna Doone* begins. There is hardly a novel of Thackeray's in which at some time he does not bring in the "Tutbury Pet" or the "Brixton Bruiser," although some of the observations that he attributes to Harry Foker lead us to believe that his knowledge of the history of the British ring during the Regency and the reign of George the Fourth was more or less superficial. No such criticism can be made of Conan Doyle, who has at his fingers' ends every detail of ring history from Buckhorse to Tom Sayers, and who is a distinguished patron of the National Sporting Club of London. The first story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis to attract any wide attention was "Gallegher," which was in a measure a story of a prize fight, and the delight which Van Bibber and his friend Travers took in attending "boxing contests" and officiating as timekeepers showed a keen interest in the subject on the part of Mr. Davis himself. In *Cashel Byron's Profession*, George Bernard Shaw devoted an entire novel to the glorification of prize fighting, but it will be a long time before any one will write a tale of the ring comparable to Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, or describe a battle as dramatic and stirring as that between Jack Harrison and Crab Wilson on the Southern Downs.

Latter Day Popjoys?

A recent issue of one of the English illustrated weeklies devotes two full pages to certain titled Britons of literary achievements or pretensions. We are introduced to the pleasing countenances of Lady Gilbert, author of *Nanno;* the Honourable Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, author of *Warp and Woof;* the Honourable Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, author of *A History of Gardening;* the Baroness de Bertouch, "song writer;" Lady Helen Forbes, author of *His Eminence;* the Countess of Cromartie, "poet and novelist;" Lady Violet Greville, "journalist;" Lady Margaret Sackville, "poet;" the Duchess of Sutherland, author of *One Hour and the Next;* Lady Jersey, "writer of children's stories;" the Duchess of Leeds, author of *Capriccios;* Lady Lugard, "writer on African subjects;" the Honourable Alexander Nelson Hood, "writer on Venice;" Earl Percy, author of *The Highlands of Asiatic Turkey;* the Duke of Argyll, author of *Diarmid;* Lord Iddesleigh, author of *Luck o' Lassendale*, and the Earl of Ellesmere, who is described as "the author of many sporting works." Now, with a few exceptions, these names are strangely unfamiliar to us. We call attention to them because we wonder whether a lord or a lady is as expensive

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a luxury to a publisher as it was in the days when Mr. Arthur Pendennis was embarking on a literary career in Pump Court, Inner Temple. We remember the sad experiences of the respectable Bacon with his fashionable authors. "There was Lord Viscount Dods," Bacon told Warrington with a sigh. "I gave his Lordship a good bit of money for his poems, and only sold eighty copies. Mr. Popjoy's *Hadjincourt,* sir, fell dead." Captain Shandon, writing to Pendennis in the interest of Bacon's rival, Bungay, and the projected *Pall Mall Gazette,* is evidently much of the same opinion. "You would be the very man to help us *with a genuine West-End article*—you understand—dashing, trenchant, and d—— aristocratic. Lady Hipshaw will write; but she's not much, you know, and we've two lords; but the less they do the better."

Between Dr. Albert S. Ashmead of New York and "O.," author of *The Yellow War,* there has been a round of comment and countercomment regarding "hari-kiri," the Japanese formal method of suicide by abdomen-cutting. Dr. Ashmead in a newspaper interview, in which he described a case of heroic suicide that came under his own notice as not killing the patient for nine days, remarked, "When this writer 'O.' announces that heroic suicide causes immediate death he shows that he is not a Japanese or even one who knows whereof he speaks." "O." answered an American acquaintance who sent him word of this aspersion: "If the learned doctor had read what I have described, he would have found that my description tallies minutely with the procedure he himself claims for the suicidal ceremony. In the case which I quote, the unfortunate naval lieutenant, Watanbe, has the second engineer of his ship standing beside him with a naked sword in his hand. Watanbe self-inflicts a slight incision. The second engineer thereupon decapitates him. Q. E. D. The learned doctor, in his anxiety to advertise his superficial knowledge of Japanese rites and ceremonies, has committed the indiscretion of attack on insecure premises. Let us hope that he takes more trouble in the diagnosis of his professional cases before operation than he does in the similar process with books." This is a fine, testy response. Dr. Ashmead, however, was right in so far as he doubted "O.'s" being a Japanese. The author has himself settled that question by the following statement: "As several reviewers have suggested that 'O.' has imitated the style of 'Intelligence Officer,' in his *On the Heels of De Wet,* you are at liberty to state that 'O.' is the contracted form of 'Intelligence Officer,' so that both *The Yellow War* and *On the Heels of De Wet* are from my pen."

"O."

We have Booth Tarkington's definite confession as to the originating suggestion both for his *Beaucaire* and for his *Beautiful Lady.* "I had been doing some pictures," he says, "for a little magazine that failed, and after the failure I still had two or three sketches left over. One of these I picked up one night on my desk. It represented a little man in a peruke, sitting disconsolately at a table, while in front of him stood a big, tall man in a uniform that I concluded was English. The little man looked to me like a Frenchman, and the other one was big enough to be a Duke. So I began to write around the sketch, and the result was *Monsieur Beaucaire.*" At that time Mr. Tarkington had not been to Europe, and wrote his story about Bath without ever having been there. The suggestion for his other foreign story, *The Beautiful Lady,* came to him in the life and on the spot. As Mr. Tarkington describes it, "I was in Paris last July, and saw a crowd, one afternoon, on the pavement in front of the Café de la Paix, all laughing; everybody up and down the Boulevard was laughing. The American bar around the corner was doing no business, patrons had emerged to stare. I worked through the crowd and saw my fellow, the man with the painted head (which might have been the title of the story). He was a nice-looking person, exceedingly well dressed and immensely unhappy. Afterwards he haunted me. What could have induced a man of his type to do such a

"Beaucaire" and "The Beautiful Lady."

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thing? Gradually the story came, and I wrote it." The Tarkingtons, by the way, are so enamoured of Europe that they will return there some time this month and make their home in Capri.

Waterloo.

A propos of some paragraphs in the July BOOKMAN about French and Belgian ideas of the Battle of Waterloo, a gentleman writing from Lancaster, Massachusetts, calls our attention to some verses written by Praed seventy-five years ago. Besides being a neat bit of fun, he comments, they show that the Waterloo Myth is of quite a respectable age. The verses are found, with a note by the editor, Sir George Young, in *The Political and Occasional Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, and in the *Canterbury Poets* selection from Praed.

WATERLOO

[Appeared in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1831, unsigned; but I have seen the original, dated Feb. 1, 1830. At this time it was the fashion with French writers to assume that the English had already been beaten at Waterloo, when somehow the French got "betrayed." See especially the *Relation* of General Gourgaud, published 1818. In the next generation, Victor Hugo invented the "hollow road of Ohain," to account for the French cavalry *not* "breaking the English squares."]

"On this spot the French cavalry charged, and broke the English squares!"—*Narrative of a French Tourist.*

"Is it true, think you?"—*Winter's Tale.*

Ay, here such valorous deeds were done
As ne'er were done before;
Ay, here the reddest wreath was won
That ever Gallia wore:
Since Ariosto's famous Knight
Made all the Paynims dance,
There never dawned a day so bright
As Waterloo's on France.

The trumpet poured its deafening sound,
Flags fluttered on the gale,
And cannon roared, and heads flew round
As fast as summer hail;
The sabres flashed their light of fear,
The steeds began to prance;
The English quaked from front to rear—
They never quake in France!

The cuirassiers rode in and out
As fierce as wolves and bears;
'Twas grand to see them slash about
Among the English squares!
And then the Polish Lancer came
Careering with his lance;
No wonder Britain blushed for shame,
And ran away from France!

The Duke of York was killed that day;
The king was badly scared;
Lord Eldon, as he ran away,
Was taken by the Guard;
Poor Wellington with fifty Blues
Escaped by some mischance;
Henceforth I think he'll hardly choose
To show himself in France.

So Buonaparte pitched his tent
That night in Grosvenor Place,
And Ney rode straight to Parliament
And broke the Speaker's mace;
"*Vive l'Empereur*" was said and sung
From Peebles to Penzance:
The Mayor and Aldermen were hung;
Which made folks laugh in France.

They pulled the Tower of London down;
They burnt our wooden walls;
They brought the Pope himself to town
And lodged him in St. Paul's;
And Gog and Magog rubbed their eyes,
Awaking from a trance.
And grumbled out, in great surprise,
"Oh, mercy! we're in France!"

They sent a Regent to our Isle,
The little King of Rome;
And squibs and crackers all the while
Blazed in the Place Vendôme;
And ever since, in arts and power,
They're making great advance;
They've had strong beer from that glad hour,
And sea-coal fires in France.

My uncle, Captain Flanigan,
Who lost a leg in Spain,
Tells stories of a little man
Who died at St. Helène;
But bless my heart, they can't be true;
I'm sure they're all romance;
John Bull was beat at Waterloo!
They'll swear to that in France.

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THE LATE JOHN HAY AT THE TIME OF THE APPEARANCE OF "THE BREADWINNER."

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THE ART OF WILHELM BUSCH



IS caricature an art? Ask even the most liberal judge of things æsthetic, and his answer, if indeed it be affirmative, will very likely take the form of a double-syllabled "ye-es," more indicative of doubt than of conviction. We are all of us too much inclined to recall certain ambitious efforts of our own, dating back, it may be, to the era of slate pencils. Hallowed by the memory of the imminent birchen peril under which they were executed, these fantastic representations of "dere teecher" are apt to breed in us the notion that caricature is easy, and that we ourselves might readily have obtained renown by the exercise of our talents in this field. Moreover, the great output of the commonplace in the cartoons and so-called "comic" supplements of the daily press belittles the work of the great masters, for great masters there are here as well as in what for lack of a better name one may call the more legitimate walks of art.

Wilhelm Busch ranks unquestionably as one of these great masters of caricature, perhaps the greatest that Germany has produced. His drawings have been published in editions that rival in number those of Zola's most popular novels, and still the press of Basserman in Munich is busy with the task of supplying an ever-increasing demand. Millions of German children have laughed over the adventures of *Max und Moritz,* of *Plisch und Plum,* of *Hans Huckebein* and *Fipps, der Affe,* yet the empire of their creator over the diaphragms of sober German grown-ups is no less firmly established. It is not Schiller or Goethe that one hears quoted oftenest in the *Vaterland,* but the quaint, homely lines in which Busch tells the story of his pictured heroes. Grave sittings of Reichstag and Landtag are lightened by "winged words" from the same source, while on the stump they prove irresistible.

Of the life of Busch little can be said. Personally, his strongest characteristic was a retiring modesty that kept the player hidden while his puppets amused the world. For a long time, indeed, the story was current that Busch was dead, and that a younger brother was the author of a number of later pieces to which Wilhelm's name was attached for the sake of the wider sales it would bring. In 1893, however, Busch published as an introduction to the fiftieth edition of his *Fromme Helene* (it has since reached the one hundred and fiftieth) a brief autobiography, with the characteristic title, *Von mir ueber mich*—"By me about me." None of his distinctively humorous works is more humorous than this account of his own life, and yet it is a perfect specimen of biography in that it tells us with the clearness and sharpness and something of the compression of a cameo all that we need to know of the great caricaturist's life in order to understand his work.

According to this statement, Busch was born in the little hamlet of Wiedensahl, in Hanover, in April, 1832. His father was a small shopkeeper, his mother a typical German *Hausfrau.* From his earliest years, the future caricaturist seems to have been gathering unconsciously the types and incidents that were to figure later in his drawings. It is significant that considerably more than a third of the autobiographical sketch referred to above is taken up with a description of the village worthies with whom Busch became familiar in his boyhood days. Among these was the old beadle, who bore a short spear as a symbol of his mighty office. "In the summer season," writes Busch, "he was accustomed to take his noon-day nap in the grass. He could snore most remarkably. When he drew in his breath, he opened his mouth wide, and it went *Kra-a-ah!* When he breathed out his mouth narrowed to a point, and it went *Pühh,* like the soft tone of a flute. One day we found him dead under the most famous pear tree in the village, with his spear under his arm and his mouth open, so that one saw clearly that *Kra-a-ah* was the last sound he had uttered. Round about him lay the

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Wilh. Busch

ETCHING BY F. V. LENBACH
(From *Nord und Süd*)

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most golden summer pears, but that day we had no appetite."

After some instruction from the pastor of a neighbouring village, Busch was sent at the age of sixteen to the polytechnic school in Hanover. Here his love for art asserted itself, and he abandoned engineering studies for the galleries of Antwerp. Rubens, Brouwer, Teniers, and Franz Hals roused his profoundest admiration, but his interest in the domestic life of Jan the barber and his wife Mie, with whom he lodged, is chronicled at equal length in the *Von mir ueber mich*. After Antwerp came Munich, but the academic tendency then manifest in the art of the Bavarian capital repelled Busch. Instead of devoting himself to the palette, he caricatured his more industrious fellow-students, organised the details of the famous artists' balls of those days, wrote the texts for a number of very successful operettas presented on such occasions, and incidentally made himself the life of the Jung-München art students' club. Krempelsetzer, the young composer with whom Busch collaborated at this time, fell a victim, among others, to the caricaturist's pencil, as the reproduction herewith presented of one of the best of his earlier drawings will sufficiently attest.

Art students can come as close as any others to living on moonshine, but even where the incidental beer is as good as that of Munich something more is necessary for a steady diet. In 1859, Busch discovered this truism, and began to do a little work for the *Fliegende Blaetter*. His first drawings, it must be admitted, were rather crude and awkward, while the prose text accompanying them gave little evidence of the peculiar facility of expression and versification he was soon to acquire. *Max und Moritz*, his first great success, appeared in 1860, after having been refused by one publisher and accepted by another on terms miserably small even for an unknown beginner. It is probably the best bad boy story in any language, and far superior to the *Struwwelpeter*, which is its only mentionable competitor by another German author. Following *Max und Moritz* appeared in quick succession *Hans Huckebein* (The Unlucky Raven), *Der Schreihals, Die Prise, Das Pusterohr, Das Bad am Samstag Abend*, and *Schnurrdibur*.



CARICATURE OF KREMPELSETZER, THE COMPOSER
(From Busch's earlier work)

With the early seventies a powerful new impulse was given to Busch's work by the establishment of the German Empire and the outbreak of the great Kulturkampf. Busch was a *Reichsdeutscher*, an imperialist to the core. Above all things, he hated bigotry, clericalism and superstition. These traits of character found expression in *Der Heilige Antonius*, 1870; *Die Fromme Helene*, 1871; and *Pater Filucius*, 1872.

To the foreign reader unfamiliar with the passions engendered by Bismarck's struggle with the church there is a vindictiveness about these three works which detracts somewhat from their humorous effect. Thus in the *Fromme Helene*, Busch is evidently unsatisfied with the worldly calamities which he heaps upon the heads of the outwardly pious heroine and her priestly paramour. With true mediæval spirit he pursues them beyond the confines of the lower world, leaving them in a final picture to roast side by side in the same infernal skillet surrounded by a circle of dancing devils. The last of Busch's political works was *Der Geburtstag* (1873), in which he overwhelms with more genial humour the particularism of certain village adherents to the cause of the dethroned house of

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St. Anthony, Padua's holy one,
Sat often at his desk alone,
As late into the night he read
By the aid of the light his halo shed.

Hanover. One noteworthy characteristic of all four of these productions of the early seventies is the fact that Busch, unlike most caricaturists, devotes no attention to the princes, prelates or potentates engaged in the Kulturkampf or the particularist movement. True to the sources of his power, he deals with ordinary, or rather less than ordinary, German types—stupid peasants, smug citizens, intriguing parish priests and the like, through whose ignorance and low cunning the general political tendencies which he opposes are most effectually covered with ridicule.

Early in his successful career as a caricaturist Busch left Munich for his native village, in the immediate neighbourhood of which he has lived ever since. During the first years of this long retirement he made frequent visits to Munich, spending the time mostly with his old friends Ramberg, Leibl, Defregger, Diez, Lindenschmidt, and Gabriel Max. With Lorenz Gedon and von Lenbach, the great portrait painter, Busch's relations were particularly intimate. Lenbach is said to have entertained the highest opinion of Busch's ability as a painter, and on one occasion endeavoured to have him establish an atelier in Munich. The project failed, however, whether from Busch's inveterate turn for caricature or his hatred of city life it is impossible to say.

After 1873, Busch abandoned the political field for that of general satire. His Knopp trilogie describing the adventures of a bachelor, his later married life, and the love affairs of his daughter, Julchen, is the largest and one of the most humorous of all his works. During the eighties the publication of his illustrations to the *Jobsiade, Balduin Bählamm* (the interrupted poet), *Dideldum, Fipps,* and *Plisch und Plum* showed his powers at their highest. Two short romances, *Eduard's Traum* (1891) and *Der Schmetterling* (1895), are models of homely, incisive German prose. His high qualities as a poet had been recognised since the publication in 1874 of the *Kritik des Herzens.* Bitter, mocking, often grim and malicious, yet full of keen insight into human nature, many of the shorter poems in this collection are among the most remarkable expressions in literature of the spirit of Schopenhauer. One of the best known of these criticises the critics of Darwin somewhat after the following fashion:

At wine they argued points profound
And settled Darwin's place;
They found his theory unsound
And a slur on the human race.
Full oft the flowing bowl they passed,
Then stumbled out of doors,
And grunting loud reached home at last
By creeping on all fours.

Paradoxical as it may seem, pessimism is the foundation of all of Busch's humour. He confesses in his autobiography that he had read Schopenhauer with passionate enthusiasm. Practically all of his work, whether with pencil or pen, reveals this influence. His marvellous gift for the presentation of the narrow-minded, self-satisfied life of the German *Philistertum* is everywhere in evidence, sometimes with such bitterness, indeed, as to react unfavourably upon the reader. At other times a more genial trait finds expression, the philosophy of which Busch formulates in his autobiog-

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raphy as follows: "Men are human, and they delight to find recreation and edification in the little troubles and follies of other people. At the same time, they are moved to laugh at themselves, and that is an extra pleasure, for it makes us appear to ourselves cleverer and shrewder than we are."



MAX AND MORITZ

To his fundamental pessimism, doubtless, another trait of Busch's work is due. No one has so often violated the Aristotelian precept that the ugly, if it is to be humorous, must not be frightful, and that even the ugly object itself should not be dealt with in a cruel manner. Busch, as Paul Lindau points out, is a lover of frightful calamities, and in his pages they are made to fall alike upon the just and the unjust: the good school-teacher is terribly burned by the powder which Max and Moritz put in his pipe; a little later the two bad boys themselves are ground to pieces in a mill; pious Helen is burned to death; holy Franz brained by a champagne bottle in the hands of a drunken butler; Hans Huckebein, the raven, ends his unfortunate but eventful existence by accidentally hanging himself while in a state of "beastly" intoxication; and so on through a catalogue of horrors too extended for repetition. And yet Busch succeeds despite Aristotle, for we laugh through his catastrophic pages just as we did in childhood at the atrocities of Mr. Punch.

Whatever elements of Hogarth or the Dutch school may be found in them, Busch's drawings are *sui generis*. In his best work a marvellous simplicity is manifest. As Ernst Heilbronn says: "The line alone speaks, and this line became always simpler and always more eloquent." The portraits of Balduin Bählamm, the interrupted poet, and of the painter Klecksel are cases in point. No one realises more closely than Busch, Max Liebermann's famous *mot, Zeichnen ist fortlassen,* or, to put it less epigrammatically in English, "The art of drawing is the art of leaving things out."

Particularly happy also is Busch's pencil in depicting motion. His page is often crowded with people engaged in doing the most idiotic things in the most confused way; everything seems thrown together in an entirely accidental and careless manner, yet the whole rests upon a perfect technique. Each of his characters is a distinct and unmistakable personality, which, considering the number of his works, is evidence of an enormous fertility. Moreover, Busch exhibits the most masterly power of following his heroes and heroines through every change of age and circumstance, and yet leaving upon the reader the impression of their continuing identity. His pious Helen grows up from pert young girlhood to flirtatious young maidenhood, then to scheming old maidenhood, rather passé wifehood and decidedly unprepossessing widowhood, ending with the most bedraggled penitential pose one can imagine. And yet throughout it all the transitions are so gradual and so convincing that one becomes fully conscious of them only in the retrospect.

Describing his methods of work, Busch said: "First the pictures were there, and then I made for each picture its verse." One of his admirers has very truly pointed out that in reality the pictures are the text and the verses are the illustrations. Indeed, it is possible to follow many of the stories simply by looking at the drawings in order, but it would be a great mistake to do so. For Busch's lines have a peculiar, droll, old-fashioned turn which supplies exactly what is needed to make his pictures irresistible. His sentences are wonderfully pregnant and of almost telegraphic brevity, the perfect counterpart in words, as Heilbronn notes, of the simple line which proves so effective in Busch's drawings.

Some of the devices used in the rhyming commentary recur frequently enough to deserve special mention. Thus Busch assumes with great delight the attitude of

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PATER FILUCIUS



DIDELDUM



BALDUIN BÄHLAMM, THE INTERRUPTED POET



DIE FROMME HELENE



PAINTER KLECKSEL



WIDOW BOLTE

Some Types from Wilhelm Busch

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the prosy teacher, fond parent, or other knowing person laying down in the most solemn manner ridiculous counsels of perfection to young persons presumably needing such advice. Thus in the foreword of *Max und Moritz:*

Alas, how oft one hears or reads
Of naughty children and their deeds!
For instance these two boys you see
Named Max and Maurice, who with glee
Made fun in secret of each word
Of good advice they ever heard.
'Tis sad to say they often went
To greater lengths on mischief bent.
Nor men, nor beasts from tricks were spared
Which these bad boys each day prepared.
The farmers round about they tortured
By stealing fruit from field and orchard—
Green apples, peaches, plums and cherries,
Fat melons, cantaloupes, and berries.
Such things, of course, are easier done
And seems besides much better fun
Than sitting quiet in the school,
Or conning o'er the Golden Rule.
Oh, naughty, naughty Max and Maurice!
Your lives should hold a lesson for us.
The wretched end to which you came
May serve some others to reclaim.
And hence your course from bad to worse
Is here set down in sketch and verse.

Another favourite device with Busch is the assignment for the most commonplace fact of a great number of perfectly obvious reasons enunciated in the most careful and learned manner. When Cousin Franz in the *Fromme Helene* decides to perform his morning ablutions, we are told that he does it:

For, first, to bathe is customary,
And, second, 'tis refreshing, very;
Then, thirdly, it removes the dirt,
While, fourthly, it can do no hurt.
Fifthly, it adds much to one's beauty,
And, lastly, it's a person's duty.

Each line of the above, it should be added, is illustrated by snap-shot sketches of Franz at his toilette.

If bathos be the opposite of the sublime in poetry or art, Busch is none the less sublime in his bathos. A perfect specimen may be found in *Max und Moritz.* Widow Bolte's four chickens have met a violent death as the result of one of the bad boys' tricks. Rushing from her door, the widow perceives their dead bodies hanging from a limb.

What tears can soothe my woe, she wailed,
My fondest, deepest hopes have failed.
The sweetest dream e'er known to me
Is hanging on this apple tree.

Busch's verses are also noteworthy for the humorous use of run-over lines, false rhymes, and the most astounding adaptations of foreign terms to German uses. He has, moreover, a remarkable collection of onomatopoetic words for all possible occasions, each perfect in its place, but almost impossible in translation. Deeper than all these devices, however, is the indefinable but thoroughly infectious drollery underlying everything touched by Busch's pencil or pen. There is in him precisely that quality which has made the humour of Abraham Lincoln immortal in spite of the fact that it was delivered orally and seldom recorded in the martyred President's own words. Thus Busch in his romance, *Eduard's Traum,* compares the process of creating a work of art with the process of—*making sauerkraut:* "A work of art, I dare say, must be cooked at the fire of nature, then put away in the cupboard of memory, then thrice warmed in the golden pot of phantasy, then served by dainty hands, and finally it must be thankfully enjoyed with a good appetite." Can any greater tribute be paid Wilhelm Busch than by the recognition that so his works of art were prepared and so by millions of his countrymen and others they are "thankfully enjoyed with a good appetite"?

Robert C. Brooks.

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LITERARY CLUBLAND

V. THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND



ENERALLY, in published accounts of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, so much prominence has been given to its spectacular Midsummer Jinks in the red woods that the literary aspect of the club has been neglected. It is true, however, that the literary and artistic aspirations which brought the club into existence more than a third of a century ago have ever since dominated the purposes of the club as set forth in the first article of its constitution: "This organisation . . . is instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, the drama, and also those who, by reason of their love or appreciation of these objects, may be deemed eligible." Under the provision of "those also" the club has admitted during its long life a membership which has reached the constitutional limit—seven hundred and fifty, not including several classes other than regular members—and is subjected to pressure by a long waiting list. Its material prosperity has grown with its numerical strength, yet its Bohemian spirit has not pined under the blight of worldly opulence, as has often been predicted would be the unhappy case. Although the present home of the club, its third, is as large, including a bridge-annexed theatre, as any but one or two of the great clubs of New York, a new house is about to be built on a site lately acquired, at a cost, for land, house and furnishing, of probably half a million. A peculiar piece of information to report about a "Bohemian" club, yet not discouraging in view of the fact that with worldly prosperity has come no diminution of literary and artistic activities.

The twenty charter members of the club signed the constitution on March 9, 1872, and a week later took possession of their first home. Among them was an actor, a painter, a lawyer, a vineyardist and a dozen writers. This is mentioned because for many years the composition of the club reflected, more or less accurately, just about such a company; in later years the proportion of others "deemed eligible" has grown, yet at the same time the army and navy memberships, and recruits from the faculties of two large neighbouring universities, have added strength to the ranks of professionals.

Aside from the familiar means of cultivating a literary and artistic atmosphere for the club life, this is further done by an elaboration of the club's traditional feature, its high and low jinks. In the early days these were month-end meetings for the discussion of art and literature; but with the growth of membership they became occasions for the display of original literary and art productions. The scheme, as it now works, is this: the Jinks Committee appoints a "Sire," who selects a subject and commands a number of members to write papers thereon, another to illustrate the subject by a painting, and another to interpret it with music, vocal and instrumental. Sires are keen in the hunt for new material, so that, outside of the ranks of professional writers, there is often discovered one who can express entertaining views in literary form—sometimes to his own great surprise. The cartoon is given to a professional to paint, but the music, while generally under the direction of a professional member, is played by an orchestra composed largely of amateurs, and the chorus, drilled by a professional member, is sung by amateurs. This form of entertainment, carried on for a third of a century, has developed a goodly lot of talent; and that it is not goodly only in the estimation of partial club critics is proved by the number of dramatic and musical sketches written for the club and afterwards sold for stage

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THE GREEN ROOM

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THE RED ROOM

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THE DINING-ROOM

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THE LIBRARY

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use—one such was recently produced in Paris—and the number of essays heard first on jinks nights, but afterwards seen in print, perhaps paying thereby the writers' "Mdse." account for the jinks night.

After the high jinks, and on the same night, come the low jinks. This is a very impertinent form of entertainment, usually provided by the younger members, and designed among other things to induce the stars of the high jinks not to take their honours too seriously. But here, too, original papers on a stated subject, and music—banjo and guitar taking the place of more highly esteemed strings—and sometimes a cartoon, continue the literary and artistic conditions. Low jinks music may be ancient classic, original, rearranged or deformed, so long as it has lots of vim.

The great literary entertainment is the midsummer jinks held in the club's own red-wood grove. At this the number of essays on the stated subject is reduced to give time for the principal dramatic or musical number. These have expanded to an extent and importance year by year until now the mere staging of them costs thousands of dollars. But it is all original work by members, interpreted by members, and usually is in the form of a combined musical and dramatic presentation of a mythical subject suitable for such a stage setting—a vast amphitheatre of majestic red woods, under the stars of a cloudless summer night.

One could say something of another endearing feature of those weeks in the jinks grove were this not an article on literary clubs. Otherwise, it might entertain to relate how, at the grove, one may wander with book of poems far from the camp to some seductively shady dell under the towering sequoia, or, with rod and line, to the banks of some enticing brook, yet, tired of poem or rod, where the wise hand can search out, discreetly half-concealed in the deeply trenched bark of a mighty red wood, the familiar push-button whereby one may summon a club waiter to serve a cool bottle and the kind of bird which flocks therewith. But in a "Literary Clubs" series such stories of pampering to the mere senses could have no place.

The largest room in the Bohemian Club has always been its library. I hasten to add, after seeing a picture of the "library" of another literary club wherein the only printed matter was one copy of a ten-cent magazine, that the Bohemian Club's library contains thousands of volumes, which are added to yearly by generous donations by members and purchases from an invested library fund. It is pleasant to set down this matter of fact, because, as has been said, much has been written about this club without an intimation that its literary and artistic features remain as they were at the beginning, paramount.

Next in importance to its jinks are the ceremonies at the club's receptions to distinguished guests; and that to Tomasso Salvini, and a later one to Sir Henry Irving, may briefly be described to give a general idea of this feature of the club's life. There is a pretty prelude to the Salvini reception story: on the train going to San Francisco the actor met a musician member of the club. Having a letter to the club, and learning that his carmate was a member, Salvini told of his own early Bohemian days, recalling a beloved companion of his youth who had written a serenade and dedicated it to Salvini. The tragedian hummed the tune, and became a bit sentimental over the memories it evoked; early days of struggle, of dear friendships——

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!—

while the musician, unobserved, wrote the notes of the serenade on his cuff. Well, in due time, the reception to Salvini was given: three hundred members sat at a horseshoe-shaped table, under a dome from which depended what seemed to be an enormous globe of flowers and trailing vines. Hercules, Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, fauns, satyrs, peeped out from leafy coverts upon a glorious field of the State's flower, the golden eschscholtzia, into which was woven in purple blooms, "Salve Salvini!" To a march composed for the occasion the members entered, the lights were lowered and attendants bearing flambeaux ushered in Salvini, escorted by officials robed in crimson; the music changed to a solemn chant sung by a concealed chorus, during which Salvini—

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THE JINKS ROOM

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THE HALLWAY

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who had but a misty notion of Bohemian ceremonies—reverently bowed his head, thinking the chant had a religious significance, and happily too unfamiliar with English to know that the concluding line was "And don't you forget it!" Lights being raised, dinner was served, each course to appropriate music, the barons of beef, for example, being produced on the shoulders of white-capped cooks entering to a stately march. Besides the music incidental to the service there were many other numbers, the one most perplexing to the guest being a chorus roared and boomed by the joyous three hundred, in which, to the tune of "The Lord High Executioner," the guest was welcomed thus:

Salvini! Salvini!
To Bohemia's halls we welcome thee!

with libretto Italian lines for the soloists. When Salvini had listened to a few such lines as "Una Voce poco fa," or "Di Provenza, la mar," he began to understand the situation if not the relevancy of the phrases, and roared with laughter. After that, at a private signal, general conversation gradually ceased until Salvini and an Italian-speaking member alone were conversing. Then from a screened balcony the sweetest voiced tenor in the club began softly to sing. Salvini's attention gradually strayed from his companion, *and he looked* about him as one uncertain *whether he* hears a familiar sound or dreams it. The singer's voice rose louder and louder until Salvini jumped to his feet with a sobbing "Dio mio!" and threw kisses to the unseen singer, who, of course, was singing the serenade written for Salvini by the friend of his youth. At the appropriate time for the punch, lights were again lowered and a company of Bohemians robed like monks entered chanting, marched to the table enclosure, uplifted their hands to the seeming globe of flowers, which mysteriously descended, disclosing itself to be a punch bowl, now aglow with the burning beverage, which the monks proceeded to serve.

Salvini had promised some friends to join them at supper that night at one o'clock. It was five in the morning when he left the club, bidding good-bye to a couple of hundred members and joining in their enthusiastic shouts of

Una Voce poco far—
By a set of curious chances—
Di Provenza, la mar—
On his own recognizances!

Space permits but a brief mention of a remarkable reception to Sir Henry Irving. After supper the actor was invited to the jinks room for coffee and cigars, and he was enjoying them there when there entered upon the stage a member cleverly made up as a character in one of Irving's plays, who proceeded to objurgate the actor in lines the character uses in the play to the character played by Irving. That seemed to the guest a skilful device for an uncommon form of "roast," but he stared in wonder when a second member appeared, a third, a fourth, more and more, a seemingly endless succession of stage folk, each addressing the amazed Sir Henry in the language of condemnation used by some character in some play identified with the guest's career. The reader may guess, now, at the general scheme, but he cannot imagine the extent and perfection to which it was carried. Bohemians had made a searching study of every line of every play, modern or ancient, classic or failure, English or foreign, in which Sir Henry had appeared during his whole career as a star, and taken every line in which opinions other than complimentary are expressed to or about the characters played by Irving. In each case the character was costumed according to the directions used by Irving in staging the plays, and no detail was neglected which would give the whole performance a serious theatric value. Irving was astonished, and no one there was better able to comprehend the amount of study, work and expense which had gone into the perfection of the scheme.

Some time afterwards each member of the club received an encased card, designed and printed by a bank-note concern, and signed by Sir Henry, passing the holder at any time into any theatre in which Irving might be playing. These are valued souvenirs, and I know of but one having been used: a Bohemian, having but one night's chance in London

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to see Sir Henry in a new play, found that not a seat was to be had at any price. As he could not delay his own departure, he presented his pass at the box office. It was sent to the star's dressing room and promptly returned with direction to give the holder the star's private box. During the first entre-act the wandering Bohemian received a cordial note from the actor, including an invitation to sup with him that night.

In reading the earlier annals of the club's activities, one comes upon such familiar names as Samuel Clemens, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Henry George—the latter then merely enjoying poverty and progress, not writing it—Lieutenant Derby (Phœnix), Julian Rix, Jules Tavenier—in fact, the name of every San Franciscan, native or adoptive, who has done good work in art, literature or the stage. In looking over the early jinks papers of such men, I find a poem which seems to me to be the work of Bret Harte, although it is tentatively credited by a recent club historian to Lauren E. Crane, on the authority of an endorsement on the musty original copy: "Read at a Bohemian Jinks, Lauren E. Crane." But I find that Crane was the sire of the jinks at which it was read, and it was not unusual for sires to read contributions from absent members, and at that time Bret Harte, an honorary member, was in New York. Harte had worked on the San Francisco papers with many of the club members, and would very likely respond to a sire's command to contribute a paper. The verses tell the story of a company of miners sheltered from a storm in a hotel where a gambler stakes his wife on a game of cards. Two of the stanzas will serve to show the style:

It was down on the San Waukeen—the spring
 When the water rose so high
That the stove was about the only thing
 That a fire was game to dry;
We crowded into Morayno's house
 On the hill above the plain,
An' just went in for a big carouse
 While waitin' fur things to drain.

Dick Doone was thar, and his wife—the cuss
 Had a girl all smiles and glow—
What wimmen and dogs will stand from us
 Is the singerlist thing I know.
And when Dick drank he was pizen mean,
 And as cross as a broken snake,
But she took everything smooth an' clean
 Till nothin' was left to take.

I submit the first half of the first stanza as genuine Harte. Crane's known verses were not suggestive of Harte. Here are two stanzas of a poem of Crane's read at a jinks, celebrating the club's apple toddy, a joyous beverage compounded and set away in the wine cellar two years before use:

Fair apples born of Paradise—
If Eden ever grew one!—
And purified by fire and frost,
An emblem, now, of Eden lost,
Yet holding power in bloom and spice
To make us here a new one.

Ripe apples, such as Eve once gave
That old Bohemian Adam,
To fill the hours with pure delight,
What time he swore the lunch was light,
And tried his own good name to save
By scandalising Madam!

The Oliver Wendell Holmes jinks produced what are perhaps the only verses of occasion ever sent by telegraph. The sire of the jinks, early in the evening, telegraphed to Dr. Holmes the club's affectionate greetings, forgetting that early in the evening in San Francisco is midnight in Boston. But that was a happy oversight, because the Western Union brought this reply before the jinks was concluded:

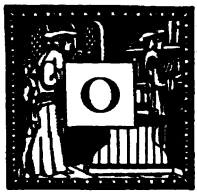
Message from San Francisco! Whisper low!
Asleep in bed an hour and more ago.
While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
Say to the friends who sent these loving lines,
"Silent, unanswering, still to friendship true,
He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you!"
 Boston, February 28, '74. Midnight.

That the Bohemians take life cheerily and enjoy good things to eat and drink is an abstraction sufficiently considered in the excellent Dr. Draper's too much neglected views of the effect of soil and climate on peoples; and, besides, the motto of the Bohemian Club is, *"Weaving spiders come not here."*

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AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

IV. EDWIN LEFÈVRE



F the many letters that an author receives from strangers there are few that can help him in his work and still fewer that can tickle his vanity. His susceptibility to the flattery of strangers, of whose critical judgment he has serious doubt, is apt to be blunted long before he becomes popular enough to be favoured with such opinions by mail. Let the letter writers address themselves to the author's publishers and assure them how eagerly they and all their friends look for new masterpieces from that inspired pen. This is the proper way, especially when the stories appear first in magazines. The author will get the letters in the end, and the editors and publishers will be so glad that they will submit to a raise in the rate per word—if they get enough letters. Let the author's unknown admirers who must write or burst, even resort to the beautiful endless chain. Every thousand letters the editor gets will mean at least an extra pair of shoes on the next story.

Of a few hundred letters received from utter strangers since I took to avowed fiction, in contradistinction to daily newspaper work, only one warmed my heart. It read as follows:

NEW YORK, April 12, 1905.

I have informed *McClure's Magazine* that I consider your story of *The Golden Flood*, begun in the February number, *the best* that has been published in *any* magazine for many years, and accordingly sent my cheque for subscription, commencing May 1. Trusting you will approve of my action, I am,

Very respectfully,

His action met with my cordial and immediate approval. I wrote him so. He called on me the very next day. He was a funny little old man, rosy-cheeked as an infant, with very white hair and beard, dressed so neatly that you at once thought of a nurse. His thin, piping little voice shook a little, not with age, but with excitement. He begged my forgiveness for the liberty he took in coming to see me, but he could not help it, he had enjoyed the story so much. He had to come. I was the first author he had ever done such a thing to, and he hoped I would excuse him. He and his wife had read the story together. It was a wonderful work and I was a wonderful writer. He hoped I would forgive the liberty he took, but I was a wonderful writer and he just couldn't help telling me. His wife and he had guessed at the end and wondered how it would come out. But they just had to give it up. Some nights they were late in getting asleep for thinking and talking about it. When he took the magazine that had the last instalment home to her she was in bed, but she made him read it to her. They had no children, and every evening they read aloud, one to the other. He told her he was going to call on me to tell me how they had enjoyed the story, but she had sought to dissuade him. She told him he must not be so forward. But he made up his mind he would get my address from the publishers. When my letter came he showed it to her and then he came. He hoped I would forgive the liberty he took. It was a wonderful story and he just couldn't help it. I could say nothing—his words came in a steady stream—but from time to time I moved my right hand up and down, the hand that in his tremulous excitement he had grasped with both of his and forgot to release, his bright eyes shining and his face flushed and his piping little voice going at a great rate, as if he feared I would scold him for being too forward. His wife thought he was, he told me again, and he never had called on any other author. But *The Golden Flood* was a wonderful story, and would Mr. Lefèvre forgive the liberty he took? A funny, rosy-faced, little old chap, and very slender and ethereal looking, with his clean white hair and his excited eyes, his musical little piping voice trembling with excitement, abashed at his own brazen boldness, God bless him! I do not think

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he would know me if he saw me again, he was so excited; but I'll never forget him. And the publishers have his dollar. God—er—bless 'em, too.

The first letter I ever received was one I wrote myself, addressed to the editor of the afternoon paper which was at that time receiving some literary assistance from me. The letter informed him how much the writer had enjoyed that "special" on the Banana Industry. It was, the writer said, the best monograph extant on that important subject. I felt this was legitimate enough, because the said editor would not allow me space on it, his childish excuse being that the article was "on the punk," and that it was sent up to the composing room by mistake. The unliterary galoot—my salary, thanks to a just God, is now greater than his—summoned me and said:

"Here's a highly encomiastic letter about your damned banana story."

"Yes?" I said, with every appearance of triumphant delight, "you see that"——

"Whom did you get to write the letter for you?" he pursued coldly. He knew my writing, having blue-pencilled so much of it.

"Nobody," I retorted, with the immeasurable dignity of a man who is found out. "But *that* would make a good story—the young author who in a disguised hand sends letters to the editor, telling the great pleasure the perusal of the interesting"——

"You will continue to enlighten the readers of this paper," he said, "as to the latest quotations on butter, eggs, cheese, petroleum, fertilisers and pig iron, and everything else that will fit in the commercial page." This is not funny. It is the truth. The man still lives. I was promoted to doing the stock market gossip. That led to my getting letters about my Wall Street stories that were not written by myself. The letters, I mean. For the others I alone must continue to take the blame.

The first genuine letter from a stranger I ever received was this, sent from a fashionable summer resort in Massachusetts:

> Will you pardon an Englishwoman sojourning in your country, if she ventures to request your autograph? She has read your stories and has greatly enjoyed them.

She had a very pretty name. I wrote back that she doubtless had made a mistake, and could not have enjoyed *my* stories, because she was English and a woman. But that if she wished to do a good deed, would she let me name the heroine of my next novel after her? She replied at once:

> I have read your Wall Street stories, all of them, and I've enjoyed them all. A friend explained some of the points, but not many, notwithstanding my sex and nationality. As for using my name for your heroine, you are welcome to it. It will not be mine much longer. I'm to be married next week.

That man got a treasure.

The second letter was also from a girl:

> I have read your book. Some friends were discussing "The Break in Turpentine." To settle a dispute, will you please inform me if you are a Hebrew?

She signed a name not unlike Cohen. As she enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, I answered that I regretted to say I was not.

Requests for autographs probably form the greater part of my letter box contents. These are not always accompanied by postage stamps. A chap in Boston does far better than the rest. He sends a printed slip informing his victims that he is a collector and would greatly prize their autographs. He has secured the autographs of the following: A long list of distinguished names follows. It is headed by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. As he sends a blank card and a stamped and addressed envelope, the man who reads the name of Aldrich goes no further, but signs his name and sends it to the Bostonian. Autograph collecting is a mild and inoffensive form of idiocy. Not so idiotic are the requests for signed copies of your books, to be auctioned off with much éclat at church fairs, etc. They sometimes tell you how much that will help you by making you known, to say nothing of the credit mark in a better world. Personally I make it a point of succumbing to the delicate flattery of the people who would make me famous in spite of myself. That

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is, I do so when the publisher thinks it will advertise the book and doesn't charge that copy to me.

Suggestions for stories come with a pleasing frequency. Such people are real friends. They go out of their way to help you. Here is one, from Toledo, Ohio:

I have read your Wall Street stories with much interest. Keep it up. There is one story you ought to write, about a man in this office that we call Willie the Puke. He is a stinker. He always brags when he wins, but when he loses it's always the broker's fault. He owes us some money, and we can't sue him because everything is in his wife's name. He is a lightweight, and he is full of hot air. He therefore weighs seventeen pounds less than a toothpick. You ought to write him up. Awaiting your reply, I remain,

Yours truly,

———— ————

P. S. You can call him Willie the Puke. Everybody here would know who you mean. Let me know in what number it appears.

I made the mistake to thank the Toledo man, telling him I knew the type, and I tried to be funny, and suggested that the title of *Willie the Puke* would look bully in the *Century's* table of contents. He wrote back *McClure's* was the place for it—I suspect he was thinking of the *Century's* 35 cents per—and then began a one-sided correspondence that lasted a year. He evidently travelled for his firm, for I used to get letters in hotel stationery from various cities, all full of fresh and abominable details about *Willie the P.*, and asking when it was coming out.

The Golden Flood brought me a deluge. Some of them, received while the story was running serially, were published in the April BOOKMAN. Half a dozen more were of the same tenor—from people who were making or about to make gold. Several were from schoolboys. One from Kansas wished to know if the story was "founded on fact," because the principal of the high school said it couldn't happen and the boy thought it might. A "wide circle of readers" has its drawbacks. How is this:

Will you please divert some of the Golden Flood our way? We need it in our business. I enclose statement of account long overdue.

I sent him my autograph, though he forgot to enclose stamps. Another humourist, residing in the literary centre of the world, Indianapolis, sent me this:

Great Scott, Man! You ought to have at least $5.40 of the original fifty-four Robinson millions to your credit in the City National. Morgan should be delighted to have you as senior partner. In the name of John D. please tell me what brand you use in your pipe. Any more left?

The gem of the collection was this:

I should like to have your autograph. I think you are a great writer. I am seventeen years old.

I sent it. He was seventeen years old, and I was

Edwin Lefèvre.



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THE LESSON

By GEORGE HIBBARD

(In Two Parts) Part II.

Herzogenstadt, May 21.



HE bulletins indicate no change for the better. Indeed Dr. Tüchtig has forbidden the appearance of the Duchess in the world. For the last two days I understand that she has been living in absolute retirement, the Duke abandoning everything to be with her constantly. Again I met Tüchtig at the Palace, and greatly to my surprise he appeared in the best of humour.

"How is the Duchess?" I asked.

"Ah, far from well, far from well," he said mysteriously. "To-day the Duke and herself go with only a few servants and attendants to the Schloss in the forest. They do as they used to do when they were first married." His eyes sparkled behind his spectacles and he jovially rubbed his hands. "It is like the old times."

I cannot write more, as a messenger is starting at once. I have said much of others and no word of myself. Still I hope that you will sometimes think of me. Adieu.

Waldweben, May 25.

You will observe, dear madam, that I write from a new address. I am staying at the Schloss in the forest, whither I have been obliged to follow the Duke. He did not return to the capital,—remaining with the Duchess,—and as there were some pressing matters I have been compelled to come here. Even now I cannot fix his attention. He pushes everything aside in his anxiety.

In her I have noticed a decided change. She appears less blooming. Indeed, she has become very pale and thin. I can clearly perceive that Doctor Tüchtig grows more and more apprehensive every day. He is unmistakably troubled and distracted. His former almost merry humour has entirely gone and he is very grave in his words and in his bearing. Matters are approaching a climax. If the Duchess becomes steadily worse, as apparently is happening, I cannot tell what the effect may be upon the Duke. Even now he quite frantic.

The place is very quiet and pleasant. The trees have just taken on their foliage and the forest never was more beautiful. Many think the spot dark and repelling, but in these bright spring days I find all here even more delightful than the more formal beauties of the Palace gardens of Herzogenstadt. The Duke and Duchess seem to share my opinion, for they spend many hours wandering through the green little glens and by the sides of the brown foaming brooks. I am grieved to the heart every time that I see them, they appear so sad and subdued. They are ever conscious of the shadow across their path and all spirit and youth have gone from them. But they love each other as they never did before. I can see that. I felt it last evening as I met them returning hand in hand like two children and discreetly hid behind a tree so that they should not be disturbed by my appearance.

A celebrated physician has been summoned from Paris. Dr. Pelletier is the most distinguished man of the day. His arrival is anxiously awaited. The only possibility is that he may be able to accomplish something, to supply some remedy. If he can do nothing there is *no* hope.

I have been obliged to see a good deal of Doctor Tüchtig and he puzzles and interests me. Much to my surprise he energetically opposed the plan of bringing Dr. Pelletier here. He seemed singularly troubled when this was first suggested. Never a quiet person at the best, his nervousness and activity now are prodigious. Apparently he cannot remain still for an instant. He seems greatly preoccupied and very anxious, excited, and distressed.

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WALDWEBEN, May 28.

Owing to the state of the Duchess's health, von Poufflars informs me that the importance of obtaining her signature for a number of papers is very great. There are many family and political reasons that make this imperative. Among the documents is a last will and testament. No one dare suggest to the Duke or to her that it should be made. In her former health and youth there was no thought of these things, but now failing as she clearly is, something must be done. I decidedly refuse to act in the matter. Baron von Poufflars with great misgivings has been obliged to undertake the business himself.

The Duke has just sent for me.

Later.

I have had a most painful interview with the Duke. The matter of the will has been a great shock to him. It has made him realise as nothing else has how imminent the danger is. I can see now his drawn young face, his disordered dress. He told me that he had not slept all night.

The poor young gentleman is quite beside himself. I am very sorry for him. The Duchess signs the will to-morrow. I am to be witness with von Poufflars.

The Dr. Pelletier also comes to-morrow.

"You will be glad of the assistance of your illustrious colleague," I said to Tüchtig.

"Yes, yes," he replied absently and hurriedly.

"The responsibility will be less for you."

He looked at me earnestly, almost appealingly, as if about to say something. Then he stood silent and hurried away.

WALDWEBEN, May 29.

I shall as briefly as possible tell you what has taken place. At the hour appointed I entered the Duke's cabinet. Von Poufflars was already there, but alone. In a moment the Duke entered. He was paler than ever and I could see intensely anxious.

"Is it necessary?" he asked von Poufflars, desperately.

"Most necessary, your Highness," replied the Councillor.

The Duke sighed.

"The Duchess will be here at once," he said.

Never do I expect to see a prettier exhibition of affection than I witnessed when at length the Duchess hurriedly entered the room. The Duke sprang forward to greet her. As their eyes met I could read the tenderness of their love, and as he bent to kiss her hand I recognised the depth of his devotion.

"We are sorry to disturb you," he said, himself bringing forward a chair for her. "But Baron von Poufflars has arrived with some of his tiresome papers that he says are of great moment."

"It is nothing," answered the Duchess gently and looking at him fondly. I noticed that the tears stood in her eyes and that she was striving to conceal this from the Duke. But the Duke saw it too, and—well—von Poufflars was bending over the papers and I made a bad pretence to look out of the window. But I could not help being aware that the Duke kissed the Duchess quickly and tenderly.

"Best beloved," he whispered, "it is very hard."

"No—no," she cooed, and now they were so absorbed that they did not notice whether I could hear or not. "Has it not given us back to each other? Have we not found what we had lost? And if it can only be for a little time, it is such a good, blessed time that it is worth all—"

"I cannot bear it," he groaned.

"But I am glad of it,—that is, *almost* glad," she said tenderly. "Think if we had continued as we had. It is hard to leave you, but while I have had this little time life has been so much better."

I saw the Duke's mouth firmly set. I knew that he would have been glad if Death had been a visible, tangible presence that he might seize—from whom by brute strength he might wrest his treasure.

"It is a dear good-bye," she said.

"It is not good-bye. It cannot be good-bye," he cried suddenly.

He caught her up in his arms, utterly disregarding von Poufflars and myself, as if to defend her against all danger, as if to hold her from being torn from him. There was an awkward pause. Von Pouf-

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flars with all his formality was utterly abashed, and I with a considerable diplomatic experience was somewhat at a loss what to do or where even to look.

Suddenly the beat of horses' hoofs on the hard drive and the roll of wheels came as an interruption and a release.

"There is some one who seems in haste," said von Poufflars, much relieved to have something to say.

The room in which we were gave upon the courtyard, and going to a window, the Councillor looked out.

"A stranger," he said with greater quickness than usual. "The Dr. Pelletier at last, I believe—"

I saw the Duke draw a long breath, though the look of anxiety on his face increased. If Pelletier could do nothing—we must despair.

One of the Grooms in Waiting appeared.

"The Dr. Pelletier," he began.

"Have him brought at once," commanded the Duke. "We will give him audience here."

In a moment the newcomer was in the room. The greetings of the Duke were the briefest. The Duchess looked at him earnestly as the arbiter of her fate.

"Could we ask you to proceed at once," the Duke asked.

Dr. Pelletier bowed gravely. He was a heavy, stout man, with a strong, intelligent face.

"As your Highness desires," he said. "I can readily understand your anxiety. What I need is in the next apartment—if I might accompany her Highness thither."

With a look of infinite love toward the Duke the Duchess turned away. As the door closed upon the doctor's black figure a solemn silence fell on the room. The oppression was so great that I hesitated to move. The suspense was so intolerable that the moments appeared literally hours. For the Duke I could see that the verdict meant more than life or death to him. With the affection that had steadily grown in my heart for these young people, you can understand what the time was even for me.

The ticking of the clock, von Poufflars's excited, heavy, asthmatic breathing, were unbearable.

The door opened slowly. The Duke sprang to his feet.

Dr. Pelletier entered.

"Is there hope?" the Duke cried. "Can you do anything?"

"I can do nothing," said the doctor, in a tone I could not understand.

"Then there is no hope," exclaimed the Duke desperately.

"I can do nothing," repeated the Dr. Pelletier in an even tone. "Because there is *nothing to do.* The Duchess is as well as she ever was—as well as any one can be."

"Well!" cried the Duke.

"Perfectly," announced the doctor, producing his snuff-box and taking a pinch.

"Carl—Carl," cried the Duchess, running into the room and throwing herself into the Duke's arms.

"I don't understand," said the Duke at length. "Doctor Tüchtig—"

"Carl," cried the Duchess, "Dr. Tüchtig was wrong. Dr. Pelletier says so."

"The old fool to give us this fright," thundered the Duke. "Oh, we should never have listened to one with only his small knowledge. I can never forgive him."

For myself I must say I was astounded. Dr. Tüchtig had always seemed to me a remarkably capable and well-informed person. Like the Duke, I could not understand.

"Something should be done to him!" the Duke stormed.

"Yes," said the Duchess gently, "he should be forgiven, when we are so happy."

One by one we stole away. I first—the Dr. Pelletier following—and von Poufflars bringing up the rear. In spite of his noisy exit their Royal Highnesses did not notice it. They had forgotten everything except themselves. They were but young lovers reunited again after an averted danger.

HERZOGENSTADT, May 27.

I have returned to the capital. The first person who came to see me was old Tüchtig. At a glance I read what I believed was dismay and humiliation in his bearing. What it must mean to him to have been so greatly at fault I felt I

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could readily understand. He sat down without saying anything. Then instead of the apologies and explanations I expected he burst out with laughter.

"Dr. Tüchtig," I said, somewhat scandalised.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "and you also have been deceived."

"On the contrary," I answered rather sternly, "you apparently were the one."

"Do you think, too, that I made a mistake?" he chuckled. "No—no. What I have done has been on purpose. It was my little plan—my little trick—"

"You mean—" I began.

"I mean," interrupted Doctor Tüchtig unceremoniously, "that I saw their Highnesses were drifting apart, further and further each day. There was growing indifference—weariness. I determined then to force them to realise that life is not so certain that one may let the moments go trusting to the next to make up what may be lost. They were too sure of all—too sure of each other. I wished to make them understand that only on the most precarious of tenures do we hold our happiness. I had to teach them that the uncertainty of life and happiness has its uses also, for who will value what he knows he may always have. Let life be endless—let happiness be eternal—how soon should we tire even of these. The consciousness in our hearts that the hours are fleeting is what makes them precious. When we must snatch our joy as it passes it is more sweet and dear. I allowed them to believe that the Duchess might die. At once the Duke began to prize what he feared to lose. Ah, lately I have been anxious! The Duchess through her trouble has been really made a little unwell. I could not let her continue in her mistake. I must speak. But when? What I had hoped had happened and I was about to tell the truth at last. Then Baron von Poufflars came with his stupid death's head papers that would frighten her more. And then this Dr. Pelletier, who thinks me an ignorant provincial, came from Paris. Ach, but it is well. I have shown them much! What does my reputation matter? See—they are happy again,—they love one another as they did. They will waste no more time. They will let no more hours pass in indifference and coldness. Ach, the sentiment is so beautiful. All will be as it was. They will make no more mistakes. The greatest fact of like—death—has come too close to them and they will remember. They have learned the lesson. What matters about me?"

The doctor paused abruptly.

"But I shall do something. I shall see them. I shall explain—"

"No—no," said the old doctor. "That might detract if they knew the truth. Let them think as they do. Nothing is expected of an old country doctor. It will not matter."

But I have seen the Duke and the Duchess without explaining. In their happiness they are ready to forgive more than Tüchtig's supposed error.

"Indeed," said the Duchess pensively, "I am not sure but that I am glad of it. I am not certain that he should not be rewarded for being so wrong."

The Duke laughed.

"Yes," he said, "tell him to come."

"I—we wish to thank him for his mistake," said the Duchess.

Their Highnesses are radiantly happy. Doctor Tüchtig goes about rubbing his hands and chuckling all day long. Alas! I shall have nothing left about which to write to you except myself,—and that is a forbidden topic,—until that day which seems so far away shall have come. I live in suspense and misery.

HERZOGENSTADT, June 11.

My heart is beating so that I can almost hear it. I cannot remain in one place. Probably I shall be in England before this reaches you, for I start at once and travel with all possible speed. You say that I need not wait for the day, that all was a mistake, that we shall waste no more time in misunderstandings and uncertainties, that you have learnt the doctor's lesson and taken it to heart. Bless old Dr. Tüchtig, and may his years be many.

The Duke and the Duchess are living in a new honeymoon. But I can think of them no longer, only of myself, *ourselves*, for whom at last there shall be a honeymoon too. And we shall always remember the lesson.

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THE INDIVIDUAL NOTE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HERE is no type of literature about which it is easier to dogmatise than the modern novel. To every person who can really produce a readable story, there are a dozen who will tell you just how the thing ought to be done, and glibly classify the latest popular success as of the realistic or the romantic school, the psychological or the symbolic. But after one has laid down all the rules of technique, and told you just how to mix your Local Colour, and how to fill in your Historical Background, and given you a practical recipe for the Old Testament novel or the Colonial novel or the Pseudo-Dumas novel, there still remains an element more vital than all the rest, an element independent of form and rule, and which often boldly overrides them—the element of individualism. One may teach the technique of fiction, and train a mediocre writer to produce thin little stories, impeccable in form and inoffensive in substance. But the boldness of the individual touch, that handles daring themes in a daring way, that is not afraid to be a pioneer in the use of a word or phrase, and if it infringes upon established canons, unhesitatingly establishes a new one—this is something born, not made; it may be developed, but it cannot be taught.

By Individualism one means not simply originality, although that usually follows as a matter of course. But the term is really broader than that. It is used in contradistinction to conventionalism, in plot, in form and in phrase. There are some writers who, with no dearth of original ideas, are so rigidly cast in the conventional mould that the cleverness of their inventions is half hidden, as under a mask. More than one shining light of the French Academy did his best work before his elevation to that dignity necessitated a sacrifice of the individual touch to the dictates of formalism. And conversely, there are other story writers who will take a hackneyed theme, a twice-told tale, and simply by an avoidance of the conventional manner will give the threadbare theme the freshness of a new creation. Many a plot of real originality goes to waste in the trash-heap of our dime-novel literature; while many a masterpiece, from Shakespeare downward, is simply a glorified revision of material that some minor poet or novelist has maltreated.

But as a rule, the spirit of Individualism connotes something original, something new. The average reader may or may not consciously recognise the element which gives a particular book its welcome novelty. But none but a professional reviewer quite appreciates the pleasant thrill that comes from a volume which really does strike a new note—a volume whose freshness of plot or treatment or verbal form can be summed up in a single analytical phrase of a dozen words. So welcome are the volumes that lend themselves to this sort of terse epitome that now and then one of them receives praise beyond its due, simply because its central idea can be embodied in a single glib and catching phrase. Dozens of writers have produced stories of frauds as clever and robberies as bold as any of Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" stories; and the idea of a gentleman thief is no novelty in fiction or in drama—witness the vogue of *Jim the Penman* and *Captain Swift*, a generation ago. But the distinguishing trait in Mr. Hornung's invention, the individual note, in short, was that nonchalant recklessness, that dilettante touch, so conveniently summed up by the author himself, in the title *An Amateur Cracksman*, and obligingly re-echoed, with variations, by the host of hack reviewers.

To one who follows, from month to month, the tendencies of modern fiction, there is nothing more encouraging than the present increase of Individualism. Only a few years ago, the most distinguishing trait of the popular American novelists was their ability to keep pace

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with the procession, to fall into step with the public taste of the week or month. During the era of big editions, the stories that reached the hundred thousand mark and upward belonged mostly to what may conveniently be termed Formula Novels—stories made according to recipe, like gingerbread, with carefully measured quantities of duels, abductions, murders and miraculous escapes, scattered through like plums and currants. There is the Dumas formula, the young man who comes to Paris in the days of the Valois to seek his fortune, becomes embroiled with some of the best swordsmen in the kingdom, and at critical moments is saved by the timely opening of a friendly door just behind him. The formula is only too familiar, a rehash of the *Three Guardsmen, The Forty-five, The Chevalier de Maison Rouge;* it was Stanley Weyman's stock-in-trade for years, and we have not yet forgotten how profitably Miss Bertha Runkle used it in *The Helmet of Navarre.* Then there is the Classic Roman formula. Take two parts of Bekker's *Gallus,* one part each of *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis,* a triclinium scene, an arena scene with a holocaust of Christian martyrs, add to taste Roman soldiers, gladiators, slaves, and one or two Apostles, and you have, among many others, the *Lux Crucis* of Samuel Gardenhire, and the *Vergilius* of Irving Bachellor.

To-day, however, the novels which form the topic of the hour, whether they are really the best books or only the best-selling books of the month, belong to no special type or school. Our writers have found that it is far better policy to be themselves and do the thing that lies nearest to their hearts, than to follow sheeplike in the trail of a *Janice Meredith* or *Richard Carvel* or *David Harum.* And the younger authors of the greatest promise, both here and in England, are almost without exception men of strong personality, whose every page bears the special hallmark of their style. You may approve their methods, or you may quarrel with them: but they simply refuse to be disregarded. Jack London, for instance, is by instinct a realist of such brutal strength that at times he is repellent. Yet even when you shrink from him, you are forced to concede his power. Sometimes one is forced to question whether he writes as he does because such themes appeal to him, or whether he does not rather do so from sheer delight in his mastery over words—a perverse satisfaction in ringing the changes upon some one of the baser human passions, hatred, cruelty, or revenge, and making his reader shrink and wince. You read a book like *The Sea Wolf* very much as you gaze upon some ghastly accident, in a sort of horrified fascination that holds your eyes against your will. His technique is not always of the best; but he is always emphatically, splendidly, triumphantly himself. Whether it was necessary that such a book as *The Sea Wolf* should ever have been written is quite a separate question; but at least there is not another American writer of to-day to whom we could point and say, "He might have written it."

As already said, Jack London's technique is by no means above criticism. But he has produced at least one story which of its kind seems to the present writer very nearly flawless—*The Game.*

"The Game."

Some writers, of the school of Henry James and Paul Bourget, dwell so persistently upon the psychological side of life, that one comes to think of their characters as scarcely more substantial than so many disembodied spirits. Jack London, on the contrary, portrays his men and women as vital, passionate, human animals; and when he takes his characters from the higher walks of life, there is something incongruous in his insistence upon the animal side. But in *The Game* his two principal characters, the man and the girl, are both taken from the masses, the people at large. There is nothing of the artistic temperament about him, nor of the over-sensitive, neurotic woman about her. They are simply types of the normal, healthy, human male and female. In him, rather more than in the average man, there dwells a lust of combat, handed down from generation to generation since the stone age. And in the girl there slumbers, unknown to her, that instinctive pride in the victories of her chosen mate which the woman of primordial times shared with the tigress in

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the jungles. In short, the hero of *The Game* is a born prize-fighter. He has the rare combination of qualities, the sound physique, the long endurance, the bulldog tenacity, the unquenchable love of the sport, that go to make a champion of the ring. He is a clean-minded, earnest, industrious young fellow, earning a good salary in a congenial business, and his fighting is simply a side issue, an opportunity now and then to supplement his income with a well-earned purse. Now, however, that he is to be married he is going to give up the ring, with its risks and its evil influences. But on the eve of the wedding he is to fight his last battle; and in the pride and confidence of youth he wants his future bride to see his prowess; and when he suggests it, the girl, somewhat to her own surprise, finds that she shares his desire. Disguised in a man's cap and a big ulster, the girl is smuggled into the barn where the match takes place; and through her anxious, tense and at last horrified eyes we witness the big fight as clearly as through the magnified pictures of a cinematograph. It is a contest of skill and endurance against brute strength; his opponent is a burly giant, a freak of atavism, uncouth, ill-tempered, bestial. And in the end, when science and pluck have the victory almost within reach, a luckless misstep brings about the tragedy which the illustrator of the volume has foreshadowed from the beginning, with his grim head and tail-pieces, of skulls and cross-bones. The pleasure of a prize-fight, like most of Mr. London's themes, is largely a matter of individual taste. But one may say with confidence that to read *The Game* is quite as good, or quite as bad, according to the way you look at it, as though you had seen the fight yourself.

"The Fool Errant."

There are several English writers of a more aggressive individuality than Maurice Hewlett, but none whose pages are more subtly and indelibly permeated with the personal note. There are other writers whose mannerisms fairly strike you in the face; if you ran across a chance quotation, you could confidently pick it out from a hundred others and label it with the author's name. Hewlett's manner is something more elusive. His style, chameleonlike, takes its colour largely from the literature on which it feeds, the chronicles and memoirs of the period which he happens for the time to be depicting. Take his *Little Novels of Italy*, and you find yourself at once breathing the atmosphere of the early Florentine *novelle; The Forest Lovers* is fairly redolent of the *Romance of the Rose* and the age of chivalry; and when we turn to his new volume, *The Fool Errant*, with its setting of Padua in the early eighteenth century, we have still another Hewlett, with a new and bewildering variety of colouring. And yet in every volume of his one finds the same verbal dexterity, the same astonishing vividness of portrayal, the same subtle art of compelling the reader to realise that these men and women whom he tells about, whether English, French or Italian, whether they have lain in their graves for two, four or a dozen centuries, were once tingling with life and hope and fear, and swayed by passions as strong and ardent as our own.

The Fool Errant will not make so wide an appeal to the general public as several earlier volumes of Mr. Hewlett's. It lacks the tumultuous passion of *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, the epic bigness of *The Queen's Quair*. But for the few readers, with an epicurean love of delicate workmanship in fiction, it will be treasured as the most unique, if not the most admirable, of all his writings. *The Fool Errant* of the title is one Francis Strelley, a young Englishman, sent by his father to Italy to complete his education and incidentally to be kept out of mischief, under the guardianship of Dr. Porfirio Lanfranchi, of the University of Padua. Dr. Lanfranchi is briefly summed up as a "disorderly genius, a huge, blotch-faced, tumble-bellied man, bullet-headed, bull-necked, and with flashing eyes." Now it happens that this ungainly, panting behemoth of a man possesses a slender, dainty, little wife; "sparkling eyes, a delicate flush, quick breath, a shape at once pliant and audacious, flashing hands with which half her spells were woven—all these, and that wailing, dragging,

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comico-tragic voice, that fatal appeal of the child, trained by the wisdom of the wife, completed the rout of our youth. Before supper was over he was her loyal slave."

The opening chapter of *The Fool Errant* reads like the opening stanzas of *Don Juan*, with this difference, that young Strelley was content to set his lady high upon a pedestal and read aloud to her from the Commentaries of Villani and Malavolti's History of Sienna. Then comes the momentous night when the good Dr. Lanfranchi, arriving as an untimely interruption to the evening's reading, finds young Strelley stowed away in a closet, and quite naturally refuses to believe that he is there solely in pursuit of historical learning. Young Strelley is almost an impossible character; in hands less able than Hewlett's he would degenerate into pure burlesque. To every one else, the fair Aurelia, with her comico-tragic voice, is plainly no better than she should be, an intriguing little baggage, whom the worthy Doctor was quite right in discarding. But Francis Strelley, having once enshrined her as a saint, would believe no ill of her. Through his fault, so he believed, her husband had repudiated her. He must dedicate his life to the pious task of vindicating her and restoring her to her husband's arms. Starting on his self-appointed mission, he deliberately severs himself from all communication with his family, and goes forth penniless, friendless, nameless, to wander through the disordered and warring states of eighteenth century Italy.

There follows a fascinating chronicle of a strange and bizarre Odyssey, through hospitals and prisons and monasteries, alone and in company of thieves, mendicant priests and strolling players. It has been said that *The Fool Errant* resembles *The Forest Lovers* in the quality of its central love story; but there is an important distinction to be made. The earlier book is a prose poem, an idyl of the days of chivalry; *The Fool Errant* is full of the tenderness of reality. It pictures the gradual awakening of a man who, after wrongfully exalting an unworthy woman, finds his model of constancy in another woman whom he had cut of sheer pity raised from slavery and degradation.

"The Storm of London."

An instance of individualism run riot is furnished by the latest English sensation, *The Storm of London*, by F. Dickberry. "Audacious" is the adjective that has been most frequently applied to this unconventional volume; but the word seems sadly impotent. Epitomised as briefly and as modestly as is practicable, Mr. Dickberry's story amounts to this: A young Englishman of title, weary of the banality of social life, decides one night upon suicide, presses a revolver to his temple, and pulls the trigger. When he next opens his eyes, he awakens in a new and regenerated London, a London in which a violent electric storm has destroyed every shred of textile fabric, linen, cotton, silk and wool alike. Not a square inch remains of cloth, carpet, leather or paper—nothing from which a vestige of clothing could be devised. Such is the preface to a story which depicts the manner in which society adapts itself to a new standard of living—a standard under which the shams and conventions of our modern social code are swept away, along with the abolition of clothing. It must be conceded that the author has exercised considerable self-restraint, and has handled situations which are perforce unsavoury with as much discretion as they would allow. Yet even when we recognise that the book is in a way an allegory, and a satire upon the shams of modern life, nothing can alter the fact that here is a story which, chapter after chapter, pictures the fashionable life of London, the crowds in the street, the dinners and receptions and public functions, all thronged with men and women in the garb of Adam and Eve before the Fall. The volume may have a certain incisive irony, but it is sadly deficient in good taste.

"The Little Conscript."

Mr. Ezra S. Brudno, whose first story of Russian Jews, *The Fugitive*, attracted considerable attention, has just produced another volume in the same field, *The Little Conscript*. On the whole, Mr. Brudno's new story shows a gain in

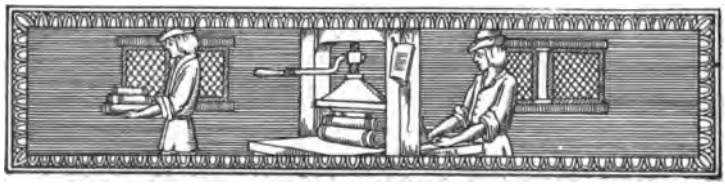
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strength. What he lacked in his first book, and what in a measure he still lacks, is best summed up in the words that form the special subject of this article, the individual touch. One feels, of course, that only a Russian, with Mr. Brudno's special opportunities for first-hand knowledge, could have written *The Little Conscript*. To that extent one recognises the personal element. But throughout his book, Mr. Brudno's style is deliberately simple, at times to the verge of crudeness. As far as can be judged from these two volumes, his literary creed seems to require a transcript of life to a degree of fidelity quite beyond the usual requirements of realism. *The Little Conscript* opens in the little hero's childhood, and describes the episode of his kidnapping, the almost incredible brutality of his treatment at the hands of cossack soldiers, and his long apprenticeship to a brute of a peasant—and all this with a minuteness that becomes wearisome, in view of the fact that its purpose is simply to help us to understand the mental and moral state of this same young Jew when he reaches manhood. *The Little Conscript* is a book which just at present cannot fail to attract attention, on account of the light it throws upon Russian army life. But it would have been improved by a certain amount of relentless pruning.

"The Wine-Press."

One feels at once, from the opening page, that *The Wine-Press,* by Anna Robeson Brown, is a book somewhat out of the beaten track, one written with a leisurely care and a certain touch of distinction. Incidentally, it touches, with a certain tone of mild satire, upon some phases of higher education for women. The story opens in a woman's college, where one of the girls, Vanna Galeotti, is suddenly called upon to face a painful crisis. Vanna's dead mother was an American, who had loved, married and been deserted by an Italian playwright. The latter had become infatuated with Olga Swetchine, the Polish actress, whose genius had made his plays known all over Europe. Now he too is dead, and Olga Swetchine's child, his child, is to be educated at the same college with Vanna, who as a matter of fact is her half-sister. The older girl knows of the relationship, and after a bitter struggle silently binds herself to assume the responsibility of guarding and protecting the impulsive and wayward daughter of the emotional Polish actress. The book is a life history of the two half-sisters, and of the manner in which the older one carries out her self-assumed responsibility. It is a study in feminine psychology carried out with uncommon insight, and deserves to be read with attentive interest.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART IX.—STORM AND STRESS



APART from events of a political character, the most memorable occurrence that took place during the years of Mr. Cleveland's second term was the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, which was opened by the President on May 1, 1893, and was closed to the public on October 31st. From several points of view, this magnificent revelation of American capacity and versatility deserves to be considered in any record which has to do with the intellectual and æsthetic development of the United States. Its inception, no less than its successful elaboration, must remain one of the enduring civic glories of the city of Chicago; and because of it, Chicago became known all over the civilised world as the most vitally American, if not the greatest, city on the Western Hemisphere.

The plan for a World's Fair, to commemorate the quadri-centennial of the first landing of Columbus, began to take on definite shape in 1889. That the site of the Exposition should be in or near the city of New York was at first regarded as a matter of course. A great many persons in New York wished it, though New York, collectively, did not wish it very much. There is never anything which New York, collectively, wishes very much. Yet with a sort of indifferent generosity, its wealthy citizens subscribed the sum of $5,000,000 to defray the cost of the affair, and measures were taken to assure the opening of a Columbian Exposition in October, 1892, the anniversary month of America's discovery. But when Congress was asked to approve this plan and thus to give the celebration a national character, it appeared that other cities than New York had claims which they were anxious to submit. St. Louis contended for the honour, though half-heartedly. Many thought that Washington, as the nation's capital, deserved the most consideration. But the people of Chicago fairly hurled themselves into the contest. They longed intensely for the opportunity to accomplish something sufficiently stupendous to satisfy their own ambition, their own love of bigness, their civic pride, and, most of all, their vivid and spectacular, but very genuine patriotism. They harped upon their city's nearness to the centre of population. They claimed the Exposition not merely on behalf of their own State, but of the entire West. They pledged themselves to do anything and everything that might be necessary to make it triumphantly successful. They laughed with a large, amused contempt at New York's pitiful five millions. Their estimates, at the very least, were twice that sum; and before long they spoke of fifteen millions as barely adequate to realise their magnificent ideal. In the end they and their supporters fairly carried Congress by storm, and the Exposition was given to Chicago. Erelong it was declared, and as the event showed, truly, that not less than $20,000,000 would need to be expended.* The very hugeness of the sum, the colossal daring of the conception, which seemed to the conservative East almost a frenzy, served only to exhilarate the people of Chicago and nerve them to surpass all that they had hitherto imagined. In New York, there was a certain feeling of relief because the Ex-

*In round figures, the management of the Exposition expended $20,000,000; the United States Government, $2,250,000; the separate States and foreign governments, $12,000,000, making a total expenditure of nearly $35,000,000.

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position had gone elsewhere. The enthusiasm of Chicago seemed to the Manhattanese a bit of patavinity, an amusing exhibition of provincialism. Chicago's promises were rated as mere "wind." Of course, some kind of a huge raree-show would be given on the borders of Lake Michigan, but its bigness would be equalled only by its crudity.

How superbly and with what overwhelming completeness the metropolis of the West transformed this mocking criticism into wondering admiration, the whole world came to know, when on the lakeside, a rough, unkempt and tangled stretch of plain and swamp, became transmuted into a shimmering dream of loveliness under the magic touch of landscape gardener and architect and artist. No felicity of language can bring before the eye that never saw them those marvellous harmonies which consummate Art, brooding lovingly over Nature, evolved into that entrancing and soul-satisfying maze of beauty. Not one of the twelve million human beings* who set foot within the Court of Honour, the crowning glory of the whole, could fail to be thrilled with a new and poignant sense of what both Art and Nature truly mean. The stately colonnades, the graceful arches, the clustered sculptures, the gleaming domes, the endless labyrinth of snowy columns, all diversified by greenery and interlaced by long lagoons of quiet water—here were blended form and colour in a symmetrical and radiant purity such as modern eyes, at least, had never looked upon before.

It was the sheer beauty of its wonderful *ensemble,* rather than the wealth of its exhibits, that made this Exposition so remarkably significant in the history of such undertakings, and especially in its effect upon American civilisation. So far as the display within its buildings was concerned, this had been equalled several years before at Paris, as it was afterwards surpassed at both Paris and St. Louis. Upon that side, indeed, the American people stood far less in need of education than was commonly supposed. The importance of the Columbian Exposition lay in the fact that it revealed to millions of those whose lives were necessarily colourless and narrow, the splendid possibilities of art, and the compelling power of the beautiful. These possibilities and this power could never have been forced upon their understanding in any other way than by a demonstration so impressive as to stultify denial. The far-reaching influence of the demonstration is not one that can be measured by any formal test. But a study of American conditions will certainly reveal an accelerated appreciation of the graces of life and a quickening of the æsthetic sense throughout the whole decade which followed the creation of what Mr. H. C. Bunner most felicitously designated the White City.

*This is a conservative estimate of the attendance, excluding duplicate admissions.

The year 1894 is one to be long remembered in American history. In it those elements of dynamic discontent which had long been gathering strength, half unperceived, now loomed upon the political horizon with the black and sullen menace of a swelling thunder-cloud, within whose womb are pent the forces of destruction. For years, by bargain and by compromise, the day of reckoning had been postponed; but now both compromise and bargain were impossible, and the nation had to face, however fearfully, the issues which would no longer down. The events of 1894 must of necessity be narrated in succession; yet the reader should remember that they took place simultaneously, and that each of them had a very definite relation to the others.

It had been expected by the President and his immediate supporters that the repeal of the Sherman Act would at once revive prosperity by restoring confidence to the business world. Such, however, proved not to be the case. The premium on currency had, to be sure, disappeared as early as September 6th, and the list of failures and suspensions was gradually curtailed. But there was no general revival of commercial activity. If the country had previously shown the symptoms of financial fever, it now exhibited a condition of extreme debility. The income of the Government was far from satisfying; and the Secretary of the Treasury, in his estimates for the coming year, anticipated a deficit of $28,000,000.

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THE WHITE CITY—THE COURT OF HONOUR BY NIGHT

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as against a surplus of some $2,000,000 for the fiscal year just ended.

This unfavourable condition of affairs was ascribed by the Democrats to the incubus of the McKinley tariff legislation; while the Republicans continued to assert that the business of the country was at a standstill because of a general distrust of Democratic rule and a feeling of uncertainty as to what action the party now in power might take with reference to the tariff. It seemed, indeed, an unpropitious time for entering upon a revision of the revenue system. Many Democrats would have been glad to wait; yet in the face of their explicit party pledges, delay would have convicted them of insincerity. They had carried the election chiefly on the tariff issue; their platform had said of the McKinley Law: "We promise its repeal as one of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in intrusting power to the Democratic party."

In the face of all this, it was impossible to take any backward steps or to hesitate and seek refuge in delay. Furthermore, the President, as always, was earnestly in favour of an aggressive policy. His party had been divided by the silver controversy; but on the tariff question he felt sure of its support. Hence, when the regular session of Congress assembled on December 4th, the President's message spoke with confidence and vigour of new tariff legislation as "both an opportunity and a duty." "After a hard struggle, tariff reform is directly before us."

> "After full discussion, our countrymen have spoken in favour of this reform, and they have confided the work of its accomplishment to the hands of those who are solemnly pledged to it. . . . Nothing should intervene to distract our attention or disturb our effort until this reform is accomplished by wise and careful legislation."

The President outlined the sort of tariff measure that seemed to him desirable. It should give to American manufacturers free raw materials, thus enabling them to produce as cheaply as the foreigner; and hence to enlarge the market for American-made goods. In general, the tariff charges should be reduced upon the necessaries of life. Finally, the President announced that a measure such as he had in mind had been already framed and would be promptly submitted to the Congress. This measure was not to be unduly radical—not providing as yet for a tariff for revenue only. The country could not in a moment cast aside every vestige of the protective system. "We cannot close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up among us which in justice and fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of . . . duties and taxation."

On December 19th, Mr. Wilson, the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported to the House the bill to which the President had made allusion in his message. It was officially styled "An act to reduce taxation, to provide revenue for the Government, and for other purposes," but popularly it was known as the Wilson Bill. The Republicans at once denounced it as free-trade legislation; but an analysis of its provisions as originally reported showed plainly enough that while it was distinctly a step in the direction of freer trade, it was on the whole a very conservative measure.

In the first place, it removed entirely the duties on wool, on coal, on iron ore, on lumber, and on sugar, both raw and refined. It made rather moderate reductions in the duties on woollen goods, cottons, linens, silks, pig iron, steel billets, steel rails, tin plate, china, glassware, and earthenware. A number of minor and miscellaneous articles received new schedules. The most noticeable feature of the bill was its treatment of raw materials as just described. Here lay the point of departure from Republican tariff legislation, which in taxing raw materials had made American protectionism differ from the protectionism of all other leading nations. The Wilson Bill, in providing for the free entry of wool, coal, iron ore, lumber and sugar, both adopted a principle recognised by scientific economists, while it adhered closely to the recommendations of President Cleveland's various messages and to the promises made in the Democratic platform of 1892.

The remission of the duty on wool was the boldest assertion of the new policy, for the duty on wool had been the one provision of the McKinley tariff that had

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been of practical advantage to many American farmers. Its repeal was bitterly opposed by the wool-growers of Ohio and other States, whom Senator Sherman estimated at a million souls, and the value of their annual product at $125,000,000.* Free iron ore was opposed by the interests that had secured control of the Western ore beds, but was of distinct advantage to the Eastern manufacturers. Free coal affected very few sections of the country. In New England and on the Pacific Coast, consumers might now get their supply of coal from the adjacent mines in Canada rather than from the more distant coal-fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia; but the country at large must still use American and not imported coal. The same thing was true with regard to lumber. The question of the tariff on sugar, however, was somewhat more complex. During the years preceding 1894, the refining of sugar in the United States had gradually become monopolised by the American Sugar Refining Company, oftener spoken of as the Sugar Trust, of which Mr. H. O. Havemeyer was the head. This corporation was one of the most powerful of all those to which public attention had been directed, and it was one of the most unpopular. The interests of this corporation would be served by admitting raw sugar free (thereby giving it the benefit of cheap material), and by a tax upon refined sugar which came from other countries. This was precisely what the McKinley Act had done, thereby enormously increasing the profits of this Trust. The Wilson Bill as reported to the House provided for the admission of raw sugar free, in accordance with the general theory as to raw materials, but it also admitted refined sugar free, thereby depriving the Sugar Trust of any special advantage, and leaving it to stand upon its own legs.

So much for the distinctive features of the new tariff measure in its original form. The rest of its schedules were lower than those of the McKinley Act, but in the main quite as high if not higher than those of the Tariff Act of 1883, passed by a Republican Congress.

*Sherman, Recollections, ii, p. 1203 (Chicago, 1895).

In fact, taken as a whole, the Wilson Bill, so far from being in essence a free trade measure, was one that would have been regarded in the years before the Civil War as a piece of rather stiff protective legislation. It embodied, however, as already stated, the general principle of free raw materials; while it dealt considerately with the many interests which



W. L. WILSON,
Author of the Wilson Bill

had grown up under the shelter of the thirty-two tariff acts which the Republicans had passed between 1860 and 1890.

The Wilson Bill was very well received by the Democrats in the House and by the party as a whole. Little change was made in the original draft during the five weeks when it was under consideration by the Representatives. But many Democrats and some Republicans from the South and West eagerly advocated the insertion in the bill of a clause providing for a tax on incomes. This would yield, it was said, a substantial revenue and wipe out the anticipated deficit, and most of all it would make the possessors of large fortunes contribute to the Government a sum proportionate to their wealth. There was a strong and very widespread feeling that many of the richest persons in the country had so successfully "dodged" their taxes, as to have secured a practical exemption from any taxation whatsoever. Secretary Carlisle had suggested laying a tax upon certain classes

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of corporations; but the House adopted instead a tax of 2 per cent. upon all incomes of more than $4,000, the tax to remain in force until January 1, 1900. This clause was adopted on January 24th by a vote of 204 to 140, and the bill as a whole received the approval of the House on February 1st, by a vote of 182 to 106—61 members not voting. When the result was announced by the Speaker, it was received with a burst of Democratic cheering, and Mr. Wilson was showered with congratulations by his followers and friends.

But after the bill reached the Senate, affairs took a decidedly different turn. The Democratic majority in the upper house was a very small one, and its close cohesion had already been destroyed, while there were many reasons why a tariff measure such as the Wilson Bill should encounter serious opposition there. These reasons may be indicated briefly as springing, first, from personal opposition to President Cleveland, and, second, from the fact that the Senate, unlike the House, was controlled by powerful financial interests, which were ably represented on the floor. The personal animosity to the President, which did not at once find open expression, was in part an inheritance from his first administration; in part a result of the masterful way in which he had forced the repeal of the Sherman Act; and to a large degree, it represented the traditional antagonism which most Senators entertain toward every President who has not had Congressional experience sufficient to make him understand and properly respect the usages, the prerogatives and the prejudices of the Senatorial body. In various ways, Senators of the United States feel themselves to be above the President. They are elected not by a direct vote of the people, but by the legislatures of the several States, and therefore they are less directly influenced by the popular will. Their term of office is longer than the Presidential term of office; and a Senator who is either a man of real distinction or who is a master of political manipulation is certain to be elected term after term, so that in very many instances, a seat in the Senate is held by what is practically a life tenure. Finally, the ramifications of so-called "senatorial courtesy" traverse party lines and create among the members of the Senate an *esprit de corps*, which is often stronger than the dictates of party loyalty. As to the interests other than political interests which at times control the action of individual Senators, these may be sufficiently divined from what has been set forth in a preceding chapter.* Most Senators are wealthy men, and their private and personal affiliations are not unnaturally with those who represent the power of wealth in public life.

It was something more than ominous that the Wilson Tariff Bill after passing the House by a majority of 76, and after having been referred by the Senate to its Finance Committee, should have been held back by that committtee for almost two months. When reported (March 20th), it had been so clipped and trimmed as to exhibit a very curious metamorphosis. Yet in the Senate itself the measure fared still worse. As might have been expected, the Republicans fell upon it tooth and nail; but acting in entire harmony with them, were certain Democratic Senators who seemed to have forgotten altogether the solemn pledges which their National Convention of 1892 had given to the country. Foremost among these were the blandly inscrutable Senator Gorman of Maryland, and the newly elected Senator Brice of Ohio. The two appeared upon the Democratic side of the Senate as the unavowed yet efficient agents of the protected interests, and their object was plainly to modify and mutilate the Wilson Bill in such a way as to deprive it of any real significance and character. As its schedules were discussed, Messrs. Brice and Gorman played upon the local interests of little knots of Democratic Senators, so that amendment after amendment was made, each one putting back a part of the remitted duties. In all, the Senate made 634 changes in the House measure, destroying entirely its original scheme. Coal, iron ore, lumber and sugar were removed from the free list altogether, leaving wool the only raw material to be let in untaxed.

The action of the Senate upon the

*See THE BOOKMAN for July, pp. 478, 479.

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sugar schedule led to a most deplorable and humiliating scandal. The House had put all sugar—both refined and raw—upon the free list, thereby giving governmental aid neither to the Sugar Trust nor to the domestic producer. The two Senators from Louisiana, however, having in mind their sugar-growing constituency, insisted that raw sugar must be taxed. Without their votes, the bill could probably not be carried at all, so close was the division. Furthermore, other Senators believed that such a duty was necessary as a revenue measure;* since the funds in the Treasury were low, and the receipts from the income tax would not be available for many months. Hence, the Senate imposed a duty upon raw sugar of 40 per cent. *ad valorem*, equivalent to about one cent a pound. But a duty on raw sugar without a countervailing duty on refined sugar would have been a serious blow to the Sugar Trust. All the powerful influences at the command of this monopoly were immediately brought to bear upon the Senate. Here was a direct issue between one of the most notorious of Trusts on the one side, and the purpose of crippling Trusts avowed by the Democracy on the other. The Democratic platform had spoken of "Trusts and combinations" as "a natural consequence of the prohibitive taxes, which prevent . . . free competition." Would Democratic Senators, in the face of this declaration, impose a prohibitive tax at the bidding of a Trust whose monopoly had control of one of the necessities of life?

The debate upon this subject soon waxed hot. While it was in progress, ugly rumours began to fly abroad. The certificates of the Sugar Trust fluctuated in value every day as the Senate seemed first favourable and then unfavourable to its interests. The story was first whispered, and then published all over the country, that certain Senators were buying and selling sugar certificates—speculating, that is, in sugar on the basis of their own official action. So great an outcry went up, and such sweeping charges were made, that an investigation was instituted by the Senate itself—an investigation only half-heartedly pursued. Probably no Senator really wished to smirch the reputation of a fellow-Senator. Yet if only to pacify the public, something had to be done at once. Senators were questioned by the special investigating committee, but with little result save in one striking instance. Mr. Quay of



SENATOR BRICE

Pennsylvania most characteristically admitted that he had speculated in sugar, and that his speculations had been guided by his official knowledge of the Senate's action. With even greater effrontery, he justified what he had done, adding as an afterthought, that his financial interest in the affair had not in the least degree influenced his course on the floor of the Senate! Other Senators were less impudent if not less culpable. Definite knowledge could not be had; it must come, if at all, from New York brokerage firms through which the speculative Senators had sent their orders by telegraph. There was some difficulty about getting this evidence, and in the end nothing was accomplished save to leave a leprous taint upon the names of several Senators and to disgust the country with the whole tariff controversy.

One somewhat instructive feature of this investigation was found in the testimony given to the committee by Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, the President of the Sugar Trust. Mr. Havemeyer was

*The President himself was favourable to this modification—not as a measure of protection, but for raising revenue.

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asked about the relations of his Trust to the great political parties, and their State campaign funds. Did it contribute to the funds of both parties? "Yes," said Mr. Havemeyer with cheerful frankness, "we always do that. In the State of New York, where the Democratic majority is between 40,000 and 50,000, we throw it [the Trust's contribution] their way. In the State of Massachusetts, where the Republican party is doubtful, they probably have the call. Wherever there is a dominant party, wherever the majority is very large, that is the party that gets the contribution, because that is the party which controls the local matters." Mr. Havemeyer further remarked that this practice of dividing money between the two political parties was the practice of "every corporation and firm and Trust, or whatever you may call it." This illumining discourse of Mr. Havemeyer's was, on the whole, the most valuable contribution to knowledge made by the Senate committee when it finally reported.*

But meanwhile, the Trust had its way. Refined sugar was taxed one-eighth of a cent a pound, with an additional duty of one-tenth of a cent on refined sugar imported from countries giving an export bounty. This tax, minutely insignificant though it may appear, was ample to continue and confirm the Sugar Trust in its supremacy. The fractional duty of one-eighth of a cent a pound meant to the treasury of the Trust not less than $20,000,000 of profit every year.†

After months of wearisome delay, with frequent scenes of disorder and indecorum, the Senate finally, on July 3d, allowed the mutilated tariff bill to pass, by a scant majority of five votes (39 to 34), with twelve Senators not voting. During these proceedings, President Cleveland had watched the course of the Senate with a very natural indignation. In his message of the preceding December he had said:

"Success can only be attained by means of unselfish counsel on the part of friends of tariff reform, and as a result of their willingness to subordinate personal desires and ambitions to the general good. The local interests affected by the proposed reform are so numerous and so varied, that if all are insisted upon, the legislation embodying the reform must inevitably fail."

As the events showed, there had been no "unselfish counsel" in the Senate. "Personal desires and ambitions" had not been subordinated. "Local interests" had been most greedily insisted upon. It was now evident that the legislation would "inevitably fail" so far as it professed to embody a reform, unless the Senate could be induced to rescind some of its amendments.

The bill went back to the House for its concurrence. Mr. Wilson, rising in his place on July 7th, urged that as altered and amended, it be not passed. He spoke with force and eloquence, and then took the unusual step of reading to the House a personal letter addressed to him by the President on July 2d, anticipating the action of the Senate. It was an extraordinary letter; and the reading of it was still more extraordinary; for thus the Executive was made to criticise the action of one house of Congress in a letter practically written to be read before the other house. From a party point of view, a Democratic President was arraigning Democratic Senators before both Democratic and Republican Representatives. The most significant sentences of the letter were the following:

"My public life has been so closely related to the subject, I have so longed for its accomplishment, and I have so often promised its realisation to my fellow-countrymen . . . that I hope no excuse is necessary for my earnest appeal to you that in this crisis you strenuously insist upon party honesty and good faith, and a sturdy adherence to Democratic principles.

"It is quite apparent that this question of free raw materials does not admit of adjustment on any middle ground; since their subjection to any rate of tariff, great or small, is alike a violation of Democratic principles and Democratic good faith. . . .

"There is no excuse for mistaking or misapprehending the feeling and temper of the rank and file of the Democracy. They are downcast under the assertion that their party fails in ability to manage the Government, and they are apprehensive that efforts to bring about

*Senate Report No. 485 (June, 1894).

†Mr Havemeyer estimated it at a lower figure, $12,000,000.

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tariff reform may fail; but they are much more downcast and apprehensive in their fear that Democratic principles may be surrendered.

"Every true Democrat knows that this bill in its present form is not the consummation for which we have long looked. . . . Our abandonment of the cause or the principles upon which it rests means party perfidy and party dishonour."*

That President Cleveland should have permitted such a letter to be read at such a time has seemed to many the clearest possible evidence of his incompetence as a party leader. It was most certainly a gage of defiance to the Senate—a body already inimical to him. It violated to some extent the proprieties of executive courtesy toward one branch of the national legislature. It was sure to give the bitterest offence to Senators of every party. What, then, could the President hope to gain by what was, on its face, a serious indiscretion? The answer to this question is probably to be found in the remark of an English student of Mr. Cleveland's political career. As this observer wrote in 1896, Mr. Cleveland was possessed of "an enduring faith in the common sense of the nation. He had always acted on the rule that the people were capable of understanding the truth, if it was clearly and frankly put before them."† This does, beyond all doubt, sufficiently explain why, as President, Mr. Cleveland so often sent to Congress long messages advocating measures which he knew very well would not be considered for a moment by that body. His arguments were in reality addressed, not to the Senators and Representatives, but to the whole nation. And so his letter to Mr. Wilson, by the very unusual circumstances through which it received publicity, was not by any means a peevish plaint, uttered in a moment of irritation, but rather a well-considered disclaimer of responsibility for the action of the Democratic Senators. It was an appeal from the politicians to the people.

But the effect of it in the Senate was to seal irrevocably the fate of the Wilson Bill as a measure of true reform. Although the President had named no names in his accusation of "party perfidy and dishonour," the shaft went unerringly to its proper mark. Senator Gorman, stung by those pungent words, brought the subject before the Senate, with a show of virtuous indignation. Senator Hill defended the President in a long speech (July 20th); but Mr. Gorman having prepared himself for battle, went into the whole question on its personal side (July 23d). After some satirical remarks directed against Mr. Wilson for having made public what he (Senator Gorman) assumed to be a private letter, he went on to say that Mr. Cleveland's charges were wholly disingenuous. He asserted that the President had been consulted with regard to the Senate amendments, and had given them his approval. In corroboration of this statement, Mr. Gorman called upon two other Democratic Senators (Messrs. Vest and Jones) to bear him out in what he had just said; and, in short, he distinctly raised a question of veracity between the President and himself.

Whatever view the Senate took of this personal controversy, its opposition to Mr. Cleveland's wishes became solidified and irrevocable. The House refused to concur in the Senate's changes, and the bill was sent to a conference committee of both houses. In conference, the Senate's representatives refused to yield a single point. The House could take the bill precisely as it left the Senate, or the bill could fail, leaving the McKinley tariff still in force. In the end, the House was forced to accept the amendments in their entirety, and to pass the bill which Mr. Cleveland had stigmatised as involving perfidy and dishonour.

The predicament of the President was a cruel one. He could not put his signature to such a measure. He could not veto it, and make the professions of his party utterly ridiculous. And so he let it become a law without his signature (August 28th), giving his reasons for so doing in a letter to Mr. Catchings of Mississippi. The Wilson Act was, he said, in some of its provisions, better than the existing tariff law. It carried an average reduction of duties less by eleven per cent. than those of the McKinley tariff. It provided for the admission of free wool.

Congressional Record, xxvi., p. 7712 (July, 1894).

†Whittle, *President Cleveland*, p. 179 (London, 1896).

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The tax on incomes would relieve the Treasury. But he then went on to speak of the sinister influences that had marred the measure as a whole. The war against those influences had only just begun.

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled, in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering people. . . .

"I take my place with the rank and file of the Democratic party . . . who refuse to accept the results embodied in this bill as the close of the war; who are not blinded to the fact that the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection; and who have marked the places where the deadly blast of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might. The trusts and combinations—the communism of pelf—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved, should not be forgotten nor forgiven."

Humiliating as this lamentable fiasco was to that section of his party which had been steadily loyal to the President, there still remained a no less disappointing sequel. Many who felt chagrin over the defeat of genuine tariff reform, had comforted themselves with the remembrance that, at least, the section of the Wilson Bill establishing an income tax had been saved. This section had, in fact, proved to be the most popular of any in the bill, as the majorities given it in both houses very clearly showed. To the Western and Southern Democrats and also to the Populists, an income tax seemed, perhaps, of greater immediate importance than a revision of the tariff—the more so as it was bitterly opposed by Eastern capitalists. In the Senate, Mr. Hill of New York had attacked it with an energy and force most unusual in him. This income tax, said Mr. Hill, is unconstitutional, because it is a direct tax, and a direct tax, not based upon the population, can be levied only by the several States and not by the Federal Government. It is odious because it is a war-tax and has never been imposed in time of peace.* It exempts incomes of $4,000 and less, and therefore represents class legislation, distinguishing between the rich and the poor. Finally, its administration is necessarily offensive, for it establishes the sort of inquisition into the individual citizen's private affairs, which amounts practically to espionage.

No sooner, however, had the Wilson Bill become a law, than preparations were made by the Treasury to collect the tax which Senator Hill had so energetically denounced. The necessary blanks and other papers were printed, and the collecting officers began the distribution. Opposition to the measure was no less prompt. Several test cases were prepared.* These cases presently reached the Supreme Court, where they were argued at length, and (to anticipate) a decision was rendered on April 8, 1895. The Court pronounced that part of the law unconstitutional which taxed values derived from land and from State or municipal bonds. But a final decision on the law as a whole was deferred, owing to the absence of Mr. Justice Jackson, who was ill. A few weeks later, however, Justice Jackson, having recovered, handed in his opinion, so that the decision as finally handed down pronounced the income tax unconstitutional as being a direct tax.†

There were circumstances connected with this decision that caused deep feeling throughout the country. It had been long since a case before the Supreme Court had attracted such general attention. A brilliant array of counsel had submitted arguments, among them ex-Senator Edmunds, Mr. James C. Carter, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and the Attorney-General himself. The final judgment, as given on May 20th, involved the reversal

*The first income tax imposed in the United States was during the Civil War. By the Act of August 5, 1861, a tax of 3 per cent. was laid on all incomes over $800. The Act of 1862 laid a tax of 5 per cent. on incomes ranging from $600 to $5,000; a tax of 7½ per cent. on incomes from $5,000 to $10,000; and a tax of 10 per cent. on incomes over $10,000. The Act of 1864 taxed incomes from $600 to $5,000 at the rate of 5 per cent., and all incomes above $5,000, at the rate of 10 per cent. The tax on incomes expired in 1872.

*Moore *vs.* Miller; Hyde *vs.* The Continental Trust Company; and Pollock *vs.* The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

†Constitution of the United States, Sect. ix. § 4. "No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken."

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of an earlier judgment handed down fifteen years before. In 1880, the Supreme Court had decided* with no dissenting opinion that an income-tax on rents is not a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution, but an excise tax, and hence permitted to the general Government. That the Supreme Court should reverse a decision which had stood for fifteen years, was a very unusual occurrence. That it should reverse by a majority of only one a decision that had been unanimously reached was still more remarkable. Yet this was not all. On April 8th, Mr. Justice Shiras had been favourable to the constitutionality of the law. Had he not altered his view, the opinion of Mr. Justice Jackson on May 20th would have made the Court stand five to four in support of the income-tax. But Justice Shiras in the interval had gone over to the other side, and so the result already described was ultimately reached.† In expressing their dissent from the decision of the majority of the Court, Justice Harlan and Justice White departed wholly from the impassive and impersonal manner which is usual in that high tribunal, and spoke in terms of marked feeling. Mr. Justice White, indeed, let it be plainly seen that he believed the Court to have dealt a severe blow to the stability and safety of American political institutions. In this he struck a note which was repeated all over the land, but most of all throughout the West and South. Populism grew daily stronger; while other events which were coincident with those already told, stimulated the new movement and enhanced its power.

The slow progress of the Wilson Bill, prolonging as it did the feeling of uncertainty in the business world, had depressed all forms of industry. Thousands of men who had been thrown out of work in the summer and autumn of 1893 found themselves by the beginning of winter wholly destitute. Some of them were men who had left their homes in the Eastern States and gone to the Pacific Coast as railway builders, but who now turned their faces homeward, intending to tramp the long distance, and to live upon the charity of the intervening towns and cities. These men were presently joined by others who were out of work, and finally by swarms of professional vagabonds and tramps. By some curious psychological impulse, the notion of a general crusade of squalor spread all through the country, and from every quarter of the West and the Southwest bands of ragged, hungry, homeless men appeared, fierce of aspect, and terrifying to the people of the hamlets and sparsely settled districts through which they passed. Theft, rape, and sometimes murder marked the trail of this new *jacquerie*, which had at first no conscious purpose, as it had no leader.

Both purpose and leader were presently provided. Three odd fanatics came to the front, and after a fashion took command of the roving bands. These three—Coxey, Kelly, and Frye—styling themselves "generals," led the largest groups, which were now known as "armies of the unemployed," and later as "Industrials" and "Commonwealers." Coxey, in haranguing his followers, urged them to form an immense host, and then to march on Washington, to enter the Capitol, and to demand of Congress some relief for the sufferings of labour. This became at last the purpose of the Commonwealers; and so their various "armies" converged on Washington, with Coxey's own division somewhat in advance of all the rest.

There was something grotesque and also very pitiful in the purpose of these poor men, many of whom were honest and well-meaning, and who were driven to desperation by poverty and cold and hunger. Yet among them were also many criminals and vicious characters, so that again and again the Industrials came into conflict with the police, and sometimes even with the militia, which was called to arms because of them. The newspapers made much of "Coxey's army," and naturally viewing its march on Washington as a huge joke, began to humour the idea and to treat it with

*In the case of Springer *vs.* The United States.

†The Court stood (May 20th) as follows: In favour of the constitutionality of the tax: Justices Harlan, Brown, Jackson, White; against it, Chief Justice Fuller, Justices Brewer, Field, Gray, Shiras.

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mock-seriousness. Hence it was that in Europe, where American humour, if unlabelled, is seldom understood, the belief spread that the United States had fallen into anarchy. The Republic was to be overthrown by a great uprising of its own citizens. The movement of Coxey's prowling tramps upon Washington was gravely likened to the famous march of the mob from Paris to Versailles. English leader-writers waited solemnly for the crash of a widespread and terrible revolution.

Coxey and his followers straggled into Washington on April 28th. By that time their numbers had been reduced to about three hundred men. The mild spring weather had led most of the "army" to roam off individually into the pleasant country valleys, where they could bask in the sun and live by begging. On the first of May, however, Coxey marched his dwindling host into the grounds of the Capitol, bearing aloft some improvised banners of calico and paper muslin. But by this time public interest in the Industrials had waned. The joke had ceased to amuse. And, therefore, no particular notice was taken of Coxey, until he and some of his "lieutenants" marched across the lawns, when the Capitol police at once arrested them for walking on the grass. This was the farcical end of the Coxey crusade which foreigners regarded as a dreadful menace to the Republic, but which terminated in a short jail sentence served by the would-be Robespierre for the violation of a local ordinance.

While, however, this pilgrimage of the Commonwealers was in itself of no importance, it did reveal a state of restlessness in the industrial world. This was soon to find expression in a tremendous struggle of organised labour against organised capital—a struggle of which the outcome was at last determined by the unprecedented action of Mr. Cleveland and his Attorney-General. It involved questions, both administrative, judicial and constitutional, of far-reaching consequences.

In 1886, the men who controlled or owned the twenty-four railways which then entered the city of Chicago, formed a voluntary association known as the General Managers' Association.* This body had for its main purpose the effective control of all persons employed by the railways represented in the Association. Wages were cut down according to a general agreement. Discharged workmen were "blacklisted," so that they could not easily get new employment. With no standing whatever in law, the Managers' Association was establishing a complete control of the independence and even of the livelihood of thousands of railway employés.† To offset this combination of the owners, the men had organised, in 1893, the American Railway Union. The two bodies, antagonistic as they were in their special interests, came into conflict early in 1894, over a question which did not in its origin directly concern either of them.

The Pullman Palace Car Company was not a railway corporation, but was engaged in manufacturing cars which it operated through written contracts with the railways. It was a highly prosperous concern, and Mr. Pullman, its President, had won much commendation from philanthropic sociologists for having built the pretty little village of Pullman, near Chicago, where employés of the company could at moderate rentals find houses that were clean, well-lighted, and supplied with admirable sanitary arrangements. Lakes, parks and well-kept streets made the place appear to be a poor man's paradise. On the other hand, those who lived there saw another side. Not many residents stayed there very long. While they stayed, they seemed to be under a singular constraint. If they spoke of the Company, they did so in a half-whisper, and with a furtive glance behind them, very much "as a Russian might mention the Czar."‡ Every one felt that he was spied upon, and that an incautious word might lead to his discharge and get his name upon the blacklist.

In May, 1894, the Pullman Company dismissed a large number of its workmen.

*It represented also some eighteen other railway corporations.

†The number of men directly and indirectly employed was estimated in 1894 as over 200,000.

‡Andrews. *The United States in Our Own Time*, p. 723 (New York, 1903).

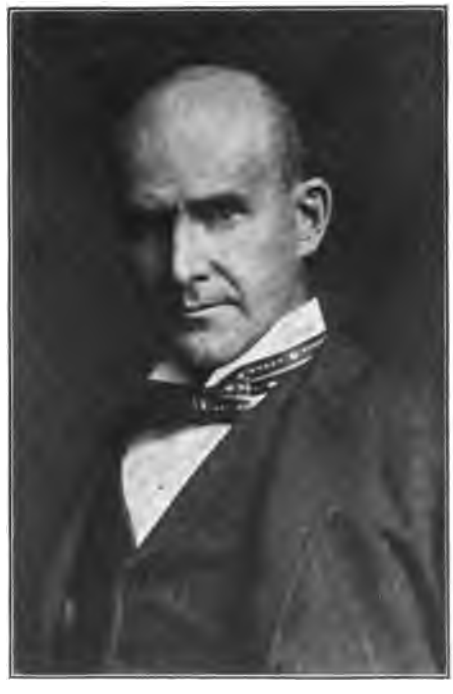
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The wages of those who were retained were lowered by some twenty per cent. Many were now employed for less than what was usually regarded as full time. A committee of employés waited upon Mr. Pullman to ask that the old wages be restored. Mr. Pullman refused this request, but promised that he would not punish any member of the committee for having presented the petition. This promise he apparently violated, for on the very next day three of the committee were discharged. Mr. Pullman, in fact, evidently regarded himself as a personage so sacrosanct as to make even a respectful petition to him a serious offence. Indignant at his action, five-sixths of his men went out on strike. Mr. Pullman promptly discharged the other sixth, who had remained faithful to his interests.

To justify the Pullman management, the general statement was given out on its behalf, that the close of the Columbian Exposition and the existing business depression had checked the demand for its cars; that it had been employing men at an actual loss; that it could not afford to continue them at work and at the old scale of wages. In reply to this, the fact was pointed out that while the wages of the men had been cut, the salaries of the officers remained as large as ever; and that rents in the town of Pullman had not been lowered. Moreover, the stock of the company was selling above par; its dividends for the preceding year on a capital of $36,000,000 had been $2,520,000, while it had a surplus of undivided profits amounting to $25,000,000.

About 4000 Pullman employés were members of the American Railway Union. In June, a convention of the Union was held in Chicago, and this body took up the question of the Pullman strike, although the men on strike were not railway employés at all. A committee of the Union wished to confer with the Pullman management, but were not allowed to do so. The Civic Federation of Chicago, with the approval and support of the mayors of fifty cities, urged the Company to submit the matter to arbitration. The Company answered: "We have nothing to arbitrate." Then, on June 2d, the Railway Union, finding no settlement possible, passed a resolution to the effect that unless the Pullman Company should come to an agreement with its men before June 26th, the members of the Railway Union would refuse to "handle" Pullman cars. The Company remained obdurate, and therefore on the 26th the Union fulfilled its promise. From that day, on all the roads running out of Chicago, no train to which Pullman cars were attached could move.

The President of the Railway Union was Mr. Eugene V. Debs. He had formerly been by turns a locomotive engineer and afterwards a grocer. Going into politics, he had served a term in the Indiana legislature. He was a very shrewd, long-headed strategist. He knew well of the strength of his organisation. He was equally well aware of the weak point in all great labour demonstrations. The 150,000 men whom he controlled could, by acting together, completely paralyse the railway system centring at Chicago. Local public sentiment was, on the whole, favourable to the Pullman employés. That sentiment would, however, be alienated if violence and general disorder were to follow on the strike. It



EUGENE V. DEBS

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was vital that the Railway Union should employ no lawless means. He therefore issued an address on June 29th, in which he said:

"The contest is now on between the railway corporations united solidly on the one hand, and the labour forces on the other. . . . I appeal to the strikers everywhere to refrain from any act of violence. A man who will destroy property or violate law is an enemy and not a friend to the cause of labour."

This order of Mr. Debs was implicitly obeyed by the members of the Railway Union; and the peaceable strike which was begun upon the 26th proved at once to be remarkably effective. Switchmen refused to attach Pullman cars to any train. When they were discharged for this, the rest of the train's crew would leave it in a body. By the end of the fifth day after the strike began, all the roads running out of Chicago were practically at a standstill. The Railway Managers' Association was facing absolute defeat. Its resources in the way of men were exhausted, and its trains could not be operated. Yet all this had been accomplished by peaceable means. There was no sign of violence or disorder. But the men who made up the Managers' Association were very able, and they had at their command unlimited money, and legal advisers who could conceive daring plans. This struggle against the power of the railways was to them a struggle for existence. Their chairman, therefore, issued a bold statement, in which he said:

"We are supported in our stand by the railway managers all over the United States. It is no time for weakness of policy. . . . The fight must be won."

It must have been plain to the managers that if the strike remained a peaceful one, the railways must be defeated. If violence and crime were associated with it, public sympathy would no longer sustain the strikers, and the power of the law would be invoked against them. Singularly enough, on June 30th, just when this situation became very plain, disorder suddenly broke out in Chicago. The close of the World's Fair had left in that city a large residuum of vagabonds and semi-criminals, who had drifted thither during the Exposition, and who remained to swell the lawless population of the slums. As is usual in times of widespread excitement, these men now swarmed by thousands to the railway yards, intent on prospective plunder. It was widely asserted at the time that the Managers' Association employed *agents provocateurs* to incite the disorderly elements to acts of violence. Of this there is no proof. That thieves and bullies and jail-birds should seize upon so rare an opportunity for mischief was natural enough. But their sudden appearance was certainly most opportune for the railway managers and most fatal to the real interests of the strikers.

On June 30th, a mail train was stopped in the suburbs of Chicago. The engine was cut off and disabled by a mob ostensibly directed by strikers. At about the same time, the mails were completely obstructed on parts of the Southern Pacific System, the strike having extended to the Pacific States. Mail trains having Pullman cars attached were not allowed to run. This news brought the United States Government into the field at once. Attorney-General Olney issued vigorous instructions to the United States district-attorneys all over the country; deputy marshals were sworn in; and other precautionary measures were taken. Writing to Mr. Edwin Walker, who acted as special counsel for the Government in Chicago, Mr. Olney made the very novel suggestion that, instead of relying upon warrants issued under criminal statutes against persons who had actually committed illegal acts, Mr. Walker should apply to the Federal courts for injunctions forbidding the commission of such acts.

On July 1st, the roads were still paralysed. Disorder had still been for the most part sporadic. There was no evidence that the local authorities were not fully competent to deal with the situation so far as the unruly elements were concerned. On the following day, however, on motion of the United States District Attorney, Judge Woods issued a sweeping injunction forbidding the President of the Railway Union, Mr. Debs, and also its Vice-President, Secretary and others, from interfering with the transportation of the mails and obstructing

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interstate commerce. Mr. Walker also sent word to Washington that in his judgment, United States troops would be needed to enforce the order of the court. On that very day, President Cleveland ordered General Miles to Chicago, to take personal command of the troops at Fort Sheridan. Mr. Walker seemed strangely insistent in his demand for troops and for their immediate use. Mr. Olney telegraphed him (July 3d): "I trust use of United States troops will not be necessary." Mr. Walker reiterated his demand, and with him were joined Judge Grosscup, the District Attorney, and the United States Marshal. The strikers had, indeed, been deeply stirred by the injunction, which forbade even an attempt to persuade railway employés to strike. They felt that the Federal courts were the mere tools of the railway managers, and were attempting to deprive men of the right to leave their work. Perhaps because of their indignation at this new move, the peaceful strike came to an end, and a régime of violence began. Baggage cars were wrecked and strewn along the tracks, and a mail-train was ditched. The writ of injunction was read to the mob by the marshal, and was received with jeers and curses.

That same afternoon, President Cleveland ordered Colonel Crofton to enter Chicago with the entire garrison of Fort Sheridan, infantry, artillery and cavalry. This order was promptly carried out; and on the following morning the troops were in camp upon the lake front. Reinforcements were hurried to them, and General Miles had presently a force of several thousand men. A brigade of State militia was also ordered to the city by the Governor at the Mayor's request. The story of the next few days is one of perpetual disorder, controlled, however, or greatly lessened by the admirable work of the regular troops, whose cool firmness had that indescribable effect which discipline always exercises upon disorder. Yet there was much destruction of railway property, both within the city and near it; while the temper of the soldiers was often severely tried. The spirit of the mob grew more and more dangerous; and at last (on July 7th) General Miles issued an order to the officers in command of troops, directing them to fire upon any persons engaged in overt hostile acts. Mr. Debs, whose prudence had begun to fail him, made an inflammatory address, in which he said:

"The first shot fired by regular troops at the mobs here will be a signal for civil war. Bloodshed will surely follow."

Events moved quickly. On the following day, the President issued a proclamation ordering all persons engaged in unlawful assemblages to disperse "on or before twelve o'clock noon of the ninth day of July instant." Those who disregarded the warning were to be viewed as public enemies. "There will be no vacillation in the decisive punishment of the guilty." On that same day, a mob at Hammond, Indiana, some twenty miles distant from Chicago, set upon several non-strikers, killing one and wounding four. Matters grew still more serious, and a company of regular troops, under Major Hartz, was hurried to the Monon station. Under their protection, several trains were moved. This infuriated the mob, which, after exhausting every form of insult, began to shower the soldiers with missiles of every description. The men remained unmoved, awaiting orders. Emboldened by this apparent timidity, their assailants, who now numbered fully three thousand, made a wild rush, intending to overwhelm the compact company in blue. Major Hartz gave a sharp command, and the magazine rifles spurted fire into the yelling mob, drilling it through and through with bullets, and strewing the ground with dead.

Coincidently with these events, Judge Grosscup delivered a charge to a special Federal Grand Jury, which at once found indictments against Debs and three of his associates, the charge being one of conspiracy under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890. On July 10th, the four men were arrested and gave bail in $10,000 each. On July 17th, the same men were brought before Judge Woods and charged with contempt of court, in having disobeyed the injunction of July 2d. They refused to give bail upon this charge, and were sent to prison under guard.

This swift and stern action of the Federal Government broke the backbone of

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the strike, as Mr. Debs himself afterwards admitted. The movement had spread over twenty-seven States and Territories and had affected the operations of 125,000 miles of railway. But everywhere it was dealt with in the same energetic manner wherever it obstructed the service of the mails; and after the arrest of Mr. Debs it died speedily away. On July 20th—less than a month after the general strike began—the United States troops left Chicago, their presence being no longer needed there.*

In the opinion of the Governor of Illinois, Mr. John P. Altgeld, their presence there had never been required. Mr.



GOVERNOR ALTGELD

Altgeld was a Democrat of the Populistic type. In appearance, he resembled a typical German Anarchist—fanatical and intense. He had just pardoned the Anarchists who were sentenced to imprisonment at the time of the Haymarket murders in 1886.† His sympathies were undoubtedly with the strikers, and he felt, with some reason, that the presence of Federal troops was essentially provocative. He read over the Fourth Section of the Constitution, which pledges the United States to guarantee each State protection against domestic violence "on application of the Legislature or of the Executive." As Governor Altgeld interpreted that section, it meant that United States troops may be sent into a State *only* upon application of the Legislature or of the Executive. He, therefore, immediately after the arrival of the troops in Chicago, telegraphed the President that they were not needed:

"Waiving all question of courtesy, I will say that the State of Illinois is not only able to take care of itself, but it stands ready to-day to furnish the Federal Government any assistance it may need elsewhere. . . . As Governor . . . I protest . . . and ask the immediate withdrawal of Federal troops from active duty in the State."

But Governor Altgeld had missed the point involved in the despatch of troops. These had not been sent to protect the State from "domestic violence," but to guard the property of the United States, to prevent obstruction of the United States mails, and to enforce the judgments of the United States courts as against illegal combinations. Authority for this was found in the law of April 20, 1871.* The President answered Governor Altgeld, explaining the matter very briefly; only to receive another and very long despatch, arguing about the relations of State and Federal authority, and still missing the point as completely as before. To this second telegram, Mr. Cleveland sent (July 6th) a short response which ended the discussion:

"While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority or duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress, discussion may well give way to active efforts on the part of all in authority to restore obedience to law and to protect life and property."

Mr. Cleveland's course in sending

*The strike, as a whole, ended on August 3d.

†See THE BOOKMAN for March, pp. 42, 43.

*"In all cases where insurrection, domestic violence, . . . or conspiracies in any State shall so obstruct or hinder the execution of the laws thereof and of the United States, . . . or whenever any such insurrection, violence, . . . or conspiracy shall oppose or obstruct the laws of the United States or the due execution thereof, . . . it shall be lawful for the President and it shall be his duty to take such measures by the employment of . . . the land or naval forces of the United States . . . as he may deem necessary for the suppression of such insurrection."

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troops to Chicago, and in using the army elsewhere to prevent obstruction of the mail-routes, was, on the whole, generally approved by public opinion and by Congress. A great deal of the comment made upon it was, however, based upon a misapprehension of the facts. Many persons then imagined, and many still believe, that the President put a new and bold construction upon his own powers, and that in consequence the functions of the Executive were by his action substantially enlarged. Such, however, was not the case. He was merely doing what he was empowered and even required to do by statute—a statute originally enacted under President Grant, and aimed at that time at the Ku Klux Klan. Hence both the States' Rights Democrats, like Governor Altgeld, who condemned him, and the advocates of centralisation, who applauded him, did so with insufficient knowledge. If he deserved praise at all, it was not because of a new precedent which he established, for he established none; but for his courage in using, through a sense of duty, his statutory powers in a way that was certain to intensify the hatred of him which had by this time come to be almost a religion in the Western States.

The really serious constitutional question which the strike of 1894 brought into vivid prominence concerned the judiciary instead of the executive. "Government by injunction" was the phrase that now came into general use. The Interstate Commerce Law of 1887, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890, had both been framed with a view to checking the power of the corporations. Clever lawyers, however, had most ingeniously converted these two acts into instruments to protect the railway corporations against attack. If an engineer left his post, or if the crew of a train deserted it, that was held to be conspiracy in restraint of commerce. A United States Circuit Court had issued a "blanket" injunction against all the employés of the Northern Pacific Road, forbidding them to strike. In the case of Mr. Debs and his associates, they had been enjoined from inciting men to strike. On December 14th, they were brought before Judge Woods in Chicago and sentenced—Debs to six months' imprisonment and the others to three months—for contempt of court. This extension of the enjoining power was contrary to the whole spirit and practice of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence as hitherto understood. By means of it a judge defined in advance the nature of an offence, and by injunction forbade the commission of it by certain specified persons. If they disobeyed the injunction, they were brought before the judge and fined or imprisoned, not directly for the act performed, but for contempt of court. In this way, the judge became also the accuser, and the offender lost the right of a jury trial. Many of the most conservative publicists in the East were stirred by this alarming stretch of the judicial power. As to Mr. Debs, the principle at issue was admirably summed up in these words:

"If Debs has been violating law, let him be indicted, tried by a jury, and punished. Let him not be made the victim of an untenable court order and deprived of his liberty entirely within the discretion of a judge. . . . If the precedent now established is to stand, there is no limit to the power which the judiciary may establish over the citizen."*

The action of Judge Woods in sentencing Debs was, however, sustained by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court handed down on May 27, 1895, and he served his term in prison. It is to be noted, however, that the indictments for conspiracy found against him in legal form by a Federal Grand Jury were dismissed. The report of a Commission appointed by President Cleveland† to investigate the origin of the great strike was also full of deep significance. The Commission found in the Railway Managers' Association an example of "the persistent and shrewdly devised plans of corporations to overreach their limitations and to usurp indirectly powers and rights not contemplated in their charters." It was found that neither the Railway Union, nor in fact any general combination of

**Springfield Republican,* quoted by Andrews *op. cit.* p. 342.

†In July, 1894. The members of this Commission were Carroll D. Wright of Massachusetts, John D. Kernan of New York, and Nicholas E. Worthington of Illinois. See the President's message of December 3, 1894.

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railway employés, had been planned, until the railway managers had set the example. In the judgment of the Commission, the evils of intensive combination must in the end be met by government control of such corporations as have a public character. The report was widely read, and its unquestioned facts and dispassionate deductions impressed themselves upon the minds of thousands. More and more was it becoming evident that the proper form of resistance to the glacier-like power of consolidated capital, was not through strikes or other efforts of voluntary associations, but rather through the Federal Government itself, using all its latent and immense resources to protect its citizens impartially.

FROM THE BOOK OF LOVE

My Love, your body is a shrine for me,
Your eyes the altar lights that shine for me,
That dome your forehead and the floor your feet,
Your fragrant breath the bread and wine for me

The velvet petals of your hand are light
As lily leaves; I feel them in the night
In soft caress within my answering hand—
O hold me close, white flowers of my delight!

Your voice is vibrant with a mystic spell
Learned in the ages ere Atlantis fell
From Masters deep in ancient wonder-lore—
Forgotten, but your soul remembers well.

You are the dream between Love's day and night;
In your strange being Love's extremes unite:
The still white prayer of passions purified,
The music of the senses in delight.

Elsa Barker.



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EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

SIDNEY LOW'S "THE GOVERNANCE OF ENGLAND."*

It is venturesome, to say the least, for a new writer on the English constitution so to indicate the method and scope of his inquiry as to challenge comparison with the classic work of Walter Bagehot. The latter's aim, when he wrote forty years ago, was to set free the spirit of the constitution from the mass of fiction and obsolete theory which enveloped it; more particularly, to contrast the efficient, working part of the constitution with the ceremonious, dignified part. Moreover, Bagehot, substituting for the worn analogy of a mechanical structure that of a living organism, essayed to represent, indeed, to picture in a lifelike manner, the constitution at a certain period of its development, the culmination of the Palmerstonian era in 1865; nor, beyond the declaration of a few great principles, was he eager to forecast the course of constitutional evolution, in view of certain great political changes which had not then manifested their true character. In the introduction to the second edition of his book he noted the changed aspects which so short a time as seven years had witnessed—a retrospect which narrowed his range of prophecy and increased his caution.

Mr. Low in effect proposes to do for the constitution of to-day what Bagehot did for it as it was forty years ago; that is, to observe where fiction and false theory still obscure the working spirit and practical trend, and to describe such new features of constitutional practice as may have since appeared. As an implicit believer in the sufficiency of the master's method, he wishes to apply it to the period extending from 1865 to 1905.

It is but fair to say that, while he has found little of striking importance which had not been recorded, or at least suggested, by his great predecessor, he has found enough to justify his book. Some of his chapters, it is true, are little more than clever elaborations of what had already been succinctly and memorably said. If his views of the cabinet, the monarchy and the House of Commons be considered, the reader will find in Bagehot many of the notions which Mr. Low seems to regard as discoveries; and when the latter defines important terms—a difficult thing to do when the term stands for part of a living, changing growth—it will generally be found that the greater writer's guarded formulas, with their wider margins reserved for a hinterland of disconcerting exceptions, were not only justified at the time, but can be justified to-day. Take, for instance, Mr. Low's idea of the cabinet, which is presumably intended to supersede the various preceding definitions. Bagehot looked upon it as a committee of the legislative body selected to be the executive body. This definition made forty years ago better fits the facts than that of Mr. Low, who considers the cabinet to be a committee selected by one member of one party in parliament from among other members of the same party. Let us apply this to the last cabinet of Lord Salisbury, keeping in mind the author's intention to discard the point of view of the mere legalist and constitutionalist and to choose that of the practical observer, seeking to penetrate below the surface to the heart of things. Who, then, "selected" Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary? From what party was he selected? It would be idle to characterise Lord Salisbury's nomination of Mr. Chamberlain as a choice, a real selection, no less than it would be so to characterise Premier Balfour's nomination of Mr. Chamberlain's son as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both were unusual administrative necessities, forced upon the leader of the government by the importance of a statesman belonging to a third political party who broke in upon the traditional dualism of opinion, and who even now are ready to

*The Governance of England. By Sidney Low, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, late Lecturer on History at King's College, London. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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desert the Conservatives if the original terms of the compact are violated. I consider this the best possible example, because Mr. Low has earnestly attempted to improve upon current definitions of the cabinet.

Nor is he more fortunate in discussing the "inner ring" of ministers by whom he thinks the prestige and authority of the other members of the cabinet have in recent years been absorbed. When was there not an inner ring of British royal advisers during the last two centuries? Is it not both natural and inevitable that among a ministry of twenty members three or four should be pre-eminent, and that among these latter the official head may not sometimes be the real one? The name of Mr. Chamberlain may again be mentioned to illustrate not only the potency of the inner ring, which is no discovery at all, as Mr. Low would have us believe, but also the rivalry, if not the dominance for a time, of a nominal subordinate within the cabinet—a dominance resting upon an outside electoral influence stronger than the party majority in the legislature.

One does not need to be told at this late day that the cabinet and the House have won almost complete control of the administration; but it would be interesting, if there were space, to trace the strange and devious process by which this has been accomplished. Not as a thief in the night, but openly armed, rather, with a system of decorous and deferential apologies made in the public interest, powerful ministers and cliques have almost shorn the crown of its ancient prerogatives. And they blundered before they robbed. They not only said one thing while meaning another, but they started the development of the existing constitutional order while aiming at a totally different one. Their working language and expedients have been shunned in public documents as if they were symbols of treason. It was not until 1878 that the words "prime minister," and not until 1900 that the word "cabinet," appeared in an official record.

Mr. Low has the substantial merit of pointing out the errors of those prophets who foretold the cheapening of English political leadership by enfranchisement of the masses. In this respect Bagehot and other constitutional writers since his time were wrong. The electorate still prefer to intrust large politics to those who are highly placed by birth, character and fortune; nor do the Liberal party in this respect differ noticeably from their Conservative opponents. During the last half century, however, the progress of science and art and the influence of literature have made the parliamentary life less exclusive and relatively less important, so that politics is now broadened and refined by the genius and culture which come with increasing value to the help of statesmanship. Especially interesting are Mr. Low's suggestions for improving the House of Lords by a liberal representation of literature, science and art. Concerning the problems of imperial federation and the constitutional relations to be developed between Great Britain and her colonies this book contains some interesting speculations on lines already familiar to the political student. There can be little but praise for the author's literary style. It is easy, strong and clear, with a light touch and aptness of allusion that never detract from the weighty theme.

John William Russell.

II.

The Mythology of the Ancient Celts.*

In the reconstruction of the religions of the culture-nations of Europe, scant attention has thus far been paid to the mythology of the Slavs and of the Celts. In the case of the former people this is not strange, since the material is so meagre and the religious and literary influence which they exercised on Europe is so slight that their faith has attracted but few investigators. Far different is it with the Celts; for in Britain, Ireland and Gaul once reigned a host of gods, whose forms may still be faintly seen through the disguise of saint and king to inspire in these latter days the genius of Tennyson and of Wagner. Scattered

*The Mythology of the British Islands: An Introduction to Celtic Myth, Legend, Poetry, and Romance. By Charles Squire. London: Blackie and Son. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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in the pages of technical journals, particularly of the *Revue Celtique*, buried in the unwieldy, if learned, volumes of Rhys, and barred to many readers by the foreign garb of the *Cours de Littérature Celtique* of d'Arbois de Jubainville, it has hitherto been a task of considerable difficulty to gain a clear presentment of the faith of our Celtic forefathers. This is now happily obviated by Charles Squire's *Mythology of the British Islands*, a book written without pretence at learning, but simply as a guide for the tyro in Celtic lore.

Passing over with slight mention the Gaulish religion, which is known only from allusions in the *Commentaries* of Cæsar and a few other classical authors, supplemented to some extent by the inscriptions which have been discovered in Gaul, Mr. Squire confines his attention to the great fountainheads of Celtic myth—Ireland and Britain. Herein he is entirely justified, for Britain, as Cæsar himself noted, was believed by the Gallic druids to have been the parent-land of their faith, while Ireland retained its religion long after its sister-island had bowed before the new Semitic creed.

Celtic religion as a whole was a nature-cult, for it clearly represents the world-old struggle between light and darkness existing in the Hindu Rig-Veda, the most ancient religious record of our race, and present still, though dimly, in the legends of the Celtic Arthurian cycle. Yet no religion is free from an admixture of elements which originally were foreign to it, and as the Aryans, sweeping down the Indian Punjab, conquered the non-Aryan Dravidians, only to assimilate portions of their faith, so the Celts crushed the Iberians, who held the islands before them, but adopted phases of the belief of the subjugated race.

In the divine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, the former are represented by the Tuatha Dé Danonn, "the people of the goddess Danu," who may be compared to the Greek Demeter, "Mother Earth." This feature of Celtic religion, which at an early stage lays such stress on the all-mother, is almost peculiar to this branch of the Indo-Germanic family. The mother goddess plays but a secondary rôle in the mythology of Greece, while in India it is only in the late and perhaps Dravidian cult of the *çaktis*, or female principles of the gods, that she gains any real importance. This phase of Celtic belief seems almost Semitic, although it is certainly independent in origin, and this curious chance analogue between two unrelated systems of religion becomes still more striking in the case of the powers of darkness. The gods of Hades, the Fomors, or "folk from under sea," are the children of the goddess Domnu, who is curiously like the Babylonian Tiamat, the personification of chaos and the watery deep. From these two divine mothers and their more shadowy lords sprang the gods, whose general attributes are clear, although different clans applied different names to the same gods and told slightly varying tales concerning them, thus leading to confusion in the course of time. This is especially true of the later period of the religion, so that in the legends of Arthur, himself a solar deity, the same god is found serving simultaneously on either side under different appellations. Into the struggles of the Celtic divinities it is impossible here to go in detail, yet many an interesting phase of the development of religion may be traced, and more than one analogy may be drawn with other systems of belief. The author, however, has excluded from his book any comparative study of the Celtic myths, and this is perhaps the one flaw in his admirable volume. Take, for example, the "harrowing of Hell." In Irish legend the culture-hero Cuchulainn, a sun-god, invades Dún Scaith, the "shadowy town" of Hades, and robs it of its choicest treasures, while a similar exploit is performed by the British solar deities Gwydion and Arthur. In gentler mood, and for the winning of wisdom, Nachiketas in India, Arda-i Viraf in Persia, Odysseus in Greece, and Dante in Italy descended to the lower world. In Semitic tradition one thinks immediately of the conquest of Hell by the risen Christ as recorded in the Gospel of Nicodemus.

As in Teutonic mythology, after the wars of the gods and all their glory comes their fall. The Tuatha Dé Danonn had triumphed over the dynasties of Partho-

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lon, Nemed and the Fir Bolg, but in their turn they were forced to yield to the invasions of the mortal Milesians and Fenians. Euhemerised into kings and knights by Geoffrey of Monmouth and his fellows, or reduced to Christian saints and holy men by the monks of a new and hostile creed, the Celtic gods live but as pale ghosts in the folk-myths of the Irish, Scotch and Welsh peasantry, although in one cycle they still retain some measure of their pristine greatness, lingering to this day in the legends of Arthur, with their tales of the Table Round and the achievement of the Holy Grail. A book which brings together so great a store of knowledge on an obscure and fascinating subject in so readable a fashion is indeed a treasure, and one cannot but praise the author for his work.

Louis H. Gray.

III.

Max Nordau's "Morganatic."*

During the recent discussion of divorce in the newspapers, positive statements were made that the Church of England regarded marriage almost as a sacrament, and that therefore there should be no divorces; that if for good reasons a separation of husband and wife occurred, the innocent party should accept the hardships of the situation, living a lonely life with Christian fortitude; and that a "remarriage" of either of the parties to a divorce should never be solemnised by a priest of the English Church, or of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The impression was given by some of the clergymen who were interviewed by the press that the Church of England had always entertained the opinions expressed in these statements.

At the London diocesan conference held in Westminster in June, 1905, the Bishop of London stated his reluctance to countenancing as a marriage the "remarriage" of the innocent party to a divorce, although admitting that such a party who, under civil sanction according to the English Divorce Act of 1857, had been married, should be allowed to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and to enjoy all the privileges of the church. His Lordship added: "In my opinion, the law which offends the consciences of so many clergy and laity should be amended; what the state has done in decreeing a divorce, the state, if it wishes, must undo, but the church should not be compromised in the matter at all; the convenience of the world is one thing, the standard and teaching of the church is quite another."

Yet in spite of this statement of sentiment and conviction, we have seen instances of the setting aside on a trivial pretext of a morganatic wife and her children, that her partner might gain an advantage or might advantage the state by marrying a woman of royal blood. Thus the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the wedding of the Duke of Clarence to his dead brother's *fiancée,* Princess May of Teck, in spite of the fact that the Duke had put away his wife and their children that he might contract the second marriage, Queen Victoria approving the divorce and making financial provision for the divorced morganatic wife.

Max Nordau, author of *Degeneration,* has written a novel, *Morganatic,* in which he demonstrates that the wife's position should be made absolutely equal with that of her husband, even at the expense of considerable renunciation by one of the parties to the union. In this book he emphasises these points: (1) the loose morals of certain members of royal families; (2) the curious fact that women, otherwise irreproachable, become unwisely infatuated with princes; and (3) the heartburnings, disappointments, and misery that may arise from a morganatic alliance under existing conditions.

A German prince is cured of his melancholy by the act of a young pianist, daughter of a music-master. It becomes necessary for him to marry her, and after overcoming his family's determined opposition, she becomes his wife, with the title of baroness. Of course, she understood that in becoming his lawful wife she was not elevated to his rank. Yet after the prince's death the baroness made a long struggle for recognition and income to which she had no right, and was gradually transformed from an affectionate,

*Morganatic. By Max Nordau. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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prudent, sensible and tactful woman into a weak, arrogant, irritable and vindictive pretender. Her son Siegfried, who would have been a sensible and successful man if properly guided, foolishly joined his mother in her campaign of arrogant demand and general offensiveness. Nicoline, the natural daughter of a German prince, cultivates the musical ability inherited from her mother, a member of an opera troupe in a small town, and by means of diligent study—aided by beauty, wit and a magnificent presence—creates a sensation as an operatic vocalist of high rank. Meeting her during her student days, Siegfried falls in love with Nicoline. But he is too weak to profit by her example of independence and industry, and his self-love prevents the development of character that she justly expects of him. He becomes insultingly insistent that he be invested with his dead father's title and position, alienates his family, falls a victim to flatterers, and after suffering chagrin, defeat and financial ruin, enters a monastery.

Siegfried's foolish mother lives beyond her means in trying to support a style in keeping with her assumed title of princess. She succeeds in publishing attacks on her husband's family, which only react on herself. She is inveigled into a damaging political alliance with General Boulanger, who appears as General Ménard in the story. Finally, after forfeiting the respect even of her son and her servants, she dies.

Nicoline, meanwhile, rises to prominence. Upon the death of her mother's husband (the royal lover having insisted upon a marriage to a nonentity *pour conserver les convenances*), Nicoline successfully demands that her father marry her mother, whose simplicity of heart, self-renunciation and absorbing love for the prince precluded the possibility of her ever contemplating making a personal request for such simple justice. Nicoline is easily the central figure and the best character of the novel, and her portrait is drawn with elaborate yet delightful detail.

A striking character is that of an American millionaire, Edwin Mallock Gray. It is interesting to learn Nordau's idea of a typical American. He writes:

> Mr. Gray had learned German at Harvard, and after the completion of his studies in America, had spent two years at German high schools, and so spoke German fluently. He was possibly about thirty-five, but it was not easy to judge his age from his appearance. In repose he looked older; in animated talk, younger. He was a typical American to look at; tall, thin, almost lanky in figure, a clean-shaven face, his fair hair, sprinkled with grey, parted at the side, a massive chin, hard mouth, proud, imposing brow, but remarkably soft, dreamy brown eyes, which gave his face at times an almost paradoxical, gentle expression.

On short acquaintance, Mr. Gray tries to give Nicoline a superb diamond necklace, as a trifling token of his appreciation and his admiration, and without her knowledge at once commences building a house for her in New York. By the time several obstacles are surmounted and many difficulties cleared away with a startling display of power, lavish expenditure of money and unalterable determination, and after Mr. Gray has become successful in his suit and has been married to Nicoline, the new house is completed, just in time for their occupancy on reaching New York.

Nordau expresses no opinions as he tells his story; his characters speak for themselves. His keen analyses, vigorous treatment and frank chronicle of events interest the reader deeply, and leave open the way to but one logical conclusion as to the evil of morganatic alliances. The novel would undoubtedly be better were it shorter, and were its style more sympathetic and imaginative. Hesiod told of the morganatic alliances of Zeus and his daughters in gossipy style and alluring phrase. Nordau's story is a forcible presentation of stern facts by an apparently disinterested observer.

Albert Warren Ferris.

IV.

London's "War of the Classes."*

Whether human or canine, the heroes of Jack London's purely literary works are, to use one of his favourite phrases, "rampant individualists." They seem

*War of the Classes. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1905.

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created for no other purpose than to proclaim the doctrine:

> "Du musst herrschen und gewinnen
> Oder dienen und verlieren,
> Leiden oder triumphieren
> Hammer oder Amboss sein."

Whence comes it, then, that the author of such forceful and even ferocious types should be himself an advocate of socialism? In part, no doubt, the explanation may be found in the fact that a vigorous, opposition-loving person can most easily get all of the latter he wants by taking up the championship of some radical social doctrine. The true reason probably lies deeper than this, however. It was one of the London Fabians who coined the phrase "intellectual proletariat," and applied it to the younger radicals who had won success in literature or the learned professions at such a cost of toil and struggle that the bitterness of it made them socialists. Something of the same experience Jack London has had, and it is precisely for this reason, doubtless, that he is capable on the one hand of portraying so vividly the characteristics necessary for victory amid the fiercest phases of the struggle for existence, and on the other of wishing with all his heart for the establishment of "a new law of development" which shall forever supersede the present competitive régime.

Jack London's socialistic sympathies were patent in his earlier work, *The People of the Abyss.* It was a powerful picture of the life of the East End of London, a black and white sketch in which the black almost entirely predominated. His later volume, *The War of the Classes,* is not so much description as an attempt at social philosophy, or rather at a popular version of Marxian philosophy brought down to date and illustrated by references to contemporary radical movements chiefly in the United States, but also to a less extent in foreign countries. From this point of view are discussed the class struggle, the significance of the tramp and the scab, the world crisis to be expected when world over-production occurs, and the possibility that socialism may follow it. It cannot be maintained that the *War of the Classes* presents much on these subjects that is novel, either in point of fact or of opinion. London himself would hardly make such a claim, for his socialism is decidedly orthodox and his obligation to German authorities is frankly avowed. The list of these authorities, by the way, does not seem to include Bernstein, whose criticism from within the camp of the *Genossen* is now very materially modifying both their theory and practice. Moreover, the *War of the Classes* suffers considerably from the fact that it is not a book so much as a collection of articles written at various times and apparently without a definite common purpose beyond the general advancement of the socialistic propaganda. As a consequence it is marred somewhat by repetition and lacks the coherence and cogency of a logical whole. With all these defects, however, the *War of the Classes* is no whit inferior in the vigour of its style and the sweep and rapid movement of its thought to any of Jack London's work. Certainly no other American, and probably no English writer, has produced anything in the advocacy of socialism that can compare with it in forcefulness and literary merit. With these qualities in its favour, the many inaccuracies and inconsistencies of the *War of the Classes* will hardly prevent its attaining that kind of success which the author doubtless desires most of all, namely, as an effective text-book for the socialist propaganda.

A typical instance of these inaccuracies may be found in the following: "The journalists, the preachers, and the professors are practically of one voice in declaring that there is no such thing as a class struggle now going on, much less that a class struggle will ever go on in the United States" (p. 5). Without answering for the journalists and the preachers, it may be said that a very elementary knowledge of the teaching of social science would have prevented the outrageous error of the rest of the statement. The difference between Jack London and the professors on this point is that the latter have tried to form some reasonably clear concept of social classes and then to apply this concept in the study of the very complex conditions that now exist, whereas London jumping im-

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mediately to conclusions from his box-car study of sociology, seems to assert that there are but two social classes, the capitalist class and the labouring class, both clearly defined, armed cap-a-pie, and ready to try conclusions to the death. If the situation were so simple, if these great protagonists faced each other in the United States, fully conscious and perfectly organised, there would seem to be very little class struggle left to write about, considerably less, one would think, than if the members of two football elevens should become inflamed with a simultaneous desire to kill the umpire. In this connection it will not do simply to quote the number of organised labourers in a given country. We must know also how many remain unorganised, and what is the proportion of the former to the latter, together with other facts not developed in the *War of the Classes*. Nor need too great significance be attached to the socialist vote in 1904 "of 435,000—an increase of nearly 400 per cent. in four years" (p. x). Percentages worked out on small bases are often surprising, as in the case of the criminality of the Persian population of Philadelphia, which was found to be 300 per cent., a truly astounding result until a more careful study of the table containing this figure revealed the fact that there was but one Persian in the city and that he had been convicted three times within the year for petty theft. Even taking the exaggerated figure given later (p. 25) of 450,000 socialist voters in 1904, this would be but slightly over three per cent. of the total popular vote of that year. Surely here is a fact at least worth consideration, for, after all, the thing that most needs explanation is not that the socialist strength in the United States is what it is, but why it is so vastly inferior in comparison with the strength of the same movement in the principal countries of Europe. If it be replied that the author's purpose was merely to call attention to the recent growth of the party in this country, one may be pardoned for remarking that the phenomenon is in nowise particularly exceptional. An even more remarkable percentage of growth can be figured out for the Greenbackers between 1876 and 1880. As in the case of that party, socialism also may be side-tracked indefinitely in consequence of the espousal by one or both of the two great parties of certain of its doctrines, such as municipal ownership, nationalisation of telegraphs, railroads, etc. Moreover, occasional failures, which are practically certain to occur in experimenting with state ownership, may lead to alternations of reaction. One must admit, therefore, that the exulting faith in the continuous and rapid growth of the socialistic party which Mr. London bases upon its recent increase is perhaps too sanguine.

In dealing with the tramp, which term is made very unjustly to include all kinds of out-of-works, Mr. London seems hopelessly involved in the sophistry commonly known to economists as the "lump of labour" fallacy. There is also great confusion as to the degree of potential labour efficiency among the unemployed, which on one page would seem to be considered little below that of the more fortunate possessors of jobs, while on another its actual inferiority is clearly presented. It is very difficult to grant unqualifiedly the contention that "Under the present system, if the weakest and least fit were as strong and fit as the best, and the best were correspondingly stronger and fitter, the same condition [*i. e.*, of unemployment] would obtain" (p. 78). Considering this statement in connection with the many striking facts and figures later presented to show the recent world-wide growth of capital, a pretty good *non sequitur* can be made out, for this vast mass of capital must use labour in the processes of production. With labour efficiency increased, with expanding capital demanding its services, and assuming further, as may fairly be done, a continued progress of invention, there is every reason to believe that both the rate of interest and wages would increase and that the amount of unemployment would decrease. No confusion with regard to the law of diminishing returns, which is so often falsely applied historically, would seem to shake this conclusion.

Mr. London's treatment of the scab is subject to the same constant and apparently unconscious shifting of ideas which makes his discussion of the tramp so

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baffling. A scab, he defines, as "one who gives more value for the same price than another." Obviously this formula is vague enough and general enough to cover both buyers and sellers either of commodities or labour wherever any element of competition enters. Consequently, Mr. London finds it easy to stretch his elastic definition until it enwraps the whole economic universe, barring only Mr. Rockefeller, the King of England, and certain other "non-scabs," royal and otherwise. The amazing part of the whole process is that whereby the opprobrium attached to the scab in the ordinary sense of that word is transferred to all the world excepting the persons above mentioned. It would be quite as easy and rather more obvious from a non-socialistic point of view to employ the same line of argument to whitewash the scab, little as men of that type may deserve the admiration which President Eliot for one seems inclined to lavish upon them. The defects of Mr. London's method of procedure are pretty evident when on the same page (145) he speaks of the *good fortune* of the United States in possessing conditions which enable her to be the "colossal scab" among nations, and in the next paragraph adds: "It is not good to give most for least, *not good to be a scab.*" In spite of the shifty logic which characterises this part of his book, however, Mr. London is to be praised for the frankness with which he discusses the attitude of employers and labourers toward the use of the machinery of the state in settling strikes, and also the matter of the membership of union men in the militia.

The discussion of the future of industrial society which is taken up under the rather enigmatic title of "The Question of the Maximum," is chiefly significant because of the admission, doubtless suggested by Mr. Ghent, that instead of socialism, some form of industrial oligarchy may be the goal to which certain nations are tending. In the opinion of Mr. London this is particularly liable to occur when an old manufacturing country loses its foreign trade. Why should a commercial oligarchy which has been conquered in the strife for the world's markets be more likely to beat off the attacks of socialism than a dominant commercial obligarchy in a dominant commercial country? And finally one may ask: Are the possibilities of social evolution so meagre that these two alternatives exhaust them?

Not the least interesting part of the *War of the Classes* is Mr. London's personal confession of "How I became a Socialist." The story is frankness itself, with a touch now and then of self-consciousness that comes as a decided surprise from one of so vigorous a character. There is in, too, quite a little of the note of finality, not to say cocksureness, that are so characteristic of Ruskin and Tolstoy. But before the writer's burning social sympathy all criticism ceases and admiration alone speaks.

Robert C. Brooks.

V.

Maurice Hewlett's "The Fool Errant."*

Mr. Hewlett, deserting his chosen field of mediæval adventure, has laid the scene of his last book in eighteenth-century Italy; and though the period is evidently less familiar to him, and in some ways less adapted as a background to his figure-painting, the novel shows, on the whole, an advance over its predecessors.

This advance is displayed in a greater distinctness of characterisation. The absurdly chivalrous, credulous, charming young Englishman, whose autobiography Mr. Hewlett affects to set down, manages to keep his personality before the reader through the whole succession of seriocomic adventures in which he is involved. The heroine, too, while on the whole less vivid, and certainly less interesting, detaches herself with a semblance of reality from the impersonal phalanx of Mr. Hewlett's earlier leading ladies, of whose carnal charms one has been told in so many more or less similar pages that even these much-emphasised attributes are blurred into a kind of composite portrait, while their moral idiosyncrasies fail to leave any impression at all. Virginia Strozzi, young Francis Strelley's hand-

*The Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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maiden and worshipper, rescued by him from the gutter, and exalted to be a sharer in all the incidents of his chequered career, stands before the reader with a certain definiteness of outline, marred only by an occasional reversion to type. She starts out, for instance, thin to emaciation, and pale to the point of evanescence; but as the novelist warms to his subject (and Mr. Hewlett is nothing if not warm) she grows into the "high-bosomed beauty" with whom his pen habitually consorts, and surprises the reader by an unexplained accession of embonpoint and complexion. As she and her companion are subjected to almost continuous hardships, physical and mental, and for a great part of the time are engaged in hard manual labour on an insufficient diet, one can only assume that Mr. Hewlett, bored by the company of a thin girl with no colour, has let his imagination momentarily stray to more congenial society.

This is not a serious charge; but it leads up to one which may be made with more emphasis. It is, precisely, that Mr. Hewlett's own tendency to emphasise makes him bear somewhat too heavily on the brittle surface of eighteenth-century manners. Much commerce with the noisy middle ages has given him a stentorian voice and an earth-shaking tread. He has forgotten that it was characteristic of the *sette-cento* to roar as gently as any sucking-dove. And this observation leads up to the real defect—as it has appeared to one reader—in his drawing of Virginia Strozzi. He has desired to depict her as a creature with undeveloped powers of expression, consumed by an inner intensity of emotion that occasionally flames out through her impassive exterior. So far, so good; the type is picturesque, and Goethe has set up an enduring model of it in Mignon. But it has betrayed Mr. Hewlett into greater indulgence of his besetting foible. If Virginia must be quiet and reserved for, say, a dozen pages, then, by the god of noise, she shall make up for it on the thirteenth. And make up for it she does. Mr. Hewlett is there to see that she gets her opportunity. Some of the passages in which she gives way to her feelings read like a realistic description of an attack of hydrophobia: one longs to hurry off poor Strelley to the nearest Pasteur Institute.

Well, it may be argued, if Mr. Hewlett had such a character in mind, why should he be criticised for daring to give it full expression? Only for the old familiar reason—that art is limited, is a compromise, a perpetual process of rejection and elision. In the case of the novelist who lays his scene in a bygone century, this fact is the more insistently present because he is obliged to give his readers a picture of the times as well as of the characters of his story. This widens his canvas, and makes it necessary that every stroke should be subordinated to the effect of the mass. The individual characters become, in this connection, parts of the general composition: each must do duty as a mere line in the general portrait. And it is in conveying this synthesised image of the middle ages that Mr. Hewlett's talent has served him so well. His ranting, roaring personalities have served to build up a general impression of tumult and disorder, which is precisely the effect left on the modern mind by any reading of mediæval history.

The eighteenth century, on the other hand, was all in *nuances*. Colours had paled, voices been lowered, convictions subdued: in Italy especially, if one may trust the social records of the day, people lived *au jour le jour*, taking pain and pleasure lightly, and without much sense of the moral issue. Virginia Strozzi might have followed her hero as faithfully, but she would not have stormed at him so loudly. Above all, it may be doubted if she would have sacrificed herself to the extent of going through a mock marriage (which he took for a real one), in order not to be a burden on him when he came into his fortune and estate. Such far-sighted altruism savours of the romantic northern races: beneath a hot sun there is less weighing of remote contingencies.

So also with Mr. Hewlett's villainous Capuchin friar, one of the most effectively drawn figures in the book. Fra Palamone is admirably truculent; but does he not even antedate Boccaccio? The Cavaliere Aquamorta certainly roars and threatens louder than his infamous prototype: the biggest bullies of the

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eighteenth century made their way by adroitness rather than by bluster. Still, Fra Palamone might well stand as a probable exception, if the learned Doctor Lanfranchi's voice were not pitched to the same bellow, and his table-manners of the same carnivorous order. When two persons so divergent speak in the same tone, one suspects that the voice is Mr. Hewlett's. Let the reader, for justification of this criticism, turn to any of the delightful memoirs in which the daily life of the Italy of that period has been so variously depicted. Let him search through the amiable Goldoni, the pungent de Brosses, the peppery Carlo Gozzi, the unqualifiable Casanova, for any signs of extreme vehemence and primitive intensity of feeling. Let him—if he can!—follow the desultory trail of Venetian love-adventures in Lorenzo da Ponte's *introuvable* recollections; let him study the family life of the day in Ippolito Nievo's remarkable "Confessioni," or observe the eighteenth century on stilts in the pompous pages of Alfieri's memoirs: the total impression remains one of vivacity, elegance, good-humour, rather than of deep passion and gloomy violence.

Not that Mr. Hewlett's book is gloomy. He is too conscientious an artist not to have "reconstituted" his background with all possible care, and to have got the utmost attainable effect from the familiar properties of the period—strolling players, rhyming abbés, ruffling gallants, village fairs and carouses, the pleasures of the casino and the *ridotto*. (Even here—out of pure pedantry—one might open a parenthesis to ask if, at that period, the Paterini were still heard of, if the art-loving traveller, as he approached Florence, thought first of seeing Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower, and if the *cognoscenti* discussed the technique of Fra Angelico and Mantagna?)

It is only when Mr. Hewlett sets his characters in motion that they clash with their frivolous background, and seem to have come out of Cellini rather than out of Gozzi or Goldoni. One feels as if there would not have been a bit of Venice glass or of Bologna pottery left whole, after Lanfranchi and Palamone had butted and slashed their way through the land. And this impression is, in the last analysis, a tribute to Mr. Hewlett's powers of realism. Mr. Henry James once said that the French novelists of the realistic school could render with inimitable vividness any impression received through the so-called "five senses"—anything that could be heard, seen, smelt, touched or tasted. The same may be said of Mr. Hewlett; and it is no light praise. One could not now revert to the psychological novel of the eighteenth century, with its action suspended in the void. Fiction has been enlarged by making the background a part of the action, and it is only when the stage-setting fails to merge with the drama that its details become importunate. This is by no means the case with Mr. Hewlett: he gets admirable effects out of his sensuous impressionability—the chapter called "The Tower of the Flies," in *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, is there to prove what he can achieve in this direction. It is on the other side that he pays the penalty: by tending to make his characters too purely physiological, reducing them to mere bundles of sensation. Civilisation has produced differentiation: human nature is still a bundle of sensations, but of a more complex order. And for this reason one reverts, in the end, to Mr. Hewlett's hero. Young Strelley, with his Quixotism, his gullibility, his courage, gaiety and comic resignation to ill-luck, is certainly the most successful figure in the book; and the series of mischance into which he is plunged show how readily Mr. Hewlett is able, when he chooses, to depart from the somewhat rudimentary psychology of his earlier volumes. Strelley is interesting, in the first place, because the incidents which befall him—and very entertaining some of them are—spring from his own character, and his puzzled contact with another race; and secondly, because, sentimentalist as he is, he sees something in life beyond the love-adventure on which Mr. Hewlett's other heroes have always been persistently bent. He has general ideas, conceptions of conduct, a fine, gallant view of the world; and the inconsistencies tempering his high theories give the requisite touch of charm to his character.

Mr. Hewlett, in short, not satisfied, like most novelists of incident, to set a group

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of marionettes in lively motion, has tried to draw real people, whose good and bad fortunes spring from their character and their attitude toward life; and has proved, by the charm and animation of his tale, that imagination and a sense of style need not, under favourable circumstances, seriously interfere with the writing of a good novel.

Edith Wharton.

VI.

Vincent Harper's "The Mortgage on the Brain."*

The phenomenon of "double" or "alternating consciousness" has been observed by physicians for many years, and has continued to be more or less a mystery. In 1877, Legrand du Saulle of Paris, in his *Étude medico-légale sur les épileptiques*, recounted a case of double consciousness in which the mental alienation lasted from several hours, in some attacks, to three days, in others, during which time the patient travelled long distances, often regaining normal consciousness in a prison or on a railroad train, when he found himself in possession of several articles which he had unconsciously stolen. Dr. Morton Prince of Boston reported a case of plural personality in the person of Miss Beauchamp. This woman was a neurasthenic of serious mind, fond of books and of study, possessed of an old-fashioned New England conscience, religious and somewhat morbid, and inclined to sadness and depression. Hypnotic suggestion was of benefit to her. When in the somnambulistic state, Dr. Morton called her "B 2." On one occasion when hypnotised, she did not at all recall her experiences in previous hypnoses, and the doctor found he had to deal with a third personality, which rapidly developed, and became known as "B 3" or "Sally." "B 1" knew nothing of the others; "B 2" knew only "B 1;" while "B 3" knew both "B 1" and "B 2." *Sally proved* to be full of fun, taking *life as a joke*, and devoting herself to amusement, hating church and refusing to worry. She cannot read French nor write shorthand, as does Miss B.; she is never fatigued and never suffers pain.

For a year Miss B. and Sally alternated, during hypnosis, and also in Dr. Morton's absence. At times Sally was in the ascendancy for periods of several days. Sally disliked Miss B., and tormented her in every way: collecting insects and snakes (of which Miss B. has a horror) and sending them to her in a package, unravelling Miss B.'s knitting, hiding her postage stamps and shocking the decorous Miss B. by obliging her to tell falsehoods, as well as to sit with her feet on the mantel.

A number of interesting and curious examples of the kind, authentic and elaborate, have been recorded in medical literature. These cases for the greater part occurred in individuals who had been in conditions of exhaustion resulting from wasting disease or toxic conditions. A thorough, though intricate, study of such mental states was made by Sidis and Goodhart in their work *Multiple Personality,** in which a most interesting case is considered at length.

Why cannot such a condition be induced artificially, by the use of drugs and hypnosis, in a well person? Why cannot a good personality be permanently substituted for an evil one, or why cannot the attractive and happy Sally be permanently substituted for the tearful and soulful Miss B., and then be reformed enough to make her a proper member of society? Such questions have undoubtedly occurred to writers possessed of imagination, as well as to experimental psychologists. Speculation in this realm of fancy has resulted in the novel *The Mortgage on the Brain.*

The mortgage is supposed to be held by ignorance and superstition. The author invades the fields of metaphysics and religion, and formulates new theories respecting life, giving to the terms "mind," "thought" and "spirit" new values. Personality is treated as a chemical compound might be treated in a test tube; for with the aid of mental reagents it is broken up, and new combinations are made. As the author phrases it,

*The Mortgage on the Brain. Being the Confessions of the late Ethelbert Croft, M.D. By Vincent Harper. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

*See The Bookman for April, p. 185.

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"Humanity finds a way of escape from the tyrant Personality." The principles underlying the present orthodox teaching with respect to self and moral responsibility are shown to be absolutely false. These startling assertions and hypotheses are stated in the course of an interesting love story of a very novel character, published in narrative form as the posthumous work of Dr. Croft, the London physician who figures prominently therein.

A young English woman, daughter of a clergyman and dignitary of the Church of England, dignified, gentle, refined, possessing great beauty of face and figure, endowed with a rich voice, magnetic, charming and altogether lovely, is the wife of Lord Torbeth. To the horror and anguish of her husband and relatives, the viscountess is subject to periods of supposed mental aberration, during which she escapes from home, and, under an assumed name, has various adventures, not only representing herself as unmarried and misunderstood, and driven from home by unfeeling parents, but also evincing great voluptuousness and attaching herself passionately to certain men, whom she implores to befriend her. Returning home after these intervals, the viscountess, remembering but dimly her escapades, is plunged into excessive remorse. Emerging from the depression, the patient resumes her usual manner and character, and is Lady Torbeth again for a variable period.

Other medical advisers having failed, she is placed by father and husband in the hands of Dr. Croft, who is fresh from the study of "psycho-therapy," the new methods of "stimulating the cerebral centres secreting the emotions and thought-images" by means of "radio-energy," as taught by the great savants, Yznaga, de Moulin and Freycinet.

The problem consists in depriving the viscountess of the improper secondary personality which possesses her as a result of auto-hypnotism, and permanently establishing her own noble personality. Such a result can be obtained only after obliterating her memory and then endowing her with a new one. Croft offers himself for preliminary experiment, at the risk of being permanently bereft of memory, or of being permanently transformed into another person. Through repeated hypnotic suggestion by Freycinet, a new and entirely different personality, called "Edward Templeton," is formed for him. In the company of a Mr. and Mrs. Ashburton and their *protégée*, Gertrude Leighton, Templeton travels in Europe. The Ashburtons are M. and Mme. Freycinet, and Miss Leighton is Lady Torbeth in one of her hypnotic states. A month later, Templeton emerges from his hypnosis and becomes Croft, in possession of his own brain.

Shortly thereafter, Yzanga and his associates, by means of hypnotisation, radio-energy and electricity, reduce Croft mentally to a child. Memory, will, emotion, passion, thought, being mere resultants of functional activity in the cells and centres of the brain, are dethroned and partially abolished. His mind is emptied of correlated ideas and left a blank. Templeton, who had been the hypnotic guest, is made the permanent resident in the brain vacated by Croft, a resident who should no longer act under hypnotic suggestion, but should be a free agent, in thought and action, equipped with a complete set of memories, principles and traits, sufficiently practical to make a man of him.

At this interesting juncture, Templeton wanders away, accidentally meets Gertrude Leighton, and passes two delirious weeks with her. The lovers are recognised by Lady Torbeth's father, and legal proceedings are begun against Croft, who is accused of several crimes while masquerading as Templeton. He is not only arrested, but even confined in an insane asylum. The tangle, however, is unravelled, and Templeton is permanently deprived of Croft's brain, of which its owner resumes control.

In the light of the experiments upon Croft, Lady Torbeth is subjected to treatment, with entire success, Gertrude Leighton and her other alternate personalities being permanently exorcised, and the mortgage on her brain being cancelled.

The story is almost plausible. It is deeply interesting, even thrilling; and through it all the reader's attention is riveted on the actors in many startling

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situations during the rapid action of the drama. The novel may be described as a mad plunge into the world dimly seen by the experimental hypnotists from the threshold they have reached.

Albert Warren Ferris.

VII.

Mr. Benson's "The Image in the Sand."*

For a considerable number of years Mr. Benson and Mr. Robert Hichens have been rated among the promising young English novelists. This is a distinction that cannot in the nature of things be permanent, and I can imagine a certain growing restlessness on the part of readers who have faithfully perused the successive books of the "coming" men—a half-formed demand that after ten or fifteen years of preparation they yield the fulfilment of the promise. Readers of Mr. Hichens's latest book need not be told how admirably he has met this demand for something which would fix him permanently in literature. He at least is no longer "coming." He is here, having met his obligations fairly. Close on his heels follows Mr. Benson with *The Image in the Sand*, and thereby definitely removes himself from the list of the "promising:" for I am confident that after this book no one will ever ask anything more of its author.

Mr. Benson is the author of *Dodo*, and it is to that book that we must still return for a summary of the qualities that induced large hopes for his future. In it he displayed considerable ingenuity, a fresh and telling manner of recording certain first-hand observations of "smart" English society, and audacious cleverness in thrusting a genuine, living character between the covers of a novel. These are qualities that serve a man well in the lighter forms of social satire, and through them Mr. Benson has scored what successes are to his credit. But when it comes to treating a subject like that of *The Image in the Sand*, this equipment of the minor novelist is not enough. Let us credit Mr. Benson with an honest ambition; he has tried to do a big thing in a big way. That he has failed ludicrously, pathetically, merely marks his limitations by proclaiming his total innocence of the one quality that would make success possible.

For in Mr. Benson's brain a great void is the seat of that faculty, somewhat misleadingly called "the sense of humour," which I am tempted to denominate *the* novelist's faculty: the adjustment of character to event—the sense of relations, to use the acepted phrase. He does not even possess, on a lower plane, a sense of the ridiculous. Now, when a man without a sense of humour writes tragedy, he is almost always irresistibly funny. And tragedy *The Image in the Sand* certainly sets out to be—unless you prefer to call it melodrama. Its theme is spiritualism—a theme by no means worn threadbare in spite of the many poets, from Sophocles to Hamlin Garland, who have touched it. Indeed, a great novel might well be made out of the implications of modern occultism. But Mr. Benson's spiritualism is the old, old rigmarole of table rappings, mystic incantations, darkened cabinets, voices of the beloved dead, and the wicked "control" of a Mephistophelean ghost. Not a single element is there of novelty, not a new trick in the entire conjurer's outfit. To take this sort of thing seriously requires at the outset a kind of imagination in which I confess myself wholly lacking. More than this, the machinery of the story is clumsy, its progress slow, and its conclusion an absurd evasion of whatever problem might conceivably be raised. Mr. Benson evokes an elaborate setting for the scene in which the evil spirit—an ancient Egyptian of ungentlemanly proclivities—first returns to this world. There are pages of description of a desert storm, a ruined temple and two commonplace Englishmen smashing an amulet in order to release the spirit of the aforesaid ungentlemanly Egyptian, who straightway exerts his diabolical influence over the lovely heroine. It all ought to be very thrilling, but it is as unreal as anything ever written, and falls far short of producing a single thrill. It is, to be sure, mildly amusing, but in this direction it cannot compare with the climax of the story, which is genuinely funny on a large

*The Image in the Sand. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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scale. This scene is its own best parody, and I shall not lessen the interest of the possible reader by attempting to describe it. It really makes the book worth while.

On another score, however, Mr. Benson deserves anything but good-natured applause. It is unpardonable that a man who has been following the trade of author for so many years should write so badly. Whether from carelessness or sheer ignorance, the book is a storehouse of weak, awkward, slovenly writing. Mr. Benson is a gentleman undoubtedly familiar with the ways of polite society, and I am ready to forgive the clumsy solecisms in which his dialogue abounds on the score of realism; but when he writes in his own person I must protest against his wanton abuse of his mother tongue.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII.

Thomas Dixon's "The Life Worth Living."*

This "Personal Experience" of Mr. Dixon's, as to the unrivalled advantages which Old Tidewater Virginia, "the most fascinating spot on our planet," offers the restless, soul-starved home-seeker, will furnish delightful, if unpractical and upsetting advice for the average soul-starved one; and such a Utopian existence as he here urges on him, both with pen and camera, may justly claim priority over all others. Did Mr. Dixon fancy that any one would dispute it or that there is a single individual now living what he calls "the stunted life," in "a nineteen foot slit in a block of scorched mud with a brownstone veneer," who would not instantly exchange such an abode for "a stately Colonial home . . . on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay," comprising a farm of five hundred acres, "three hundred and fifty under cultivation and one hundred and fifty in woods . . . eleven horses, six cows, a dozen sheep, four bird-dogs, chickens, ducks and turkeys . . . a two-acre garden with greenhouse . . . an acre of strawberries, an acre of raspberries and dewberries and two acres in grapes; an old orchard and a young one, with all the fruits of the temperate climate; and a mile water front with full riparian rights;" in short, "the ideal spot in America for a home all the year round," boasting "perfect healthfulness and security from nuisance," "the most even temperature to be found in the East," as well as natural conditions that make "a hot land breeze impossible"—if he had the wherewithal to do it? In spite of the assurance that all this, together with a system of waterworks, with windmill for power, four bathrooms, a complete system of sewerage into tidewater, an acetylene gas plant and numerous other improvements can be had for the price of "a few feet of scorched mud and a cement cat-yard 19 by 20," we feel that a dollar or two more might not come amiss when we inquire into such additional joys as "the naphtha launch, two small sailboats, three rowboats and a schooner yacht," which this expansive life on a peninsula entails.

Mr. Dixon grows almost fulsome in his ecstasy. "We have twenty-five acres of . . . oyster grounds in front of our home," he shouts. "The fields are full of quail. . . . The waters are full of fish, and our baby boy can catch enough for dinner within a hundred yards of the house. . . .

"We keep a pen full of diamond-back terrapin, as we keep a pen of pigs, and fatten them on crabs. Crabs and clams are so plentiful that they are considered a very plebeian diet. . . .

"The spring calls the sportsman as loudly as the fall . . . and the shore birds . . . come in myriads. . . .

"We have a beautifully curved sand beach on the lawn that invites for a bath." And to crown all, "There is no sameness anywhere."

No capitalist should be without this little guide to happiness, but its tempting illustrations, easy assumptions and total disregard of obstacles make rather sensational reading for the rest of us. And we of "the herd-groups," "the rush and roar and stupid din," imprisoned in our "living tomb," to use a few of Mr. Dixon's vigorous epithets, cannot repress a

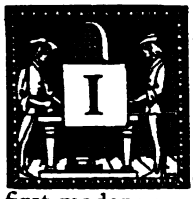
*The Life Worth Living. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.20.

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quiet Aha! when, after the opprobrium he heaps on us during a royal banquet on board his yacht, we observe him, in the closing chapters, stealing back to the "big iron and stone-bound hive," unable to resist its human call. He has not "ceased to care to be great" after all; life is not to be quite so self-centred, and, he finally concedes, "a man's full growth will be best reached by spending one-third of his time in town."

G. W. Adams.

FRANÇOIS VILLON*



IN 1431, the very year in which the theologians of the University of Paris condemned Joan of Arc as a heretic and a witch, and gave her over to her enemies to be burned, the first modern poet was born. The story of this poet's life is one of extraordinary interest both to psychologists and to the deeper students of literature. Gaston Paris has dealt perhaps too tenderly with Villon; he is possibly wrong in believing in Villon's "absolute sincerity" (as he elsewhere says), but he has understood Villon and he describes the man and his environment as no other writer could have, for Paris had every gift required in this case, with a training and experience scarcely possessed by any other critic of our time.

Save, perhaps, in the eyes of his own kinsmen, of rattling blades like himself, of innkeepers, gaolers, and trollops, François Villon cut no great figure. The time, place, and manner of his death are unknown; but in the archives of courts of justice and in his ever personal verses lies the story of his life. About this vagabond soul the late Gaston Paris has written a work which will rank in quality with the world's great biographies. Read this book and you will be so close to Villon as almost to grasp his ragged coat; you will follow him to his chosen haunts; you will understand his irresistible longings, his passionate envy, his short-lived joys, his almost daily sins, and his heart-burnings over a lewd and squandered life.

*François Villon. Par Gaston Paris de l'Académie française. Hachette et Cie.

During the whole summer of 1401 (the year in which the Greater Testament was begun), there lay in an underground dungeon of the château of Meun-on-Loire a man held prisoner by Bishop Thibaud d'Aussigny. He was a cleric, and as such ecclesiastical authorities claimed him. But what was his crime? A local tradition says that he had robbed a church near Meun. Brought to bar, the man declared himself to be one François Villon, Master of Arts of the University of Paris, but he warily avoided giving further clues. Not long before a crony of his, Colin des Cayeux, likewise a clerk, arrested for church-robbing and other crimes, had been hanged. It may be that Villon, having taken a hand in that robbery, had been lucky enough to escape; and then, being penniless, had stolen again—no new trick for him—and been caught at Baccon, though no one was aware of his connection with Colin.

Whatever the truth may be, those were sad months for Villon in "the hard prison of Meun." Alone in the gloom of his narrow dungeon, fettered, fed on bread and water, he brooded rancorously against Bishop Thibaud, who had done nothing to lessen his pain.

> A summer long he nourished me
> Upon cold water and dry bread;
> God do by him as he by me,
> Whom passing scurvily he fed.*

But Scripture bids us pray for our enemies. "So be it!" says Villon, and he re-

* This and the metrical translations that follow are by John Payne. *The Poems of Master François Villon of Paris,* London, 1892. *Printed for the Villon Society by private subscription and for private circulation only.*

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fers to verse 7 of the Psalm cviii., where we find this prayer: *"Fiant dies ejus pauci, et episcopatum ejus accipiat alter."*

Villon's main complaint is of the too great harshness of his prison; of his innocence he wisely says not a word. Indeed, he owns up to his guilt in verses composed not long after his release, and assures us that he would not deserve reproach if some generous protector would better his fortunes, but "want makes men misdo and hunger drives the wolf out of the forest." He would fain believe that his ills come from the baleful planet Saturn, under which he was born, but he makes a poem in which his heart argues with his body that the wise man is master of his destiny, and he quotes Solomon:

> Homme sage, se dit-il, a puissance
> Sur les planetes et leur influence.

"Not a word of it do I believe," retorts the body; "such as they have made me I shall remain."

At the beginning of his imprisonment Villon had contrived to send a ballade to the merry throng of poets and roisterers amongst whom he enjoyed already both love and renown. He tells them how he lies within thick walls, where enters no flash of lightning, nor whirl of storms. He must fast both Sunday and Tuesday. After dry bread, not after cakes, he fills his bowels with water, jug on jug. He crouches, for he has neither table nor trestle, but a basket would lift him out.

> Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
> Get me the King his letters sealed and scrolled
> And draw me from this: for, God wot
> Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
> Flock around their fellow and do squeak and scold.
> Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

No doubt more than one of our poet's friends could have interceded for him and got "royal mercy and seals." At all events, in October, 1461, he went free in a way that he could not have foreseen. "On the 22d of July, of that year, Charles VII. was ending his wretched life, and his son Louis, a refugee near the Duke of Burgundy, soon made haste to re-enter France. He had himself crowned at Rheims, was back in Paris, and shortly afterwards was on his way through Touraine, the land of Orleans, and other provinces. Early in October he was at Meun."

In accord with a dangerous tradition of kings, Louis, on this occasion, freed many evil-doers, one of whom was François Villon. The *lettres de rémission*, or grants of mercy, by which prisoners gained their liberty were obtained from the chancellery through strong recommendations, and usually with a stiff fee. These grants of mercy are a valuable historical source, because they contain the petition of the supplicant, with the details of the crime for which the culprit sought pardon. Villon's brief, in which he, no doubt, enumerated and glossed over earlier offences in order to avoid a second arrest, is unfortunately lost. But, thanks to the discoveries chiefly of Messrs. Longnon, Marcel Schwob and Gaston Paris, we learn many interesting facts that concern the poet's life.

Though Villon begins his Greater Testament in 1461 with a round number, by saying: "In my thirtieth year," he was born in 1431. Sir Walter Besant fancies him to have been a tall fellow with a receding chin. What we know is that his debaucheries and sufferings had blighted him. His skin was dark as a mulberry. At thirty he looked like an old man. One of his lips had been slit by a dagger. His teeth were like those of a rake, and his body leaner than a chimera. With a gloomy smile he says, as he bequeathes his body "to our grandmother the earth:"

> Thereof the worms will have small gain;
> Hunger hath worn it many a year.

Nevertheless, Villon had a sound constitution, and he makes his will feeling himself poor rather in goods than in health. Before the diet of bread and water at Meun he would have liked to put some of his health in pawn.

In those days names were not always handed down from father to son. Our poet's father seems to have had two names, "des Loges" and "de Montcorbier." (Montcorbier, his homestead, was a village in the Bourbonnais.) Probably this man had come to Paris to make a fortune, which he did not find there. "My

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father was never rich nor yet his grandfather, Horace. Poverty follows hard upon us all. On the tombs of my ancestors (God rest their souls) is seen neither crown nor sceptre." François's mother was probably Angevin. For this woman, to whom, though he loved her, Villon had given many a bitter hour, he made a ballade at her request, with which to pray Our Lady. It is a touching portrait that we have in this prayer:

A poor old wife I am, and little worth;
Nothing I know, nor letter aye could spell.
In cloister, in the parish of my birth,
I see heaven limned, with harps and lutes a-swell,
And miscreants seething in a painted hell.
One doth me fear, the other joy serene:
Grant I may have the joy, O dear, my queen,
To whom all sinners lift their heads on high,
Made whole in faith withouten let or teen.
In this belief I will to live and die.

Out of gratitude or shrewdness François des Loges, or de Montcorbier, took the name of his patron, Master Guillaume Villon,* who had been to him "sweeter than a mother," who had saved him also from many a scrape. Master Guillaume, who had thriven, was a doctor of canon law, and he dwelt in a house called the Red Door in St. Benedict's cloister, hard by the Sorbonne. There this good priest died, aged seventy, in 1468.

The days of François de Montcorbier's childhood were sad ones for Paris. In 1431 the English within the city were governing with a heavy hand, feeling their rule to be nearing its end. Outside Armagnacs and Burgundians looted and murdered. Things were no brighter after the English had left the capital. The King's ill-paid soldiery laid heavy taxes and, half outlaws themselves, gave little help against downright robbers. The English still appeared from time to time at the city gates and stopped provisions from getting in. Famine was raging. In 1438 the Burgess of Paris† says: "And through the raids of the said robbers so dear did bread and wine become that few got their fill of bread, nor did poor folk drink wine or eat flesh unless it was a gift. They ate only turnips and cabbage stumps cooked over embers without bread, and every night and every day little children and women and men cried out, 'I die! Alas! sweet God, I die of hunger and cold.'" In 1438 the plague killed fifty thousand persons; wolves came into the city and carried off children. François de Montcorbier, then seven or eight years old, must have had his share of the misery.

Slowly order and prosperity were restored. The fields were again tilled and citizens dared go out once more without fear of being taken for ransom or killed. What our poet's mother must have suffered can be imagined. Yet, her burden was probably lightened by her kindred, especially by Guillaume de Villon. How this good man quickly recognised the boy's intelligence and thought to make a clerk of him; how the boy leaving the lower schools at twelve years or thereabouts, began to study under the Faculty of Arts, and what he learned is told in this work with the accuracy of knowledge and beauty of style familiar to all pupils and readers of the ever-to-be-regretted Paris. François must have laboured painfully through Latin grammar, with a little logic and some rhetoric, sheltered meanwhile by Master Guillaume at St. Benedict's cloister. Through the Church the lowliest individual might satisfy the loftiest ambition by becoming a bishop or a cardinal, by sitting in Parliament, or even by administering the finances of the realm. Naturally, therefore, when a boy showed wit and a relish for work his parents aimed at a university career. But most of those who entered fell by the way. Some, becoming priests or monks, went to country parishes or, it may be, ended in some cloister a life of holy contemplation or crass idleness. Some turned copyists, booksellers, clerks to notaries or to attorneys, beadles, messengers, etc. "Others, finally, did not even derive from their slighted studies the necessities of life; given up to idleness and their lusts they speedily became outcasts, *déclassés;* the word is new, but the thing is old, and that sore of modern society was perhaps more running, more poisonous in the fifteenth century than in our days. Having got from their in-

*François no doubt pronounced his name Vilyon, as is evident from his own rhymes.

†Bourgeois de Paris, a diarist.

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struction only a certain refinement of their wits they became first parasites, then crooks, counterfeiters, and finally out-and-out highwaymen. Such was the lot of more than one of our poet's companions, and such, it must be confessed, was his own." Pardoners or bearers of more or less authentic indulgences, coggers of dice and gamesters, coiners, players of tric-trac, of bowls and gleek, professional makers of farces or moralities, singers, players of cymbals and flutes,—such are the comrades of our Villon, and all these fellows have but a single aim—to make money by any means, and how does the money go, "what think you? To taverns and wenches, every bit?" This is the picture Villon himself paints in his "Ballade of Good Doctrine to those of Evil Life."

We regretfully pass over our biographer's masterly description of the university courses open to Villon, in order to dwell for a moment on the lifting of the *Pet-au-diable* or "Devil's Crake," a great prehistoric stone. In 1451 the students had taken it into their heads to steal this monolith, which long had stood before the mansion of Madame de Bruyères. Indignant at the theft of her glorious palladium, she appealed to the authorities, who fetched back the *Pet-au-diable* and for greater safety set it inside the palace. But the scholars, with their hare-brained allies the *basochiens,* carried off the stone once more in triumph and this time fastened it down with plaster and iron bars. "They crowned it with flowers, which they renewed on Sundays, and every night they danced round it to the sound of flutes and tambourines. They had made a kind of fetish of this stone and compelled all passers by, and, above all, the king's officers, to go through a clownish ceremony of allegiance." There were worse scrapes still, for, one night, the students stole four painted signs, the Fleeing Sow from the markets, the Bear from Baudoyer Gate, and pretended to wed them with the Stag for a priest and the Popinjay as a wedding gift. This mad wedding procession went noisily through the streets, and if any startled townsman put his head out to see they yelled, "Kill! Kill!" They knocked off butchers' meat hooks, filched some hens and kidnapped a young woman (though the University asserted later that she had gone of her own free will). Robert d'Estouteville, who figures in Hugo's *Notre Dame,* decided at last to intervene.

These brawls seem to have had their influence on François de Montcorbier and even, says our biographer, to have awakened his genius. About ten years later he bequeathes to Master Guillaume, what? His novel called *Le Pet-au-Diable,* copied or engrossed for him by Guy Tabarie.

> I do bequeathe my library,
> The "Devil's Crake" Romaunt, whilere
> By Messire Guy de Tabarie,—
> A right trustworthy man,—writ fair.
> Beneath a bench it lies somewhere,
> In quires. Though crudely it be writ,
> The matter's so beyond compare
> That it redeems the style of it.

This novel is lost, and great is the pity; for one may imagine how François would have handled so racy a theme.

These were the very years when our poet ought to have been working hard, but he spent his time loitering through his beloved streets. On hearing the bell of the Sorbonne, François sets out from his small room in St. Benedict's Cloister. He stops in at the Sign of the Mule; from there he goes through his pet haunts in the Latin Quarter, past the dreaded Châtelet, lingers a while to hear the fishwives, then goes on to spend some money (if he happen to have any) at the Fircone tavern kept by Robin Turgis in Jewry Street, or we may find him playing handball at the Trou Perrette and, oftener still, dallying with Fat Peg, not far from the cloister of Our Lady. But his favourite goal was the burial ground round the church of the Holy Innocents. This spot, which deeply influenced Villon's thoughts, his biographer describes with such skill that we must pause and look in. Here are mingled "with the promiscuousness habitual to the Middle Ages the most earnest appeals of religion and the most worldly preoccupations, the rumbling of life and the silence of death. The burial ground of the Innocents was surrounded by a high wall pierced by four gates. With their backs to this wall,

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some lovely Gothic arcades formed roomy galleries, above which were lofts lighted by vaults with trilobate foils." Here so many million Parisians had been buried that in time, to make room for newcomers, skeletons were dug up and heaped above and below, where they lay, bones in piles and skulls in pyramids. "In 1424 and 1425 there was painted on a wall of these galleries the celebrated Macabré dance, which represented Death as a dance to which all humans are invited whether they will or no." Pope and emperor, layman, clerk and hermit were here invited by Death to join in the great dance. "Death is figured by a skeleton, or often by a corpse almost a skeleton; the skull is quite bare, but from Death's sides hang shreds of flesh. He gambols and grins as he seizes his partner's hand, and the latter wears a look of terrified surprise and seems to resist. This vast fresco filled ten arcades divided into three double compartments, each occupied by one of the personages mentioned and by the figure of Death astonishingly varied in its hideousness. Below each personage and each Death figure was an eight-line stanza ending in a proverb, uttering the imperiously sarcastic invitation of Death and the vain supplication or the powerless regrets of the mortal." François de Montcorbier must many a time have gazed in irony at these ghastly scenes. Like Hamlet, he wonders who they may have been. Bishops or lampmakers, Death has fetched them all. God have their spirits!

As for their bodies, they are clay:
Once they were ladies, lords and knights,
That on soft beds of satin lay
And fed on dainties every day.
Their bones are mouldered into dust,
They reck not now of laugh or play:
Christ will assoilzie them, I trust.

"The Middle Ages knew no respect for the dead." Burial grounds in the crowded cities had to serve for meetings, for festivals and balls. To the Innocents the people came for a walk or a tryst, or to shop in the booths. Here, says our biographer, François de Montcorbier could not have failed to find distraction from his woeful reveries.

We must leave unmentioned many of François's wanderings, his adventure with the Abbess Huguette du Hamel, his relation with Robert d'Estouteville and a motley throng of aldermen, money lenders, rakes and worse, the gracious gallants that sang or spoke so well, or the light-o'-loves who made him sin. Of these poor souls Villon has left portraits in which their brief, gaudy joys ending in haggard old age are so portrayed that the mirth is also tragedy.

Though Villon and his friends were often wickedly busy before 1455 it was then that his evil genius got him into a brawl not mentioned in his poems. On the evening of June 5, 1455, Villon was seated on a stone bench in the rue Saint Jacques. With him was a woman named Isabeau and a priest named Gilles. "They were chatting when, toward nine o'clock, there came along another priest, one Philippe de Sermoise, who probably had claims to Isabeau. He began to threaten the scholar. Isabeau and Gilles, seeing the fury of Sermoise, took to flight, as well as a friend who was with Sermoise. Sermoise, whipping out his dagger, struck Villon in the face and slit his lip." Villon likewise plied his dagger so well that he cut his adversary in the groin. At this moment the friend of Sermoise returned and disarmed Villon, who fled into the cloister and there, wheeling on his two pursuers, laid out the priest with a paving block. After this Villon went to have his wound dressed by a barber, to whom he cautiously gave the name of his victim, but himself he called Michel Mouton. He then fled from Paris. The stench of this scandal seems to have blown over by 1456, for in January of that year Villon was back in Paris, pardoned. Only a little later our sorry hero joined Colin des Cayeux and Regnier de Montigny in robbing the Collège de Navarre,—an adventure vividly described in Stevenson's essay.* Villon was soon afterwards at Angers, whither he had thought of going before the robbery (*A Dieu! je m'en vois a Angers*); for

*Stevenson's essay followed the appearance of Longnon's excellent edition (1892). It may be true, as Gaston Paris remarks, that Stevenson paints Villon "too black," but his study is, nevertheless, well-proportioned and profound, nor do later discoveries essentially belie Stevenson's presentation.

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through his uncle, a monk, he had learnt of a hoard zealously guarded by another friar. If Villon could hit on a way, he hoped to show his companions in Paris how they might get their hands on this money. The plot, however, fell through.

What may now have befallen our vagabond is hard to say. In 1457 he seems to have turned up at Blois, where the poet Charles of Orleans was holding court. It appears, also, that he was once more sentenced to banishment and thrust into prison by the Duke of Orleans, to whom he had appealed in vain. Knowing that if he returned to Paris he might soon be swaying on the gibbet of Montfaucon, Villon now took up his stick once more and set out for Roussillon. The word travel had not lost its earlier meaning then, and to our lonely tramp (who had no feeling for the loveliness of nature) those were weary miles. As he trudged along, gnawed by regrets for his lost Bohemia, hungry, and plotting felony, bushes and briars tore his coat into rags, but, as Stevenson says, "for every rag of his tail he would manage to indemnify himself upon the population in the shape of food or wine or ringing money; and his route would be traceable across France and Burgundy by housewives and innkeepers lamenting over petty thefts, like the track of a single human locust." Now it was that he fell in with the Coquillards or Knights of the Shell, a band of crooks, lock-picks, horse thieves, and bullies, whose cant he put afterwards into verse. To him this company was not new, for its members were scattered over most of France. Villon was, no doubt, an active member of the Shell.*

In 1461, as we have seen, Villon was in the dark pit at Meun, from which he was lifted by the mercy of the King. Free again, he longed to see his old haunts in Paris, to be with his mother, his "more than father," Maître Guillaume, his "dear Rose" and his boon companions. He hoped, also, to become a "man of worth." But he could not go without apprehension, for old scores were not settled, a new accusation might arise. After a short visit to Paris, during which he must have been in constant fear, Villon hid away somewhere and wrote the Greater Testament, into which he put his whole life. In this haphazard poem we find the man, swayed to and fro by gusts of emotion; now desperately sick at heart over his misdeeds, now ready for some new villainy, grateful (at least in words) to those who have helped him, fawning to the great, cravenly befouling whoever has done him real or fancied harm; now whining at fate and envying the rich, now cringing at the thought of death, or cracking in the next breath some lewd jest. In a moment of patriotic anger he devises dreadful punishments for the slanderers of France, but he vents unmanly spite on Katherine de Vaucelles, for whom he had once been beaten like linen in a tub. He repents, but never so deeply as to keep him from falling quickly into another sin. He loved his mother dearly, but one may be sure that he loved brothels more; for, good or bad, the greater love always wins when there is no mastering will to keep a man loyal to an ideal.

Villon returned to his old abode in Saint-Benoit cloister toward the end of 1462, and before long he was once more headed toward the gallows. Early in September he was gaoled in the Châtelet on the charge of theft, but the charge could not be proven and he was about to go free when the Faculty of Theology stepped in. Thanks to King Louis's grant of mercy Villon could not be held for crime, but civil action was possible, and our poet now found himself in a desperate plight: he must restore the 120 golden crowns filched from that strongbox in the Collège de Navarre. Luckily François still had moneyed friends ready to pay within the three years allowed him. Being sure of payment, the head beadle concluded to let François go. Scarcely out of the Châtelet he got into another scrape, likely to be his last.

"One fine evening in this same November, 1462, a certain Robin d'Ogis, profession unknown, who dwelt in the rue des Parcheminiers," got a visit from his friend, Master François, fresh from gaol. The poet had come for a supper. After the meal, in which others joined, François asked his friends to finish the evening

*Coquille may mean something quite different from Shell.

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with him at the cloister. As the party were on their way thither, about eight o'clock, they happened to pass by the lighted writing booth of Master Ferrebouc, a scribe of the ecclesiastical court of the Bishop of Paris. One of the gang, Roger Pichart, who, as our biographer says, must have borne the scribe a grudge, began to chaff the clerks working within and to spit through the open window. Then ensued the inevitable brawl. Robin d'Ogis stabbed Ferrebouc, then fled. But he was caught and after a year in the conciergerie of the Palace he went free only on a grant of mercy obtained through the father-in-law of Louis XI., the Duke of Savoy. Pichart was hanged in 1464. Villon, probably at the instance of Maître Ferrebouc, was again behind the bars. The provost of Paris, no longer Robert d'Estouteville, was in no humour for mercy and caused Villon to be put to the ordeal by water, whereafter he was sentenced to be "hanged and strangled." As Villon saw death so close upon him, overshadowing him in a phantom shape that was soon to be real, fear inspired his imagination and he made his ballad of the gibbet. He fancies himself and five companions swaying in the wind, and he and they beseech the living not to jest.

Brothers that after us in life remain,
Harden your hearts against us not as stone;
For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
God shall the rather grant you benison.

* * * * *

We are whiles scoured and sodden of the rain
And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun:
Corbies and pyets have our eyes out-ta'en
And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
Whether by night or day, rest have we none:
Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead
We swing and creak and rattle overhead.
No thimble dinted like our bird-plucked face.
Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace.

Death hovered close, but Villon appealed, and on the 5th of January, 1463, the Parliament, no doubt to the culprit's surprise, annulled the Provost's too harsh sentence but, "seeing his evil life," banished Villon for ten years "from the town, provostship and viscounty of Paris." As is shown by the *envoi* of the ballade of appeal, Villon was granted time to supply himself and say good-bye:

Prince, of thy grace deny me not three days
To bid my friends adieu and go my ways:
Without them I've not money, clothes nor food.

* * * * *

Such are the main facts of the life of François de Montcorbier, called also François de Loges, or Villon, or "Michel Mouton." He disappeared, and the rest is legend. Most of the evil he did, and his own record of the good he would have liked to do, we know. Instead of working honourably for his living, he chose to sponge or steal. His good intentions melted away under temptation as snow melts off under a breath of the sun. Genius he was, but no man was ever more contemptible. His biographer has generously said in Villon's favour everything that can be said. His strongest plea is that Villon lived in an evil time. Villon lived in a sterile century. His contemporaries had not themselves the gift of song. In ancient poetry they sought everything except artistic inspiration, and when they tried to imitate their own earlier singers they were like deaf men listening to a musician's notes and only seeing his fingering of the strings. All narrative poetry of every kind, save a few properly historical poems, was unknown in Villon's time. The old epic songs, the Arthurian romances and tales of adventure or the *fableaux*, those short, mirthful stories of some social episode, were almost wholly forgotten. Lyric poetry was half stifled by moralising and allegory. The poems of Charles of Orleans, which Villon had certainly read when he was at Blois, were too remote in spirit to have deeply influenced him. It was, rather, from Alain Chartier that Villon borrowed ideas as to form. As for substance, there lay open to him a considerable mass of little moral poems dealing with the vicissitudes of fortune and the ineluctability of death, and Villon knew Philippe de Vitry, else he would not have scoffed at the rustic life

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of Franc Gontier and his wife Hélène in the ballade whose burden runs, "There is no treasure but to have one's ease."

They eat coarse bread of barley, sooth to say,
And drink but water from the heaven's shed:
Not all the birds that singen all the way
From here to Babylon could me persuade
To spend one day so harboured and so fed.
For God's sake let Franc Gontier none deny
To play with Helen 'neath the open sky,
Why should it irk me, if they love the leas?
But vaunt who will the joys of husbandry,
There is no treasure but to have one's ease.

From his own words we know that François was familiar with the farces,* moralities, and mysteries then in vogue. In the mysteries he found a medley of earnestness and buffoonery, of horse laughter and honest tears. We know, also, that he had derived certain rebellious, learned, cynical, and gallant notions from the *Roman de la Rose*. From Jean de Meun he got ideas as to the influence of the stars, as to free will, fortune, and the inequality of riches. Even his idea of his legacies is not new, but he enhanced the old scheme with the most original drollery. Nothing was commoner in the Middle Ages than to speculate on the fate of those whom Time had garnered in. In the "Ballade of Bygone Ladies," Villon has treated his theme with ineffable charm.

Villon is the first modern poet, because his interests lie almost wholly in the scenes of his own life; because he eschews allegory, because he lays before us his own soul, his very looks, his passions, griefs, joys, humours, sins, and ideals. Instead of the conventional platonic adoration of some vague, worshipful lady, he tells of real loves, base though they be, for real women that he knew. Villon is always picturesque. His verses are an emotional, graphic chronicle of what happened in the poet's own heart and of what he witnessed from day to day. Lucilius, Tibullus, Propertius, and Horace in antiquity, Dante in his time, put their own lives into their works, filled them with a thrill of emotion identical with our own, but most mediæval poetry is marred by something factitious and conventional. In vain we try to get close to the man. He is hidden in the very haze through which he himself got only a poor glimpse of the world. Villon is the first modern man to put himself, soul and body, into poesy.

Richard Holbrook.

*The *Farce of Maistre Pierre Pathelin*, once ascribed to Villon, was certainly not performed before 1468.

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN COMIC



IT may be an ingenious paradox to say that the American people do not support their comic papers, because they are so humorous, but the fact remains, that though as a nation we have *par excellence* the reputation of being humorous, the history of comic papers in this country is marked with no less than half a hundred tombstones.

This is possibly not an exact estimate. No doubt there have been others, of which there is no record, but certainly fifty publications have been started and failed since this phase of literature was initiated in the United States.

The history of these ephemeral efforts is varied and peculiar, and now that the species is not likely to have a prolonged existence in its singular style, a retrospection will be interesting.

Passing over the many comic alma-

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nacks in vogue, especially during the '30's (one of which, by the way, had to fall so low as to adopt the designation of "All-my-Nack"), we come to the first actual comic paper published in New York, which was called *The Pictorial Wag*. This was brought out in 1842, being under the auspices of Robert H. Elton, and the editorship of Thomas Nichols. The former was a wood engraver, and the latter a water-cure physician. In twelve months' time Elton found that the manufacture of comic valentines was more profitable than running a comic paper, so he gave up *The Wag*, and profiting by his devotion to St. Valentine, who was held in a great deal more honour then than now, he built up the village of Morrisania, and had the honour of giving his name to the adjacent village, Eltonia. A copy of this publication does not seem to be in existence, but two years afterwards appeared another humorous journal, a volume of which is extant. *Yankee Doodle* came to town with the motto, "Take the goods the gods provide thee." The preface to this paper was, to say the least, confident. "Children shall be born laughing; urchins shall gulp down Greek and Latin with a hearty guffaw" (they were more classical in those days than we are now), "maidens shall laugh a blessing on lovers' comical distress, as Yankee Doodle, father-like, when the wine is brought in, parades his first born with honest pride!" Apparently this comic millennium was not absolutely reached, for the paper did not last many months. Some of its numbers contained youthful caricatures of Horace Greeley, and there were a good many old-fashioned designs shockingly executed. The humour was rather mild, and the pun formed by no means a small part of the jokes. Frogs, for instance, were suggested as an excellent substitute for "spring" chickens, while fun was even then poked at the state of Broadway. There was a cartoon, some small joke pictures and a little verse. Perhaps the best joke one can take away from a cursory glance at the only volume extant is "Yankee Doodle *Do*— Barnum's exhibition of Tom Thumb in England."

Some few weeks after the appearance of *Yankee Doodle* a facsimile of London *Punch* came into existence with the title of *Judy*. The frontispiece was an extremely bad imitation of the English publication, and the price was six cents. The editor of this publication seems to have been Harvey Grattan Plunkett, who was assisted by W. K. Northall, a writer of burlesques for the Olympic Theatre. This comicality died about the same time as *Yankee Doodle*. The pun was again rampant in its columns. "Can the Ethiopian change his colour?" receives the answer, "We presume so, since the Ethiopians at the Museum are a set of sorry *wights!*" and the horrible statement is made, though not verified, that when Mr. James Gordon Bennett took his departure for Europe, he left his paper in the charge of the Devil and Two Sticks!

Somewhere about this period another comicality was in existence, called *The Bubble*, but details are lacking, and it is not until 1847 that we come to another worthy of mention—*The New York Picayune*. This lasted till 1858, which was a record indeed in those days for a comic periodical. It was meant originally by its proprietor, Dr. Hutchings, as a medium for the advertisement of his patent medicines, but these seemingly became so funny that the journal developed into a comic paper. Joseph A. Scoville was the editor till 1854, when he left his position to start an opposition weekly entitled *The Pick*, which lasted just one year. *The Picayune* was edited at different times by Robert N. Levison, John Harrington, and John D. Vose. Mortimer Thompson, who rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Philander Q. K. Doesticks," must also be added to the list. Although this publication was in existence eleven years, copies of it are not to be found in the libraries, but a feature of the fun seems to have been some negro sermons delivered by "Professor Julius Cæsar Hannibal."

In 1850 started up *The Figaro*, which was originally a theatrical journal. It was bought up by David Russell Lee and Thomas Powell, and under the editorship of "Wit and Wisdom," apparently a misnomer, it lasted only a few months.

January, 1852, brought in *Yankee No-*

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tions, with an introduction to its "Beloved and Honoured Reader," in which the intentions of the proprietors are outlined. "It is our intention to issue the Funny Magazine of the age," they wrote, "or the compendium of the wit of all nations. We have engaged all the funny people of the world to be our contributors. Cupid is specially engaged at a salary too immense to be really stated in figures." This periodical consisted of 32 pages, and was illustrated by Strong The same distinction applies to this paper as to its fellows about this period. One cannot get away from the pun, which appears in prosaic and illustrative guise so continually that it becomes very wearisome. The price of this paper was 12½ cents (merely "a trifle," or "little bit," as it was probably referred to). It was crowded with horrible illustrations of crinolined women, and men with tall hats, which afford more fun nowadays pos sibly than they did then. In one of the earlier numbers we are confronted with our old friend the "kiss" joke. We are solemnly assured, as we have been time and again since that day, that a kiss is a noun both proper and common. It might be worth the while of some person with plenty of time on his hands to find out really where that pleasantry originated. The valentine again is very much in evidence, and, like the kiss, was both common and proper.

Diogenes, Hys Lanterne also commenced a life of eighteen months in January, 1852. The editor of this was John Brougham. The frontispiece had for its subject an owl with a cap and bells on its head, and the paper was crowded with small pictures, initials, etc., besides the usual cartoon. There were, too, a quantity of small boy jokes, such as Leech made famous in the volumes that have survived. The following may be taken as a sample of the humour of the day. "Can you cut my hair rightaway?" The barber answers in the affirmative, and proceeds. There is an interval, and then after the operation the victim in the chair looks into the mirror, and says in horror, "Why, it's all off!" "Yes," replies the barber, "you said, 'cut it right away.'" Nowadays an editor would certainly welcome a spring poem in place of such a flight of wit. There is a certain amount of atonement in the following, though even this grates: "What is the best maxim for the salad season?" Answer, "Two heads are better than one!"

Young Sam, which appeared in the same year, has the reputation of being a "very inferior publication," and, no doubt, deserves the obscurity surrounding it. It is only worth mentioning because it was edited by Thomas Powell, who was said to be the original of Pecksniff and Micawber. It ran twelve months.

In 1853 and 1854 appeared *Reveille, The Hint, The City Budget, Young America,* and *O. K.,* all of which are entitled to swell the roll of comic papers. *Reveille* lasted about a year and was published and edited by Cornelius Matthews, the artist of the paper being T. B. Gunn. *The Hint,* edited and illustrated by William North, was a daily comic paper, of which six numbers were published, It was then turned into a weekly, and lived exactly one fortnight. Of the *City Budget* and *O. K.* little information can be gathered, except that the former was edited by a Mr. "Jones," and published by Radway and Company. *Young America* was published by an engraver of the name of Thomas W. Strong, and edited by Charles Gaylor, the dramatist. It was illustrated by John McLennon, and ran over a year. Its demise was hastened by an action for libel on the part of a druggist, who considered he had been maligned by the paper.

Now came a pause presumably, but on the last day of the year 1859 appeared *Vanity Fair.* This periodical consisted of 16 pages, was published by W. H. Stephens, and edited at first by Frank Wood, the burlesque writer. The cartoons were drawn by Henry L. Staples, Bellew, E. F. Miller, and Sol Eytinge At the end of 1862 the paper failed. Two monthly numbers were issued in January and February, 1863, and on June 1st of the same year it was revised and appeared again as a weekly, but died absolutely on July 4th. There were various editors during its existence, amongst whom were Stephen Shanley, Artemus Ward, and

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Charles Godfrey Leland, the latter of whom contributed "The Telegraph Tour of Ralph Peyton de Accornac." The writers included William Winter, Richard Henry Stoddard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and others of more or less note. This paper was more satirical than comical. It purported to be not so much exterminative as reformative, and appealed to its readers as a knight of the old chivalric days. There is a profuse imitation of Leech's small boy in this paper, and the pun is terribly eminent. An Irish wake is described as "a spree du corps," and that dear familiar old butler just before leaving gives his master "the sack" instead of his usual bottle of wine! Brooklyn came in for its share of ridicule, and apparently the city was just as unfinished then as now, judging by the appropriate pleasantries.

In 1860 three more humorous journals were in circulation. The first, called *Momus,* started as a daily, was then turned into a weekly and promptly gave up the ghost. *John Donkey,* and *The Innocent Weekly Owl* shared the disastrous honours of the same twelve months, and thoroughly deserved their fate for their ridiculous titles.

Now came a more pretentious weekly, *Mrs. Grundy,* which appeared in July, 1865. This was originally edited by Dr. Alfred Carroll, while Stephens and Tom Nast drew the cartoons. Later on Howard Irving, Ashley W. Cole, and George Phoebus tried their hands at conducting the venture, which expired in eleven months. The motto of *Mrs. Grundy* was "Malice toward none, but charity to all;" there was a preface in verse, and on the cover was depicted an old woman in the usual crinoline etceteras giving weekly lectures to a crowded theatre. The cars were even crowded in those days, as is shown by the following: "Aw, dwiver, is there any woom there?" "Rear platform, sir, room for one to hang on to the brake-handle!" The phraseology of this witticism seems to denote that civility was more rife then than nowadays. In the first number are only two pictures besides the cartoon. The paper consisted of twelve pages, and was full of terrible conundrums. "When does a prize fighter weigh least?" "When he is down!" and similar atrocities give a good idea of what was thought good copy for editors in those days, while "Advice to persons who can't sleep—Change your clergyman" seems to have the earmarks of a still older period.

The Phunniest Of Phun and *The Galaxy* distinguished the years 1865 and 1866. The former was edited by Frank Bellew, and illustrated by Frank Beard. It lived about three years, while *The Galaxy* came out twice a month. At one time it was edited by Mark Twain. It was taken over in 1871 by Don Piatt, and in 1872 transferred to Kate Sanborn.

An intermittent journal, *The Kaleidoscope,* published by G. W. Carleton, was the comic star feature of 1869. It passed away almost immediately, unmourned and unsung. About this time also came *The Little Joker,* and *The New York Humorist,* details of which are lacking.

Punchinello enlivened the spring of 1870, appearing on April 2d of that year. It was to have been called *Tommy Dodd,* but the latter name was rejected on account of the "superfluously aristocratic aroma that surrounded the name." The title-page represented a kind of a *Punch,* the drawing being taken from a painting of Meissonier, the celebrated French artist. The reason for its publication on the day after All Fools' Day was, according to the preface, because by that means the paper left all fools and jesters behind. Therefore it was first in the race for comic laurels. The writers of the introduction talk themselves all the way to Delmonico's, where they ask for rooms, and the artists are immediately shown into the "drawing" room. Passing over this enormity and several others, such as "Ode to my Washerwoman—$2.50," "The beginning and ending of a chicken's life—Hatchet," and "In England they have a Bleak House and in New York a Bleecker Street," the paper seems to have been well edited as a whole, under the management of Charles D. Stanley. It only lived till the following December, but it included amongst its contributors several noted men. R. H. Newell, "Orpheus C. Kerr," burlesqued Dickens's

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The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which was afterwards published under the title of *The Cloven Foot,* and W. L. Alden's name is conspicuous amongst the rest.

The year 1871 boasts of two, or, maybe, three more comics, *Champagne, The Chip Basket,* and *The Comic Times.* The former came from the publishing house of Frank Leslie, and was edited by Isaac G. Reed, while little or nothing is known of the others.

Now came a perfect hurricane of comic papers. An avalanche of humour overwhelmed the year 1872. *The Brickbat, The Cartoon, Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun, The Jolly Joker, The Nicknax, Merryman's Monthly, The Moon, The Phunny Fellow,* and *The Thistle,* are some of the more prominent, though there were, doubtless, others which had a short and merry life. *The Brickbat* appeared in the month of February, and was appropriately edited by "Bricktop," which was the soubriquet chosen by George W. Small. It contained a flattering notice of James Fisk, Jr., and only survived one number. *The Cartoon* was published by Frank Leslie, but consisted merely of reprints of the other Leslie publications. *Leslie's Budget of Fun* followed at the end of the year, as did also *The Jolly Joker* from the same house.

Wild Oats came from the house of Winchell and Small. This was a semi-monthly, having been originally a "flash" monthly, which was seized by Mayor Oakley Hall for a cartoon, entitled "Too Thick." The ubiquitous "Bricktop" also edited this venture. Tom Worth, now with Tousey's, was one of the artists engaged on the illustrations. *The Thistle* had for its motto, "Qui s'y frotte, s'y pique," and was written entirely by Francis S. Saltus, although the articles were signed by various names.

From this period till the present time something like fifteen more comic papers have appeared. Little can be gathered of *Grip,* a name, by the way, that in these days immediately suggests some sort of breakfast food, *Uncle Sam, Brick Pomeroy's Democrat, Peck's Sun,* or *Judge and Jury,* except that they were ephemeral. *Chic,* however, which appeared in 1880, seems to have been a superior kind of periodical. It was well printed, and the cartoons were coloured. It contained also a quantity of advertising matter, and a very fair imitation of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. A few short jokes, several long screeds, and more than a modicum of verse made up its contents.

Drake's Family Magazine, which originally was a kind of railway magazine interspersed with jokes, also came into being in the middle of the '70's. It was edited by Stanley Hunter, who wrote *The Spoopendyke Papers,* and also by Benjamin Northrup, who was afterwards editor of the *Mail and Express.* After a time the time tables were cut out of the paper, and it blossomed forth into a family magazine, losing its comic nature almost entirely. A crowd of eminent writers contributed to its pages from time to time, including Bill Nye, Eugene Field, Burdette, Walter Cooper, Munkittrick, etc.

Texas Siftings appeared in 1884, bringing into notice for the first time James Whitcomb Riley amid half a hundred other contributors, who have since become better known. A. Miner Griswold, "the fat contributor," J. Armory Knox, author of *The Devil of a Cruise,* Alexander Sweet, David Curtis, Phil Welsh and others swelled a crowd of wits, whose fun was rollicking, and appreciated. Alexander Sweet edited the paper in 1892 and 1893. This was by far the most amusing paper published up to that period. It consisted of sixteen large pages absolutely crammed full of hilarity and fun. With the exception of one poem a week it clipped its verse from other periodicals, of course with due acknowledgment, and utilised the space usually devoted to aspiring bards with really comic pictures, funnily drawn. This was a good ten cents' worth of humour, and its decease was widely regretted. What passed for fun then, and the majority of it *was* fun, differed widely from the days of *Punchinello,* for instance, though the pun still clung on, e.g. "Santa Claus—Well, what of it? So does a cat!" and many a poet in his one dollar room will

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still appreciate this ominous couplet, which rings out with the bells every year:—

Now is the winter of our discontent—
Christmas coming without a cent!

Hallo was started at the end of September, 1893, at the price of five cents. It consisted also of sixteen pages, and was edited by Karl Hauser and Stephen Fiske. It had for its frontispiece a cartoon, and another double-paged one inside, while the reading matter, though not so strikingly funny as *Texas Siftings*, ought to have insured it a longer life. It failed in 1895. Baron de Grimm was the artist, and it was contributed to by a goodly portion of the wits, who made *Texas Siftings* what it was in its palmy days. *Time*, which also appeared about this period, had a short existence, and was meant to take the wind out of the sails of *Life*. Its remnants finally passed into the hands of Munsey. Nast was the illustrator. The last on the list is *Truth*, which had a varied existence, but failed to meet the appreciation of an exacting public.

Three comic papers are now being issued in New York, *Life*, *Puck*, and *Judge*. *Life* came to light on January 4, 1883, and was conducted by John Ames Mitchell, who is still at the head of the paper, and Edward S. Martin, while Andrew Miller was business manager. It consisted of twelve pages, in which were two cartoons, a few joke pictures, illustrated headings, etc. One of these drawings was devoted to the illustration of that extraordinarily old pleasantry, where the guest having spilled some salt on the tablecloth pours claret on it to take away the stain! *Puck* appeared in March, 1877, Sydney Rosenfeld being the first editor. H. C. Bunner followed and held the chair till he died in 1896. Now it is apparently edited by a syndicate. *Judge* was initiated in 1881, being edited by George T. Small in partnership with Frank Tousey. George Jessop was the next editor, then Gregory, and now in the chair of authority sits one of the best wits of the day, R. K. Munkittrick.

Such, then, is the tale of the comic papers of New York. Publication after publication with almost every conceivable name as bait for the public has failed, until at last we are left practically with three only, which are fighting hand in hand with the daily papers and Sunday comic supplements to maintain an existence. Herein we differ from the humorous publications in England. *Punch* with all its proverbial dulness has been supported for more than half a century, while *Fun*, *Judy*, and *Ally Sloper*, which have been in existence for years, show no signs of decay. And yet there are thousands of would-be humourists, and the public is laughter-loving enough to support half a dozen comic journals, if they chose. Whether it is the rule of "payment on publication," which is enforced by two of the comicalities now running that stops the outflow of really good humour, certain it is that this system is a red rag to the contributor. He can make his joke, have it accepted, if it is good enough, see it published, and get his money in a week, if he sends it to a daily paper, which reserves space for quips and cranks, whereas an acceptance by most comic papers may, and probably will, mean a payment deferred for months. Added to this is the fact that the pictures are fast crowding out the reading matter. In olden times this was not the case.

It may be interesting to note in conclusion that hundreds of men, who afterwards became distinguished in medicine, law, diplomacy, the pulpit, and the sciences, wooed the Muse in these comic papers, amongst whom may be mentioned Longfellow, Ex-Ambassador Phelps with the "Ode to the White River Junction," Captain Brownell, "The Old Cove," and William Allen Butler with various efforts. There are many others, but that is another story. Despite their contributions the comic papers make a sorry showing.

Whatever the cause, the tombstones are there. Half a hundred, and more of these stimulants of fancy, titillators of imagination, and awakeners of risible faculties have arisen only to disappear again, and, if we drop a tear over their

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decease, they can but say with Scarron, who retorted to his weeping domestics on his death bed,

"Ah! you will never cry half so much as I have made you laugh!"

Ernest L. Hancock.

THE INCANDESCENT EYE



HAT has happened to the eyes of the hero and heroine? In the stories our mother used to read the heroine's "luminous or lustrous orbs" "shone gently" or "flashed their light" through several volumes, while for an equal space the hero's eyes glowed "like coals" or "like coals of fire," or like "fiery coals." When the author had done this much he considered his task in regard to eyes over and done with.

The modern writer takes his duty more seriously. Since the orb became obsolete he has borrowed similes from all the lights of earth and heaven—we will not have long to wait for the radium eye.

It requires strong nerves to encounter with calmness eyes "which are the centres of incandescence." Eyes which are "two mad dancers," "are disquieting;" other eyes frighten us with "the changeless phosphorescence of their gaze."

We step aside briskly to avoid being singed by the "scorching hell fire" which lived in Greyson's eyes. We need not be surprised to meet eyes which are "wells of pity," or eyes which are "the home of sorrow," or eyes "with passion flowers strown." "Pansy and violet strewn" eyes are as popular as the bargain counter, but the word "strewn" has a careless sound which the well-regulated mind finds unpleasantly casual.

Again, there are ladies gifted with powers that would grace any dime museum. "Her eyes sowed gladness," we learn with surprise. Again we pause before the "pity's pearls which overflowed from their lapis lazuli home." Until what with the "hot fires of hell" and "incandescent flames" and "pale moonlight glances," and "indignant lightnings," we become so nervous that we long earnestly for the return of the calm "orb" to fiction.

M. H. Vorse.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

OUR PRESIDENTS AND HOW WE MAKE THEM. By A. K. McClure. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This represents a second revision and enlargement of Colonel McClure's well-known book, and in its present form it is made to include the Presidential election of 1904. The additions made since the first appearance of the volume in 1901 seem to have been rather hastily put together, and the writer often uses the present tense of events which are now four or five years old. Nor has he detailed with anything like sufficient fulness the last three Presidential campaigns. The best part of the book is, very naturally, the part which has to do with that period of political history of which Colonel McClure was himself no small part—the period from the birth of the Republican party to the Blaine-Cleveland contest of 1884. Here we find many a touch of personal reminiscence and anecdote to vivify the records of conventions and elections. As a whole this is a convenient and reasonably accurate handbook of American national politics, and only here and there does the author make a statement that seems questionable. Thus it is hard to accept his rather romantic story of how Tilden lost the Presidency

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through feminine influence. According to Colonel McClure, Tilden prevented the Democratic Convention of 1868 from nominating Chief Justice Chase as its candidate against General Grant, and secured instead the nomination of Horatio Seymour. When Tilden's election hung in the balance in the critical days of 1877 and when Congress hesitated over the electoral votes of Louisiana, Roscoe Conkling, who believed these votes to belong to Tilden, was about to lead a Republican revolt against counting them for Hayes. He refrained from doing this, and let Hayes be counted in, says Colonel McClure, because Chase's daughter, Mrs. Sprague, used her great influence with Conkling to keep him silent, thereby avenging her father upon Tilden.

This is a very interesting bit of inner history, if true; but there is no evidence to support it. Tilden apparently had nothing to do with the nomination of Seymour, which, so far as one can see, was as spontaneous a thing as ever happened at a national convention. Nor in the twenty-one preceding ballots had Chase developed any strength at all. Therefore the rest of the story seems to fall of its own weight. More valuable are Colonel McClure's personal recollections of Blaine, and the explanation of Dana's estrangement from Cleveland. This last is said to have come from Dana himself and to have been afterwards confirmed by Cleveland. If correct, it makes Dana's personal feeling against Cleveland comprehensible, without justifying the outrageous way in which that feeling received expression in the columns of the *Sun*. Indeed, it affords an interesting illustration of how absolutely Dana's emotions and prejudices controlled his editorial policy. The explanation is interesting enough to justify us in quoting the essential parts of it.

"Dana had very earnestly supported Cleveland's nomination and election for Governor in 1882, and after the election he wrote a personal letter to Cleveland asking the appointment of a friend to the position of Adjutant-General. His chief purpose was to give a position on the staff to his son, Paul Dana, who is now his successor in the editorial chair. Cleveland received that letter as he received thousands of other letters recommending appointments, instead of recognising the claim Mr. Dana had upon him for the courtesy of an answer. Beecher had a candidate for the same position, and Cleveland gave it to Beecher's man without any explanation whatever to Dana, who felt that he had been discourteously treated by Cleveland. Mr. Dana gave no open sign of his disappointment, but some time after Cleveland's inauguration, when it became known that Dana felt grieved at the Governor, some mutual friends intervened and proposed to Cleveland that he should invite Dana to join with some acquaintances at the Executive Mansion. To this Cleveland readily assented. Dana was informed that Cleveland would tender such an invitation if it would be accepted, and he promptly assented. Cleveland then became involved in the pressing duties of the Legislature and allowed the session to close without extending the promised and expected invitation to Dana. Mr. Cleveland told me that he was entirely to blame for neglect in both instances, as Dana would doubtless have been satisfied if he had courteously informed him of his conviction which required him to appoint another for Adjutant-General; and he had no excuse to offer but that of neglect for not inviting Dana to dinner.

"Dana naturally assumed that Cleveland had given him deliberate affront, and Cleveland could make no satisfactory explanation. As Governor and as President he was first of all devoted to his official duties, which he discharged with rare fidelity, and he gave little time even to the common courtesies which most Governors and Presidents would recognise as justly belonging to their friends. Efforts were made to conciliate Dana, but he never would discuss the question, and he sacrificed half the circulation of his paper in the campaign of 1884 in his battle against Cleveland." *H. T. P.*

AMERICAN THUMB-PRINTS. By Kate Stephens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The title of this little volume of essays does scant justice to its contents, or rather it gives the reader no clue to the store of good things that are here provided for him. Miss Stephens has wide reading, genuine erudition, humour, and pungent sarcasm all at her command, and she uses them very tellingly. These essays have a distinct flavour of their own, whether they touch upon such unrelated subjects as the Gargantuan feasts of Tudor England and the Humours of Benjamin Franklin, or whether she pictures the New England woman as she really is, and the Western college girl as perhaps she is no longer. The paper on "Up-to-date Misogyny" has interested us perhaps more than any other, in spite of the fact that the

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expression "up to date" has long since become a vulgarism. The value of this paper in particular lies in the circumstance that it reveals in Miss Stephens an attitude of mind which is very characteristic of many women when they come to judge men's utterances about the other sex. Thus, our author classifies as misogynists pretty nearly every man of importance who has had his fling at femininity. From Hipponax and Euripides and Aristophanes down through Martin Luther, Boileau and Pope, to big-hearted, gentle Walter Scott—the catalogue is formidable. But were all these and others of more recent date actually misogynists? Euripides, no doubt; though apparently he had special reasons of his own. But the rest? Hardly. A man may note a few delightful inconsistencies in woman; he may laugh good-naturedly at many of her works and ways; and he may even say some things that are not wholly just, rather than lose an epigram. But still he is very far from being a misogynist. Miss Stephens and many other clever writers of her sex are fond of getting in a well-directed shaft at masculine perfectibility; yet we are sure that they are far from being misanthropes. Indeed, however sharply a woman may flout his sex, no man ascribes to her a general hatred, but simply recognises and admires the skill with which she does it.

MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Charles F. Warwick. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.50, net.

Mr. Charles F. Warwick, who was Mayor of Philadelphia in the days before the Revolution against the machine, has, as he tells us in a preface, "stolen moments from the duties of an exacting profession" to "group the principal events" of the beginnings of the French Revolution about Mirabeau. He is going to "group" subsequent events about Danton and about Robespierre. He began this task with the plan of giving lectures, and possibly as lectures his material might have been acceptable to those persons who do not care to read a book—indeed, perhaps those might be found whose hearts would thrill in response to the lecturer's extraordinary flights of oratory. But considered as reading matter, the book offers nothing new; it is a rehash of well-known books, with a strong flavour of McCarthy. It does, however, offer much that is old; perhaps it may be useful as a volume of familiar quotations about the Revolution. They are all here, all the fine old catchwords; *l'Etat, c'est moi* again points a moral; *après moi le déluge* again adorns the tale; once more it is not a revolt, sire, it is a revolution; no longer do we need to search through the bookshelves for the "happy thoughts" and the dear old anecdotes—even the discredited old story of Robespierre and his borrowed coat lives again unquestioned by Mr. Warwick. In this connection it may be well to note that the author seems not to have been very careful in the verification of anecdotes. But for this fact, and also for a number of minor inaccuracies and carelessly worded statements, Mr. Warwick's book might be held harmless though unnecessary.

NOVEL NOTES

THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1905.

Taking his plot almost bodily from the experiences of the iron workers' union of New York under the leadership of the late unlamented Sam Parks, Mr. Leroy Scott has contrived to give us a novel, *The Walking Delegate*, which impresses one from the start as a work of uncommon power and realism. Buck Foley, the grafting labour leader of the story, is painted no blacker than the facts of the case thoroughly warrant, probably not nearly so black as most novelists who should essay a similar task would have made him. On the other hand, the man's wonderful skill in managing men, and the fund of rough humour ever at his tongue's end are so well presented that the reader comes to regret his final exit. Mr. Baxter, president of the employers' association, who is willing in the end to buy off a strike, is a very finely conceived character. As to the hero, Tom Keating, not so much can be said. His honesty, his fearlessness, and his persistence finally enable him to overthrow Foley and to save the strike for the union. His love entanglement with a very superior sort

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of typewriter girl, in spite of the fact that he is already married, is neither convincing nor very much in place, however pleasing it may be to the hammock gods and goddesses of summer fiction. The story is essentially a man's story, the fight is a fight between men, and so romantic a note rings conspicuously false in the midst of the strike's alarms. One feels that the tragedy of the hero's married life could be made quite deep enough and much more real without this artificial byplay. As to the rest of the plot, Mr. Scott has presented the strike and the struggle inside the union with a vividness which gives the reader the impression that he has looked into the very centre of the labour conflict. Nor is this effect obtained by the neglect of details. Witness the episode of Nels Petersen, "the Swedish terror," who married a Salvation Army lassie and forsook the prize ring under her influence, but goes back to it to get bread for his starving family during the strike, and wins his last fight. The forgiveness of his wife and her half suppressed joy over her husband's unholy victory close an incident that could hardly be told better. Mr. Scott deserves the highest credit for having given us in *The Walking Delegate* not only a fascinating story but also a picture of a part of the labour world which is far more accurate than the reputed facts of the plain-clothes sociologists.

WOODMYTH AND FABLE. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: The Century Co., $1.25.

"Most boys gather in the woods pretty and odd bits of moss, fungus and other treasures that have no price. They bring them home and store them in that universal receptacle, the Tackle-box. Some boys, like myself, never outgrow the habit. One day a friend observed that my Tackle-box was full and suggested that a selection be given to the public." Thus Mr. Seton introduces his newest book, explaining that most of "the booty" he gathered in the woods himself, but that an Indian and a Chinaman contributed some fragments.

From this it will be seen that there is no doubt in the author's mind as to his discrimination as a collector and that we shall find here none of those worthless odds and ends that usually cumber even the best regulated collections. Personally we could dispense with the verse, however sentimental a significance it may have for Mr. Seton, in the hope of substituting more such general favourites as "How the Giraffe Became," "The Converted Soapboiler," "The Three Phœbes of Windygoul," and "The Doings of a Little Fib," are likely to become. Mr. Seton has great facility and a very pretty wit in these matters—especially when self-illustrated.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES. By Carter Goodloe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

These eight stories concerning the Northwest Mounted Police in British Columbia, while lacking in individuality, are yet pleasantly readable and should prove especially so to all such as are still in the throes of what, in English military circles, is diagnosed as "scarlet fever." Here are plenty of those officers who seldom contribute more than the immemorial "Oh, I say!" or "By Jove!" to the conversational cause the world over, and those salient features of any English army post in any land—Scotch whiskey and scarlet tuniced orderlies, polo ponies and government traps.

The present grouping of these romantic possibilities finds an effective background in the Rocky Mountains always ready to hand, while the secretive Indian, darting steathily to and fro, sheds over all abundant mystery. As Miss Goodloe says:

"It is impossible to get away from the Indian in Western Canada, especially at a military post. He is, in fact, the *raison d'être* of the post itself. The Indian is there, consequently the British soldier is there. It is part of the policy with which England has always followed up her conquests or her colonisations —the policy of placing on the spot a gentle but firm reminder that she has her eye on things, and that treaties and promises may not be broken with impunity. The discipline of that magnificent constabulary force we found maintained in all its integrity at the foot of the Rockies, and the 'eyes r-right' and 'attention' were as grim at our little Spitz detachment as at Aldershot, and the men as well uniformed and as efficient as though under the eyes of General Lord Roberts himself."

Miss Goodloe has not been at any pains to hunt down the elusive *mot propre* nor has she attempted literary effects or finishing touches outside of her carefully expressed preface. She has simply spent such a glorious summer at the Mounted Police detachment in Alberta that the slighest thing connected with it seems worth recording and nothing else matters very much.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Century Company:

Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.

The first in a series of volumes of historic tales retold from "St. Nicholas." The stories are not connected history, but aim to give the young reader an idea of the true spirit of the times which they portray. There are fifteen stories in the volume.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Silly Syclopedia. By Noah Lott.

A good illustration of the general style of this book is found in its sub-title: "A terrible thing in the form of a literary torpedo which is launched for hilarious purposes only. Inaccurate in ever particular, containing copious etymological derivations and other useless things." The title-page also states that it is "Embellished with numerous and distracting cuts and diagrams by Louis F. Grant." The following are examples of some of the definitions: Ice, "A substance the world uses to put a damper on swelled heads"; Joy, "Gladness with the lid off"; Oats, "A substance invented by Nature and intended for a breakfast food, but because pine shavings are cheaper it is now obsolete."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Missourian. By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

A story of Maximilian in Mexico. The Missourian, a young Confederate officer who comes to Mexico with offers of assistance from General Shelby, is the hero; and Marquise Jeanne d'Aumerle, called Jacqueline, who has come from France to save Mexico to her country, is the heroine of the tale. The romance which is formed between the two diplomatists and the numerous adventures encountered while fighting the cause of Maximilian furnish the material for what is said to be an unusually good "first" story.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Black Butterflies. By Berthe St. Luz.

The unknown, unrevealed, and the forbidden predominate in this story. One of the principal characters is a Hindu who exerts his marvelous power to an alarming extent. There is also a rich hunchback, his handsome brother, a very beautiful widow, and a noble woman who is disfigured by the branding of a vile word on her forehead. The Hindu plays many tricks with the bodies and personalities of the two brothers. The tale is said to have a happy conclusion.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Church of Christ. By a Layman.

Believing that most people follow blindly in the faith of their fathers, as a result of early training, the author has made an investigation of the "subject pertaining to religious truth, considering it from the heathen, the Jewish, and the Christian standpoints." This volume, which is the result of the investigation, is designed to "unfold the simple truth in regard to the Church of Christ, both in faith and practise." The author claims that there are several hundred churches, denominations, sects and parties which are wrong, arguing from the point of view that Christ's Church was a unit and divisions were forbidden; therefore, no two beliefs can be right.

The Grafton Press:

The Handbook of Princeton. By John Rogers Williams.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the President of Princeton University, has written the introduction to the book. In addition to a history of the University, there are chapters devoted to the grounds and the buildings belonging to the institution, the upperclass clubs and the athletic grounds, the town of Princeton, the Princeton Theological Seminary, and the Lawrenceville School. Over sixty illustrations enhance the interest of the book.

Harper and Brothers:

Love's Cross-Currents. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Although a well-known poet, "Love's Cross-Currents" is the only novel which Mr. Swinburne has ever written. It is dedicated to Theodore Watts-Dunton, who, the author says, is responsible for its revival, and contains a prologue of some length. The story is told in a series of letters which passed between several persons in a year's time. One of the principal characters is a clever old lady who endeavours to disentagle the love affairs of her grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Henry Holt and Company:

Russia. By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.

An entirely new and much enlarged edition, revised and in great part rewritten. Five new chapters have been added to the edition of 1877: "Three on the revolutionary movement, which has come into prominence since 1877; one on the in-

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dustrial progress, with which the latest phase of the movement is closely connected; and one on the main lines of the present situation as it appears to me at the moment of going to press."

John Lane:

A Child of the Shore. By Middleton Fox.

The supernatural and every-day life are mingled together in this novel, the scenes of which are laid in Cornwall. A farmer and his wife are the parents of this strangely beautiful "child of the shore," who seemed to be a kin of the sea and the fairies, and whom the neighborhood looked upon with suspicion. The descriptions of land and sea are said to be no minor part of the story. A romance runs through the book.

Love's Journey. By Ethel Clifford.

These verses are classified under the five heads: Love's Journey, Songs in the Night, Songs Out of Doors, Songs of Love, and Songs of Dreams. Under each of these subheads there are from eight to twenty poems. Many of them have been previously published in English magazines.

The Poems of Ernest Dowson.

This volume contains all of the poetical works of Ernest Dowson, including "Verses," published in 1896; "The Pierrot of the Minute," in 1897; and a posthumous collection entitled "Decorations." Mr. Arthur Symons has written an appreciative memoir to the book, in which he says that Dowson was undoubtedly "a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in its most intimate sense." There are four illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, and a portrait, by William Rothenstein.

Peace and Other Poems. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Several of these verses have previously appeared in foreign magazines, two have been set to music. There are about forty poems in all, and their themes cover a large variety of subjects—from "The Ash-heap" to "The Shadow of Death."

My Garden in the City of Gardens. A Memory with Illustrations.

Gardening in India, which is the main theme of this book, is dealt with during the nine months from October to June, inclusive. The work is not confined strictly to the subject of gardening, but describes many customs prevalent in this country, and furnishes several bits of gossip concerning Hindu every-day life.

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle. By Captain A. I. R. Glasfurd.

In this record of thirteen years Captain Glasfurd aims "to present an old though still engrossing subject in what is perhaps a novel manner; to carry the reader into more direct contact with the surroundings of the Indian sportsman and naturalist, and, while avoiding as much as possible the recital of personal experience with its stereotyped accompaniments, to lead him into the jungle with all its fascinating variety of scene and season, hill and plain, where in spirit he may make acquaintance or renew an intimacy with its shy denizens and their habits." The chapters vary in their character. Some concern the real, others are idealistic, and one or two are entirely fanciful. There are fifty-five illustrations, some being reproductions from photographs and others sketches by the author. They are all true to nature.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay:

The Tree of Laughing Bells. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

The subject of this brochure is the theme of the verses of which it is composed. The covers, which present an attractive appearance, are designed by the author.

The Macmillan Company:

At the Sign of the Fox. By "Barbara."

When her father became helpless from a paralytic stroke, caused by his failure in business, Brooke Lawton, the heroine of the story, moves the family to a small farm, which she calls "Sign of the Fox." Here she serves tea and sandwiches to automobile and carriage travellers. Among the other characters are Brooke's young lady friend, "Adam, the Cub at the difficult age of sixteen"; "Tatters, a Person, though disguised as an Old Collie Dog"; a painter-man with whom Brooke is in love, and another man who falls in love with Brooke.

The Fool Errant. By Maurice Hewlett.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Memoirs of an American Citizen. By Robert Herrick.

Edward V. Harrington, a young man about twenty years of age, runs away from his home in Indiana and goes to Chicago to make a future and a fortune. The story records the rise of this youth from a state of penury to wealth. It depicts riotous scenes in the Haymarket, labour troubles, strikes, and anarchistical movements. A love-story is interwoven into the tale.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Tempests of the Play Gods. By Janie E. Stoddard.

True love runs far from smooth in this romance. When Jack Chester fell in love with his mother's seamstress it nearly broke the heart of the proud-spirited parent and caused many stormy scenes. The mother was very much humbled when that seamstress was found by her rich old

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grandfather, assumed her place as the mistress of his home, and became heir to his wealth. Although Jack's prospects were foreboding for some time, he won in the end.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Digit of the Moon and Other Love Stories from the Hindoo. By F. W. Bain.

This collection of four Hindoo love stories, the first of which gives the book its title, is said to be translated from the original manuscripts by Mr. Bain. They are permeated by ancient mystery and the strange fascination of the Orient. The first story is about a King to whom the only thing unknown to him was woman, and the love of woman. Upon being strongly urged by his ministers to marry, the King banished from his kingdom every woman who came within range of his sight. He eventually falls in love with the picture of a beautiful woman and demands to see the original. She is the most beautiful Princess in the world and has many suitors. Her consent to marry is promised to the man who, at the rate of a question a day, can in nineteen days ask one which she is unable to answer. "A Heifer of the Dawn," the second story, also concerns a King and a Princess. In this case the King, whose unfaithful wife has embittered him against a second marriage, is taught to love by the Princess. The third story, "The Descent of the Sun," is a fairy tale. The decreasing love of a husband for his wife is the theme of "In the Great God's Hair," the fourth and last story.

The Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu. By H. Irving Hancock and Katsukuma Higashi.

Said to be the first complete and authentic work on jiu-jitsu. It describes one hundred and sixty tricks, which are divided into three sections: In the first are sixty "tricks of combat in a logical order of sequence, these being intended as a preparation for the more advanced tricks in Section Two. In the second section, the pupil is advanced to more scientific tricks and gradually led on to the 'serious' work in Section Three, by which an opponent may, when necessary, be maimed or killed." There are four charts and over five hundred illustrations taken from life.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Travels with a Donkey. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Black Arrow. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Virginibus Puerisque. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Dynamiter. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Additional volumes to the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, in each of which Mrs. Stevenson has included a preface. A journey in the Cévennes on a donkey is described in the first book; "The Black Arrow," or, "A Tale of the Two Roses," is a story of war and of knighthood; "Virginibus Puerisque" and "The Dynamiter" are collections of short stories.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Saint Lawrence. Its Basin and Border Lands. By Samuel Edward Dawson.

The history of this beautiful region is preceded by a discussion upon the geography of the country. The various voyages of Cabot, the Corte-Real Family, Verrazano, Stephen Gomez, Cartier, Champlain, Jolliet and La Salle, Hennepin and Dulhut, and several minor explorers are described, as well as the birds, the people, the scenery, and the results of civilisation. The book contains numerous illustrations and maps, and is said to be valuable as a book of reference.

Theodore Sutro:

Thirteen Chapters of American History. By Theodore Sutro. Represented by the Edward Moran series of Thirteen Historical Marine Paintings.

Thirteen historical marine paintings by the late Edward Moran, which he designates as representing the "Marine History of the United States," are reproduced and a short description given of each. The first in the series is a painting of "The Ocean—the Highway of All Nations"; the other subjects are Lief Erickson's landing in 1001, the three ships under the command of Columbus in 1492, the debarkation of Columbus, DeSoto's midnight burial, Henry Hudson's entry into New York Bay, the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Southampton, the first recognition of the American Flag by a foreign government, the burning of the frigate Philadelphia, the brig Armstrong engaging the British fleet, the sinking of the Cumberland by the Merrimac, the farewell salute of the White Squadron to the body of Captain John Ericsson, and the return of the conquerors from the Spanish-American War.

BOSTON

Oliver Ditson Company:

Humorous Quartets. For Men's Voices. By Lee G. Gratz.

In order to meet the demand constantly made upon him for suitable and pleasing humorous male quartettes, the author

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has gathered thirty-six from various parts of the world and published them in one volume within paper covers. Some of the best numbers from the repertoire of the "T. K." Quartet of Omaha are said to be included.

Ginn and Company:

All the Year Round. Part IV.: Summer. By M. A. L. Lane and Margaret Lane.

Educational. On account of the popularity of the All the Year Round series, which consisted of the three volumes, "Autumn," "Winter," and "Spring," "Summer" has been added, and now all the seasons are represented. The volume contains easy stories, in poetry and prose, about the plants, birds, and insects to be found in summer. Each book is designed to "interest the child in the beauty and mystery of the world about him."

Butterflies and Bees. The Insect Folk. Volume II. By Margaret Warner Morley.

Educational. The second volume in the Insect Folk series. This book, which is intended for children from eight to eleven years of age, describes butterflies, bees, ants, wasps, moths, flies, fleas, beetles, and other insects, and tells what they do and how they do it. The text is interspersed with explanatory illustrations.

D. C. Heath and Company:

Selected Poems of Swinburne. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William Morton Payne.

Robertson's Society and Caste. Edited by T. Edgar Pemberton.

Bussy D'Ambois and The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. By George Chapman. Edited by Frederick S. Boas.

Three additions to the Belles-Lettres series, the motto of which is "Literature for Literature's Sake." The first volume, the text of which is from the 1905 collected edition of Swinburne's Works, includes eighty selections of verse by this author, together with an introduction, explanatory notes, a chronological list of writings, an index of first lines, and a portrait of Mr. Swinburne as a frontispiece. Mr. Robertson's portrait appears as the frontispiece to the second volume. Both Society and Caste are printed from the English acting editions; the first embodies the original manuscript now in the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon; the second after the original manuscript now in the possession of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. A life of Robertson, an introduction, explanatory notes, and a bibliography are also included. In the last volume mentioned a copy of Pierre Vidal's etching, Château la Coutancière, is reproduced as a frontispiece. There are facsimiles of title-pages of early editions, a short biography of Chapman, an introduction, explanatory notes, bibliography, and glossary. The authoritative text is said to be reproduced in this edition for the first time.

L. C. Page and Company:

Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie. By Stephen Conrad.

Mrs. Jim will be remembered as the central figure in "The Second Mrs. Jim," in which she is presented as an adorable stepmother to the children of the neighbourhood, as well as to those of her husband. She is also the central figure in this second story, inasmuch as it is Mrs. Jim who has all the experiences in town—attends quilting parties, picnics, sociables, celebrations, weddings, commencements, fires, etc.—and tells Mrs. Jimmie all about them on her return. Mrs. Jim has the management of several love affairs. The happenings of the little town in which the story-teller lives are told in a manner both humorous and sympathetic.

The Pilgrim Press:

Studies in Conduct. By George Thomas Smart.

In a word of apology with which the author prefaces this book, he describes these twelve essays as being more or less confessional and elegaic. "They spring from a sympathy with the Romantic Mood in literature. In philosophy their goal is Idealistic. In religion they deem the Christ to be the master of those who know." Among the titles of the chapters are: The Body, The Mind, The Spirit, The Age of Wonder and Trust, The Years of Imagination, The Storm and Stress Period, The Choir of Heaven, etc.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

The Storm of London. A Social Rhapsody. By F. Dickberry.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

CHAUTAUQUA

Chautauqua Institution:

A Reading Journey Through Chautauqua. By Frank Chapin Bray.

An imaginary tour through Chautauqua, which gives a history of the place and its story. It may also be used as a guide to the different points of interest at Chautauqua and as a pictorial souvenir. It is said to give the only comprehensive and authentic history of the Chautauqua System of Popular Education published. In a short introduction to the book Bishop John H. Vincent describes the "Chautauqua Idea."

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CHICAGO.

S. B. Kimball:

Truths Leaf by Leaf. By the Reverend and the Professor David Swing. Edited by Sophie Burt Kimball.

To these writings by the Reverend David Swing, Dr. Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus has contributed a poem and an introduction, and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis a short characterisation of Professor Swing. Among the different titles which have been given to the writings by their author are Nature and Man, Utility and Man, Toil and Repose, Humanity, Feed My Lambs, The Education of the Heart, The Son of God, The Poets and Immortality, etc.

Laird and Lee:

Glimpses of the Lewis and Clark Exposition and the Golden West.

A pictorial souvenir of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Among the one hundred and eighty illustrations are also views of Portland, Yellowstone Park, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Colorado and places of attraction in other sections of the West. A description of each picture appears beneath it.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Interdependence of the Arts of Design. By Russell Sturgis.

This series of six lectures are the Scammon Lectures, delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1904. The subjects are: Modern Judged by Ancient Art (Representation and Sentiment), Modern Judged by Ancient Art (Decorative Effects), The Industrial Arts in which Form Predominates, The Industrial Arts in which Colour Predominates, Sculpture as used in Architecture, and Painting as used in Architecture. There are over a hundred illustrations.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Sir Guy of Warwick. By Gordon Hall Gerould.

A mediæval romance told so simply as to be readily understood by children, but, at the same time, of interest to adults. The hero falls in love with the daughter of Earl Rohalt, and is by her sent to "win fame" before he can marry her. Guy has many adventures, sees much of fighting and battle and eventually returns to claim his promise Three months later he goes on a long pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After three years he comes back, but lives the life of a hermit, leaving his wife to rule the castle alone. The book is well illustrated.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

George A. Howe:

Hints and Helps to Bookkeepers. By George A. Howe.

This brochure contains suggestions concerning the use of thought in bookkeeping, the prevention of errors, the finding of errors, the systematising and shortening of work. It also includes sample errors and rules for finding them, lists of differences with instructions "Where to Look," and several pointers for saving time and trouble. The material for the book has been acquired from the experience of the author.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Image in the Sand. By E. F. Benson.

A novel dealing with the spiritualistic. Sir Henry Jervis, an Englishman of wealth, frequently communicates with his dead wife. His daughter assists him in the séances, and his Indian servant acts as a medium. Henderson, the villain in the story, meets the Englishman and persuades him to break the amulet, which means that the owner "shall be unquiet again until love has made light of death and is stronger than death." By a strange coincidence the evil spirit, which is controlled by Henderson possesses the daughter. The balance of the story is a struggle between two men —the "wholesomest young man in London" and Henderson, both of whom love the girl.

The John C. Winston Company:

Good Form for Men. By Charles Harcourt.

A guide to conduct and dress on all occasions. The book is addressed "to the man, be he a member of a rural community or of the club circles of a city, who desires to regulate his life after the manner of a gentleman." Among the subjects discussed are Dress and Toilet, In Public, Calls and Cards, Introductions, Invitations, Dinners, Luncheons, Suppers, Balls, Dancing, Receptions, Weddings, Correspondence and Conversation, Travelling, The Bachelor Host, At the Club, Sports and Pastimes, and Smoking.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Frances Elinore Gotshall:

The Wisdom of Omar. Compiled by Lischen M. Miller and Alma A. Rogers.

A small volume bound within limp chamois covers. On each leaf is some noble thought. The following quotations illustrate the general character of the book: "Let each day pass unshadowed by fear";

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"Till the proudest learneth to obey without question, he is without power"; "He who beareth a light within is as a lamp to the feet of all who stumble."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. M. Robertson:

From Crypt and Choir. By Louis Alexander Robertson.

A small volume containing twenty poems on various themes. Among the titles are: The Crust of Content, The Burning of Care, Protean Zeus, Proserpina, To Rudyard Kipling, The Swoon, Phryne, etc.

WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND.

The Sociological Society:

Address by the Right Hon. James Bryce on the Aims and Programme of the Sociological Society.

The address published in this pamphlet was delivered at the First Annual General Meeting of the Society on March 22, 1905, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster. In addition to the address there is included a report of the Council for 1903-4, the proceedings of the meeting, lists of donations and members, and a map showing the distribution of members.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
4. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Co.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Ravanels. Dickson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Return. McGowan-Cooke. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Girl and the Deal. Harriman. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
3. Autobiography of Andrew D. White. (Century Co.) $7.50 *net.*
4. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Birds of Essex County. Townsend. (Clarke Co.) $2.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Hilda Lane's Adoptions. McAlilly. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. My Own Story. Powers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
5. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
3. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. Jorn. Uhl. Frenssen. (Estes.) $1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Serena. Boyle. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Return. MacGowan-Cooke.. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Sunset Trail. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00
3. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.

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4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lodestar. Kennedy. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Color Line. Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Rose of the Wood. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
5. Sanna. Waller. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
6. At Close Range. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Lewis and Clark. Leighton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 65c.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
4. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sunset Trail. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Life Worth Living. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Sanna. Waller. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
6. The Breath of the Gods. McCall (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Fond Adventures. Hewlett. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Pioneer. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Hecla Sandwith. Valentine. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Beverly of Graustauk. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sanna. Waller. (Harper Bros.) $1.50.
6. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens (Stokes.) $1.50	167
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	126
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50	75
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50	64
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50	62
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50	58

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"Back to School"

Words that mean success or failure to thousands—and it may all turn on the question of food.

The brain is nourished through the stomach—it must have something to feed upon besides books.

The food to think on, to grow on, to live on, is

Shredded Whole Wheat

It is rich in the phosphates and the nitrates, the brain and muscle-makers of the whole wheat grain, elements that are largely discarded in the making of white flour. It is steam-cooked and drawn into fine shreds so that the stomach may easily assimilate it.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Shredded Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything—it is the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—the cleanest and purest cereal food made. It is made in two forms—*Biscuit* and *Triscuit*. The *Biscuit* is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any other meal in combination with fruits or vegetables. *Triscuit* is the shredded whole wheat cracker which takes the place of white flour bread: delicious as a toast with butter or with cheese or preserves. "*The Vital Question Cook Book*" is sent free.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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WHY "PAGANS"?

THE term "pagan" literally means *villager, rustic* or *barbarian*, and as used by Christians means an idolatrous or godless man—a heathen: A heathen means a *heather-man*, bushman or savage! Now consider the absurdity of applying this term *pagan* to the old Greek Philosophers, *Socrates, Plato* and *Aristotle*, three of the greatest minds in the history of religion, ethics and philosophy. These men were not rustics or barbarians and not *godless*, but eminently "godly," and represented the highest urban culture. In their works will be found the most exalted conceptions of God, the Soul, and a life of virtue. In the words of Socrates, 500 years before the New Testament was written, will be found a clearer statement of the doctrine of the immortal soul and its future states of probation, reward and punishment than can be found in any part of the Bible. And in Plato's Dialogues will be found a perfect statement of the Golden Rule, 400 B.C., and also a full statement of the modern utilitarian theory of ethics in terms identical with that given by our greatest modern evolutionist, Herbert Spencer. To get a true idea of "pagan" teachings and correct popular misconceptions, read vol. I of Evolution of Ethics by The Brooklyn Ethical Association, entitled *The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers, 333* pages, 21 illustrations, including many portraits of the philosophers and a Life of Socrates.

Price, $2.00 At all Booksellers.

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Publishers,

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KREMENTZ

Rolled Plate Buttons

retain luster for years—have a layer of gold rolled on—not a mere wash like other plated buttons. Cost a trifle more but *never break* nor look cheap.

Sold by leading jewelers and haberdashers.
Booklet on request.

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Across Lake Erie Between Twilight and Dawn

THE D. & B. Line Steamers Leave Detroit daily at 5.00 p.m. (central time) and Buffalo daily at 5.30 p.m. (eastern time) reaching their destination the next morning after a cool, comfortable night's rest en route. By special arrangement all classes of tickets reading via the Michigan Central, Wabash and Grand Trunk Railways, between Detroit and Buffalo, in either direction, are optional and will be accepted for transportation on the D. & B. Line.

Detroit & Buffalo Steamboat Co.

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Are You Brainy Enough?

If so, stick to the food you are using.

If not, look carefully to the reason.

Brain matter wears away each day.

Signs of nervous prostration show when the food fails to build back the daily loss.

Phosphate of Potash (from the field grains, not the drug shop) with Albumen and water, makes the soft gray filling of the brain.

The first two are found in

Grape-Nuts,

the food, predigested in cooking at the pure food factories and ready for instant service with cream.

This food does rebuild the brain.

Trial proves.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

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SUFFOLK ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPING CO.,
225 FOURTH AVENUE
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To the Pure all Food is Pure

Congressman Snide was the Gentleman Jo
Of the National Pure Food Adulterant Co.,
A strenuous patriot, giving his powers
To the health of this glorious country of ours,
And many's the job he
Conspired in the Lobby
Old laws to make new and new laws to provide—
Wood alcohol brandy
And aniline candy
E'er found a warm friend in Congressman Snide.

(Said General Sneek, "His great wisdom and tact
Is shown in the famous Snide Substitute Act.")

No business man with a Food to maintain
E'er called on that scientist-statesman in vain;
With stocks and retainer-fees bulging his coat,
The stronger the Poison the stronger his vote.
For he said, "What's the pleasure
In killin' a measure
Because it protects indigestible grub?
Why try to defeat it?
We don't have to eat it—
It's only the Public that's gittin' the nub."

(Said Senator Grabb, in a manner polite,
"Unless you are wrong you are certainly right.")

If a chemist came out with a statement to show
Gross fraud in the Pure Food Adulterant Co.,
Then Congressman Snide could *his* chemist procure
To prove that his product was "perfectly pure."
"For I place great reliance
In subsidized Science,"
Said Congressman Snide, "when it comes to a pinch;
When you hire a Professor
To act as your guesser,
To the Pure any poison is Pure—that's a cinch!"

(Said Congressman Coin, with a jerk of his thumb,
"Them facts what you state is convincin' to some.")

When families died after eating canned jam,
Or hospitals groaned with the victims of ham,
Then Congressman Snide, being Graft-on-the-spot,
Was there with the Coroner, likely as not,
To prove tonsilitis,
La grippe, meningitis
Had brought the poor victims to sudden demise,
While soft applications
Of friendly donations
Bought silent consent from the willing and wise.

(Said Congressman Hush, as he counted the dead,
"There's nothin' so fatal as cold-in-the-head.")

"For food-education has long been my hobby,"
Said Snide as the House was convened—in the Lobby,
"I'll teach that there Public the things what they need,
If I murder 'em all to accomplish the deed!
The heart, lungs and thorax
Needs brick-dust and borax—
A fact which perhaps them there organs don't know—
I'm killin' folks off at
A nominal profit
For me and the Pure Food Adulterant Co."

(Said Congressman Leech, "It's inspirin' to feel
That feller's onselfish and lofty Ideel!")

By Wallace Irwin in Collier's Weekly.

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Advertisement

I have a second-hand automobile for sale. It is in splendid condition. I have just replenished it with new tires. I will also throw in the old ones.

My auto has a new engine. I found that the old one wouldn't work, so I had a new one put in. Also I have had a new carbureter, new chain, new fly-wheel and new shaft. The machine has just been painted.

When I first got this machine it would go at the rate of forty miles an hour for half a mile, and then lie down and go to sleep for the rest of the day. Now it goes about ten miles an hour on a dog trot, but it gets there.

I will not tell the name of the machine for fear of scaring away a possible customer. But I will say this: That no part of the original machine is with me, every part having long since been replaced.

I would like some one to become interested in my machine. Demonstrations given at any hour of the day or night. I made it myself and know whereof I speak. I will guarantee it for one week.

This auto cost me originally $650. Since then I have spent $2,000 on it. I will gladly sell it for thirty cents.—*From Life.*

How Runs on Banks are Hindered

Some amusing anecdotes are told of the devices *resorted* to by bankers to gain time and inspire confidence. On one memorable occasion the excited depositors, much to their indignation, were only able to enter the bank one by one, except at the cost of spoiled coats, as the cute manager had caused the door posts to be freshly painted. Another bank prevented a crisis in its affairs by exhibiting in the window large tubs apparently brimful of sovereigns. These tubs, however, were simply upside down and a small quantity of gold only piled up on the bottoms. But the most ingenious doge of all was successfully carried out in Buenos Ayres. There was a run on a large bank, and for several days subscribers besieged the premises, withdrawing money and placing it in another bank on the opposite side of the road. It happened, however, that these two institutions had a private understanding, and as fast as the "safe" bank received the deposits they were returned to the "unsafe" one by an underground passage, with the result that every one marvelled at its continued ability to meet its demands.—*The American Banker.*

Truly French

There is a pleasant aside in Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, *Fair Margaret*, now running as a serial in *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Crawford drops the thread of his story to indulge in a bit of literary criticism. French writers, he declares, are convinced there can never be any literature equal to the French, except Edgar Allan Poe's. Yet they are agreeable and polite, and endeavour to treat all writers in the English language with courtesy and consideration. They praise English authors sometimes, but generally compare them with other English authors, not with the French. The highest eulogy they can bestow on anything an Anglo-Saxon does is to say: "It is truly French." Says Mr. Crawford: "With all our vanity, should we ever expect to please a French writer by telling him that his work was truly English?"



1877. **No New Discovery** 19
Can offer more hope in cases of

CANCER

Than exists today by our method
Without the Use of the Knife



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium.

The only institution in the world where cancer a tumors (that are accessible) are permanently cure

Describe your case and we will mail the most com plete information ever published on the subject o cancer, and will give an opinion as to what we ca accomplish for you. Ask your family physician t investigate. He will be entertained as our guest

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mas

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"The Leading Fire Insurance Company of America."

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

ÆTNA

INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONN.

On the 31st day of December, 1904

Cash Capital,	**$4,000,000.00**
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	4,403,007.45
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	103,928.59
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	442,903.92
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	121,638.71
Other Claims,	295,725.22
Net Surplus,	**6,446,851.09**
Total Assets,	**$15,814,054.98**
Surplus as to Policy-Holders,	**$10,446,851.09**

LOSSES PAID IN EIGHTY-SIX YEARS:

$99,899,109.49.

WM. B. CLARK, *President*

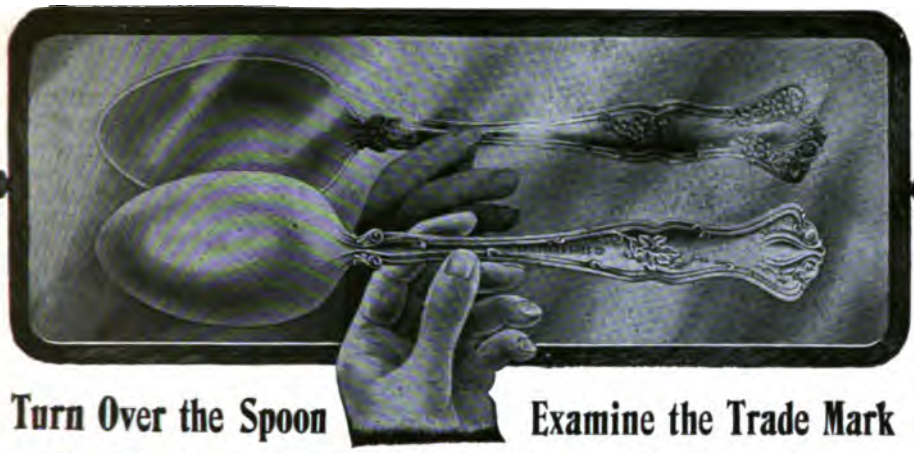
W. H. KING, *Secretary*

A. C. ADAMS, C. J. IRWIN,
HENRY E. REES, A. N. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Secretaries

WESTERN BRANCH, Traction Building, Cincinnati, O.	KEELER & GALLAGHER, General Agents.
NORTHWESTERN BRANCH, Omaha, Neb.	WM. H. WYMAN, Gen'l Agent. W. P. HARFORD, Ass't Gen'l Agent.
PACIFIC BRANCH, San Francisco, Cal.	BOARDMAN & SPENCER, General Agents.
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Turn Over the Spoon **Examine the Trade Mark**

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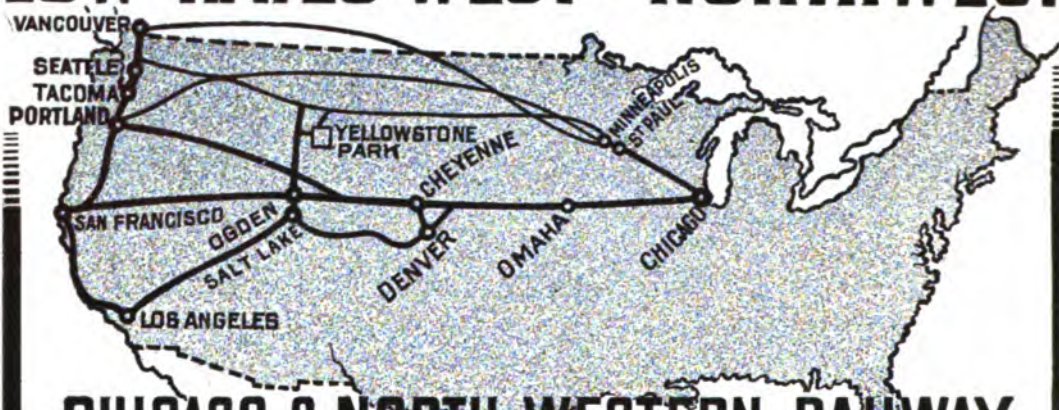
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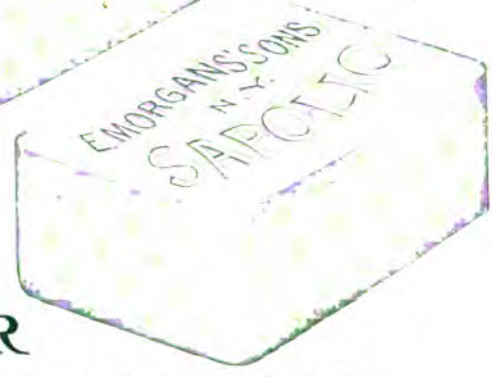
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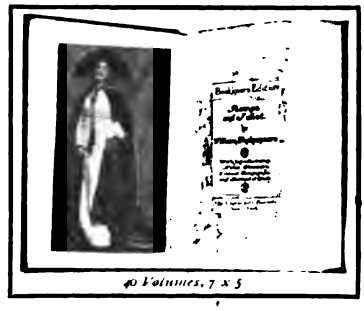
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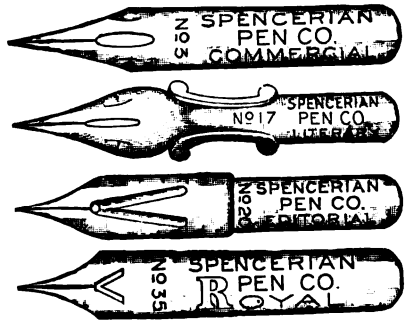
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The "Ad" and the Novel.

Some years ago a French paper printed a very entertaining article, which, if true, showed that nearly every French novelist, even among those of the highest talent and standing, had his price. In other words, a Parisian restaurant-keeper, florist, milliner, or dressmaker, by the payment of a certain sum, could ensure a line likely to be of decided advantage in a business way. It must be said that recent French fiction is a pretty strong foundation for this idea. After the shots have been harmlessly exchanged, and honour satisfied, and the reconciled principals have duly embraced, the whole joyous party returns to Paris and breakfasts at the Café So and So, where, *ma foi!* the *cuisine* is of the most delicious. Or: " 'What a beautiful gown you are wearing, madame.' 'Is it not! It came from the establishment of Monsieur ——, number — Rue de la Paix,' " etc. The article in question went so far as to print a scale, which it claimed was authentic, of the prices of the various novelists. For instance, a line in a story by some obscure young writer of the Latin Quarter could be had for a few francs, whereas in the forthcoming book of M. Émile Zola, it would cost as many hundreds. There was in the article no intimation of any sort of *chantage;* no suggestion that a restaurant that proved recalcitrant might run the risk of being represented as serving an underdone sole or a badly mixed omelette. It was simply a matter of advertising—though hardly legitimate advertising.

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We don't think that anything of this sort has ever crept very much into English or American fiction. We can read with relish of the various delightful inns in which the men and women of Dickens's novels were wont to regale themselves royally without suspicion of the author's motives; nor are we likely to associate the chapter of *Vanity Fair,* in which Jos Sedley, after imbibing too much punch, is on the verge of a proposal to Becky Sharp, with any arranged exploitation of the delights of Vauxhall, or to think any inducement of money or "tick" on the part of M. Terré was responsible for the immortal lines:

> "All this you get at Terré's Tavern
> In that one dish of Bouillabaisse."

Perhaps occasionally in the last few years there have been allusions which we have regarded askance. Now and then in some book or short story the colour is laid on just a little too thick and the writer seems to be over-anxious that you should identify the particular Bohemian place where his hero and heroine found the cooking so good. You wonder whether he is not trying to do the proprietor a good turn in appreciation of dinners enjoyed in the past, or perhaps in atonement, as Murger and his companions did, for the *café* that was brought to the verge of ruin by their extrava-

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gances and misbehaviour. But it is seldom, indeed, that there is any cause to think for a moment of anything like a prearranged bargain. Yet to this general rule recent fiction has one striking exception to offer, and this exception is one of the brightest and most genuine successes of the last four or five years. *The Lightning Conductor* was frankly and flatly the advertisement of a make of automobile, of an automobile tire and of a toilet soap. Yet so cleverly was it done that very few people realised this fact. We don't think that the English publishers of the book recognised it, and we know that the American publishers did not. European automobile manufacturers did, however, and the firm responsible for the "German horror" in which the heroine experienced so many discomforts and disasters in the early chapters of the book brought a suit for large damages against the authors. Yet the fact that a second reading opens one's eyes to the fact that every other page rings insistently on the virtue of the Napier and its superiority over all other cars does not in the least interfere with the entertainment the reading affords.

"A Motor-Car Divorce."

The brightness of *The Lightning Conductor*—not its peculiar position as an advertising medium—brings us to the subject of *A Motor-Car Divorce,* the first three chapters of which appear in this issue of THE BOOKMAN. We are not going to compare the two stories or to speak of the merits of the later book—the reader will do that for himself. But there are other interesting points in common. *A Motor-Car Divorce,* too, is a collaboration of husband and wife, but in this case all the text has been written by Mrs. Hale, while Mr. Hale has done the drawings. Alice Muriel Williamson was for a time with the Frohman companies, while Louise Closser Hale won a success that is remembered by all American theatregoers as the inimitable Prossie, the typist in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida. The Lightning Conductor* was the result of an automobile trip made by the Williamsons over the country described in the story. The trip on which *A Motor-Car Divorce* is based was made during the past summer. Starting from New York early last May, Mr. Hale drove an American-built car through Italy, over the Alps and across France. Mr. Hale is on the stage, and is at present playing with John Drew in Augustus Thomas's *De Lancey,* and, like Mr. Williamson, has been more or less of a journalist and magazine writer. He has done a great deal of travelling, considerable of it off the beaten path and under unconventional conditions. At the time of the Venezuelan trouble, two or three years ago, he went out to the South American Republic as a special artist for *Harper's Weekly.* There he saw a good deal of the revolution and did considerable sketching at the front. It was when he was obliged to return that his troubles began. The American Consulate, to which he naturally first turned for help in getting through the blockade, was so tied up with red tape as to be hopelessly useless. The British admiral offered to take him to Trinidad, but this would not have suited his purpose. Finally the assistance of the British Consul enabled him to get aboard a Russian barkentine that carried him across the Caribbean.

Some American Writers Outdoors.

The American *Who's Who* might do worse than imitate the English *Who's Who* and devote brief lines to the outdoor recreations of such men and women as the editors of the publication deem worthy of representation between its covers. For example, it is of interest and perhaps even of importance, to know that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, while still playing a little at golf, has of late years taken up much more seriously the pleasures of motoring, although the last bit of information is quite superfluous to the many readers of his widely discussed "They." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, we read, is, despite his forty-six years, as ardent a cricketer as the veteran W. G. Grace, and drives a high-powered motor car of Continental make with all the dash to be expected from the author of *Rodney Stone* and the creator of Sherlock

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THE AUTHORS OF "A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE" EN VOYAGE

I. A WAYSIDE INN IN BRITTANY
II. ROANNE—ON THE ROAD TO PARIS
III. THE VIA EMILIA, APPROACHING PIACENZA
IV. A STOP FOR WATER
V. THE SUMMIT OF THE MONT CENIS PASS 7000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

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SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Holmes. Mr. Thomas Hardy finds his favourite pastime in cycling at a moderate gait; Austin Dobson is devoted to gardening; Egerton Castle is one of the best fencers in all Great Britain, and a year or so ago was chosen as one of the team that represented England against the teams of Belgium and France; Max Pemberton has followed the "Royal and Ancient" game with assiduity for years; George Bernard Shaw, with a sense of paradox which is characteristic, gives as his favourite outdoor pastimes "everything except sport;" while the recreation of W. Clark Russell is set down as "rheumatism." This last we confess we don't quite comprehend. Possibly it is some new form of British humour.

These little items are pleasant as showing that the scribes among our English Cousins are, as a rule, of the right sort in the matter of healthy enjoyment of outdoor pastimes. But in a way their recreations seem tame compared to the physical activities of some writers of our own. To begin with there is the President, a man of letters if ever there was one. A mere line in *Who's Who* would hardly suffice: in fact, an entire Badminton library would be necessary to do him justice, and it would include subjects of which Badminton had no knowledge. The President after big bears; the President hunting mountain lions; the President plunging in a submarine—these are the inevitable items of the day's news, and we are brought to a realisation of another side of his athletic enthusiasm when, every ten years or so, he has an opportunity of sending a congratulatory telegram to a victorious Harvard eleven or crew. Then outdoor life of a strenuous nature is the very basis of the work of such of the younger men as Stewart Edward White, Jack London and James Connolly. A little snapshot of Mr. White, which is here reproduced, shows him equipped for the gentle sport of boar hunting, a pastime which most of us associate with the days of Quentin Durward rather than with modern American life. Mr. Rich-



SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

THOMAS DIXON



SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

BOOTH TARKINGTON WITH MRS. TARKINGTON IN
"THE BEAUTIFUL LADY"

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SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

OWEN WISTER

ard Harding Davis has, in a sporting way, "taken his fun where he found it" in a great many parts of the globe, civilised and uncivilised. In his college days he was himself a pretty good athlete and he still retains a keen interest in college athletics and is usually to be seen at the annual Yale-Princeton, Yale-Harvard and Army-Navy gridiron battles.

Mr. George Ade, like most of the Indiana school of writers, is exceedingly catholic in his outdoor tastes, and the accompanying picture, with its general air of indolence, does not really do justice to his activity. He is a keen golfer, and when in the West spends a good deal of his time upon the various courses about Chicago. A propos of golf he tells the following story: One Sunday not long ago he, in company with a friend, one of the Chicago police magistrates, went out to spend the day at Glen View. Mr. Ade's game was as satisfactory to himself as the game of a normal golfer can be, but the series of misfortunes that befell his friend was of a nature to try the temper of the most genial. Not a hazard or a trap on the course that the ball of the unhappy magistrate did not find. Finally human patience could bear the strain no longer, and late in the afternoon, after a particularly exasperating shot, he smashed his clubs, threw away his bag, rushed from the links and took the first train back to Chicago, where he passed a night haunted by visions of monster obstacles and lies in bottomless pits. The next morning, wan-eyed, and in a disgruntled frame of mind, he wended his way to the Police Court and took his seat upon the bench. The first case was called and a dishevelled individual came to the bar.

"Name?" interrogated the magistrate gruffly.

"A. Bunker."

The magistrate started; then glowered grimly. His chance for revenge had come.

"Sixty days!"

Mr. Booth Tarkington, who with Mrs. Tarkington is here shown in Autocar "The Beautiful Lady," golfs a little, plays tennis a little, and naturally is usually found in the Princeton cheering section at the big game with Yale. The accompanying snapshot of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon was taken at the Exmoor Country Club, Highland Park, near Chicago. He is a member of several country clubs, but as he modestly expresses it, Exmoor is the only course on which he has had "the nerve to play." Mr. McCutcheon follows with pride the achievements of Chicago's baseball teams, and rises to heights of impassioned eloquence when explaining to Eastern friends what the 'varsity elevens of the Middle West, such as Michigan or Minnesota, would do to the "Big Four" of the effete East in the event of intersectional meetings on the gridiron. Long before *The Leopard's Spots* was ever thought of, Mr. Thomas Dixon had attained a reputation for bird-shooting that

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was positively national. From his beautiful home at Elmington Manor on the Virginia coast he makes each year duck-hunting excursions on the waters of the Chesapeake, and in *The Life Worth Living* has shown his keen interest in house-boats and naphtha launches. Just at present he seems to be in the throes of the prevalent automobile fever. No reader of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's books would have to turn to a *Who's Who* to learn of his prowess as a fisherman, and the picture of Owen Wister on horseback is no surprise to any of the several hundred thousand persons who enjoyed *The Virginian*, although there is a certain something in the correctness of attire that perhaps smacks too much of the civilisation of Harvard Square and prim old Philadelphia. Mr. Irving Bacheller devotes a good part of the year to outdoor life. He has a camp in the range of the Stillwater Club, in the very heart of the North Country of his popular novels, and finds relaxation from work where the deer rustle through the woods and the streams are full of golden trout. Mr. Stewart Edward White generally manages to find his way back from mountain and forest in time for the football season. As a University of Michigan man, he is, of course, sceptical of Eastern prowess and attends the big games about New York preserving the calm and judicial deportment of an unbiased spectator. Yet to lay aside dignity and aloofness at times is only human, and one November day at New Haven, two years ago, Mr. White must have caught some of the contagious enthusiasm of the Princeton stands in which he had been sitting, for after the game he was seen executing a very respectable cakewalk across Yale field in apparent appreciation of De Witt's historic goal from the field.

*

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

The death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has brought a keen sense of personal loss to the thousands who have read her books or profited by her editorial skill in the management of *St. Nicholas*. She is known best to the present generation from her conduct of that magazine, but to the one before she will always be the author of *Hans Brinker; or, the Silver*



SOME AMERICAN WRITERS OUTDOORS

GEORGE ADE

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Skates. That book was meat and drink to a host of youngsters who had been systematically underfed on the priggish wisdom of "Rollo" and "Beechnut" and a dozen other equally uninteresting expounders of the moral law, and equally inhuman. They were, we understand, the inheritors of *Sandford and Merton*. For three-quarters of a century there seems to have been a conspiracy of the old against the young. There were, to be sure, adventure stories, but they were commonly regarded as depraving, and the only righteous course was to read stories which diluted botany or the Golden Rule or sketched the lives of excellent young people who came to an early death—apparently from catching cold by going about in a chilly world with nothing on their little consciences. "Seven weeks before little Nellie died," began one of these genial narratives, and in the next chapter it was six weeks, and in the next one five, and so on, with inverted chronology, reckoning backwards from the date of demise, till the details of the last moments could be given in full. So ran the tale, and it was typical. Mrs. Dodge was among the first to discover that an American boy and girl were the young of the human species and not half-finished angels. What we should now think of *Hans Brinker* we cannot say, but there can be no question of the keen, healthy pleasure it gave in its time, and it was, in a way, revolutionary. Nor can it be questioned that throughout her life she did more than any one else to leaven the mass of American juvenile literature.



THE LATE MARY MAPES DODGE

❧

An Apology for Overlooking Mr. Robinson.

If while foraging in the underbrush of current verse a man actually thinks he has discovered some genuine poetry, we cannot see why he should not proclaim the fact, whatever office he may be holding at the time. Hence we missed the fine point of the sarcasms occasioned

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by President Roosevelt's praise of Mr. Robinson's *Children of the Night.* There are, of course, many poets of the Robinson degree, but the President is not to blame if he has encountered only one of them. It is well known that he has had a number of other matters on his hands of fully equal importance. Probably he is not even aware of the present poetical situation. Our poetry-shelf, which is about four feet long, is alternately filled and emptied three times a year. Not all the volumes of verse are sent to the newspapers and magazines, but on the average it is safe to say that any literary editor summarises, or assigns for review, or in some way disposes of twelve feet of minor poetry annually. Three-fourths of this is tinged with the "certain, sad mysticism" detected by the President in Mr. Robinson's verse, and one-half of it is almost if not quite Robinsonian in merit. The more anxious one is lest a genius may escape him, the more he will read, and from much reading he will, in spite of himself, grow callous. Hence, cold and routine methods of dealing with the problem have developed in editorial offices.

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There are what may be called the spring and fall house-cleanings, when bales containing the verse of several months are shipped to men who are thought to possess richly emotional temperaments. The consignee then reads, one after the other, seventy or eighty volumes of heart's ease and heart's desire, despairs, loves, cradle-songs, moonbeams on the water, and negro lullabies. Numb and bewildered, he picks out six or twelve, according to the length of the article, and for each one mentioned passes over a score with a formal expression of regret that there is no room for them. Hence those strangely chosen groups of poets you find despatched at intervals by reviewers in the *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere. Novelists may receive individual attention. Poets are always handled in bulk and reviewed in dozens and half-dozens. A reviewer would as soon think of going off with one minor poet as of buying one egg. From this may be inferred the difficulty of reading the lines quoted by the President with anything like the President's astonishment. Under present conditions that first first fine relish is not for any rhyme-worn veteran, but for the men who are the busiest in other things, for the chance half hours of overworked executives. It is they who make these discoveries. Try as we will to overtake all fugitive verse of fair quality, an occasional Robinson still gets away. With creditable poets arriving in each mail, the thing cannot be prevented.

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A Study of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts.

If Mr. Robinson had been a Canadian, such an oversight could not have occurred. It is likely that a special treatise would be devoted to him by Professor James Cappon of Queens University, Kingston, who is at present engaged on a series of *Studies in Canadian Poetry.* The first volume, entitled *Roberts and the Influences of His Time,* has already appeared, and from the thoroughness with which Mr. Roberts's poetry is analysed and appraised, it is evident that nothing Canadian will pass unmentioned. It would be hard to take Shakespeare more seriously. In young manhood, it seems, Mr. Roberts was of the school of Keats, but Greek legend held him only for a time.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

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Then followed the "poetry of Nature," not without certain affinities to Wordsworth, and after this came "songs of the common day," in which Wordsworthian influence is still discernible. Then a period of reflection set in. Here we find a little Shelley now and then. Everything went on in an orderly way, one poet after another exerting their wholesome influence on his work, and, as the writer says, "Who knows but some day that ardent, aspiring genius of his, which has tried so many forms, might at last have found a supreme one and produced an immortal song?" But in 1896 occurred the migration of Mr. Roberts to New York, and from that moment he fell under the influence of Rossetti, Swinburne and even Beaudelaire and became almost improper and wrote lines that "had the full red of the erotic chord." The intricate relations of the poems Mr. Roberts has written to the poems Mr. Roberts has read are traced with the utmost care. The author takes nearly as great pains to point out the resemblances between Mr. Roberts and other poets as a commentator in an edition of the *Prometheus* recently issued, who not only produces any number of passages from Greek and Latin writers that seem to resemble the lines of Æschylus, but quotes similar sentiments from the poets in half a dozen modern languages. Æschylus happened to be read by the poets who resembled him, while Mr. Roberts happens to resemble the poets he has read, but this is a detail affecting only the question of originality, and the fact remains that Mr. Roberts is a Canadian.

Scholarship and Melancholia.

A marked copy of the *Medical Record* addressed to the editors of THE BOOKMAN has been gratefully received. The article to which the author or editor directs our attention is entitled "Advanced Scholarship and Morbid Mental Conditions," and we are not sure whether we are meant to take it personally as indicating a flattering apprehension that, owing to our vast stores of learning, we are in danger of going mad, or are expected to comment on it for our readers' sake. We shall act on the more modest assumption. The writer tells us that it seems probable, from his clinical experience, "that certain predispositions towards particular lines of study are the symptoms of a neurotic state," and he cites three cases, all treated and cured by himself, in which the morbid mental conditions were not caused by overstudy, worry or dissipation, but were the natural outgrowth of "early inclinations" sown on an "unrecognised psychopathic soil." The patients were all students of literature and language and disinclined to physical exertion. The first, who is now a professor of Romance languages in an Eastern college, took no interest in athletic contests in his youth, and even now "he will avoid, if possible, gymnasium work." The second "did not join in college sports" and passed through his college course in a "nugatory physical manner." The third had a large body, large organs, and great lung capacity, and allowed them all to remain idle. Upon approaching middle life, all three developed symptoms of melancholia, two of them took to drink, and one lost the power of understanding anything he saw in print. Hence it appears that "the psychopathic conditions" "direct certain individuals to work hard along the lines of their least mental resistance." To the layman nothing could be more puzzling. In the first place, there is the difficulty of seeing how any generalisation can be based on the three instances, and in the second place, there is the flat refusal of this generalisation to yield any meaning to his mind. Physically inert young men sometimes become janitors, bookkeepers, lawyers, clergymen, and members of Congress. There must be as many as three morbid ones among them. Gather seven neuropathic bank clerks, trace them back to a sedentary youth, show that they passed through school in a "nugatory physical manner" (as bank clerks often do) and then you have the law of the psychopathic origin of bank-clerking, which outdoes the law of neurotic predisposition to advanced scholarship by seven to three. As to the "line of least mental resistance," it is followed not only by the professor of Romance languages, but by the young men who cut his lectures, and they, too, may at some time go to pieces, and if

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there happen to be three of them, we shall have the law of the unrecognised psychopathic origin of cutting lectures in Romance languages.

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"A Southern Girl of '61."

Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, who is the original of *A Southern Girl of '61*, is a Baltimore woman, who has had a very interesting career. Her father was Senator Wigfall of Texas, the intimate friend of Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the Confederacy. She had the good fortune to spend her girlhood amid stirring and dramatic times. She belongs to the school of Southern women that includes the vivacious Mrs. Clay of Alabama—*A Belle of the Fifties*. Mrs. Wright is the wife of Judge Wright of the Supreme Court of Maryland, and she has taken an active part in the affairs of the Daughters of the Confederacy. She is president of the Maryland branch. Mrs. Wright is an outspoken Southern partisan. It is interesting to state here that Mrs. Wright's father was the Confederate who risked his life in making an adventurous trip during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, to persuade Major Anderson to surrender. Mr. Wigfall was then a colonel on General Beauregard's staff. Mrs. Wright is a prominent figure in Baltimore society, and entertains lavishly.



MRS. D. GIRAUD WRIGHT

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"Heretics."

The London *Spectator* condemns Mr. Chesterton's *Heretics* (reviewed elsewhere in this number) for irreverence in calling St. Peter a "snob," and warns the essayist that his books will be excluded from respectable homes. It also objects to Mr. Chesterton's practice of standing on his head. We infer from the tone of the article that the writer's discovery of these vices spoilt his pleasure in everything that Mr. Chesterton had to say. That seems to be the way with many of his reviewers. Now any one who enjoys the writings of Mr. Chesterton is fully aware of the author's determination to cause astonishment, and of the simple, boyish and tiresome means he sometimes employs for that purpose. The reader who is not bored by Mr. Chesterton sometimes does not appreciate him at any time. There are pages written with no other purpose than that some old lady should call him incorrigible. There are long barren stretches of what is at present called cleverness, consisting of mere bald counter-propositions, wherein he, personally, does no thinking at all, but only inserts negatives into what he supposes are other people's thoughts. But there are other pages, and they are never far away, where his fancy is free and his wit untormented and their humour does not consist in practical jokes on other men's angels, and their unexpectedness has nothing to do with standing on his head. These are the passages in which he has forgotten his vow to set the river on fire, and precisely the sort which exchange editors do not quote. Were there only half so many of

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them they would still give his books their vitality. Two good lines have been known to keep a dull poet alive for two centuries. Mr. Chesterton is still frequently to be found right side up, and the pleasure that he gives on these occasions more than offsets the fatigue of waiting through his intervals of cleverness. He is one of the few who can bring back new reports of outworn things, prove, even, that there are no outworn things, but only stale eyes looking at them. He has the wit of insight and the wit that turns on petty subversions, and it is an unlucky reader that can discern only the latter sort and exclaim, "Paradox, paradox!" Our own reviewer is not of that class.

This is also true, in a measure, of his favourite heretic Mr. Shaw, upon whom, however, it would be a pity to add a word of comment, for there is at present a thick growth of parasitic literature on everything that he writes. We shall content ourselves with quoting from a poem in *Collier's Weekly:*

CRANKIDOXOLOGY

(Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)

By Wallace Irwin

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,
 It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the "virtuous" woman
 Continue to do as she should?
 (It's stupid to do as you should!)
* * * * *
For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
 I'd rather be rude than polite;
 It's easy to sneer
 When you're witty and queer,
 And I'd rather be Clever than Right.
* * * * *
For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,
 And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
 So I say unto you,
 If you don't as you do
 You will do as you don't all your lives.
* * * * *
For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
 I'd rather be tempted than tamed,
 And if *I* had my way
 (At least, so I say)
 All Babes would be labelled "Unclaimed."
* * * * *
I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics
 Where solemn discussions are spent
In struggles as hot as the tropics,
 Attempting to find what I meant.
 (*I* Never Can Tell what I meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
 And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,
 While divorcés hurrah
 For the Sayings of Pshaw
 And his sub-psychological Josh.

A Book of Dramatists.

In *Dramatists of To-day* Mr. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., writes in a pleasant, free-and-easy way of six or seven modern playwrights, taking them as he finds them, bothering his head very little with messages and problems and troubling the reader with no strong convictions of any sort. They are the impressions of a very well-read and moderately thoughtful man, who has a fear of seeming academic and writes in a loose way that is not always expressive and sometimes borders on shiftlessness. He is not excitable or combative; neither is he didactic or dry. He accepts things chiefly at their face value, but he describes them so accurately and agreeably that he recalls vividly to mind the plays we have seen and the pleasure we have found in them. He says few things that any one could quarrel with, but here is one against which we may mildly protest. He is speaking of the necessary over-emphasis of the stage, of the heightened colour, obviousness, and loudness, and says that some of the "things about Mr. Pinero that we do not care for are necessary for the right effect across the footlights." He adds:

> And as to the other things—the delicacies, the quiet touches, the delightful half-tones—we must be content to miss them at the theatre. Of course, we may mourn that these things cannot be on the stage, that they can go no farther than to be realised by the kindly imagination, that they seem to lose character and colour when incorporate in flesh and blood. We may mourn at all this, but it will be without reason. Our keenest pleasure, our most delightful thrills, do we really wish to share

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them with the multitude? The stage is still a public place. It is not outdoors and boisterous as it was with the Elizabethans, but still it is not exactly a place for intimacies. Let us be content to have our poetry as we want it, to ourselves at home, and on the stage to have what the stage can give us, effective figures which will live in our minds, effective situations which will sum up whole developments, effective actions which will typify whole experiences.

Here he falls in with those dreary critics by the rule of thumb, who from the observation of plays as they now are determine what they always shall be. They are forever insisting on the limitations of the stage, when the chief fault of the playwright to-day is his failure to take advantage of its elasticity. In the present dearth of fine things and in the present failure to use the theatre for half the purposes it is able to serve, they toil away at fatalistic definitions and draw up lists of the qualities we must not expect. Any man of talent will do things with his tools that are regarded beforehand as highly improbable, and as to a genius, no critic has ever yet been able to guess in advance what he would be up to. Any good play in future will achieve what all sober critics of the stage to-day would say it is silly to attempt. It is not the limitations of the stage that account for the modern playwrights but the playwrights that impose the limitations. It is not the presence of a crowd or the allowance for the "right effect across the footlights" that gets us so soon to the end of Mr. Pinero, but the stinginess of Nature at Mr. Pinero's nativity. A different sort of Pinero might venture many "intimacies" and "delicacies" without afflicting the majority. A crowd is not unhappy even when a fair number of good things are wasted on them, and the greater dramatists have often indulged themselves in metaphysics, theology, wit, poetry and literature, holding the many while they talked to a few men or one man or the men of the next century. And of all times this is the worst for urging us to ask for little and to think only what a clumsy tool the theatre is. It is reasonable to expect the unexpected ways of talent and to demand the hitherto unachieved and, meanwhile, not to blame the footlights and the crowd merely because our playwrights had no fairy godmothers. Without these things there cannot be a good play, and should there ever be another good play, it will be found that the writer is a law-breaker in the land of humdrum and that the current theories of the stage have left no room for him.

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Change of Heart.

There was a time, not very long ago, when writers, and especially young writers, took pleasure in boasting of the rapidity with which they did their work. "Dashed off that novel in less than six weeks and never retouched a line," or, "Oh! that yarn in —— *Magazine!* Did it in a morning. You know I can't revise." This was the usual strain of the talk one heard in the company of the story spinners. But in the last two or three years all that has changed. The average writer no longer wishes to impress upon you the ease with which he has done a certain piece of work; he wants you to appreciate the vast amount of labour and patience expended before he was willing to let his manuscript go to the printers; he takes an honest and commendable pride in showing the pages of typewritten copy with the infinite erasures and "writings-in" which bear evidence of genuine and conscientious toil. Nobody wants to be classed with the "Four-in-Hand Novelists" nowadays. These remarks are à propos of a paragraph in an esteemed contemporary, purporting to come from Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, to the effect that he believed three months to be ample time to write a novel. As a matter of fact, Mr. McCutcheon does not believe any such thing. He said that he had written *Brewster's Millions* in three months. That was all. It took him two years to write *The Sherrods*, a year to write *Beverly of Graustark*, and almost two years to write *Nedra*.

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HALT!

AN ASPECT OF THE VENEZUELAN AFFAIR

From *Judge*

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART X.—AT HOME AND ABROAD



HILE the Wilson Bill was dragging its slow way through Congress, and while the fierce struggle against the railways in the West was being fought out to the bitter end, another highly controversial question had arisen to plague the President and to widen still further the breach between him and the majority of his party. Throughout the whole four years of the second Cleveland administration, the sensitive nerve of the Government was the condition of the Treasury; and it throbbed painfully in response to every event of serious import, whether this related to domestic politics or to international affairs. Here, again, the makeshifts and compromises of the past broke down completely, and the President was forced to take upon himself the whole burden of a responsibility which his predecessors had managed to evade. The events that are now to be narrated are those concerning which the sharpest difference of opinion existed at the time. They obscured in the mind of the people all the other acts of the administration. They stirred millions of Americans to a pitch of acrimonious frenzy for which there are few parallels in our history. And in the end they shivered and rent the Democratic Party until it cast aside its old traditions and, while retaining its historic name, stood forth transformed into the champion of new causes and new political ideals.

It has already been mentioned in these pages that the Treasury gold reserve of $100,000,000 was intended to protect an outstanding issue of notes which, by the end of 1893, amounted to nearly $500,000,000. This gold reserve had proved adequate in the past, until the operation of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890 gradually shook public confidence in the Treasury's ability to meet its steadily increasing obligations. The repeal of this act under pressure from President Cleveland, as already described, had, to be sure, absolved the Secretary from buying two tons of silver every month and paying for it in gold; yet in matters of finance, distrust when once aroused dies hard. In June of 1893, when the hoarding of gold was at its height, the Treasury's gold redemption fund had for the first time fallen below the hundred-million mark, and the circumstance had sent a shiver through the business world. Some had quickly seen in it an opportunity for making money. For the true peril of the Treasury, from the standpoint of conservative finance, lay not so much in the discrepancy between its obligations and its gold reserve, as in the fact that under existing laws, no sooner was a government note presented at the Treasury and redeemed in gold than it must immediately be reissued, to become again a new obligation. The situation was admirably and forcibly described to Congress by Mr. Cleveland in several of his later messages. Thus, speaking of the gold reserve fund, he said:

"Even if the claims upon this fund were confined to the obligations originally intended,* and if the redemption of these obligations meant their cancellation, the fund would be very small. But these obligations when received and redeemed in gold are not cancelled, but are reissued and may do duty many times by way of drawing gold from the Treasury. Thus we have an endless chain in operation, constantly depleting the Treasury's gold, and never near a final rest."†

*I.e., "greenbacks."

†Message of December 3, 1894.

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Referring to the statute of May, 1878, he remarked with epigrammatic pungency:

"The Government was put in the anomalous situation of owing to the holders of its notes debts payable in gold upon demand, which could neither be retired by receiving such notes in discharge of obligations due the Government, nor cancelled by actual payment in gold. It was forced to redeem without redemption, and to pay without acquittance."*

These two paragraphs indicate very well the view which Mr. Cleveland and his supporters in the Eastern States took of the financial situation. They held that the Treasury was bound to redeem all its notes of every kind in gold, at the discretion of the persons who presented the notes for payment. The corollary to this theory was that when the gold reserve in the Treasury had been unduly lowered by the process, it became the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds of the United States in order to replenish the reserve† and thus make it possible for the operation of the "endless chain" to continue indefinitely. Of course, the issue of more bonds meant an increase of the national debt; but as Mr. Cleveland understood the case, there was no help for this until Congress should enact new currency legislation, providing for the retiring and cancelling of all notes when once redeemed.

But most bimetallists and all the "friends of silver" declared that such a policy was both unreasonable and likely to prove ruinous. They pointed out the fact that of all the government obligations, only the legal tender Treasury notes (greenbacks) were specifically redeemable in gold. The silver certificates issued under the Bland-Allison Act of 1878 were on their face declared to be redeemable in silver; while the notes issued for the purchase of silver bullion under the Sherman Act of 1890 were by the terms of that act redeemable in "coin," i. e., in either gold or silver, at the option of the Treasury. And as they were issued against the silver bullion purchased by them, why should they be redeemed in gold? That the Treasury might pay out silver for them if it chose, was not denied even by Secretary Carlisle himself. On his appearing somewhat later before a committee of the House,* Mr. Sibley of Pennsylvania asked him:

"What objection could there be to having the option of redeeming either in silver or gold lie with the Treasury instead of with the note-holder?"

To which Mr. Carlisle made the following reply:

"If that policy had been adopted at the beginning of resumption—the policy of reserving to the Government, at the beginning of resumption, the option of redeeming in gold or silver all its paper presented—I believe it would have worked beneficially, and there would have been no trouble growing out of it. But the Secretaries of the Treasury, from the beginning of resumption, have pursued a policy of redeeming in gold or silver at the option of the holder of the paper, and if any Secretary had afterwards attempted to change that policy and force silver upon a man who wanted gold, or gold upon a man who wanted silver, and especially if he had made that attempt at such a critical period as we have had in the last two years, my judgment is that it would have been very disastrous. There is a vast difference between establishing a policy at the beginning and reversing a policy after it has been long established, and especially after the situation has been changed."

But the silver men would not admit the strength of this position. If, argued they, Republican secretaries have incorrectly interpreted the law, that is no reason why a Democratic administration should not revert to its correct and unquestioned meaning. Redeem the greenbacks in gold, for such is the law; but redeem the silver certificates and coin certificates in the silver in which the statute makes them payable. Why, when the gold in the Treasury is low, and while the vaults are bursting with silver dollars,—why lay open the gold supply to be raided by every speculator, and decline to make any use of the ample stock of silver?

*Message of December 2, 1895.

†Under the authority given by the Resumption Act of January 14, 1875.

*Testimony before the Committee on Appropriations, January 21, 1895.

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The President, however, took his stand upon the declaration of Congress which had been made a part of the Sherman Act of 1890, to the effect that it is "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals at a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law." Mr. Cleveland held that such a parity between gold and silver could not be maintained if the Treasury made any discrimination whatsoever between the different kinds of government paper. It must redeem them all alike—greenbacks, silver certificates, and coin notes—in gold, or else excite a suspicion of "the good faith and honest intentions of the Government's professions, or create a suspicion of our country's solvency."* Hence, he made up his mind that gold should be paid for every note presented, and that he would make an unstinted use of the nation's borrowing power, rather than reverse the policy of his predecessors. He would buy gold with bonds to any extent that might be necessary. Such, too, had been the determination of President Harrison, and towards the close of his administration he had been almost forced to take such a step; for the drain upon the gold reserve had begun even then. Orders, in fact, had been given to engrave the plates for the printing of such bonds in February, 1893; but the necessity had been staved off by Secretary Charles Foster, who managed to get a temporary supply of gold (about $8,000,000) from a group of New York bankers. Thus the outgoing Republican administration was spared the necessity of doing that to which President Cleveland was soon forced by circumstances.

The gold reserve which in April, 1893, had fallen to $97,000,000, continued steadily to diminish throughout the year. The general hoarding of gold was one cause of this; for persons who wished to hoard could draw gold from the Treasury far easier than from the banks.†

Gold was also drawn out freely for export and in the way of trade. On the other hand, the customs receipts, which are, as a rule, made in gold, were now, for the most part, paid in paper; so that there was no flow of gold back to the Treasury to offset the drain. Hence, at the beginning of the eventful year 1894, the Government's gold fund had sunk to only $70,000,000, against which there were outstanding nearly $500,000,000 of paper money—all of it, according to the Cleveland policy, redeemable on demand in gold. The discrepancy was a frightful one,—the more so in view of the general business depression, the uncertainties of tariff legislation, and the lack of public confidence. Hence, by direction of the President (January 17th), an issue of $50,000,000 in United States bonds was advertised for sale in exchange for gold.* Bidders were required to offer a premium of not less than 17 per cent. It was hoped by the President and the Secretary that these bonds would be at once oversubscribed, and that the mere announcement of their sale would check the run upon the gold fund in the Treasury. But both these hopes were disappointed. Bids came in so slowly that by February 1st, it seemed as though the sale would be a total failure—a result to be averted at any risk. To announce that the United States could not borrow fifty millions of dollars in the open market would have been at once humiliating and disastrous. Yet such appeared for a time to be the case; while the announcement of the bond issue, so far from lessening the drain of Treasury gold, only hastened it. On January 31st the reserve fund stood at only $66,000,000.

In this crisis, Secretary Carlisle hurried to New York, and called together a number of leading financiers. He pointed out to them that if the loan should fail, the shock to public credit would disastrously affect the interests which they represented; that the Treasury must inevitably suspend gold payments, and the country's finances be placed upon a silver basis. Moved by

*Cleveland, *Presidential Problems*, pp. 130, 131 (New York, 1904).

†The banks had adopted a new form of deposit slip, showing whether the customer had deposited gold, silver or paper. Unless he had made his deposits in gold he could not demand gold, if the bank chose not to give it to him.

*These bonds were redeemable after ten years; they bore five per cent. interest, and they were payable in "coin"—the law of 1875 not permitting the issue of bonds specifically promising payment in gold.

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these considerations, the Secretary's hearers promised to support the loan; and within a week, the bonds had been exchanged for enough gold to bring the Treasury's gold balance up to more than $107,000,000.* But the incident had been a very trying one,—a grievous disappointment to the President, and very ominous for the future. In fact, the relief proved to be only temporary. Some of those who had subscribed for the bonds had drawn the gold to pay for them from the Treasury itself, thus taking out with one hand what they put back with the other. Furthermore, it had now been made plain that the credit of the United States was at the mercy of the great bankers and other heads of financial institutions. They could at will so bleed the Treasury of gold as to compel new bond issues; and by combining together, they could in the future exact such terms from the Government as to assure to themselves an extraordinary profit. This lesson they resolved to put into practice while the opportunity was still open. Within a little more than two months after the reserve had been reinforced by the purchased gold, it had again fallen to $78,000,000. The Government tried every possible means to check the drain, but to little purpose. In November, the fund stood at only $61,000,000, and it was known that preparations were being made by New York bankers of foreign extraction to draw heavily upon this scanty store, for shipment to foreign countries. On the 14th of the month, the situation being most serious, Secretary Carlisle called for bids in gold for a second issue of $50,000,000 in bonds. This issue was taken up by a syndicate of thirty-three banking-houses and promoters, who managed to secure the entire allotment, by bidding for "all or none." As the other bids did not cover the whole amount, and as the acceptance of them would have involved delay at a time when delay might prove disastrous, the syndicate was successful. One of its members, the president of the United States Trust Company of New York, afterwards testified under oath that the transaction was unprofitable to the subscribers—an assertion which was received with a very general scepticism.

*The exact proceeds of the sale were $58,660,917.63.

This second bond issue, like the first, afforded only a momentary relief. Wall Street had now thoroughly learned the lesson, and began applying it with a vengeance. In a single month (December, 1894), the sum of $32,000,000 in gold was taken from the Treasury. In the following month (January, 1895) $45,000,000 more was sucked out of the dwindling fund. Early in February, there remained only $41,000,000—an alarmingly slender store with which to secure the undiminished $500,000,000 of notes that were still in circulation. Thus, within two months after the second bond sale, nearly $80,000,000 of gold had vanished from the Treasury, and the reserve fund touched the lowest point it had ever reached. In this emergency, the President invited to a conference at the White House, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a very eminent and sagacious financier. In a published *apologia*, written eight years later, Mr. Cleveland says with a touch of irony:

"It never occurred to any of us to consult . . . farmers, doctors, lawyers, shoemakers, or even statesmen. We could not escape the belief that the prospect of obtaining what we needed might be somewhat improved by making application to those whose business and surroundings qualified them to intelligently respond."*

Of course, what the President now wanted, in the light of past experience, was not merely gold to replenish the reserve, but some effective guarantee that the gold so acquired would not be immediately drawn out again. Only a very powerful financial combination could give this guarantee; and such a combination was effected as a result of the conference with Mr. Morgan. On February 8th, in a special message, the President laid before Congress the terms of an agreement entered into by Secretary Carlisle on behalf of the Government, and by Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company and Messrs. August Belmont and Company. The former banking-house

*_Presidential Problems_, pp. 147, 148.

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was acting also for Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Company of London; the latter for Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons of London. By the terms of the agreement, the subscribing bankers were to take up an issue of United States 4 per cent. coin bonds to the amount of $62,315,400 at the rate of 104½, to be paid for in gold, at least half of which was to be brought from Europe. They were also, to the extent of their ability, to "exert all financial influence and make all legitimate efforts to protect the Treasury of the United States against the withdrawal of gold, pending the complete performance of this contract." On the other hand, the Secretary of the Treasury agreed to give these banking houses the first option upon any further bonds which might be issued before October 1, 1895.

So far, the contract was one which it was within the legal power of the Secretary to make without referring the matter to Congress at all. But the second clause contained a special provision. If Congress would authorise the payment of principal and interest to be made specifically in gold instead of in "coin," then the syndicate would accept 3-per cent. bonds in place of the proposed bonds at 4 per cent. The difference would mean a saving to the United States of some $16,000,000 in interest in the course of the thirty years during which the bonds were to run. The President, therefore, laid the contract before Congress and asked for authority to issue 3-per cent. bonds payable in gold.

Until now, Congress had had no opportunity to deal directly with the President's policy regarding the bond issues. In March of 1894, it had passed a bill for coining the seignorage, or so much of the silver bullion in the Treasury as represented the difference between its intrinsic value and its value when coined into money. This bill the President had promptly vetoed, on the ground that its wording was ambiguous, and because in his judgment "sound finance does not commend a further infusion of silver into our currency."* As a matter of fact, the intrinsic value of the silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act had already decreased, so as to represent a loss to the Treasury of more than $10,000,000. Hence, Mr. A. S. Hewitt very neatly described the scheme to coin the seignorage as a plan for "coining a vacuum." Again, the President had urged upon Congress a bill for currency reform, drawn by Secretary Carlisle.* The object of this bill was "the absolute divorcement of the Government from the business of banking," by giving greater facilities to national and State banks.† But Congress was in no mood to legislate in favour of banks of any kind; and the House, by a test vote upon a subsidiary motion, made this fact so clear that the bill was dropped. But now the whole matter of the bond issues came directly before that body, and a Democratic majority had to discuss the financial policy of a Democratic President. A joint resolution authorising the issue of 3-per cent. bonds payable specifically in gold, was reported by the Committee on Ways and Means. On February 14th, Mr. Bryan of Nebraska spoke in opposition to the measure, and for the second time attracted widespread attention by the force and piquancy of his style. He gave voice, in fact, to the rising note of doubt, distrust, and discontent which the course of the President had excited throughout the Western States. At the same time, the fairness and courtesy of his whole tone and manner could give no personal offence even to Mr. Cleveland's partisans. Speaking of the President, Mr. Bryan said:

"The President of the United States is only a man. We entrust the administration of Government to men, and when we do so we know that they are liable to err. When men are in public office we expect them to make mistakes —even so exalted an official as the President is liable to make mistakes. And if the President does make a mistake, what should Congress do? Ought it blindly to approve his mistake, or do we owe it to the people of the

*Veto message of March 29, 1894.

*See Message of December 3, 1894.

†It repealed the laws providing for the deposit of United States bonds as security for circulation, and permitted national banks to issue notes up to 75 per cent. of their paid up capital. The prohibitory tax on the note issues of State banks was, under certain conditions, to be abrogated.

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United States and even to the President himself, to correct the mistake so that it will not be made again? But some gentlemen say that the Democratic party should stand by the President. What has he done for the party since the last election to earn its gratitude? . . . What gratitude should we feel? The gratitude which a confiding ward feels toward his guardian without a bond, who has squandered a rich estate. What gratitude should we feel? The gratitude which a passenger feels toward the trainman who opened a switch and precipitated a wreck."

Then coming to the Morgan-Belmont contract, he went on to say:

"What is this contract? I am glad that it has been made public. It is a contract made by the Executive of a great nation with the representatives of foreign money-loaners. It is a contract made with men who are desirous of changing the foreign policy of this country. They recognise by their actions that the United States has the right to pay coin obligatious in either gold or silver, and they come to us with the insolent proposition, 'We will give you $16,000,000, paying a proportionate amount each year, if the United States will change its financial policy to suit us.' Never before has such a bribe been offered to our people by a foreign syndicate, and we ought so to act that such a bribe will never be offered again. By this contract we not only negotiate with foreigners for a change in our financial policy, but give them an option on future loans. . . . We cannot afford to put ourselves in the hands of the Rothschilds, who hold mortgages on most of the thrones of Europe.

"There is another objection to this contract. It provides for the private sale of coin bonds running thirty years at 104½, which ought to be worth 119 in the open market, and which could have been sold at public auction for 115 without the least effort. Why this sacrifice of the credit of the United States? . . . What excuse was there for selling a thirty-year bond for 104½? What defence can be made for this gift of something like seven millions and a half dollars to the bond syndicate?"

And finally he attacked with much force the fundamental assumption of the President that all the obligations of the Government must be paid in gold and in gold alone if the note-holder and bondholder demanded it.

"So long as the note-holder has the option bonds may be issued over and over again without avail. Gold will be withdrawn either directly or indirectly for the purpose of buying bonds, and an issue of bonds will be compelled again whenever bond buyers have a surplus of money awaiting investment. . . . The only remedy is the restoration of the bimetallic principle and the exercise of the option to redeem greenbacks and Treasury notes in silver whenever silver is more convenient, or whenever such a course is necessary to prevent a run upon the Treasury. . . . The Government is helpless so long as it refuses to exercise this option. . . . I propose the only policy which will help the Government. I propose the only policy which will stop the leak in the Treasury. I only ask that the Treasury Department shall be administered in behalf of the American people and not in behalf of the Rothschilds and other foreign bankers."

Mr. Bryan's attack upon the joint resolution was not the only cause of its defeat. Many Democrats who believed that all bonds were and ought to be payable in gold, disliked the terms of the Morgan-Belmont contract as inequitable. The Republican members of the House were, for the most part, glad to thrust the Democratic administration still further down into the mire of popular dislike. And, therefore, the measure was finally defeated by a vote made up of all the Populists, of two-thirds of the Republicans, and of more than half the Democrats.* The President's transactions with the bond syndicate were thus condemned by the representatives of all three parties. He carried out the original contract, however, and delivered bonds to the amount of $62,315,500 in return for gold, at the rate of 104½. When he did so, the gold reserve had fallen to so low an ebb, that the Sub-Treasury in New York was within twenty-four hours of suspending gold payments altogether.

Then something happened which seemed to many full of sinister meaning. No sooner had the syndicate secured the bonds which it had bought at 104½, than it offered them for sale in the open market. Almost at once their price

*Ayes: Democrats, 89; Republicans, 31=120. Noes: Democrats, 94; Republicans, 63; Populists, 10=167.

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rose to 118. Investors were eager to buy them at this figure. And yet these were the bonds which had been described as of uncertain value, because they were not made specifically payable in gold! It is not surprising that the administration was widely and severely censured for the whole transaction. In financial circles, Mr. Cleveland found defenders, who said that he was not responsible for the vicious legislation of earlier years; that the pressing necessities of the situation gave him no choice save to get gold where he could, as quickly as he could, and on the best terms possible; and that, in a word, he had done the very best thing in his power. But there were many loyal followers of the President who were deeply impressed with the belief that the whole affair had been very badly managed. The United States, one of the richest countries in the world, was apparently dependent upon a little group of bankers for a loan of some $60,000,000, and was forced to make those bankers a gift of nearly $7,000,000 in return for the accommodation. Such usury might be paid by a country like Turkey, but hardly by the United States. Why, it was asked, did the President wait until the gold in the Treasury was almost gone before negotiating a new bond issue? Why were not the bonds offered to the people at large for popular subscription? If the bonds were sold in this way to small investors throughout the country, the fact would make the people anxious to sustain the national credit; whereas, these favours to foreign bankers created a strong sentiment inimical to the very cause which Mr. Cleveland was upholding. The New York *World*, which had consistently and ably supported the President until this time, now attacked the syndicate transaction with unsparing energy. It had opposed all exclusive issues of bonds to bankers, who, after giving the Treasury a supply of gold "would at once siphon it all out again." "In less than a year," said the *World*,* "the Government has had $117,000,000 from the banks, and has lost it all and $8,000,000 more, through the financial thimble-rigging of Wall Street." Its comment upon the completed syndicate transaction, or "bank parlour negotiations," as it called them, was made in these words, which very fairly expressed the verdict of a majority of Democrats even in the East:

"It is an excellent arrangement for the bankers. It puts at least $16,000,000 into their pockets. . . . For the nation it means a scandalous surrender of credit and a shameful waste of substance."*

Scientific bimetallists pointed to the transaction as an object-lesson, and as a warning of the financial dangers inherent in the adoption of the single gold standard. Refuse to make any use of silver, said they, and see the position in which you find yourself. The very credit and financial stability of the Government are at the mercy of Wall Street money kings, who can bleed the gold reserve and force new bond issues at their pleasure. But if the Treasury were to make only a very small part of each payment in silver, it would thus serve notice upon the speculators that they cannot go on raiding the reserve at will; and it would induce exporters of gold to depend for their supplies upon the banks. They cited the practice of the Bank of France in support of their contentions.

Such were the various opinions most frequently met with in the East. But all through the West, a surge of astonishment, disgust and rage spread like a forest fire. Here was that President, who had been chosen because he was the enemy of privilege, the champion of the people against consolidated wealth, the man who had denounced monopoly and "the communism of capital."—here was that President lowering the credit of the nation at the behest of a syndicate of bankers, adding millions upon millions to the national debt, and all for what? To prevent the free use of the silver money with which the Treasury was overflowing, and which, both by law and custom, was legal tender for all debts. The Democrats of the West felt themselves to be not only injured but betrayed; and in the violence of their resentment, they even refused to credit Mr. Cleveland with upright motives. Many

*January 28, 1895.

*See the files of the *World* for February, 1895.

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believed that he had himself derived personal profit from his negotiations with the syndicate and the bankers with whom he had to do. They pointed to his intimate friendship with a certain Mr. E. C. Benedict, a promoter who had been interested in various syndicates and in the Chicago Gas Trust; and they interpreted this intimacy in a sinister light. From the time of the third bond issue, Mr. Cleveland's following in the West melted completely away; while Populism and the cult of free silver were getting a tremendous grip upon the masses.

In the country as a whole, the unpopularity of the syndicate affair had not been needed to create a tremendous revulsion against Democratic rule. This had already found effective and spectacular expression at the Congressional elections of 1894. The Democratic Party had then been in full possession of the Government for eighteen months. During that time there had occurred a disastrous panic, banks had failed or had suspended by the score, business was at a standstill, and the national debt had been increased by a hundred millions. Moreover, the President had lost control of his own party. The pledge of tariff reform had ended in the pitiful fiasco of the emasculated Wilson Bill, which the President himself had been ashamed to sign. The sugar scandals in the Senate, the quarrels within the party, and the open breach between Mr. Cleveland and other Democratic leaders—these afforded a picture, almost unrelieved, of unwisdom, incompetence and failure. The losses incurred during the great strikes had exasperated the corporations. The President's action in using troops to check disorder had made organised labour hostile to him. Mr. Olney's resort to "government by injunction" was equally obnoxious. Finally, the President's ill-advised Hawaiian policy added still another charge to the general indictment which the Republicans drew against their divided and distracted opponents. As for the people, they, as usual, judged things in the large, not looking into the causes of what had happened or apportioning the responsibility between the present and the past. They saw only that a year and a half of Democratic rule had been a year and a half of disorder and distress. Hence, at the polls they gave vent to their displeasure, in a tremendous political avalanche, which wiped out the Democratic majority in the Senate* and almost annihilated that party in the House, where the Republicans now had 248 members to 104 Democrats—the latter being almost wholly from the South. From the Northern States scarcely a dozen Democrats were returned. The State elections showed a no less overwhelming reaction. Everywhere the Republicans were jubilant, and looked forward to 1896 with eager confidence. "We can nominate a rag baby or a yellow dog and elect it," was a common boast of theirs. The Democrats were downcast and full of gloom. They charged most of their misfortunes upon Mr. Cleveland, yet the party had as yet produced no other leader at whose summons it might once more rally on a new fighting line.

It is likely that the President in his heart of hearts regarded with considerable equanimity the Republican resumption of control in Congress. They would, of course, oppose him as a matter of party policy; but the open assaults of avowed enemies were much less vexatious than the treachery and defection of those who should have been his friends. Moreover, the really eminent Republican leaders were more favourably disposed toward the President than they officially admitted. His financial doctrines were very much the same as theirs: and they respected the firm way in which he had stood by his convictions. In fact, the more radical Democrats had come to regard him as essentially a Republican. Mr. Bryan had already said of the President in his speech of February 14th:

> "He has attempted to inoculate it [the Democratic party] with Republican virus, and blood poisoning has set in."

Hence, while the Republicans in the new Congress which met December 2, 1895, would do nothing to help the President out of his various perplexities, they refrained from a policy of pin-pricks, and sought merely to accumulate some telling political capital for use in the presidential

*Republicans, 43; Democrats, 39; Populists, 6.

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contest of the coming year. For this purpose, they continued what they had begun some time before,—a general criticism of the manner in which the foreign relations of the Government had been conducted by Mr. Cleveland. They wished to show that a Democratic President was careless of the country's interests and dignity abroad—that he was just the person to truckle to foreign powers and to think but little of the honour of the flag.

The President's entire course in relation to the Hawaiian question had laid him open to easy censure; but there were many other incidents upon which his Republican critics also seized. Indeed, the foreign relations of the United States during this administration would of themselves have made the period a memorable one. The momentous importance of our domestic problems was in no way so strikingly exhibited as by the fact that they wholly overshadowed a series of most dramatic events of an international character. With one exception, however, these last can be no more than outlined here.

In June, 1893, a treaty with Russia was ratified. Its third article, relating to the extradition of criminals, was widely denounced even by the Democratic press; for in pledging the United States Government to deliver up to Russia all murderers or those who should be accessories to murder, no exception was made in the case of purely political assassinations. Later events have lessened among Americans this tenderness toward crimes of a political character; but in 1893, the ambiguity of the treaty was widely condemned as showing the administration's sympathy with monarchical institutions. Again, a prolonged diplomatic correspondence with the French Government led to much friction, and gave many persons an opportunity to say that the President was indifferent to the rights of American citizens abroad. The French, having invaded and conquered Madagascar, had found an American ex-consul, Mr. John L. Waller, in the enjoyment of certain valuable concessions formerly granted him by the Queen whom France had just deposed. Mr. Waller was accused of giving military information to the natives; a French court-martial tried and convicted him, and sentenced him to twenty years' imprisonment. It appeared to many that the charge and the conviction were arranged simply to deprive Mr. Waller of the concessions which French exploiters coveted. Mr. Cleveland's critics said that he had dealt with this matter in a spirit of indifference, and at variance with the spirited traditions of the State Department when in Republican hands. With Germany, also, there existed causes of irritation. The German States had partially excluded American food products—especially cattle and pork—on the pretence that they were diseased, and that the inspection at American ports was so carelessly exercised as to be practically worthless. The true motive was the protection of German landowners and agrarians against American competition. President Cleveland spoke in his messages to Congress of these unfriendly and injurious acts as "vexatious," and hinted at a policy of retaliation; yet this latter he deprecated as "leading to consequences of the gravest character." More rasping to American susceptibilities was an incident which arose from a clash between Nicaragua and Great Britain. The Central American Republic had expelled a British vice-consul named Hatch and several other British subjects, and had subjected them to indignities, because of which the British Government demanded an apology and the payment of $75,000 as a *solatium*. Nicaragua returned a flat refusal; whereupon a British man-of-war entered the Nicaraguan port of Corinto, landed marines, hauled down the Nicaraguan flag and took possession of the custom-house for the purpose of collecting the revenues until the amount of the indemnity should be secured. Although this occupation was declared to be only temporary, and although Great Britain assured the American Government that no infringement of Nicaragua's sovereignty was contemplated, the incident produced a painful impression throughout the United States. "O for one day of Blaine!" was the cry which went up from the Republican editors, who declared quite unreasonably that the Monroe Doctrine had been violated. President

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Cleveland took no spectacular action in this affair; but by putting some friendly pressure upon both governments, he persuaded the Nicaraguan President to promise payment of the $75,000, while he induced the British Government to terminate the occupation of Corinto. Conservative persons felt that the whole matter had been most admirably managed; but sensational newspapers continued to accuse the President of subserviency to Great Britain and of deserving the comprehensive epithet "un-American." Some even found fault because he had not interfered to check the Turkish massacres in Armenia; though as no American citizens were among the victims, it was hard to say just why the United States should meddle in lands so distant, especially when great Christian powers, such as England, which were by treaty responsible, did not go beyond remonstrance.

One minor episode, however, was viewed with satisfaction by Americans without regard to party. In the Republic of Brazil, the navy had revolted, and several of the more southerly States had followed its example. The insurgent leader was Admiral Mello, and it was perfectly well understood that the ulterior object of the outbreak was to restore the Empire and replace Dom Pedro or one of his family upon the throne. This was made plain in a proclamation issued by Mello's second in command, Vice-Admiral da Gama, who in January, 1894, with a part of the Brazilian fleet, was blockading the harbour and city of Rio de Janeiro. The warships of many European powers were also gathered in the harbour. Their commanders were ostensibly neutral, yet secretly willing to aid the rebels in their attempt to overthrow the young Republic. Here presently assembled an American squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Benham, and consisting of five ships.* For the first time since the close of the Civil War, the United States was represented in a critical situation by an efficient squadron of modern ships, armed with modern guns, and with an equipment that was wholly modern. The presence of this powerful group of vessels under the American flag led the foreign commanders to remain quiescent. They tacitly admitted the hegemony of the United States in an affair affecting an American Republic. What were the intentions of the Government at Washington? These were soon to be made clear. The rebel fleet had not yet received belligerent recognition, yet it was blockading a great seaport. Would the blockade be recognised? If so, the success of the revolt was almost certain, for President Peixoto could not hold out against an enemy that was able to bring Brazilian commerce to a standstill. And Peixoto's downfall meant the downfall of the Republic.

In the outer harbour of Rio de Janeiro were several American merchant vessels. They were anxious to enter with their cargoes, but da Gama's ships of war had threatened to fire upon them, and had turned them back. On January 28th, one of these American skippers got word from Admiral Benham to take his vessel, the barque *Amy*, up to the wharves on the next day. He would be amply protected. A brief note from Benham to da Gama notified the Brazilian that the United States did not recognise the blockade, and that American ships must be permitted to come and go quite unmolested. Da Gama's answer was to draw up his fleet in battle line. Admiral Benham sent an officer to the commander of each foreign man-of-war, requesting them to drop down into the lower harbour so as to be out of his own line of fire on the following day. Meanwhile, all the American ships were put into thorough fighting trim, the decks were cleared, the ammunition hoists made ready, and each cruiser, beginning with the flagship *New York*, swung around, broadside on, so as to confront the long line of their dark-hulled antagonists.

At the time appointed, the *Detroit* steamed down alongside the little merchant ship, to escort her from her moorings to the inner port. As the two moved slowly past the first Brazilian cruiser, it was a breathless moment. The American gunners stood ready to pour a terrific broadside into da Gama's fleet. Suddenly from one of the Brazilian ships a musket-shot was fired at the *Amy*. In

*These were the *New York*, the *Charleston*, the *Newark*, the *Detroit* and the *San Francisco*.

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reply a gun boomed on the *Detroit*, and a solid shot screamed angrily along da Gama's line, burying itself in the hull of the Brazilian *Trajano*. But no other shot was heard that day. The Brazilian guns were silent. Da Gama's courage had oozed away; the blockade was broken; the revolt was doomed to failure; and the Republic of Brazil was made perpetually safe from foreign interference.

But the most striking chapter in the history of American diplomatic relations under President Cleveland is one that marks a distinct epoch in our history. Even before the end of the next decade its consequences were seen logically to involve a wholly new and very startling development of American policy on the Western Hemisphere. In the President's first annual message to Congress,* the following sentence had found place:

"The boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana is yet unadjusted. A restoration of diplomatic intercourse between that Republic and Great Britain, and a reference of the question to impartial arbitration, would be a most gratifying consummation."

A year later, his second annual message† contained a much longer paragraph upon the same subject, again expressing the hope that the question at issue might be settled by reference to arbitration—"a resort which Great Britain so conspicuously favours in principle, and respects in practice, and which is earnestly sought by her weaker adversary."

Probably not one American in a million took any notice of these sentences at the time when they were given to the public. Certainly no human being could have guessed that the controversy to which they made allusion had within it mighty potentialities for mischief. The very few persons who knew anything about the subject were aware that for more than half a century there had existed a dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain over the proper boundary line between the domains of the former and the colony of British Guiana. Certain sections of territory were claimed by both countries. Venezuela's title rested upon the alleged explorations and discoveries of early Spanish adventurers, while that of Great Britain was inherited from the Dutch, who had ceded the colony to the English in 1810, without, however, defining its boundary. The whole question of delimitation was so vague as very naturally to give rise to the dispute which began as early as 1841, when the Venezuelan Government protested against the hoisting of the British flag upon what it regarded as Venezuelan soil. A request was also made for the drafting of a treaty which should describe and fix a definite boundary line. From this time a long and desultory diplomatic correspondence was carried on at intervals, sometimes with scant courtesy on the part of the British Foreign Ministers, who often left the Venezuelan notes unanswered, or in answering, gave no definite promise of satisfaction. Meanwhile, the English had themselves had a survey made by Mr. (later Sir) Robert Schomburgk, who established what Lord Aberdeen called "boundary posts" as a "preliminary measure." Great Britain, however, disclaimed any intentions of encroaching upon the disputed territory, and regarded the whole subject as still open to further negotiation.

Here the matter had rested for many years, when, in 1876, it was once more revived, and Venezuela appealed to the United States Government to interest itself in any further steps that might be taken, and to concern itself "in having due justice done to Venezuela." But something of much importance had occurred. On the territory in dispute, rich gold deposit had been discovered. It was no longer a question of getting possession of a tropical wilderness, but of securing a great mining field, stored with immense and still undeveloped riches. Therefore, English unwillingness to a boundary treaty perceptibly increased. The Venezuelan Minister in London pressed for some definite solution of the pending controversy. Lord Derby, and later Lord Salisbury, delayed giving any answer for two whole years. Meanwhile, British settlers, miners and others were entering the territory and were establishing their homes within its

*December 4, 1893.
†December 3, 1894.

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bounds. In 1880, after delaying eight months before answering another Venezuelan note, Lord Salisbury suddenly put forward as embodying his contention a claim to lands which, even by all prior British surveys, were Venezuela's. He also mentioned the fact that some 40,000 British settlers were now within the province claimed by Venezuela, intimating that this made it impossible for Great Britain to give it up. In other words, because the long delay in adjusting the boundary — a delay for which Great Britain was largely responsible—had led Englishmen to enter lands that were known to be in dispute, therefore the title to these lands must be vested in Great Britain. From this time, Venezuela argued, protested, and appealed in vain. The British Foreign Ministers held back their answers as before. They would agree to nothing. At last (February 20, 1887) diplomatic relations between the two countries were broken off. Great Britain had refused to submit the question to arbitration, and Venezuela withdrew her Minister from London, publishing a protest "before all civilised nations, against the acts of spoliation which the Government of Great Britain has committed."

During the last fourteen years of this controversy, the Government of the United States had endeavoured, in a spirit of amity, to bring about some equitable adjustment. Under President Arthur's administration, the American Minister to England—Mr. James Russell Lowell—had informed Lord Granville that the United States was "not without concern as to whatever may affect the interest of a sister Republic of the American Continent." During Mr. Cleveland's first Presidency, the matter had been pressed with much more urgency. At last, in 1886, the American Minister, Mr. Phelps, was directed to offer the good offices of the United States in settling the difficulty and to propose its arbitration, if acceptable.* To this offer and suggestion, Lord Salisbury somewhat curtly replied that arbitration was at that time impossible. Under President Harrison, Secretary Blaine had continued the policy of his predecessors, and had again pressed upon Lord Salisbury some action which would be a preliminary step to arbitration, and to the termination of the wearisome dispute.* Lord Salisbury made to this suggestion a wholly non-committal answer, postponing any decision upon the subject. Other communications were made, but to them all no definite or satisfactory reply was given. The tone of the British Foreign Office was one of civil indifference, with just a suggestion of boredom and an intimation that while the United States might be listened to out of courtesy, that country was regarded as thrusting itself into an affair with which it had no concern.

Such was the situation when President Cleveland took office for the second time. A weak South American Republic had been trying for fifty years to secure from Great Britain a determination of its boundary. The question at issue was a purely geographical and historical one, —one to be settled properly by a commission of impartial experts. Venezuela was willing to abide by the decision of such a board of arbitrators. On the other hand, Great Britain had practically refused to submit her claims to any arbitration, and had at the same time suggested no other way of ending the dispute. In July, 1894, Secretary Gresham sent a despatch† to Mr. Bayard (then Ambassador to England), which contained some very pertinent and pungent sentences. Mentioning the fact that the British Foreign Office had, since 1881, turned a deaf ear to all offers of arbitration, Mr. Gresham went on to say:

"In the meantime, successive advances of British settlers in the region admittedly in dispute, were followed by similar advances of British colonial administration, contesting and supplanting Venezuelan claims to exercise authority therein. . . . Toward the end of 1887, the British territorial claim, which had, as it would seem, been silently increased by some 23,000 square miles between 1885 and 1886, took another comprehensive sweep westward."

*Despatch of December 20, 1886.

*Despatch of May 1, 1890.
†July 13, 1894.

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This "comprehensive sweep" was taken in order to include the district in which the gold mines had been lately found. Mr. Gresham's despatch ended with a strong statement of the President's desire to see the respective rights of the two countries settled by arbitration. By this time, general attention had been drawn to the question outside of diplomatic circles, in the United States; and after President Cleveland had made a direct allusion to it in his message of December 3, 1894, Congress passed a joint resolution (February 22, 1895) urging "that Great Britain and Venezuela refer their dispute as to boundaries, to friendly arbitration." On the following day, Lord Salisbury sent a despatch to the British Ambassador in Washington, containing the assertion that "although Her Majesty's Government were ready to go to arbitration as to a certain portion of the territory, . . . they could not consent to any departure from the Schomburgk line."

Now when it is remembered that the Schomburgk line was originally drawn only as a tentative one; that at the time it was drawn the British Foreign Minister, Lord Aberdeen, had disclaimed its permanency; and that he had specifically called it "a preliminary measure to discussion," —a mere *ex parte* survey, in fact—one can measure the assurance of Lord Salisbury in declaring that the absolute acceptance of this line must be an indispensable preliminary to any negotiation whatsoever. "First give me everything I want, and then I will arbitrate as to the things which I care nothing about." Thus might Lord Salisbury's position be not unfairly summarised. At this point, President Cleveland and his new Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, felt their patience breaking down. Hitherto, the attitude of the United States had been entirely disinterested. The American State Department had given Venezuela a helping hand, out of compassion for a weak and struggling Republic; but as to the merits of the controversy no opinion had been held. It was for a court of arbitration to pass upon the facts. But now Great Britain refused a real arbitration. Its Government coolly asserted that a large and immensely valuable expanse of territory was British soil, although for fifty years the title had been admittedly uncertain. "It is ours now, because our people have settled there. We shall hold it by force, if necessary, and we refuse to allow our claim to be examined and adjudicated."

This, in the view of President Cleveland and his Secretary of State, was to traverse directly the doctrine of Monroe. As to whether their view was historically correct, there has been an immense amount of discussion. Mr. Cleveland summed up his contention in a sentence written long after:

> "We had seen her [Great Britain's] pretensions in the disputed regions widen and extend in such manner and upon such pretexts as seemed to constitute an actual or threatened violation of a doctrine which our nation long ago established, declaring that the American continents are not to be considered subjects for future colonisation by any European power."*

As the President understood the Venezuelan case, Great Britain by her arbitrary assertion of sovereignty over territory to which an American Republic had a *prima facie* claim, was extending her system over American soil, and colonising new portions of the American continent. At once, Secretary Olney, at the direction of the President, began the draft of a long and most elaborately reasoned argument, tracing the history of the Monroe Doctrine, asserting its direct application to the Venezuelan question, declaring the deep concern which the United States felt in the issue as it had now shaped itself, and concluding with a strong request that Great Britain submit the whole case to arbitration—not as before, out of regard to Venezuela's interests alone, but because the dispute now touched the rights, the honour and the dignity of the United States. The language of this despatch† was very firm. There was in its tone that which ought to have warned Lord Salisbury of the stern purpose back of it. Mr. Olney wrote that "the United States may and should intervene in a controversy primarily concerning only Great

*Cleveland, *Presidential Problems*, p. 254.
†Despatch of July 20, 1895.

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Britain and Venezuela." The United States is "to decide how far it is bound to see that the integrity of Venezuela is not impaired by the pretensions of its powerful antagonist." The United States is "entitled to resent and resist any sequestration of Venezuelan soil by Great Britain."

These were not the smooth words of European diplomacy. They smacked of gunpowder. Indeed, had they emanated from the chancellerie of a great European power, Lord Salisbury would most certainly have felt their gravity. But English Foreign Ministers had been taught to believe (and with some reason) that American State despatches are not to be judged by the tests of Old World diplomacy—that a certain rhetorical vehemence in them is to be expected and allowed.* In the second place, Lord Salisbury, like all European statesmen, made the fatal error of imagining that the Monroe Doctrine is a mere *panache* of American diplomacy—something to flutter in a popular harangue or a newspaper article, or a Presidential message; in fact, a meaningless though effective catchword, good always for a round of unintelligent applause. He did not know that, next to the passionate devotion which the American people give to their ideal of national unity, there is no political sentiment so deep-rooted and so intense among them as that which centres in the doctrine first explicitly enunciated by President Monroe. Foreigners may ignore this feeling. They may speak of it as a superstition, and of the object of it as a fetish. Some Americans, even, who are denationalised, may sneer at it. But that the great masses of the people cling to it with an ever-strengthening tenacity cannot be denied by any one who knows them well. The sagacious student of political psychology may, indeed, find in this phenomenon evidence of that popular instinct which is oftener more profoundly wise than the reasoned arguments of statesmen. The extraordinary hold which the Monroe Doctrine has always exercised upon the imagination of Americans may, then, be due to a vague and still unformulated stirring of the national consciousness which discerns, however dimly, a future wherein the whole of the Western Hemisphere shall be held under the flag of the United States. If this be so, then no wonder that a principle first enunciated under special circumstances should have been expanded and perpetuated to bar all influences which might prevent that splendid dream from coming true.

But to Lord Salisbury, the Monroe Doctrine was merely an old-time bit of diplomatic rubbish, of which a few paragraphs from his pen could readily dispose. And he made a third blunder in the estimate which he had formed of President Cleveland and Mr. Olney. He evidently thought that, like certain of their predecessors, they were now engaged in the periodical performance popularly known as "twisting the lion's tail." Lord Salisbury remembered Mr. Cleveland's dismissal of Sir Lionel Sackville-West because of the exigencies of a political campaign. No doubt, he felt that Secretary Olney's stand in the Venezuelan matter was taken to offset the administration's general unpopularity, and to win a little cheap applause. The British Premier had not forgotten his correspondence with Secretary Blaine over the Bering Sea fisheries. In that correspondence, Mr. Blaine had used undiplomatic language and had beaten the big drum; but at the critical moment he had yielded rather than take the responsibility of an open rupture with Great Britain.* These Americans are all alike, the noble Marquis doubtless said to himself; treat them firmly and they will not go beyond "tall talk." Little did he know the two men with whom he had to do—Americans of the older stock, of New England ancestry, as dogged and

*Mr. Cleveland's English biographer expresses the then current European view in the following words: "Were it possible to conceive a despatch of this character sent by one European power to another, there can be little doubt that the result would have been the transmission of his passport to the Ambassador who presented it. The foreign despatches of an American Secretary of State have only an occasional international significance. They are generally compiled with a view to home consumption."—Whittle, *President Cleveland*, p. 212 (London, 1896).

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, pp. 154, 155.

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as stiff-necked as any of their race who had remained in Britain.

Lord Salisbury, then, wholly failed to recognise the seriousness of the issue which confronted him. He took his time about composing a reply to Mr. Olney's note; and, indeed, when Congress met on December 2d, no answer had yet come from him. In the President's message of that date, this fact was noted; and the promise was made that the British note would be submitted to Congress when received. When it did come, Lord Salisbury's communication came in the form of two distinct despatches addressed to the British Ambassador in Washington, but meant to be submitted to the American State Department. The first note dealt with the relation of the Monroe Doctrine to the Venezuelan question and also the matter of arbitration; the second discussed the whole previous history of the boundary dispute.

The tone of both these notes was intensely, if unintentionally, irritating. Something of conscious patronage was there,—the air of an intellectual superior trying to make a simple matter plain to an inferior understanding. There was also subtly suggested the attitude of the great nobleman listening with patient condescension to the demands of some intrusive, persistent person whom it would be undignified to treat uncivilly. It was, in short, the pose of Sir Leicester Dedlock submitting to an interview with Mr. Rouncewell, the ironmaster. Lord Salisbury graciously explained that the Monroe Doctrine was a highly respectable principle originally enunciated by a "distinguished statesman;" but that it long ago became obsolete. It bore "no relation to the state of things in which we live at the present day." Furthermore, even if it did, her Majesty's Government could not accept it as sound and valid, for it had no place in the law of nations.

"No statesman however eminent, and no nation however powerful, are competent to insert into the code of international law a novel principle which was never recognised before, and which has not since been accepted by the Government of any other country."

Finally, his lordship was not prepared to admit that the United States had any concern whatever in any further disputes which might arise between the States having possessions in the Western Hemisphere. Still less could he accept the doctrine that the United States had any right to demand the arbitration of such disputes. In other words, the sum and substance of this note might be expressed as "Mind your own business and we will mind ours." As to arbitration itself, as a mode of settling international differences, Lord Salisbury read Mr. Olney a little lesson,—a sort of political essay on the subject,—ending in another very obvious snub. Arbitration, said his lordship, is not free from defects. It is hard to find an impartial arbitrator. It is not always easy to enforce the award when made. In short, whether or not to arbitrate in a given case is "generally a delicate and difficult question." "Only the two parties to the controversy can decide this question."

"The claim of a third nation . . . to impose this particular procedure on either of the two others cannot be reasonably justified, and has no foundation in the law of nations."

Finally, Great Britain had at times offered to arbitrate her claims to a part of the territory in dispute; but she absolutely refused to submit to arbitration the status of lands on which British subjects had for years been settled.

Some years after, an intimate friend of Mr. Cleveland was asked how the President felt when he read these two despatches. "Felt?" was the reply in an expressive Americanism; "why he felt mad clear through!" On December 17th, he sent to Congress a message accompanied by the entire correspondence. It had become generally known in Washington that something out of the usual was impending; but no one was prepared for so stirring and uncompromising a missive. As the reading of it proceeded, a dead silence settled upon the Houses, and every ear was strained to catch the slightest word.

The message began by a brief recapitulation of the facts; the nature of the controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain; the direct interest of the United States in resisting unproved claims of any European power to Ameri-

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can territory; the demand of the United States that Great Britain submit its alleged rights to a court of arbitration; and the absolute refusal of Great Britain to do so, or even to admit that the United States had any just concern in the affair at all.

Having thus summed up the facts, the President declared the duty of the United States to be a very plain one. Since Great Britain refuses to allow the true boundary to be determined by disinterested arbitration, this Government must for itself ascertain that boundary through a commission. When that commission shall report that certain territory belongs of right to Venezuela, "it will be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain" of such territory. And then occurred these ominously weighty words:

"In making these recommendations, I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realise all the consequences that may follow."

The reading of this message was received in each of the two Houses with a tumult of wild applause from Republicans and Democrats alike. The former, if anything, were the more enthusiastic. They had long taunted the President with what they called his subserviency to England and English interests; and so they dared not now appear less strenuous than he in behalf of a warlike policy. But it is unnecessary to ascribe their attitude at the moment to motives such as this. A vigorous defence of the Monroe Doctrine appeals to all Americans; and in any sudden crisis that pits the United States against a foreign power, party divisions vanish. Therefore, at once, Mr. Hitt of Illinois, the Republican leader of the House, introduced a bill appropriating $100,000 for the expense of such a commission as the President had suggested. This bill was passed in the House without delay; and though in the Senate, Mr. Sherman of Ohio suggested that it be referred to a committee, it became a law within three days.* Not a single vote in either House was cast against it. Republicans vied with Democrats in praising the boldness and patriotism of the President. From all over the country came messages of congratulation and approval. The most partisan of Republican newspapers, such as the New York *Tribune,* eulogised the President's action. Governor McKinley of Ohio telegraphed of the message: "It is American in letter and spirit; and, in a calm, dispassionate manner, upholds the honour of the nation and ensures its security."

*It was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire.

When a brief summary of the message was cabled to London on the afternoon of the 17th, the British public refused to take the matter seriously. They had not heard a word of this Venezuelan question. What on earth did it all mean? What was it about? Men rubbed their eyes and puzzled over the cabled news with utter amazement and incredulity. Surely this was only some bit of American nonsense—a political dodge—a touch of sorry buncombe. On the following morning certain members of the London Stock Exchange sent a cablegram to the New York Exchange, to express their notion that the affair was wholly humorous. The allusion in it was to the yacht races for the America Cup. The cablegram said:

"When our warships enter New York harbour, we hope that your excursion boats will not interfere with them."

Perhaps there was conveyed in this (besides the obvious jest) a hint that the American defences were practically limited to excursion-boats. The New York brokers were prompt with their reply. They cabled:

"For your sake we hope that your warships are better than your yachts."

But by this time the full text of the President's message had been published in England, and something like a panic followed. It was impossible to doubt the gravity of the situation after reading those grimly measured sentences. In them was no touch of bluster, no suggestion of anything like jingoism. An unfaltering sense of duty, a profound conviction of

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right, and the note of an inflexible purpose—these were what men found in the words which an English writer described as being full of "stateliness and force." When the true meaning of the message dawned upon the British people, a wave of consternation swept over the country. Not because England shrank from war as war, but because the very thought of war with their own kindred affected Englishmen with a moral horror. "War with America is unthinkable!" was said again and again. Clergymen spoke from their pulpits of the criminality of such a thing. The newspapers declared it to be quite impossible. The man in the street, puzzled and confused, experienced a feeling of bewilderment. Then a most unprecedented incident occurred. On New Year's Day, 354 members of the House of Commons signed and sent to the President and to Congress a memorial asking that in the future all questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States be referred to arbitration. There was an amusing lack of logic shown in sending this memorial to the President and Congress, inasmuch as both had striven earnestly to have the Venezuelan question arbitrated. That it might better have been addressed to Lord Salisbury was fairly obvious. Yet the meaning of it was clear enough. It was indirectly a disclaimer of the Premier's action, and also an appeal for peace. In like manner an address was prepared and largely signed by British authors to their American brothers of the pen, deprecating the thought of war, and asking their influence in behalf of international good will.

Of course, not all Englishmen were anxious for an amicable settlement of the dispute. The jingo and the fire-eater were here and there in evidence. When the British authors were preparing their address, Mr. Morley Roberts wrote and published a very characteristic letter in which he voiced the secret thoughts of many Tories. Said he:

"No Englishman with imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe Doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave. . . . Those who sign this precious paper go on to say that we are proud of the United States. Sir, we *might* be proud of them, but to say that we *are* proud of them is to speak most disingenuously. Who can be proud of a politically corrupt and financially rotten country, with no more than a poor minority vainly striving after health?"

And the *Saturday Review*, while declaring over and over again (as though to keep its courage up) that, of course, there would be no war, professed to think that if war came, the humiliation of the United States would be instantaneous and bitter. Discussing the military resources of the two nations, it declared: "America is now at a greater disadvantage, compared with Great Britain, than it was in 1812."*

As a purely academic question, it may be permitted to hazard a conjecture as to the probable course and issue of such a war as then seemed for a moment possible. President Cleveland's message, with its implied threat, has been often spoken of as a colossal "bluff;" and both then and afterwards men said that the United States must have yielded had the verge of war been actually reached. It is true that the national military establishment in 1896 was wretchedly inadequate for any war whatever, and most of all for a war with the greatest naval power in the world. For a number of years, the creation of a system of adequate coast-defences had been slowly going on; but as yet nothing had been completed. There existed only the nucleus of works which it would still take years to finish. When the President sent his bold message to Congress, there had been actually mounted only one high-power modern gun of really formidable calibre. So far as permanent defences and scientific fortifications were concerned, every city on the entire American seaboard was practically unprotected against the attack of a powerful fleet. Portland, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah in the East and San Francisco in the West, together with a score of smaller cities invited capture by their weakness and their wealth. Many an English naval captain and many an Eng-

**Saturday Review*, December 28, 1895.

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lish soldier must have thought longingly of this enormous mass of riches, echoing, perhaps, old Blücher's exclamation, "Was für Plunder!"* Nor as yet had the new American navy reached a growth sufficient to make it a factor in the problem of defence. Not a single battleship had been completed, and the cruisers alone were neither numerous enough nor powerful enough to meet the armoured squadrons of Britain. These facts must have been carefully conned over in the British War Office during the last days of 1895. Perhaps there was a moment when those whose touch could turn the scale may have been tempted to let it incline to war, feeling, as an Englishman afterwards expressed it, that "We are likely to suffer in our self-respect, our sense of personal security, and in our pockets, until we have succeeded in convincing some nation of the first class that . . . we are ready for war."†

But, on the other hand, there were some considerations which offset the apparent disparity of immediate resources. There can be no doubt that in the first months of such a war, the American seaboard would have suffered most severely. Some, at least, of the cities mentioned would have been laid under heavy contribution, and some would possibly have been shelled or burned. Yet the military experience of later years has shown that even improvised or hastily constructed means of defence may suffice to hold a fleet in check, and even to destroy a part of it. The torpedo, the floating mine, and all the other deadly implements of naval warfare would have been developed and used with terrible effect by a people so ingenious, so inventive, and so daring as the Americans; and these devices, supported by the heavily armoured, double-turreted monitors (*Terror, Puritan, Amphitrite, Miantonomoh, Monadnock* and *Monterey*) would probably have saved New York, and no doubt other cities; for the fortune of war does not usually give all the successes to one side.

But granting that the British fleet might have dealt ruin and devastation to the whole Atlantic seaboard, this would have been only the beginning of the war. The vast interior of the country would have still remained untouched, its resolution unimpaired, its resources unexhausted. Meanwhile, the whole of Canada would have been overrun by American armies. It has been many times asserted and as many times denied that in the event of hostilities, the British troops in Canada, heavily re-enforced, were to have commenced a campaign which Sir Redvers Buller had been selected to direct. The subsequent career of this officer and his proved weakness and incompetence in South Africa give one a criterion to judge of what he would have done against enemies a hundred-fold more numerous than the Boers, and ten thousand-fold more able to sustain a long and wasting war. Indeed, ere a single troopship could have sailed from England, an army of half a million men would have swarmed across the Canadian frontier. The permanent conquest of all British America, with the flourishing cities of Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. Johns and Halifax, would have been a more than adequate compensation for the hasty plundering of a few American seaports. Moreover, the loss to Great Britain would have been tremendously augmented by the destruction of her commerce with the United States, by the paralysis of her shipping trade, which carries so large a share of American products, by the cutting off of her abundant food supplies, and, perhaps, by the confiscation of the hundreds of millions of British capital invested in American enterprises. Again, as the war went on, the American navy would have swiftly gained the power of taking the offensive. In navy yards inaccessible to attack, the battleships and formidable cruisers and torpedo-boats already half completed would have been finished and new ones rapidly laid down, until at last a mighty fleet would have issued to give battle on the open seas; while swarms of commerce destroyers would have swept the ocean clean of British merchantmen. Already, in 1895, at the opening of the German ship-canal at Kiel, two of the new American cruis-

*See a characteristic chapter in Kipling's *American Notes*, on the American coast defences.

†Whittle, *op. cit.*, pp. 227, 228.

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ers, the *New York* and the *Columbia,* had won the instant notice of all the foreign naval experts. The *Columbia,* in particular, both for the strength of her armament and her extraordinary speed, was an object of curiosity and of some disquietude. Her speed was made apparent on her return voyage, when she made the passage from Southampton to New York under natural draught and in heavy weather, in six days and twenty-three hours, distancing the English-built liner *St. Louis* and the German-built liner *Augusta Victoria.* A score of cruisers such as the *Columbia,* able to escape from the more sluggish battleships, and fitted to destroy all smaller craft, would have put an end to ocean trade in British bottoms and ruined the great shipping interests of Glasgow, Liverpool, and London.

But there still remained another element which must have been seriously pondered by the British Cabinet. Lord Salisbury at this time may well have echoed Bismarck's saying after Sadowa, in 1866—"We are not living alone in Europe." Involved in a gigantic war with the United States, how would imperial Britain have safeguarded her prestige in other quarters of the globe? Germany stood ready to grasp eagerly at the sceptre of commercial supremacy. France would have extended her African possessions without the humiliation of a Fashoda. Russian armies could have occupied Constantinople or pushed back the frontiers of India. The Boers might have secured their independence without a blow, or, by setting forward the time for their great struggle, have won it gloriously. Indeed, had England and the United States engaged in war, they would have taken quite unequal risks. Upon the latter, the contest must have inflicted great material losses. Its prosperity would have been crippled and its expansion checked for many a year; yet in the end, the Republic would have emerged with no impairment of its power or prestige. But to Great Britain, which had so many hostages to give to fortune, defeat would have spelled instant ruin; while even victory (if we concede that victory was possible) would have been purchased at a price of which no Englishman could think without a shudder.

Fortunately, so appalling a catastrophe was averted, never, perhaps, again to be so imminent. In the end, public feeling in Great Britain came to recognise that no strip of South American territory, even were it piled knee-deep with gold, was worth a war between the two great English-speaking peoples. The blame of the whole unfortunate imbroglio was very justly laid upon Lord Salisbury, for allowing what was in itself an unimportant question to drift into the magnitude of a *casus belli.* Yet the *impasse* still continued. However great the blunder which he had committed, the British Premier could scarcely cry "Peccavi" and ask the American President to forgive him. It was then that the way to peace was made smooth by the American Commission which Mr. Cleveland had promptly appointed on January 1st. This body, through Secretary Olney, asked the governments of Great Britain and Venezuela for such documentary evidence as would aid it in its investigation. In each case a most courteous assent was given. A month later,* Ambassador Bayard, in view of the marked public demonstrations in both England and the United States, proposed to Lord Salisbury that the Venezuelan question be discussed at Washington, with a view to ultimate arbitration. This was a decided proffer of the olive-branch, and Lord Salisbury responded five days later in a note in which he cordially agreed to Mr. Bayard's suggestion, and concluded with this significant sentence:

> "I have empowered Sir Julian Pauncefote to discuss the question either with the representative of Venezuela *or with the Government of the United States acting as the friend of Venezuela.*"

This little sentence conceded the whole matter at issue. It recognised the United States as entitled to interfere on behalf of an American Republic as against a European power, and it tacitly withdrew the prior British declaration that such interference had no warrant in the law of nations. In other words, Great Britain accepted President Cleveland's new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as a

*February 27, 1896.

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principle to be recognised thereafter in Anglo-American relations. Soon after, Lord Salisbury, not to be gracious by halves, withdrew his insistence upon the Schomburgk line, and agreed to submit the whole question to arbitration. A formal treaty to that effect was signed at Washington on February 2, 1897.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the profound impression which the Venezuelan affair produced upon the statesmen of Continental Europe,—an impression that was reflected in the press and in many monographs and special publications. The prestige of the United States was enhanced immensely,—a fact of which Americans abroad were made aware in many ways. Their country was now spoken of in a tone of grave respect that was altogether new. A thoughtful observer who had carefully studied the drift of European opinion, wrote that

"The best informed French and German journalists, though they acknowledge the equity and prudence of the compromise which has been reached, think it necessary to point out that it involves possibilities of considerable gravity, not merely to England and the United States but also to the civilised world in general."*

And he cites the very able *Kölnische Zeitung* as saying:

"A precedent has been established by the joint action of the two Anglo-Saxon powers, the effects of which are likely to be felt long after the British Guiana boundary question has been forgotten."

But the most explicit statement of just what Lord Salisbury's concession meant, was made by the London *Times* in these terse sentences:

"From the point of view of the United States the arrangement is a concession by Great Britain of the most far-reaching kind. It admits a principle that in respect of South American republics the United States may not only intervene in disputes, but may entirely supersede the original disputant and assume exclusive control of the negotiations. Great Britain cannot, of course, bind any other nation by her action, but she has set up a precedent which may in the future be quoted with great effect against herself, and she has greatly strengthened the hands of the United States Government in any dispute that may arise in the future between a South American Republic and a European power in which the United States may desire to intervene."*

In the United States, many and various were the opinions that were rife regarding President Cleveland's bold and somewhat startling course. Of the unfavourable criticisms uttered at the time, it will be necessary to speak hereafter. But perhaps the matured judgments of two able men who were not of Mr. Cleveland's party may be cited as embodying the final verdict of his countrymen. Dr. Edward Stanwood, a close student of American political history and long an intimate friend of Mr. Blaine, sums up very briefly the outcome of the Venezuelan episode as "the most signal victory of American diplomacy in modern times."† And Mr. John W. Foster, an experienced and sagacious diplomat, who succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State in President Harrison's Cabinet, gives his deliberate opinion in these words: "I regard the President's action as a consistent, judicious and necessary application of the true intent and spirit of the [Monroe] Doctrine."‡

But whatever opinion may be held regarding the wisdom of President Cleveland's action, or the accuracy with which he then developed a fundamental doctrine of American polity, one impressive fact cannot be questioned. The interpretation which he gave was instantly accepted by his countrymen and has been confirmed and extended by his successors. In less than a decade, indeed, its far-reaching significance was to receive a practical demonstration. Had nothing else occurred to make his administration memorable, this Venezuelan incident would have sufficed; since through it, President Cleveland left an ineffaceable mark upon the history, not of the United States alone, but of the whole Western Hemisphere and of the world.

**Nineteenth Century*, December, 1896.

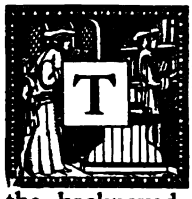
**Times*, November 14, 1896.

†Stanwood, *A History of the Presidency*, p. 520. (Boston, 1898.)

‡Foster, *A Century of American Diplomacy*, p. 473. (New York, 1900.)

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THE PURPOSE NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



TO any one who looks upon the tendencies of modern fiction with a broad sanity of judgment, there is something rather irritating in the arbitrary narrowness of the hackneyed phrase, a novel with a purpose. One wonders by what occult process of logic or linguistics it came to be restricted only to those novels written with a particular sort of purpose, and thus by implication to stigmatise all other novels as having been written with no purpose at all. One might very justly claim that a story written quite frankly with no higher purpose than that of affording an hour's entertainment is just as much entitled to have its purpose recognised as is the novel written to convince us of the errors of Mormonism or the cruelty of vivisection. But without stopping to quibble over the literal meaning of the phrase, it seems worth while to ask whether, even in its narrower sense, it is intelligently applied? Whether, in short, the novelists who are popularly recognised as the best exponents of the Purpose Novel have really hit upon the most effective way of indicting the existing conditions of life and of preaching reform.

When an author sits down to write a Purpose Novel, he is really trying to sugar-coat a lesson in religion, or economics, or social ethics. He is convinced that certain existing conditions, ranging anywhere from the principle of a protective tariff to the prevalent use of chewing gum, is threatening the integrity of the nation, and that he has been foreordained to effect a reformation. And so, with misplaced zeal, he produces a sort of literary paradox, a realistic allegory, a twentieth century Æsop's Fable, fitting the award to virtue and the punishment to the crime with a sureness and a celerity never seen outside of an old-fashioned Sunday-school story or a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. It does not seem to make much difference how wise or skilful or broad-minded a writer is, the instant that he convinces himself that some single error of theology or social customs or business usage is responsible for a large share of existing evil; the instant he takes up his pen to abolish—race suicide, let us say, or the prevailing manner of dressing the hair; the instant he says to himself, "I will write a story proving that only the parents of families exceeding the dozen limit shall inherit the earth; or, that all the foolish virgins who wear pompadours shall remain unhappy old maids," he is unconsciously making an atrocious caricature of life. Even such an uncompromising dealer in facts as Emile Zola, in the very ripeness of his powers, became, under the obsession of his Four Gospels, guilty of such opéra-bouffe extravagance as the closing chapters of *Fécondité* and *Travail*.

In real life. Nature has her own way of footing up the account. In every generation there are certain established standards of living, physical and moral, which an individual or a nation violate at their own peril. The author who learns, by actual observation of life, that certain social abuses sooner or later bring their own punishment, and who can put the fruit of his observations into a story, with the dispassionate art of a painter picturing a group of storm clouds, is writing the only sort of Purpose Novel that is worthy of the name. Yet a novel of this sort must, by definition, be the purest and most unadulterated sort of realism. The personal equation, the spirit of the reformer, the whole motive that gives the Purpose Novel its name might just as well be absent for all the influence it has in shaping the plot of the novel based upon direct observation of life. Suppose, for instance, that a novelist of the first rank should undertake to write a story that should be an indictment of modern business methods, of unlawful combinations of capital, of "graft" in politics, and law courts, and

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the railway corporations. Suppose he should show us a multi-millionaire, a railway king, a coal baron, or one of the mighty few who corner the food products of the world, and should tell us that because he made his money through unscrupulous methods, the last estate of this man was worse than the first—he must take his choice between two methods. He must either frankly use the old Greek fate motive, the doctrine of the avenging furies, and punish his man by earthquake or pestilence, disaster by flood and fire, or he may follow the subtler, the only modern way, that of studying nature's method of punishing such a man, and showing us how, with all his outward success, the achievement of his life's ambitions, there comes at times a vague misgiving, the sting of a newspaper jibe, the reproach of an old-time friend, that give the taint of dead sea fruit to his prosperity. Such a novel may be truly said to accomplish a purpose—and none the less if the author gives no hint from the first page to the last whether he has the slightest personal bias regarding the hero's standards of morality. By all means, let us have more problem novels, if by that we are to understand novels dealing with the serious issues of modern life; but let them be strictly impersonal. Let life be trusted to teach its lessons in its own relentless, inevitable way. And let the author remember that the more interesting and convincing he makes his characters and his problem, just so much the more does the reader resent the obtrusion of the author's private opinions.

Thoughts similar to these were suggested by reading the latest volume by Professor Robert Herrick, *The Memoirs of an American Citizen.* Whether the author was influenced in his choice of subject by the present vogue of Lawsonism and kindred attacks on "graft" and corruption; and whether his novel is a *roman à clef,* built up, like *Old Gorgon Graham,* around a well-known personality in the Chicago world, are questions for the news columns, not for serious criticism. They are questions necessarily of local and ephemeral interest. Whether the book itself is of ephemeral or enduring worth is the question that concerns the critic.

"The Memoirs of an American Citizen."

The first thing that one feels impelled to say of these *Memoirs of an American Citizen* is that no other American novel in many months has equalled it in point of pure, impersonal realism. No more absolute, unswerving merger of the author in the character of his hero, of his self-effacement in the interest of good art, could even be conceived of. The biographer of Professor Herrick, if forced to rely upon this volume for a character sketch, would search in vain for a single tangible expression of opinion on any point of religion, morality or business integrity. And yet—and here, perhaps, is where the finest art of all comes in—one lays down the book with the profound conviction that the author had the subtlest of purposes in every line he wrote, and that while he did not allow himself to transgress the observed facts of life, he shrewdly chose and emphasised those facts that would persistently beat home the meaning of the lesson with the tireless iteration of a trip-hammer.

When we first make Harrington's acquaintance, he is sleeping, among a miscellaneous herd of men in hard luck, on a strip of waste land, along the Chicago lake front. More bad luck lands him within twenty-four hours in jail, accused of theft, and only an honest face and a straightforward story save him from the penitentiary. Harrington told his own story in his own way to the shrewd old judge; in his own way he is allowed to tell it to us throughout the book. From the opening page one gets a clear-cut impression of energy, resourcefulness and great business shrewdness, coupled with a conviction that all is fair on the battlefield of commercial strife. With unblushing frankness he pictures each successive step in his steady, rapid, almost Aladdin-like progress; his use of the dollar the old judge had given him; his first job, tying up parcels in a retail market; his big upward stride, as driver for one of the large wholesale packers; his first small speculation in pork; his private venture in a special brand of sausage—to be sold later on for a small fortune to the great Strauss & Co.; his rise to a position of control in the con-

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servative house of Dround & Co.; his giant scheme to consolidate a dozen of the smaller houses, already tottering to their fall, to form one vast combination, and by acquiring certain railroads and building others, to control the market of the Southwest—a carefully planned campaign of many years. All of these things he does—honestly when he can, but he does them. If there is a bright, hard-working little stenographer or bookkeeper whose personal interest will help his advancement, he multiplies his attentions to the verge of a proposal; then, when her usefulness is waning, throws her aside without compunction. When the employer who has trusted him is in desperate straits, he calmly prepares to desert to the enemy, but at the last moment, convinced that his own interest will be best served by remaining and risking a "big gamble," with equal readiness throws over the enemy, who counted upon his promise. When his company is incorporated, there is always a big block of stock waiting for those who can smooth his upward path. If an injunction is issued against the company, he says, "Tell that judge there is $25,000 waiting for him the day the injunction is dissolved." If a new city ordinance will help his plans, he buys the aldermen; if a new railway must be put through, he buys the legislature. And when the time comes for his political ambitions to ripen, he buys his way into the United States Senate.

All this, as already intimated, is told with an unblushing assumption that it is something to be genuinely proud of, an achievement due to shrewd, unflagging observance of legitimate, twentieth-century business methods. His attitude towards his critics is not a pose; it is simply the frank incomprehension of a mind on a different moral plane, where a meeting of minds is impossible. But the finest art in the whole book, the subtle touch which gives it an ethical value superior to any sermon, is the depression which from time to time steals over this successful modern robber-baron—a depression that arises from the knowledge that he is despised by just a few persons whose respect would be very precious to him: the sister-in-law, who would rather starve than let her husband take one penny from his hand; the crotchety old New England banker, who bravely stood by him in the early years, but revolted before the scandal of bribing a judge; the lawyer, Slocum, whom he has used as a tool for twenty years, and whom he is at last powerless to reward, because the one thing that Slocum has ever coveted is something that mere money could never buy—a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States. That these few, and some others—his own brother, his own wife—despise him, Harrington cannot forget, and although he never can understand their attitude, it rankles persistently.

"The Man of the Hour"

In *The Man of the Hour,* Octave Thanet's first venture in the form of a full-fledged novel, there is no such subtle veiling of the author's purpose as in Robert Herrick's book. The errors and the dangers of socialism are the subject of her sermon in fiction, and while the story is not lacking in strength, nor in that finer character-drawing that the writer's previous work has associated with her name, one feels more than once that the plot has been moulded to fit a preconceived thesis. The man of the title-rôle is the victim of clashing instincts, inherited partly from the Russian princess, his mother, whose socialistic doctrines banished her from the land of her birth; and partly from the methodical, far-sighted man of business, his father, whose tolerance for the whims of the Russian princess became exhausted when she disturbed the peace of their home in a Western manufacturing town by harbouring a nest of Russian nihilists. Little Johnny-Ivan, his very name proclaiming his mixed origin, grew up under a curious strain, his father and mother rivalling each other in filling his small brain with their opposing views. Consequently, when he arrived at manhood, an orphan deprived by his father's will of the greater part of the latter's fortune, he finds that he is strangely at war with himself. On the one side is the shrewd business instinct, the hereditary love for the old mill his father built up and ran prosperously for so many years.

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On the other is his inherited sympathy for his mother's protégé and friends, the socialists. For a time the latter instinct conquers, and he becomes a champion of labour and a fellow-labourer among the roughest classes that the Chicago machine shops boast. But finally, through practical lessons learned amid strikes and riots and bloodshed, he learns the useful lesson of the value of law and order, and through this eventually becomes the "Man of the Hour." Herein lies the artificiality of the plot. One feels that in real life Johnny-Ivan would never have learned his lesson, or else he would have died from the severity of it.

"The Sign of the Fox."

That calm, clear-sighted writer, who chooses to mask her identity under the name of "Barbara," boasts of no more pronounced purpose than that of making us realise the superior attractions of a simple, wholesome life, apart from the roar and bustle of the "Whirlpool City." *At the Sign of the Fox* is not a story that can claim any special strength, but it has the unmistakable charm of good breeding, wholesome philosophy and a genuine love of nature. There is a tranquil old New England farm, which Brook Lawton in her childhood once christened her "River Kingdom," little thinking the refuge it was destined to be in later years. The Lawtons are a family of importance in the Whirlpool City, both socially and financially; but one night Brook's father is found in his room, stricken with cerebral hemorrhage; and the next day the city is ringing with the details of a financial crash that is further embittered with the taint of dishonour. The only flotsam from the wreckage is that little bit of New England farm land; and hither Brook takes her invalid mother, her stricken father, her brave courage, and her ideals; and here she works out a practical scheme of life; and here the simple romance of her life comes to a fulfilment. The book is one of those that leave a pleasant taste behind them, even though one may gravely question whether a woman could meet the man she loves day after day, in the guise of a farm-hand, and never once suspect his identity.

"The Boss of Little Arcady."

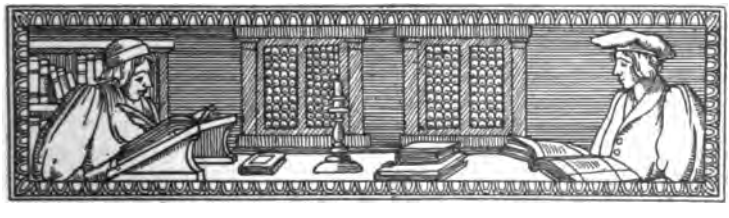
Harry Leon Wilson is an admirable example of a novelist who can build up a novel around a very definite purpose without obtruding his own personal bias or doing violence to one's sense of reality. Yet in his latest story, *The Boss of Little Arcady*, one feels that for once he has written primarily for the story's sake, and that whatever purpose the reader gleans from between the lines is of that half unconscious sort that comes from the faithful interpretation of simple, average lives. Indeed, the nearest approach one can make to a concrete statement of a definite motive is, that Mr. Wilson has tried to make us feel how narrow a dividing line there is between the poetry and the prose of life, and how full of romance is the narrow sphere of the usual man and woman, if we could only see it. But to see it, he adds, we must retain our early faith in the sufficiency of our own little town or village; we must go back "to the days of a boy's Little Arcady, when all the world beyond was but a place from which to order merchandise." It is a whimsical book that Mr. Wilson has given us this time, a book that is scarcely a novel at all, in the accepted sense, a book that drags somewhat at the start, at the same time that it is surreptitiously fastening its hold upon you,—and then suddenly you find that certain of its characters have twined themselves into your affections, and that you cannot lay the book down until you have assured yourself that at last all has gone quite well with them. A veteran of our Civil War, who has come back from his four years' service with an empty sleeve, and the rank of major; a fine old Southern lady, whom fate had stripped of all her possessions save her daughter, her household furniture, and the loyalty of one old darkey; Uncle Maje, Miss Caroline, Little Miss and Clem, these are the four that one feels it something of a privilege to have known. All the rest, down to the Boss of Little Arcady himself, are but the background, the stage setting, the scene-shifter's devices for imparting reality to that Little Country which "exists no more save as a wraith in remembering minds."

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"The Missourian."

It may be laid down as a working rule that the writer of an historical novel has no profounder purpose than to make recorded history cast an illusion of reality over a series of adventures which, if accredited to our own time and country, would read like grotesque and arrant nonsense. There are probably enough exceptions to prove the rule, but *The Missourian,* by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., is not one of them. It is easy to see that the author knows his Dumas to some purpose. Without slavishly following the formula, he has produced a volume every bit as readable as the average Stanley Weyman novel,—and with rather more virility of treatment. The setting of the book is Mexico during the brief reign of Maximilian. The plot shows how an army of Confederate soldiers might have saved the Emperor his crown, and how a Frenchwoman, working in the interest of Napoleon III., caused him to lose it. The hero of the story, of course, is the Missourian,—a sort of distant cousin to Mr. Wister's Virginian,—who comes to Maximilian with a tempting proposition from the Confederate armies; and there are times when he quite wins your admiration, with his nonchalance, his soft voice and his wonderful readiness with his pistol. But after a while you get so used to having him arrested, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot; so used to having him captured by brigands, or mistaken for the wrong man, or betrayed by the woman he loves; and always reprieved or rescued in the very nick of time,—that at last the sensation palls on the palate, like too prolonged a use of high condiments. Here, for instance, is an example of literary over-seasoning, which, far from being exceptional, is fairly characteristic of the book's style. The Missourian has once again been captured by Maximilian's troops, and sentenced to be shot on the morrow. He is imprisoned, along with his own horse, in a solid adobe hut. He has just learned that the Frenchwoman loves him, and tells himself theatrically, "Now I am not going to die!" Adobe walls will crumble easily if wet, so he persuades his gaoler to bring him a bath, because Protestants always take a bath before they are executed, and spends the night softening and excavating the wall of his gaol,—not making a complete hole, if you please, although this he might easily have done, but leaving a thin film of moistened brick, so that the next morning, when the soldiers come to shoot him, he can surprise them by galloping away apparently through a solid brick wall,—and he times his movement so nicely that his horse makes its spring through the wall just after the soldiers fire, but before the bullets have time to reach the hero. One recalls no case of such astounding timeliness in fiction since Georges Ohnet made the heroine of *Le Maître de Forges* reach the duelling ground in time to catch in her hand the bullet aimed at her husband, just as it left his adversary's pistol. On second thoughts, perhaps the secret purpose of Mr. Lyle was to see how far he could tax his reader's credulity.

Frederick Taber Cooper.



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THE PERILS OF ORIGINALITY

A "CONDENSED NOVEL" OF TO-DAY



RIBALD sun held one last carouse at "Horizon Tavern" and then blearily reeled over, terminating a long and heated August bacchanal. The relief from his sodden tyranny was electric and the reek and fume at once cleared away. Throttling vapours relaxed their death-grip on mountain and on meadow. Crag faces cleared. Someone wiped the lake's blurred surface and Nature complacently resumed her prinking. Clouds peacocked past it, trailing rich brocades; busy bird commuters paused in their homeward rush hour to straighten dusty bonnets, while, alone in her poppy-petalled canoe, a girl smiled at her own purged reflection and lightly scrambled a frothy omelet of dreams.

During the past year Vienna Lansing's world had slowly turned to gingham. The grey martyrdom of days had told upon her sadly, though each night brought its liberal hiatus to a temperament all imagination. And especially after such an ordeal as had just passed, the lush call of the dark was more than ordinarily compelling.

As she had ballooned her way along the shore, wide-skirted and scarce touching foot to earth in her so buoyant acceptance, the stammering leaves that blundered in her path had needed no apology. She revelled in the placid festival. A sullen rose smote her; she caught it and bore it swooning on her breast. Night shook out lilac chiffons, foppish stars thronged inquisitively, an abundant moon spoke to her of harvests, —in such wise had Vienna Lansing come to her own again.

And even as she drifted up and down in her light craft, muffled in the worsted of soft thoughts she would will true, a strong man swung himself far out upon a derrick and dropped into the seat opposite her. Her heart went purple, her white teeth quivered, her tongue churned heavily, but no words came, and still she failed his punctual eyes. She yielded him a hand of pith. At last: "Oh, Pod!" she purred.

* * * * *

A cigar box was not primarily intended to hold either bombs or buttons. And so it fell that Love came to Vienna through pale trees and re-enshrined his pungencies.

G. W. A.



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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION



"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—ACT II

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MAXINE ELLIOTT IN CLYDE FITCH'S "HER GREAT MATCH"

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OLGA NETHERSOLE IN PAUL HERVIEU'S "A CASE OF DIVORCE"

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"DE LANCEY"

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THE PRODIGAL SON

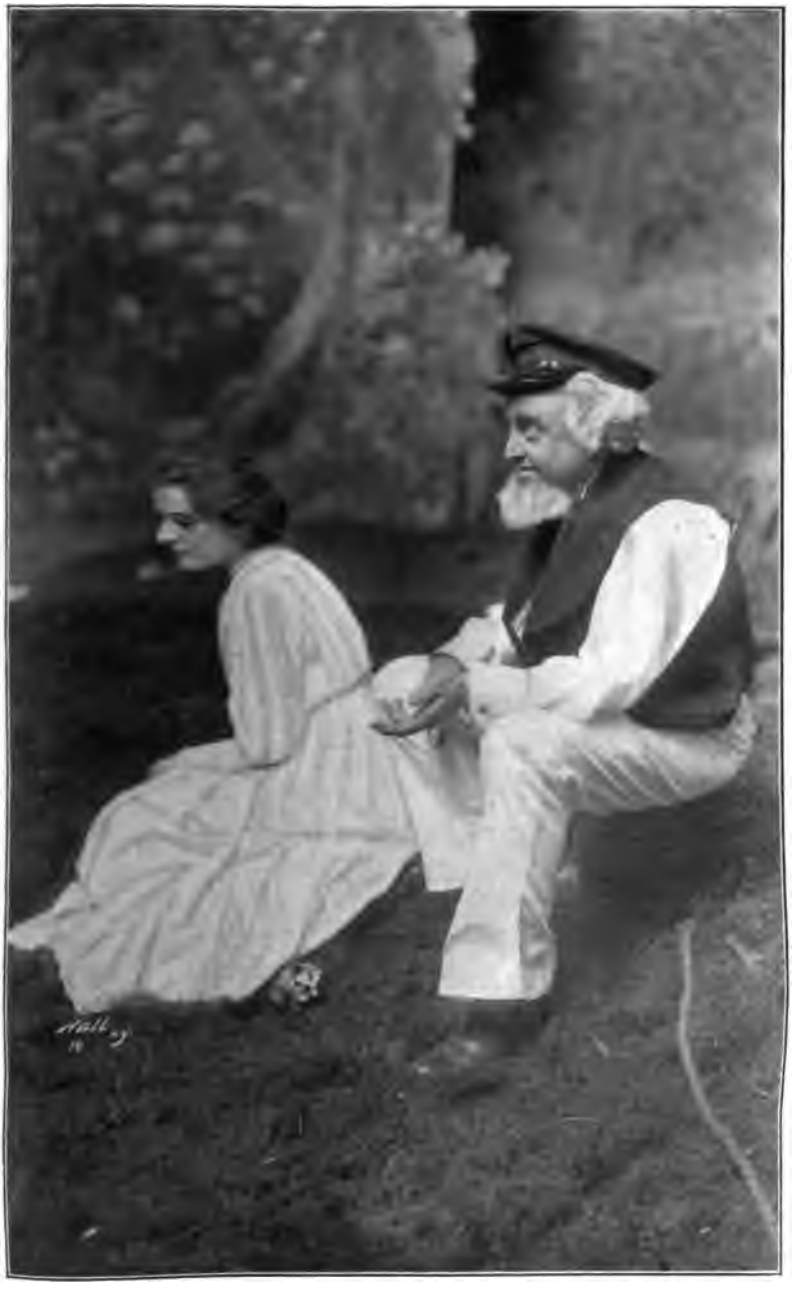
IDA WATERMAN AS ANNA — EDWARD MORGAN AS MAGNUS — CHARLOTTE WALKER AS THORA — AUBREY BOUCICAULT AS OSCAR — J. E. DODSON AS THE FACTOR — W. H. THOMPSON AS THE GOVERNOR — MARIE WAINWRIGHT AS AUNT MARGARET

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"THE SQUAW MAN"

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NAT GOODWIN IN "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE"

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THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON OFF SARDINIA

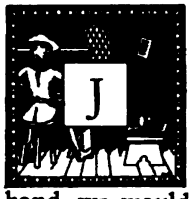
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A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER I



OHN and I are going to get a divorce and an automobile! Perhaps I should say an automobile and then a divorce, for the auto is to come first, but, on the other hand, we would not get the machine did we not intend to get a divorce too, and, yet, we would not be able to get the divorce without the machine. Naturally, I am a little excited over these purchases, never having had an auto before—nor a divorce either, for that matter, but I wish to make myself quite clear, that injustice may not be done me by those who have little understanding of the new thought, ditto woman. I would not have mother know it for the world, but, primarily, she is the cause for my leaving John, nor would I dare let her know that I am leaving him. She wouldn't allow it for a moment, and would say terrible old-fashioned things about not knowing on which side my bread is buttered. Moreover, one would think John her son by the way she raves over him, and I only an in-law person. I suppose she feels obliged to stand by her choice. Well, perhaps John was some my choice too, but it was she who sent me off on the visit to Aunt Jane's, "that I might appreciate a good home when I got back" (though, of course, I never told Aunt Jane that), and it was she who allowed me to stay on after having heard of my meeting John Ward, and of his making such outrageous love to me when I was only seventeen and ought to have been playing with dolls; and while I wouldn't want to say it to her face, I'm quite sure if Aunt Jane hadn't been so set against the marriage she would not have encouraged it at all. The very day Aunt Jane wrote home that John was much too nice to anchor himself to a flyaway like me, mother sent the family wedding veil out to be mended; and so here I am married for ten years and not a line in my face. It seems only fair that she should pay the expenses of the divorce, really it does, especially since the grounds are going to be so costly.

That sounds like a real estate deal, but it is something much better, it's Italy and France in an automobile (I *must* learn to say motor car, it's so simple and so English), and, of course, it's not the mere clay of these countries that is to be the means of our separation, though that might be called the background, if I wasn't very serious over this. The real ground for divorce is to be incompatibility of temper, and even with such a good reason I believe I'll have to live in New Jersey for a long while, though John has promised to make me comfortable in our Morristown place—which is very kind of him.

I am generous and broad and perfectly good friends with John. Indeed, my present attitude is the result of my broadening view of life. There is something very fine in going about knowing that your mind is getting larger every minute, while your figure remains exactly the same. It makes one kind and compassionate to fat women who, strangely enough, move in small circles and have no breadth of view whatever. Contact with all kinds of people has helped to give me this wide vision. I don't mean that I will ever know any of the wrong kind, but going up and down in elevators with them, or sitting near them in a restaurant, or having them in the next apartment to you even (until you can get hold of the agent), all tends to make you tolerant and gentle with those more unfortunate than yourself. Religion, too, has helped me. It was I who headed a movement in our Minerva Club to supply all the Raines Law hotels with Bibles, and I, at my own expense, stocked one dread-

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ful place three times, since the guests were continually stealing them. (I never spoke of this before. John laughed at me so insultingly when I told him of my little effort that I thought it best in the future not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth.) But the Minerva Club has done more to widen my horizon than any other medium in my life, and it is the club that I will have to thank for the freedom which will soon be mine—if John will just behave himself and help me.

We discuss all sorts of subjects at our club. I shan't bother about remembering any of them now, except the theory which George Meredith advanced this year and which caused so much talk in the papers—that suggested clause in a marriage contract, I mean, which permits a man and woman to separate at the end of ten years if they find themselves incompatible. That thought took hold of me from the first, and so it did with several members who have been married just ten years, too. We would talk about it for hours, but always as we were about to arrive at some conclusion, one of the women would look at her watch, shriek out that she was expecting her husband home early and bound away. One by one they did this until I was the only one left who dared go home as late as I pleased. It made me despise them horribly, and at last, over some "fruit" punch, which one of the husbands had sent in to us from his club near by, I told the whole meeting what I thought of women made of words, not actions, and how we, who were among the pioneers in liberty of thought, should be pioneers in liberty of movement, and I, for one, was ready to demonstrate my belief. It created great excitement, there were cries of "Hear! Hear!" and murmurs of "Isn't she splendid?" and "Fine mentality!" and just as I felt I was reaching the zenith of my ambition and perhaps would be elected president next year, a mean woman in the back seat called out coolly, "Well, why don't you demonstrate?" There were some snickers from various members who had felt my attack, and all in a flash I answered back: "I am about to demonstrate, my friends. My ten years of slavery will soon be at an end." After that I quietly left the platform, amid the hurrahs of my supporters—and hurried home to dinner.

It must have been a very good dinner, for John was in excellent humour, but my head whirled so I didn't know what I was eating, and I wondered how John could call me "Little Peggy," and lean over and cut up my filet in that silly way he has, when he saw such grave determination in my eyes. I tried several times to tell him of my decision, but I could get no farther than the name of the club, when he would go off into explosions of laughter. However, I waited for him to come home from his rubber at whist that evening (I received him in a dressing gown, with my hair all over my shoulders, so as to let him know what he was losing) and I managed to give him some idea of the events of the day. I must say that he took it very well, though I found myself dreadfully frightened. Once or twice I thought he was smiling; his hand half shaded his face from the firelight and I couldn't see very well, but I believe now it was a quiver of pain, and it made me sad that I must hurt so good a man, yes, and attractive, though thirty-eight, and slightly grey on the temples. When I had finished my plea, or, rather, my demand for a release from him, he had pulled himself together and was in fine form.

"See here, little girl," he said, "you have talked a lot about this ten-year contract. I have had it all winter, often at breakfast, over the eggs, sometimes as late as the cheese at dinner, frequently a curtain lecture while I finished my cigar. I got my measure of fun out of it, and no doubt you have, but there's little fun in dragging our domestic affairs onto the dinky platform of a woman's club. Now you've declared yourself to this party of nutty hens and you've got to live up to it"—

"Got to," I cried out, getting over on his knee as quickly as possible, as I always do when I want to make my point, "got to—why I pine for it. I must have more life, more freedom, I want to think for myself"—

"Here's your chance," he interrupted rudely, sitting me down quite hard, "do

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some thinking right now—what's the cause for this divorce?"

"Incompatibility of temper," I answered, ready for him.

"Where are your witnesses?" he flung back.

"The servants," I snapped.

John roared. "Have I ever struck you? Have we ever quarrelled? Have I ever used cruel and abusive language?"

"Not yet," I admitted, a little flustered, and then, struck by a happy thought, "however, it takes two to make a quarrel, John, and I expect you to help me out in this—as—as a gentleman should."

At this he went off into another convulsion of mirth, but afterwards sobered up a bit, and holding me very straight, with his hands on my shoulders, he shook his head gravely at me. "No, Peggy," he said, "we'll not smutty up our nice little home, full of its happy memories, for the sake of servants' evidence, nor will I send you to Dakota on a ninety-day rest cure, but if you'll leave it to me, I'll think of a way, some way, my dear."

"Very well, John," I answered, mollified. "You think of a way, and I'll get the divorce. That's a fair divide."

The very next day John found a way (that's a rhyme, but I won't change it, for luck). He said it came to him like an inspiration when he passed an automo—I mean a motor-car agency. I looked very hard at John when he told me this, for he has been at me to let him buy a motor for a long time, but I contained myself, and when he had entirely unfolded his plan, I was forced to admit it was very good, even though he gained his point about buying a car. Once I had told him that he would have to choose between a motor car and me, and I hated to weakly recapitulate, but now, as he himself was unkind enough to suggest, I need have no feeling about going back on my word, as I would be leaving only a few weeks after the arrival of the abhorred purchase, and in the meantime it was serving its original purpose as a means of separating us.

His idea is to buy a good American machine—John is American to the backbone—take it to Naples with us, and drive it through Italy and France clear up to Cherbourg, or some such port on our return trip home. I am to accompany him and keep a diary, in which I am to register our daily bickerings, and when the time comes bring it into court as evidence against him—which he will not deny. We went into the subject very thoroughly, and I told John I would not be "made a monkey of," to borrow one of his phrases, and go over there only to have him angelic to me during the entire trip. But he said he would not beat his wife even before a Frenchman, though I could put into my diary what I wished. It was quite bad enough, he said, to admit striking a woman, to say nothing of doing so. John is the only man I ever knew who preferred the name to the game.

The only other serious hitch to the arrangement is a possibility of a judge throwing out any evidence on ill temper for the reason that automobiling brings out a disposition peculiarly its own, and one not calculated to interfere with domestic happiness as soon as the couple get out of the car. This occurred to me after running out to Greenwich with the Haverlys yesterday. He drove, and Mrs. Haverly sat with him and insisted upon leaning over to work the tooter whenever they passed a house, no matter how clear the road was. She said it was a nice car and she wanted people to see them. Her husband was wild; he said it was a "cheap skate" thing to do and called her the most shocking names under his breath, though not entirely under—by straining my ears I heard most all of them, and gathered several expressions that will read well out of my diary. It was not for selfish reasons that I listened, however. I did it out of kindness to Mrs. Haverly, who might want evidence herself some day, though one would never believe it possible, to hear their billing and cooing as soon as they get out of the auto. It made me very uncomfortable, and if we strike a judge who has a wife and a car both, our divorce won't have a leg to stand on.

I spoke of this to John and suggested that he think of something else, but he became quite peevish about it, said it was the surest way he knew and the quickest.

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and he hoped I wouldn't disappoint him. I don't know what he meant by disappoint. If I thought he was taking advantage of this divorce to get a car I should abandon the whole project, and, on the other hand, if he was really as eager to free me as would appear in this statement, I should return to my old narrow sphere as a punishment to him. I kept my temper and replied that if he continued in that tone he could probably gain his happy release without going farther than Jersey City. That alarmed him and he promised not to get mad again until we reached Italy. He said it was the romance of the thing that appealed to him. We had knocked about Italy so often without any definite point in view that this trip, with such an unusual incentive, ought to be full of novel enjoyment. I looked at his face in the mirror quickly—I sometimes catch him that way—but it seemed quite unsmiling, so I reminded him gently that the ultimate design was not a cause for flippant rejoicing, but, rather, a fuller contentment caused by the broadening of our diverging ways. At this he kissed me, and while I remonstrated did it again, and said he would continue to do so until the decree was in my hands.

So I let him.

CHAPTER II.

John is going to pay me handsome alimony. I never suggested this to him in any way; he thrust the offer upon me after I had begun practising on a typewriter through the evenings—my means of support when I am free. He says I make prettier music at the piano, and he knows I should spell *don't* d-o-n'5 if I worked the machine a hundred years. So another channel towards self-improvement is closed to me, for long ago he insisted upon my resigning from the Minerva Club. He says he will not have our method of divorce discussed and probably patterned after by all the enlightened females in New York; that he is going to get a patent on it himself later on. All of which is a painful reflection on my ability to keep from gossiping; but just to show him that I am above such a vulgar desire, I have yielded to his entreaties, although it is hard to meet those women on the street, listen to their congratulations on our "amicable adjustment" and not tell them how widely the abyss is yawning.

My days are well engaged, however, going over the law books in calfskin bindings which old Mr. Ward left us, and finding the States where there isn't much confusing cross-examination. I also spend many hours learning the etiquette of the court-room, and just when to sit down and stand up. By reading in the papers, I picked out the names of several divorce lawyers, and was going in to see one of them yesterday, when whom should I meet but John near the door of the building. I stated my errand quite boldly, and John laughed and said that man was going to be his lawyer and we couldn't have the same one, and not to bother about an attorney, anyway until we got home—that he needed the retaining fee to buy some extra tires. So we had an ice cream soda instead. It is very nice to be friends with John through all these trying days, and I am going to make an effort to keep up a semblance of affection. Think if I had to go about with him for months and be really at daggers drawn—especially when in a strange country and with no one but a husband to talk to.

He has grown perfectly fascinated with the idea. Not so much with the divorce, I am glad to say, but with "The Means," as he calls the motor car. We haven't decided upon one yet, and it is that which takes all of his time. He says choosing the proper machine is a very serious matter, there are so many things to be considered when one contemplates going over the Apennines twice. To the casual observer, I should say it was a delightful business—this choosing. It seems to consist almost entirely in riding around in different coloured motor cars with very polite chauffeurs, who are called demonstrators when they belong to the agencies. In all parts of the town, wherever I may happen to be, I look up and see John, with a borrowed cap on, sitting alongside of a gentleman in leggings, and a smile on his face of entire proprietorship. One

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THE STREET OF THE AGENCIES

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would think he was going to hand the money right over as soon as the car stopped long enough for him to make the change. I never believed John capable of such duplicity. And some days when I run across him during the morning in a red car, in the afternoon dashing around all grey with white trimmings, and at the dinner hour being driven home in cerulean blue, some days I think of the sewing machines I used to have up "on trial" every spring while I made my shirt-waists, and of how John scolded me for being so dishonest, and I feel quite triumphant in the realisation that mechanical tactics, masculine or feminine, follow along the same lines. But John really does intend to buy one.

Now and then I go with him to see the machines and try them. They are all off by themselves, just like the animals at the circus, in "The Street of the Agencies," as I call it, and one has to look sharp to keep from being run over by the very machine one contemplated buying. All the agents are not only very nice to the multitude who come to look, perhaps to purchase, but are most civil to one another, even when a gentleman who has been taking his friends out for six weeks on trial trips in a lavender car goes off with a yellow one not ten feet from lavender's nose. I thought of what would have happened in mediæval days with all those big machines flying up and down the street in mad rivalry, of the tiltings and joustings going on between the cars while the buyer waited on the pavement to take the one that held together, and of the dreadful vengeance of strewn, broken glass that lavender would have had for yellow had a gentleman of that day chosen the latter after raising lavender's hopes. I told all this to a black and white agent (the colour of his car, not the agent, nor yet that Scotch whiskey), and he said that his machine would smash all the rest of 'em, so none of 'em dared try. Which seemed very clever until I confided my phantasy to the other agents, and they all echoed him.

I deduced from this incident that there was no use in buying a machine because a kind agent said it was the only thing for us, and I whispered my discovery to John, who squeezed my hand and said that had occurred to him also; and when I thought that there must be some one car *absolutely* best for us, then looked at the honest faces of the agents, each truly believing his own the most suitable, I realised what a blow it would be when they discovered their unfitness. Nor can one judge of the individual excellence of an auto while spinning around the park with the demonstrators. They all go absolutely alike, no matter what the colour: no bumping over cobbles, or leaping like goats from stone to stone, or running into peaceful people sitting on benches.

"The beauty of this machine is there is no back kick," says the demonstrator of pale pink, which seems a very good thing, so when we are out in pale blue we say that "*We* have found that the beauty of pale pink is there is no back kick," and behold! it is immediately proven that there is no back kick to pale blue. And then where are we? I came to the conclusion that the best scheme was to get one of the very same machines that the demonstrators were running. I had learned that was the thing to do when buying those little tin automobiles that go around in circles on the pavement in Twenty-third Street—the fresh ones in the boxes never run at all—but Mrs. Haverly dashed my hopes by saying theirs was originally such a one (second hand, John meanly calls it), and that she had named it "The Flea" because it hopped about so, though it skimmed the earth like a bird when the agent had the creature.

This discouraged me, and I grew annoyed with John, who wouldn't make a choice, and kept going about in ten thousand dollar French cars whose names he couldn't pronounce, much less pay for. I felt that if he kept it up much longer he'd become so attached to the park and Riverside that he wouldn't go away at all, and then how could I get my divorce? (John resents my saying "my" divorce; he wants me to say *our* divorce, claiming that he is to be divorced just as much as I am. John is growing very frivolous.) Finally he said he would leave it to me to suggest a way, since I found fault with his "painstaking investigations," and, greatly to his surprise, I hit

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upon a splendid plan—upon several plans, in fact, and all of them without any troublesome riding around in the cars themselves. One was to buy the cheapest machine and another was to buy the most expensive; but we simply couldn't afford the latter, and the cheapest has such ugly "lines" I could never have gone about in it with any degree of comfort. Riding in a good-looking car is just like wearing good clothes; the consciousness of having on or being in something elegant gives one the courage to drive good bargains without losing one's self-respect—and that is a lot in Europe. Therefore we decided it would be economy to pay a fair price. One rainy night, when we couldn't go out to talk automobile even, John and I were poring over the advertisements in the back of the magazines, and noticing how splendidly all the machines were running, never once getting on the margin, and I suggested that we take the car that had the happiest people riding in it—in the advertisements, not in the street, of course. The very happy ones in the street go so fast one can't see how happy they are until they get up to the big mounted policeman at the entrance to the park, and then they are arrested and don't look happy at all. But in all the magazines the very happiest people were a colour (that sounds like poor English, but it's right) I could not endure; besides, John, in endeavouring to manipulate one at its agency, had knocked off his own hat and in some wonderful way ran over it, and as it was a new derby, it embittered John a great deal, and he has never cared for the "mechanism of the engine" since. So we gave that up. Then I said:

"Now, John, let us take the car that has the best 'ad.' You have an advertising concern, and it ought to be an incentive to business men in the future to spend money on their form of inducement."

The idea seemed to please John, but I could see that he was influenced by the "catch phrases" his own firm had sent out, so I took the book away from him, prayed for a sign, shut my eyes, turned two pages, described a circle with my finger, put it down on the page, opened my eyes, and "Silent as the Stars" blinked into my face. John was generous, though it wasn't his advertisement; he said it sounded well, and what seemed to impress him even more, that it was a good machine, and when he looked at the price he said it was a "corker." I didn't sleep much that night, I felt so near to my divorce—our divorce—and the very next morning as I was starting out shopping, who should come gliding up to me but John—and in it—and it was!

It was "Silent as the Stars," I mean. I just gasped with delight, and the polite demonstrator had me in the back seat in half a second, and away we went, tooting the horn at every street crossing, because we *were* so quiet. "It's pretty good," said John to me; "I think it will do us, Peggy."

"Very well," I replied; "but be sure to find out if it has a back kick."

Of course it hadn't, and there are several other things to recommend it besides its catch phrase and the absence of the kick. "It's so simple a woman can run it." "Which is meant to be an inducement, but is really an insult to my sex, and I would never dare tell the Minerva Club how pleased I am. Moreover, a man does not have to lie down under the car very often when it gets out of order, *if* it ever does, *which* it never does. Then there are no jiggers to pull at the sides, so that one doesn't have to keep his hands going like a xylophone player in the orchestra, and while his feet will have some quick stepping to do, it's really nothing compared to playing on a church organ, and then only short trips within stretching distance. In truth, it's as good a means as we have seen. Of course, I take no particular interest in it beyond its being The Means, and I shall probably never even work the horn, but it's my selection, and I take a natural pride in my good judgment. Then this agency atmosphere is pleasantly exciting, and when I think it might never have happened had I not met and married John, and in consequence felt the necessity of leaving him by the motor-car route, I can hardly thank him enough. He is still very strict about my telling any one, and with the club denied me, and so much

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going on in my breast, I feel like a thirty horse-power "Silent as the Stars" shut up in a hall bedroom. John is tooting frantically below for me to come down and see him turn around. He seems to have to go clear up on the curbing, yet hasn't hurt the front steps a bit.

He's so skilful!

CHAPTER III.

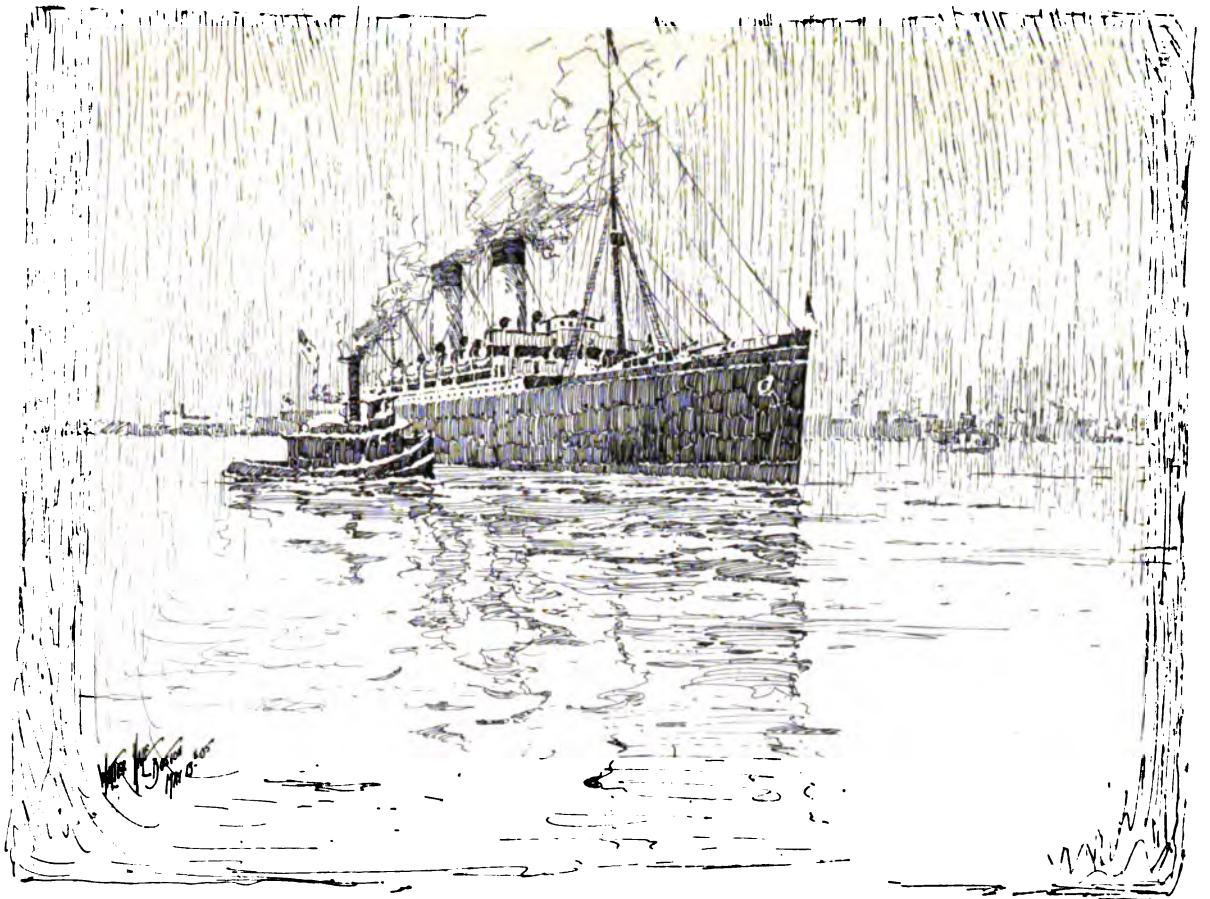
We're on the boat! There came a moment when I thought we had better give it up altogether and not attempt to grow broad, or live beyond our age, or have any aspiration in life higher than a good closet wherein to hang our skirts—my skirts. That was when none of John's socks would mate, and the wrong laundry arrived with twenty-three collars for him, size twelve and a half, and I had twice packed the letter of credit at the bottom of the trunk. Then John came in and reminded me that there had been such a moment preceding every trip we had ever taken, and yet we had always managed to get away, and that it was only part of the burden that goes with packing, and particularly the result of the actions of the socks. They have a habit, he said, of wandering off and hiding under chairs, utterly heedless of their rightful mates, thinking all the time they are making splendid matches, and in their silly grammar way believing if two negatives make a positive that two lefts ought to make a right, which is the same way some people feel, concluded John, who by this time had picked up all the odd little socks lying lonesomely about, and rolled them up tightly with their runaway companions, and the boy came back with the right laundry, so we are on the boat.

That wasn't the end of my troubles, nor of John's. My particular difficulty was the choice of the diary. I was so afraid I might forget to secure one that I flew down to Stern's at a quarter of six one evening and bought a dreadful affair with an embossed cover of golden hearts, happily interlocked. Grown calmer, I could just see that diary in court with a sniggering jury pawing over it, so I exchanged it, or, rather, got a credit, as they didn't have anything I liked there, and took a shirt-waist instead—which I shall always hate. After that, I went across the street and bought a beautiful red one with a key that didn't work. Unfortunately, John opened the parcel when it came home, and though he controlled his feelings nobly, I realised that anything so gay in colour might seem as though I was rejoicing over my evidences of his brutality instead of finding it a cause for deep grief, and that it might not only hurt John, but weaken my case. I told a fib, and said they had sent the wrong one. I had ordered a black cover, and was going to have my initials put on. I thought that would please him, but "Better leave off the last letter," said John, kindly; "you might want to use it over again." John is sometimes too kind, and while I've said nothing more to him, I've now a bright green one, and it's left to him in my will.

We have both made our wills, taken out accident policies, insured the car, and are all ready for a good time. Most of this has been done at the instigation of our friends, and surely only those with a Set Purpose such as ours could continue their arrangements with undampened ardour. John gets almost angry sometimes. He maintains that a man who can make a success in one line of business can make it in another. "And if it's a question of intelligence, I think I stand as fair a chance as those chauffeur chaps, who know little else, and are most of them broken-down bicycle sports who have simply moved from two wheels to four as a means of living. "My grandfather was a good mechanic," continued John, "and I'm a good advertising man; with Peggy's keen sagacity to lend itself as a pathfinder, we'll have no trouble." I smiled—that was because I didn't know what a pathfinder was—and our friends smiled the kind of a smile that goes up at one corner, wrung our hands silently and sent us several bottles of rye whiskey and a travelling clock.

The bottles and the travelling clock were recklessly wrapped together in a shawl strap, fell out going up the gangway, with all the passengers looking on, and were broken, John and I moving on without a tremor, as though the paraphernalia belonged to the clerical gentle-

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LEAVING BOSTON HARBOUR

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man back of us. So there was nothing left to bother about much in the matter of impedimenta except the crazy quilt. Years ago, when I was a tiny girl, an old nurse started me on a crazy quilt. She said the fine thing about it was, I could always keep adding something on; "anything at all, anything at all," she would croon, and continue clipping bits of hair and sash ribbons from all of us children as we played about her. Hers had grown to twelve square feet, I remember, on the day they put her in the Asylum for the Infirm in Mind. She went quite gently, with her quilt under her arm, and her last word to me was a charge to keep adding on, "anything at all, anything at all." With her as a doubtful example in my mind, I did not "add on" as rapidly during my childhood as I might have done, but outgrowing the fear of her twelve foot square finish, I decided to take the quilt along to "piece" while sitting by pleasant roadsides on those rare occasions when John would find it necessary to halt and tinker about the car. I thought it would be interesting in after years to point out to the little children at my knee (my sister's children, I suppose) a certain scrap of blue, and recall the day when I, still in Bondage, watched a certain Mr. Ward lie on his back in the fine white Roman road and look up at a long shaft which did everything but go. John, who doesn't care for my imagining—it seems to bore him—says my quilt will be utterly useless, but is otherwise pleased to see how sensible I am in the matter of limiting my wardrobe—and his. Of course I shall have to have some pretty things, and a trunk is as easy to carry as a lot of bags, so the tonneau of the car has been taken out entirely and our big wicker hamper will be strapped in its place; a deck basket is at one side and a wooden tool chest ornaments the other, with "two of everything," like the Coster girl's outfit, while all around the car are rear, head and search lights, and festoons of extra tires. Why, when the lamps are going at night we look quite like a travelling strawberry festival! One thing that we haven't, and ought to have, it seems to me, is a canopy. John says it won't rain, not because it isn't the rainy season (though it happens not to be), but because we haven't a top. I never saw such faith. If the auto had half of it we could cross the Atlantic "under our own steam," with John walking along behind pushing it over the highest waves.

We are on one of the Boston boats. We generally go that way, and the second day out, before we are acquainted at all, we ask one another why in the world we sail from a one-horse port with a whole row of ships practically at our front door in New York. Then we remember that we prefer this line, because the run is broken by stopping at the Azores and Gibraltar; and after that we grow contented, like the people, the discipline on the ship and the ginger snaps at the afternoon tea. If John and I can only recall why we do things, we do not reproach ourselves with any of our eccentricities. "There ought to be a reason for it," says John, and then I think up one and we are happy. We had a hard time two years ago trying to remember why he threw business to the winds and flew over to Siena with me for the month of January, but one cold evening as we hovered over a *scaldino* in an ancient palace bedroom, I traced the whole movement back to the day that Rookey Vedder told us of his brother's wife, who had an aunt living there who had a butler for four dollars a month; after that, John said it would be extravagance for us to stay on in New York and burn up gas. "And so it would have been," said John, when I had reminded him. "Come hither, minion" (this to the porter); "fetch more coals for the *scaldino*." And we were perfectly happy.

John, accompanied by a friend, drove The Means up to Boston, taking it leisurely, with one night in Hartford. I was very uneasy for fear of accident, and dreadfully offended Mrs. Haverly's mother by speaking of her son's broken leg as a compound puncture; if she had known how near I came to asking if he would lose his tire, she would have appreciated my powers of concentration. However, John didn't have one, nor the tires either, and he arrived thinking very well of himself. I came on by Sound steamer, and drove to the dock with the trunk, steamer luggage, the shawl strap

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of rye and a few hundred last thoughts tied with pieces of string to my hand bag. John said he was ashamed to acknowledge me, but he wasn't much to boast of in the way of looks himself, for the carpenters were boxing up The Means for its trip, and John had been covering the brasswork, and himself, with grease to prevent rust. We had hoped to lash the car in the hold to avoid the cost of crating, but the dock superintendent refused to ship it in such fashion, and that expensive vehicle cost us $35 for the wooden bunk it slept in, and $35 for its steerage cabin, without even a daily tin dish of spaghetti, nor a draught of chianti as a method of getting even. They used a great deal of good lumber, though, which we can have after the car is unboxed in Naples, and we spend much of our time deciding what we will do with all that timber. John said if we didn't have a motor car to run about we could make a little cottage of it and settle down somewhere along the Mediterranean. "A handful of nails, some fancy shingles, and there you are!" And the ship's doctor decided it would be well to put it on wheels and hitch it behind as a sort of summer house, so that we could go in when it rains.

"If we did that," I said, "I don't think we would know enough."

"Enough?" he puzzled.

"Enough to go in when—" but never mind; it wasn't much of a joke, though he is still pondering.

However, he is a nice doctor and can play the piano. All ship's surgeons are nice and can play the piano. I wonder which credential the company asks for first—a diploma or a scale. There is probably a Marine Conservatory for Music, Medicine and Manners somewhere around Liverpool that turns them out well equipped for a life on the ocean wave. And apart from the glory of brass buttons, it must be very pleasant to be a man of letters, as it were, with B.A. on the cabin wall, A.B. in one's lurching gait and M.D. on one's card. The doctor is not the only diversion on shipboard; we are all of us stepping aside to laugh at one another, quite unmindful of our own funninesses. My bursts of enjoyment interest John, who doubts my sense of humour, and calls it onesided. He once said when I had given him a splendid imitation of himself trying to be polite to a wealthy aunt and still escape for a drink that if I could see myself with that same keen appreciation of the ludicrous I reserve for other people, I would die laughing. That was the deepest remark John ever made, and I was able to dismiss it from my mind only by repeatedly assuring myself that he had no knowledge of its true import.

Only perfectly proper things happen on the ocean steamers. One can get acquainted with anybody and still be a lady or gentleman, but on the Sound boats it's most incorrect, and I often wonder why these Cupid's footpads, as George Meredith calls them, don't take an ocean trip and get their fill of meeting people without an introduction. It's very simple. After two days out the young man in the reefer runs against the girl in the raglan where the promenade is narrow up in the bow, and instead of stepping aside with a faraway look in his eyes, as on the first day, he lifts his cap to her faint smile, and says, "Quite a beam sea;" she, nothing loath, doesn't know what a beam sea is, but is willing to learn, and the next night they are singing college glees under the bridge on the hurricane deck. It's a mistake to know any one at the first dinner; the passengers are an entirely different set on the second day out, and one never sees the original crowd until the ship's concert—clothes and waves make such a difference in people. I remember my surprise one summer to find that the strong man who jumped me over the breakers was the same graceful creature who danced with me every evening, names never being one of my strong points. But it's even worse on shipboard. New people keep crawling up over the sides of the ship every day, like merladies and gentlemen, and all very cunning, pretending they've been on from the time the boat left the harbour, and so hurt because one can't recall them. "Great Scott! When did he come aboard?" John will exclaim after the fifth day when some peculiar type comes ambling along, and the most mysterious part of it all is, I may have seen him on the very day of sailing, cheerily shoving his weeping

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family down the gangway. It is only the stay-at-homes who cry; the go-aways never do.

One young man was so in evidence that I kept track of him from the moment of departure. He was very much on deck at the sailing hour saying farewell to any one who caught his eye, and wringing John's hand three times in his excitement. He was full of mistakes, but didn't seem to mind. "Good-bye, old Glory," he shouted sentimentally, when they ran down the "blue peter" as the boat swung into the stream, and when John chuckled and the boy saw his error he laughed too, and swore the setting sun behind him was in his eyes. He was a dear boy named Robert Robbins, in a beautiful yachting cap, and came from somewhere inland; but he was very good at doing one up in rugs; "cruised about old Michigan a bit," he said, and found the ocean swell he'd heard such a lot about an awful hoax. "I want to see the racks on the table," he complained one day at luncheon; "this is just like the lake." Then he took a look at a piece of pork that he had ordered from the steward, and he went away with all "the love-light for me," as John said, gone out of his eyes, and I have never seen him since, but I hear that he lost his beautiful yachting cap overboard.

"Did it blow off?" I asked John.

"No; I think it fell off," John answered.

There is a minister with us who has so long been a leader of his flock that he tries to discipline the whole boat. He carries his pulpit with him like a sort of ecclesiastical snail, and continually exhorts from it. His "long suit" (John's phrase, and speaking from the standpoint of cards, not vestments) is planning routes. He not only knows where he wants to go in Europe, but where all the rest of us want to go, or ought to want to go if we don't. Maps are his passion. As soon as he sees one in the hands of some old lady gently picking out Rome, he wrests it away and traces her a dizzy itinerary through the Maremma, over the Abruzzi, along the Adriatic and in and out of all the places particularly difficult of access. Whenever John and I see him we sit on our maps and pretend to be asleep. We overheard him say to one of his retainers, the man whom he had obliged to give up his trip to the Tyrol and summer on the Bosphorus instead, that it was beautiful to see the perfect unity of spirit in the Wards, even to their nap hours. Mr. Ward punched his wife at this observation, and Mrs. Ward cried out in her sleep and dreamily kicked her husband on the ankle bone.

The nervous man adds greatly to my happiness. He makes the voyage each year for a complete rest, he says, "to get away from everything," and he spends his days hanging over the boat rail looking for things in the water or on the horizon. He has been the first to discover land on every trip he has ever made, he tells me; he can feel an iceberg long before the crew can, deep-sea gulls are his intimates, and yet he's never had any luck with whales; they seem to avoid him. Porpoises, yes, always the first to see the porpoises, and generally the first on phosphorus in the Gulf Stream, but "Doggone it, why I can't see a whale gets me," he unbosomed. "Why, last year I saw two planks floating right up to the side of the vessel—looked as though they might have come off a derelict. I was the first to see 'em, too, and I made for the captain, thinking it was just as well for him to know if there was a wreck about, and can you believe it, while I was gone a big whale spouted, spouted, they told me, not a hundred yards from the ship. It don't seem right, and I was on an errand of mercy, too." I felt so sorry for him that I painted a sweet little whale on the lens of our binoculars; just the back of him, of course, so that in looking through the glasses he seemed to be way off in the waves. I had it spouting as well as I could in water colours, which run so, though John said I should have done it in oils if it was to be a sperm whale, but my friend the artist didn't have any out. Then I called the little nervous man, and I gave him a glimpse of my fish casually, as though I thought it was a piece of seaweed. He emitted a glad cry of "there she blows!" and went "gallumphing" off to the smoking room, generously eager to share his find. By the time they had all come stampeding out

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THE AZORES—PONTA DELGADA

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I had wiped off the lens, and while there was some scepticism, the nervous man had me to support his assertion. His original one, that is, for it grew tremendously, and by nightfall had become three whales engaged in a fierce battle over a dead shark.

I spoke just now of my artist friend. His name is Douglas Warwick, and I hope it's copyrighted, for some actor surely will get hold of it and star in a romantic drama composed of duels and a drinking scene. He is perfectly clean, but his clothes do not worry him; nor do any of the externals of life, not even food. (I have seen the most impressionistic artists wake up at food.) At some meals he eats and at some meals he talks, but he never does both at the same time, and on the days he talks Mrs. Baring carries off a lot of biscuit and puts them in his pocket. Everybody looks after him—I don't know why; just as John looks after me—not that I demand it, but that I get it. John says there are those in life who give and those who receive; that it's his only chance of being among the blessed, so he makes the most of it with me. But he rather despises the feebleness of Douglas Warwick, yet all the time tells him when his pipe is out, and when he's sitting on his cap.

The artist is going to straggle around the country as he listeth, and Mrs. Baring, with her companion, plain Miss Grey in name, colour and attitude in life, is to travel in an auto, just as we are going, and over much the same route. She is tremendously interesting to John, on account of her motoring, of course, though she is very good looking, too. She is large, finely built and very glisteny—shiny hair, I mean, and well-scrubbed skin, and white teeth that flash when she smiles, not tigerishly, but in a friendly way, and just as much at me as at John. There is everything about her that one likes, or ought to like, and my only objection is that there is too much of her. It makes me feel the powder on my nose is showing, and that my small vanities are much smaller than usual. John began chatting with her the second night across the table. I came in late, just as she was saying, "A Martini for me every time." I thought it was a little unusual as a beginning, but I said I preferred a Manhattan; and then they both laughed, and John ordered the insidious cocktails, though it seems they were talking of her motor. She doesn't carry it over to America, as she thinks the roads are too bad for comfortable travel, and "might hurt its poor, dear feet," so it has a mysterious way of meeting her on the other side, "and then we go for nice gallops." She talks on like that in a healthy, motherly, horsey way, and no one thinks she's foolish—and as for John! He says he glows with pride when he sees an American woman with the strength to start her own engine, just as if that muscular attribute was the crowning glory to a sanctified life.

I asked John if he thought I ever could, and he roughed my pompadour over my eyes and said not to bother, that it wasn't worth while. That hurt me; he means I would no sooner learn to "crank the car," as he calls it, than there would be no car to crank—for me. It is only in these little instances that John seems to be aware of the shadow that is hovering over him. For my part, I have done my best to dispel all thought of our mission while on the sea, to record in no way any peculiarity of his that might go against him, and I must say that with one exception he has behaved admirably. That exception was the naming of the car.

Mrs. Baring is a widow, a "sod" one, and having lost him in the conventional way, she enjoys having her fling at less fortunate couples like myself and John, although she is from Chicago, and it ought to be an old story to her. One evening she told us of the delegation of manufacturers' wives from Birmingham, England, that she lunched one day at the Annex while the husbands were following up a pig at an abattoir, and of the wife who had asked, when they had all become quite familiar along with the *creme de menthe*, if she had ever met, personally, a divorced woman. "I had to collect myself a minute," said Mrs. Baring, "which I trust was put down as an effort to speak the truth, before I admitted a slight acquaintance with one of that class of females; but the most delicious part of it all is," and she flashed her teeth straight at us, "this is the first dinner

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table at which I have dared repeat my story without treading on toes." We all laughed, "heartily," I think it is called, but I dared not look at John. And all the time down in the dark hold was the dark Means.

Then that artist, Douglas Warwick, stopped eating, and without any reason for doing so beyond the dangerous meddlesome quality possessed by all weaklings, asked me the name of our car. "They all seem to be christened," he continued mildly. "Mrs. Baring's is the Dago, I believe."

"Yes, Martini is an Italian name, you know," flashed Mrs. Baring. "What is yours, Mrs. Ward?"

John and I gulped. We had never thought of naming our car beyond unconsciously referring to it as The Means, but how could I announce that without the inevitable explanation, and if not that, then what? It must all be done so quickly, and why didn't John speak up? He was actually leaving it to me. Then I thought of what the Indians do—how they name their babies after the first object the father sees when he steps from his tent. I looked up; a child was being towed unwillingly to bed—a child, well, why not?

"Girlie is its name," I breathed.

Even the artist saw it didn't fit, and I as soon as he did. Mrs. Baring behaved as well as a woman half humour, half muscle could. "Very unusual," she murmured. I turned to John. I thought as I did so how instinctive it was to turn to him when troubled. John caught the imploring look in my eyes.

"Yes, we like it," said John. "We had thought of naming it Boreas, since it is a Northern, and it really does fly like the wind, Mrs. Baring"—this with a sort of pitiful eagerness—"but later we, that is, I decided upon Girlie, and so, of course, Girlie it is."

As soon as dinner was over I walked straight to the bow with him. I knew our stateroom would be too near to everything, and too limited; and all the time one-half of my brain was saying if John went on doing heroic things like this I should never be able to get my divorce, and the other half was saying, "Fool, fool, fool to want to." Before we left the bow, however, I felt more assured as to the evidence I could produce in court, and more willing to produce it. It wasn't so much the violence of his language—John is never violent—but the reiteration that got on my nerves. "My beautiful big car," he kept groaning over and over. "My beautiful big car a Girlie! Oh, Lord! A Girlie!"

I tried to comfort him. "If you say the word over very rapidly, John, 'Girlie, Girlie, Girlie,' about twenty times, it doesn't sound weak at all, but rather reminds one of a hand-organ."

It was a wasted argument. "Trick of the mind," he gloomed back. "And I don't care if it reminds one of a Viking or a spring onion; that's nothing to me so long as it's a motor car, and a fine big motor car, too, shooting around the country by the name of Girlie. Girlie, oh, Lord!" And off he went again.

I finally reminded him that we could at any time return to the name for which it had been purchased; that personally it was never so surely The Means than at the present moment. Then I went back to my deck chair, and John followed in an hour and apologised.

I forgave him, and by lemonade and sandwich time we were quite friendly once more. But way back in my head there was a feeling of resentment towards something, somebody. I endeavoured to trace this mental aversion, and watched my brain carefully when that troublesome Douglas Warwick came around—the back of my head did nothing at all. We talked of various matters, eventually of motor cars, of Italian motor cars—and the back of my head "sat up." It was a surprising thing, and I was ashamed of my brain. Why this antipathy towards inanimate motors; for instance, towards Mrs. Baring's motor. Towards Mrs. Baring's—my brain positively wiggled, and I believed my case was diagnosed.

But why a motor?

(To be continued)

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AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

V. HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

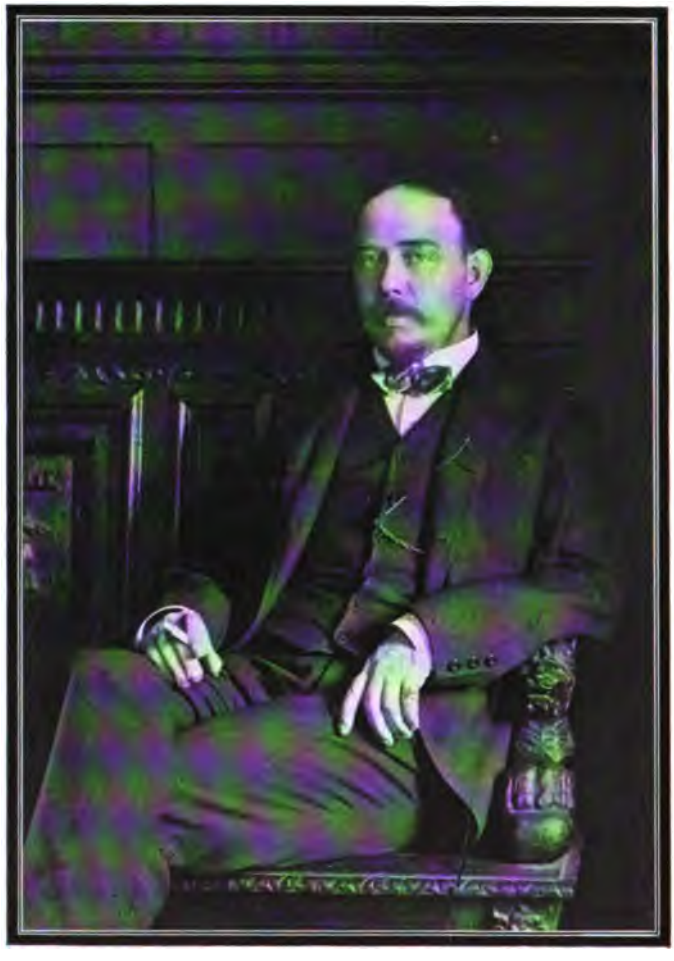


OD bless the kindly reader who takes the pains to let an author know by a good-natured line or so that his book has landed somewhere near the mark. For it is the reader, after all, who sees nine-tenths of every story in his own imagination, while the writer with his megaphone merely walks ahead to indicate the points of special interest. To my mind one such letter of appreciation is worth a dozen commendations from the ever-jaded critics. A few—a very few—of my collection have gone a little deeper; this, for example:

> Father has been cross as a bear all winter with the gout, and your *Last of the Knickerbockers* was the only book we could get him to listen to.

This from a trained nurse:

> I always carry the *Inn of the Silver Moon* in my satchel to read aloud to patients.



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One more;—the paper is blue and smells of violets:

I was sad and lonely at leaving home, but at the last moment a friend gave me *Myra of the Pines* to read upon the train, and——

Dear unknown traveller, wheresover bound, was it my little book that brought you consolation, or rather the fingers' touch you did not suffer to grow cold upon the cover? I trust your friend and you have long been reunited, for some day I have half a mind to use you both as "copy." And you, my other friend in Colorado for your health, who wrote to thank me for a glimpse of old Manhattan streets, which you might never see again, I like to think of you as back and battling in the Subway with half a dozen other exiled Knickerbockers who have from time to time confessed to fits of home-sickness.

But generally an unknown correspondent dips his pen in ink for trouble.

The Inn of the Silver Moon contained a song which in my innocence I chose to call an Old Provençal Ditty:—for how was I to know that there were people who collected old Provençal ditties? These, some in good faith and some in irony, wrote demanding the original. They begged me to produce the music. And to crown all I was bidden to a dinner of the New York chapter of the Felibes of Provence:—which only shows it's never safe to monkey with poetic buzz-saws!

But my ditty had its compensations, for it was set to charming music several times, and the story itself evoked sundry offers of collaboration, one of which may some day bring forth operatic fruit.

The first announcement of one of my books took the form of a visiting card conventionally engraved, which read:

Mrs. Valentine Van Wandeleer
Miss Van Wandeleer
At Home The Last of the Knickerbockers.

The address given was that of a well-known bookseller in Union Square, and not a few of the Four Hundred most punctiliously responded by enclosing their own cards in acknowledgment. They did not know the Van Wandeleers—but *noblesse oblige*.

I had purposely chosen "up-State" names for my Knickerbockers, but this did not prevent an onslaught from Manhattan Dutchmen.

"Pieter was my great grandfather," wrote one; "he married a Van X. and not a Van der Y."

Another said, "Aunt Caroline is now too old to set you right, but I have often heard her tell ——"

And then came my most courteous of correspondents, who only dropped the matter finally in sorrow, still convinced that had I chosen I could have laid a reverent hand upon the sacred spot beneath whose sod his missing ancestor lay sleeping.

But the best Knickerbocker protest came from New Jersey.

My Anthony proposed to my Alida within the silent and deserted precincts of Old Trinity, and in my haste I intimated that no other man than he had ever chosen just that place for just that purpose. But I was wrong. The Jerseyman had been ahead of Anthony in wooing and winning his bride beneath the arches of the old dim church. And later, like my happy pair, they had lunched at old Delmonico's together. And, moreover, they had ordered very much the same refreshment—which only shows how hard it is to be original.

Myra of the Pines developed quite a different germ of trouble. With artful acumen I had avoided mention of the particular woods where Myra lived, and there are many pines. (I wish that there had been as many Myras, for one fair bearer of the name complained that her eighteenth birthday had been saddened by six copies of my work. Ah, what a fortune waits for him who shall write *Mary of the Mistletoe!*) *Myra of the Pines* convinced me that my forte was local colour. For did not one correspondent recognise at once her dear old Georgia home, and another breathe from every page the breezes of the coast of Maine?

The guests of a summer hotel sent me a batch of guesses at the riddle, covering the entire Atlantic seaboard, with one daring flight to Texas. Oh, how it must have rained that Sunday in Connecticut!

There was a little astrology in *Myra,*

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and purely in the interests of fair dealing I took some pains to make it technically correct. I started out by casting "Myra's" horoscope, which, by the way, supplied my story's climax at a glance. For be it known a girl to whom the planets give a certain colouring is predestined to be at some time in her life in peril of fire; she can no more avoid her fate than the sun can shirk an equinox,—according to the best authorities, for whom I do not vouch. To my surprise, one reader in America hit upon the secret; a Brooklyn soothsayer wrote me in unqualified approval, though several English critics found the occult aspect of the story worth a serious mention.

Occasionally I get by mail some neatly typewritten story of a brace of sonnets with the naïve request that they be forwarded with commendation to some editorial friend, who "might remit by cheque directly to address below." And once I had a *bona fide* offer of an editorship.

I had only to write a magazine a month—no very great strain upon the intellect, my correspondent seemed to think. He was prepared to undertake the more important task of "outside hustling." For profit, our advertisers were to pay commissions on the trade we brought them, and "attractive specialties" were to be exploited for the direct enrichment of ourselves. As I remember, he had secured a patent wringer, several toilet preparations, and a silver mine to start in business with.

Short stories, in my small experience, do little to add interest to a writer's morning mail. Most people read short stories, but few care who writes them (except the editors, thank heaven!). But I recall a gentleman who, having read my *Money Meter,* wrote to ask if I had "really calculated how far ten million dollars in one-dollar bills would reach?" I supposed he pictured me as putting down ten million banknotes end to end and measuring them.

But why continue? Who that has published between covers does not know the autograph collector and her wiles? or the admirer who has given away so many copies of a delightful book that not another is to be purchased anywhere? And who so humble as to have been overlooked by that most tactful student of *Who's Who,* who on one's birthday sends the simple greeting:

Just many happy returns; that's all.
Sincerely,
A. . . .
B Street,
C ville.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

THE VALUE OF THE EXPOSÉ



A NEWSPAPER reporter asked Cardinal Gibbons a very interesting question not long ago. "Do you think," queried he, "that all this literature of exposure is doing any good?" "Yes," replied his Eminence in effect. "And that is why corporate corruption in the end rights itself by its own wrong." In other words, corporate corruption finally leads to exposure so complete and so excoriating as to arouse public sentiment and compel reform. This is, of course, what all of us would like to think; but there are many who take a much less optimistic view of the great sheaf of magazine-writing devoted to the exposure of variegated "graft," in politics, in commerce, in life insurance, in railroading, and in high finance. Is it not possible that the very abundance of the testimony, the evidence that dishonesty pervades every form of political and business life—does not this of itself tend to familiarise us with the unsavoury facts, and perhaps gradually lead us into a cynical frame of mind which disbelieves in virtue and accepts vice as inevitable and ineradicable? Just as the Psalmist said, "All men are liars," may we not be tempted to sink back in our easy-chairs

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with the generalisation, "All men are grafters"? Between the warmly seasoned facts of Miss Tarbell and Mr. Steffens, and the highly peppered assertions of Mr. "Tom" Lawson, is there not danger lest the palate of our collective conscience become so jaded as to fail ultimately to respond to any stimulus,—even the stimulus of righteous wrath? Such, at least, are the questions which many persons ask, and they are not unreasonable.

Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that the Cardinal is right and that the net result of these sweeping exposures is wholly good. And there is a reason for this. Mr. Howells somewhere in *A Modern Instance* says that there is nothing which the public loves so much as an exposé. What he had in mind was the old-fashioned newspaper "show-up" of some prominent person or some famous institution. That sort of thing, loosely put together, careless of fact, exaggerated and often quite untrue, did appeal to the public which runs after the last sensation. and gapes in admiration over the raucous rhetoric of a Jefferson Brick or a Colonel Diver. But an exposure of this kind never really exposed, and so it never destroyed an evil. It even perpetuated evil, because sober-minded men, reading such the attack, recognised its flimsiness and fatuity, and therefore were inclined to sympathise with the victim of it and to believe him wholly innocent. But if for denunciation we substitute demonstration—that is a very different matter. In our time, there has been adopted a scientific method even in the popular exposure of great public crimes; and the writer now sits down to his table, not to scarify with epithets, but to compress into the briefest possible compass the results of months of patient investigation. Not opinions, not judgments, not censure even, but only facts, facts, facts. And this is effective beyond the effectiveness of any rhetoric, for it appeals not merely to those who feel, but to those who think and reason.

The method is not really new, for there are some striking instances of it in the past. When Tweed and his crew were robbing New York and doing it with the utmost swagger and *insouciance*, several newspapers held them up to public execration. They were called thieves and bandits. It was pointed out that their flaunted wealth must have come to them dishonestly. All sorts of things were said and printed about them. Yet they merely grinned and went on as before. Somehow, the actual facts—the damning, undisputed, mathematically certain facts—were wanting. Denunciation failed. But when James O'Brien gave the *Times* an exact transcript of the city's ledgers, and when the *Times* published this record, day by day, *that* was demonstration; and before long Tweed stood in the felon's dock, and the Ring was forever shattered. And so with Dana's exposure of Secretary Robeson's shameful, though possibly not criminal, régime in the Navy Department under Grant. When it was made clear that the repairs of old and worthless tubs of vessels cost more than the original value of the vessels, and more than new vessels of a modern type; and that the United States spent as much on its barely floating junk-heap as any first-class naval power would spend upon a first-class naval armament, then Robeson stood condemned, and he will go down in history as either shamefully incompetent or frightfully corrupt. Dana's denunciation of him was terrific, but its real point came from the demonstration which accompanied it.

And now this principle is fully recognised; and the exposures that are published every month are, for the most part, as passionless as a mathematical deduction. It is doubtful, even, whether some of them are read by the man in the street at all—the one who enjoys an editorial "roast." Take, for instance, Mr. Charles Edward Russell's absolutely convincing study of the Beef Trust in *Everybody's*. That, to our mind, is the finest piece of demonstration that has been done, except Miss Tarbell's. Its figures and statistics are unanswerable. They tell a tale to which no "vivid" writing can add one jot, and from which no sophistry can take one jot away. Of the tens of thousands who read Mr. Lawson's heated sentences in the same magazine, probably only a comparatively few hundreds read Mr. Russell's pages. Yet these few hundred count for more in the

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long run than the whole mass of those who run after the Lawsonian one-man band. Not that Mr. Lawson is to be viewed with superciliousness. He has undoubtedly told an immense amount of truth. The insurance scandals have vindicated some parts of his "revelation." What one feels most strongly is that he has not told enough; that he had never intended to tell more than a modicum of what he actually knows; and that all the while he has been keeping an eye on Mr. H. H. Rogers as who should say: "Now, be careful. If you don't come to some sort of an agreement with me sometime, I may *really* blow the gaff!" Miss Tarbell is the model investigator and demonstrator. Her work on the Standard Oil Company is an honour not only to her, but to her sex; for it exhibits those higher judicial qualities of thoroughness and impartiality which men are wont to arrogate to themselves as purely masculine. Mr. Steffens is confessedly the sublimated newspaper reporter—keen after facts, having no bias, desiring simply to give you a photograph—a clear, well-taken photograph, but not a work of art. Once in a while, another kind of journalistic instinct shines through the web that he is weaving—the desire to be especially impressive through a resort to mystery. Thus, for example, in his account of Philadelphia—"corrupt and contented"—he says darkly that he has told us only the least awful of the things he found there. Had he told the worst, he would not be believed, so awful and so incredible are they. When we read this, we seem to see him shake his head and frown and sink his voice to an impressive note, somewhere in the bass clef. To the inexperienced person it is thrilling in its suggestiveness and the horror of its implications. But the experienced newspaper man will only grin at passages like this; and will not seriously think that Mr. Steffens has kept back anything that would really make his "copy" more alluring.

But as to the value of the exposé. How great that value is when the exposure is of the sort which we have indicated, may be gathered from the history of the past year. The demonstrations have been directed mainly and most effectively against (1) the Standard Oil Company; (2) the great insurance companies; (3) the Beef Trust; (4) the railway combinations which have been giving illegal rebates and "drawbacks;" and (5) the public land frauds. Have these demonstrations been without tangible results? For the first time in its history, the Standard Oil Company has officially come forward through its attorney, Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, to make public answer to the charges brought against it by Miss Tarbell and a dozen others. For the first time in its history one of its chiefs, Mr. Rogers, has been stung into threatening legal action (in the case of Mr. Lawson), and, having done so, has been awed into backing down. Mr. Rockefeller himself has disbursed over $11,000,000 during the year for philanthropic purposes. Of course, it may be that he had long intended to make these gifts at precisely this time; but the great public is very sceptical and will continue to believe that this munificence had some relation to the cry of "tainted money"—a fearful phrase that stuck and stank. How many months ago was it that all the life-insurance journals were making merry over Mr. Lawson's charges, and busily explaining why it was not worth the Equitable's while to sue him for libel? Not very many months; and now a cataclysm has shaken out of that particular institution the concentrated rottenness of many years; while its sister companies are before the judgment seat with fear and trembling. As for the Beef Trust, five of its constituent companies and seventeen of its leading members are under criminal indictment and in a fair way to be convicted. As to the railways,—the most difficult problem of all—the President of the United States is pledged to draw their fangs, either by rate regulation or by national ownership, and though the struggle must be long, it can end in but one way. And the exposure of the land frauds has already brought a long sentence to imprisonment upon a Senator of the United States. Let us, therefore, take a cheerful view of the literature of exposure. It belongs no more to the category of cheap entertainment. It has become the efficient instrument of civic and national reform.

Richard W. Kemp.

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FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

CHESTERTON'S "HERETICS"*

If Mr. Chesterton's *Club of Queer Trades* was a disappointment to admirers of his who wanted more of the same, *Heretics* ought to hearten them. Here is Chesterton out-Chestertoned, if such a prodigy were possible; surely, at last, we reflect, our *Daily News* prophet has attained the perfection of utterance. By this we must not seem to mean that he has carried his method of paradox and hyperbole to the limit, and has been, in all senses, as flighty as could be hoped for. With all his daring, he succeeds in keeping to windward of sheer silliness and mere sensationalism. There is much more matter in his contentions (every word of his being a contention) than would be looked for from a man capable of saying, for instance, that "good taste is the vilest of modern superstitions." It is a pity that there is no better way of presenting Mr. Chesterton's sallies to people who have not chanced to see them in their original form of publication, than by binding them into tight bunches. They need foliage, relief, detachment from each other. To have read them almost continuously is, perhaps, to have disqualified oneself for a fair judgment of them. One's feeling is a little too much like that of the silent partner in a double vaudeville turn whose duty it is to be thumped in the head at regular intervals throughout a not too brief performance. There may be a kind of rude health in the exercise for persons who are able to survive it, which yet would not prevent their harbouring some slight private grudge against the applauded disciplinarian.

Of Mr. Chesterton's manner, now sufficiently well known, nothing would properly be said here if it were not that this volume contains a stated defence of it. A Mr. McCabe has, it seems, taken exception to the "divine frivolity" (the phrase is Mr. Chesterton's) of his junior. "There are not so very many fantastic and paradoxical writers," retorts Mr. Chesterton, "but there are a gigantic number of grave and verbose writers; and it is by the efforts of the grave and verbose writers that everything that Mr. McCabe detests (and everything that I detest, for that matter) is kept in existence and energy." . . . "The only serious reason which I can imagine inducing any one person to listen to any other is, that the first person looks to the second person with an ardent faith and a fixed attention, expecting him to say what he does not expect him to say. It may be a paradox, but that is because paradoxes are true. It may not be rational, but that is because rationalism is wrong. But clearly it is quite true that whenever we go to hear a prophet or teacher we may or may not expect wit, we may or may not expect eloquence, but we do expect what we do not expect." It need only be said that if Mr. Chesterton is sincere in this belief, it is his duty to abjure paradox from this moment; for we now know very well what sort of unexpectedness to expect from him, and it is plainly "up to him" to change the brand; else he will be refusing to let us listen to him at all.

The paradox about expecting the unexpected stands analysis as well as most commodities in this kind. Elsewhere in the book Mr. Chesterton is at some pains to urge that we go to hear prophets precisely in the hope of hearing the expected: a contention quite as energetic and far more according to the fact than the other; for the world as a whole is no sillier than Mr. Chesterton, and no more conventional than Mr. Shaw. "Nor this is not my nose, neither; nothing that is so, is so," is a way of speech a number of years old. We need not lament, with Mr. McCabe, that Mr. Chesterton speaks joyously of sober themes. But we have a perfect right to lament that whimsicality of manner should so often be allowed to infect with mere whimsy the whole method of his expression and the whole fabric of his thought. The taste and restraint for which he expresses contempt are, after all, pretty valuable assets for a

*Heretics. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

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man who wishes to be heard beyond his own parish (whether that chances to be London or some other local centre) or beyond his own hour.

And with this let us drop the question of manner, and, following his own declared method in the present studies, deal with him "not personally or in a merely literary manner, but in relation to the real body of doctrine he teaches." He is himself unaffectedly first among the "most distinguished contemporaries" with whom he purposes to deal in this way; he is the most important of those heretics whom he celebrates, and who are, we are not surprised to be informed at the outset, the only really orthodox people going. That respectable word has, to be sure, succumbed to the generally decadent tendency of the hour. "In former days the heretic was proud of not being a heretic. It was the kingdoms of the world and the police and the judges who were heretics. He was orthodox. . . . The man was proud of being orthodox, was proud of being right. If he stood alone in a howling wilderness he was more than a man; he was a church. He was the centre of the universe; it was around him that the stars swung. All the tortures torn out of forgotten hells could not make him admit that he was heretical. But a few modern phrases have made him boast of it. He says, with a conscious laugh, 'I suppose I am very heretical,' and looks around for applause. The word heresy no longer means being right; it practically means being wrong." We naturally suppose that Mr. Chesterton is going to argue from the older meaning of the word till we presently discover that he is to speak of Kipling as a heretic because he is "a man whose view of things has the hardihood to differ from mine;" and of G. B. Shaw as a heretic because he is "a man whose philosophy is quite solid, quite coherent, and quite wrong." It is all very clever, very interesting, and very elusive; and prepares us, if for anything, to find our critic shortly dealing with Kipling as a man whose view of things is inherently wrong, and of Shaw as a man whose philosophy is rather inconsistent and mainly right.

However, it is not hard to find out what this ventriloquial voice is driving at: what this man really thinks of Kipling and Shaw, and what his own interpretation of life is in the main. What he likes is to have a man stand upon his own feet and look through his own eyes; and, if the gentler modulations of the human voice seem to him an inadequate means of utterance, to have him take frankly to the megaphone, the trombone, or the bass drum. For the attenuated tinklings of decadent art he has less than no patience; not because they are tinklings, but because they express nothing, and are the product of an impulse towards tinkling for its own sake. To be in earnest, to have a sound philosophy as the basis of earnestness, and to be unfettered both in thought and in speech —these are the qualities which he admires in certain contemporaries, and we must suppose, in himself. Kipling he values because he has done such service in "recovering the lost provinces of poetry;" that is, by discerning the romantic quality of common things—like steam and slang; and, above all, by discerning the romance of discipline and obedience. Here, we are told, lies the secret of his devotion to militarism—here, and not in any genuinely patriotic obsession. Mr. Chesterton has, we suspect, a touch of cockney distaste for Kipling because he is not a confirmed Londoner; if a globe-trotter cannot be a patriot, the case is certainly hopeless for Mr. Kipling. An odd thing is that, mystic as he himself claims to be, Mr. Chesterton has nothing to say of those remarkable prose fantasies which to some of us seem to express the finest and purest element in Kipling's complex nature.

Of Mr. Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, Londoners with the best credentials, Mr. Chesterton speaks with less qualification. He exults in having his name coupled with that of Mr. Shaw by the blameless and luckless McCabe. He has already asserted that "the whole force and triumph of Mr. Bernard Shaw lie in the fact that he is a thoroughly consistent man. So far from his power consisting in jumping through hoops or standing on his head, his power consists in holding his own fortress night and day. . . .

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He is almost mechanically just; he has something of the terrible quality of a machine. The man who is really wild and whirling, the man who is really fantastic and incalculable, is not Mr. Shaw, but the average cabinet minister. It is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach who jumps through hoops. It is Sir Henry Fowler who stands on his head. The solid and respectable statesman of that type does really leap from position to position; he is really ready to defend anything, or nothing; he is really not to be taken seriously." Yes, here, though we are reluctant to speak of it, is the customary paradox. In his text both here and elsewhere our epigrammatical heretic makes it sufficiently clear that he "has it in for" Cabinet Ministers. Apparently he does not care as much for London politicians as for London authors; and we should no more think of saying House of Commons, Chamberlain, or Asquith to him in conversation, without a bodyguard, than of quoting Mr. McCabe with approbation or alluding to American literature as still no worse than moribund. Mr. Shaw, as we have hinted, is in the end admitted to be not quite consistent; a matter of concern not because he has held two theories of human life, but because he has insisted upon holding them together, though they inevitably clash. Disclaiming idealism, and applauding Ibsen because, according to Shaw, his principal teaching has been that "the only golden rule is that there is no golden rule," he proceeds, in his "superman" theory, to build up a fiction of idealism far more arbitrary and unreasonable than any of those which have weathered the centuries. And here Mr. Chesterton comes in with one of his scathing similes, beyond which there appears to be nothing to be said. "Mr. Shaw, not being easily pleased, decides to throw over humanity with all its limitations, and go in for progress for its own sake. If man, as we know him, is incapable of the philosophy of progress, Mr. Shaw asks, not for a new kind of philosophy, but for a new kind of man. It is rather as if a nurse had tried a rather bitter food for some years on a baby, and on discovering that it was not suitable, should not throw away the food and ask for a new food, but throw the baby out of the window and ask for a new baby."

That Mr. Chesterton should have so profound an admiration as is here displayed for that scientific pipe-dreamer and monumentally humourless gentleman-Cassandra, Mr. H. G. Wells, is the real hit of the book, if unexpectedness be the desideratum. We may wonder at it, and pass on. Among the other papers which make up this volume (they number altogether a round score) we may note two which throw some light upon an interesting aspect of Mr. Chesterton's private philosophy. He is, as his remark upon Kipling may have served to show, a pretty squarely planted Little-Englander. The first of the papers in question exhibits his strength in that character, the second his weakness. "The man who lives in a small community," he says in commending the Institution of the Family, "lives in a much larger world. He knows much more of the fierce varieties and uncompromising divergencies of men. The reason is obvious. In a large community we can choose our companions. In a small community our companions are chosen for us. Thus in all extensive and highly civilised societies groups come into existence founded upon what is called sympathy, and shut out the real world more sharply than the gates of a monastery. There is nothing really narrow about the clan; the thing which is really narrow is the clique. The men of the clan live together because they all wear the same tartan or are all descended from the same sacred cow; but in their souls, by the divine luck of things, there will always be more colours than in any tartan. But the men of the clique live together because they have the same kind of soul, and their narrowness is a narrowness of spiritual coherence and contentment, like that which exists in hell." A man travels, therefore, not to see life, but to escape from life. "He can stare at the Chinese because for him the Chinese are a passive thing to be stared at; if he stares at the old lady in the next garden, she becomes active. He is forced to flee, in short, from the too stimulating society of his equals—of free men, perverse, personal,

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deliberately different from himself." What can be more undeniably true and reasonable than this kind of paradox? When we are led face to face with so fine an unexpectedness as this, what we wonder at is that our dull wits should have permitted it to be an unexpectedness at all. We have always intended to keep happy, though at home, and, when we succeeded in getting away, we have prided ourselves upon dragging at each remove a lengthening chain; but how many of us have really believed that home is actually the best ground for the exercise of other virtues than frugality, forbearance, and a dogged amiability?

In the other paper, which he calls "The Fallacy of the Young Nation," Mr. Chesterton's cherished patriotism shows itself in a somewhat less amiable light. One of his objections to Kipling is, it turns out, that he discerns a new force in the English colonies, and in America, which Mr. Chesterton discerns not at all. America is, on the whole, rather worse off than the colonies so far as art is concerned, he maintains; for the colonies have at least the advantage of having done nothing thus far, while America has had the misfortune to produce "great artists." We rather wonder what great artists Mr. Chesterton would specify: would they be Whitman, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller? It is clear, at all events (since he represents it as all over with us), that he is not acquainted with our fluting Carman or our hoeing Markham.

But we have still to get to the root of the gospel according to Chesterton. The first article of his creed is that men, to be effective, must be dogmatic. They must, however, avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of bigotry ("the anger of men who have no opinions") and fanaticism ("a certain concentration, exaggeration, and moral impatience"). They must, moreover, be fundamentally religious. "Religion is exactly the thing that cannot be left out—because it includes everything. The most absent-minded person cannot well pack his Gladstone bag and leave out the bag." As for the future of the world, then, we are to depend upon the conflict of honest, intelligent, and firmly held opinions. "Everything will be denied. Everything will become a creed. . . . We shall be left defending, not only the incredible virtues and sanities of human life, but something more incredible still, this huge impossible universe which stares us in the face. We shall fight for visible prodigies as if they were invisible. We shall look on the impossible grass and the skies with a strange courage. We shall be of those who have seen and yet have believed." Dreamer and wit, dogmatist and practitioner of an uncouth art, it is impossible to believe that the writer of these words is insincere, or to feel that his speech is not worth hearing.

H. W. Boynton.

II.

Taine's "Life and Letters."*

The third volume of Taine's *Correspondance,* just published by Hachette, in Paris, presents to the reader a twofold interest. It covers an eventful period of five years and a half, extending from the beginning of August, 1870, to the close of the year 1875. It opens with the first disasters of the French army; it closes with the publication of the first volume of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.* It is, or rather it aims to be, a record of the impressions, both intellectual and sentimental, produced upon the great writer by the throes of his country's well-nigh fatal agony and no less startling recuperation, and of the mental labours imposed upon him by the task of rearing the historical structure which, whatever its shortcomings, remains one of his great titles to the admiration of posterity.

The book is far from entirely satisfactory. The witness of public events is much less fully presented than the intellectual worker. Whether this feature of the volume is due to lack of material, or to the reluctance of the editors to expose to the public the limitations of the great man with whom they were connected by ties of affection and relationship, we are not in a position to state.

*Sa Vie et sa Correspondance. H. Taine. Tome III. *L'Historien* (1870-1875). Paris: Hachette et Cie, 1905.

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Sadly meagre, however, as is the information placed before us, it is sufficient to enable us to form a judgment upon Taine considered as an interpreter of passing political events, and this judgment is not in favour of his political sagacity. His letters team with unfulfilled predictions: "I expect the demands of Prussia to be enormous; it is likely that they will be refused by the Assembly: in such a case the whole country will be conquered, very probably the Napoleons again put upon the throne, which is sure to bring us to civil war; we shall be in as bad a plight as Italy in the sixteenth century" (p. 50). "In my opinion, if we have peace the chances are in favour of a moderate Republic of some duration which will lead us without convulsion to a constitutional monarchy under the Orleans princes" (p. 51). "I foresee before a year an insurrection like that of June, 1848, and civil war, a little later a second invasion, perhaps in the end a division of France in two, a future similar to the last three centuries in Italy" (p. 55). "A Republic after such events (the insurrection and fall of the Commune) will be for us only a temporary affair" (p. 139). "Beslay thinks it is still possible to save parliamentary government. *I* think it is all over; we are going or, rather, rolling down, sometimes fast, sometimes more slowly, into demagogy, thence into a military dictatorship; the Prince Imperial will come back with his gang of men, shrinking from nothing" (p. 222). "The Republican government will be organised, either by the present Chamber or by the next, which will be elected after the dissolution of the present one. It will have some kind of a life for two years at least, and we shall tumble down into an imperial restoration" (p. 265; written in June 18, 1874).

In the same strain we shall quote also the following, which is still more characteristic: "Very certainly fifty years from now we shall have fallen lower than Italy, and, perhaps, than Spain" (p. 277). Leaving aside the cruelly unjust reference to Italy, it is to be noted that this was written in September, 1875, just thirty years ago, and that of such a rapid decay as therein predicted there ought to be now more signs visible than can be discovered with the political microscope.

Strangely enough, and this is the omission of which we complain above, no references are found in the present volume to the numerous political events which ought, in part at least, to have dispelled Taine's political pessimism. We have no less than five letters, May 26th and 29th, June 1st, 5th and 28th, 1873, relating to the dismissal of President Thiers by the royalist majority of the Assembly, which almost all alone among the great literary men of the time Taine approved, but not a word about the elections of July 2, 1871, in which the Republicans won a victory as sweeping as it was unexpected, after the convulsions of the Commune; not a word about the fiasco of the attempts to restore monarchy in the autumn of 1873; not a word about the break between the legitimists and Orleanists, in May, 1874; not a word even about the painstaking labours and negotiations resulting in the vote of the Constitution of 1875.

This last omission is the strangest of all. The last letter given us, addressed to M. Marc Monnier, then dean of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Geneva, is dated December 23, 1875. The new Constitution went into effect January 1, 1876, and the various votes by which it was established stretched almost over the whole of the year 1875, beginning in January. The Constitution consisted of a series of compromises, and introduced in one of its important features a favourite idea of Taine's. In the fall of 1871, in a series of open letters published in *Le Temps*, and afterwards collected in book form, he had suggested as a remedy for the political ills of the country the substitution of indirect for direct voting. One of the new Houses, the Senate, was to be elected according to this mode of suffrage, while the other, the Chamber of Deputies, was to come directly from the people. It would be curious to know whether Taine looked in any manner kindly upon such a compromise or whether his instinctive mistrust of the masses, his hatred of and contempt for universal suffrage, led him to condemn in toto a political organism

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from which it was not completely eliminated.

On the whole, in politics, France, by preserving for thirty-five years the fabric of free government, has done the very thing which Taine proclaimed it incapable of doing. The foundation for his belief is to be found in the severe judgment passed by him upon the qualities of the French mind. This judgment lies also at the basis of the interpretation given by him of the historical events referred to in his *Origins*. It would be a mistake to consider this judgment a result of his historical researches. The present volume would suffice to prove that it lies at the inception of the undertaking, that its origin is not historical, but psychological, and that historical developments were resorted to only as arguments in a demonstration. The following occurs in a letter written on April 8th, 1871, when the purpose to write the *Origins* had not been yet fully formed:

> In matters of some difficulty, such as questions of government, society, political constitution, the average intelligence of the Frenchman is insufficient; he is narrow, he is carried away by words, he believes himself competent and does not even see that the question is difficult, or abstruse. And he has not, to make up for this lack of intelligence, the instinct of the Englishman, or, in general, of the northern man.

Alongside with this might be read the fourth number in the extraordinarily interesting appendix annexed to the volume. This appendix, which is far from being the least valuable portion of the new publication, consists of twenty-four passages selected by the editors in the bundles of notes written by Taine during the preparation of his great work, not as summing up the information gathered by him, but as making his ideas clearer to his own mind. This number four is headed: "Le caractère français," and the purely psychological nature of the inquiry is visible from the first line to the last. It is, moreover, a fact not to be overlooked that Taine's book *On Intelligence* had just been published when the Franco-German War broke out, and that he was, as is acknowledged by him in many a passage of the present correspondence, in that period absolutely steeped in psychology. When face to face, however, with the historical task assumed by him in order to turn his countrymen's eyes upon national traits, in the correction of which he saw the only hope of France's salvation, he displayed in the performance of his work the most admirable and truly scientific industry. The detail of his labours appears mostly in letters to his wife, from whom he was often separated, and sometimes in letters to other historical workers, M. Arthur de Boislisle, M. Albert Collignon, Professor Emile Boutmy. To the last of these there is a number of letters concerning the foundation of the "École Libre des Sciences Politiques," in which Taine took from the start a very great interest, looking upon it as one of the best means to give to the nation that political education of which it was sadly in need.

But the interest of the volume does not lie entirely in the letters relating to politics, political philosophy, and history. We have also the daily record of a very interesting life. The complete disorganisation in which Taine's family was thrown by the Franco-German War and the Commune, the curious experiences of his trip to England, in 1871, and his charmingly modest account of his Taylonian Lectures, his intercourse with the English translators of his works, Mr. Van Laun, Mr. Rae, Mr. Haye, Mr. John Durand, this last one the only American correspondent of Taine presented in the volume, his literary discussions with foreigners of distinction like Georg Brandes, or with young French literateurs like Hector Malot, his transfer of his household gods from Paris and its vicinity to the house at Menthon-Saint-Bernard, in Savoy, where his last years were spent in the enjoyment of a truly happy domestic life, all this we have in the less than three hundred small pages of letters that are given us. Here and there a letter of special interest, for instance, the letter of January 11, 1873, to Theodule Ribot, implying an accusation against Spencer of having borrowed, without recognition from his book *On Intelligence*, in the second edition of Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, the

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letters of February 5, and February 9, 1872, to the editors of *Le Temps* and *Le Journal des Débats*, respectively, presenting one a practical mode of increasing the constituency of newspapers defending moderate ideas, the other a somewhat chimerical plan for lightening France's financial burdens by means of a popular subscription, etc. Especially interesting to admirers of Mrs. Humphry Ward will be the following extract of a letter to Madame Taine, dated Oxford, June 4, 1871, relating to her husband's meeting with Miss Arnold, the future author, then on the threshold of her literary career:

> The rest of the evening was spent with young ladies to whom I was introduced, among others Miss Arnold, near whom I was seated at dinner. "A very clever girl," Mr. Jowett told me while taking me to her. About twenty years of age, very pleasing, tastily dressed, a rare thing here (another young lady was imprisoned in the oddest-looking sheath of pink silk), born in Australia and brought up there until five years old. Knows French, German, Italian, has been studying for a year the old Spanish of the *Cid* period and Latin, in order to understand the old mediæval chronicles; spends all her mornings in the Bodleian Library: very learned and simple, and yet girlish; finally, I always showing my softest side in order to draw something out of her, she let me know that she was writing for *Macmillan's Magazine* an article (maiden article) upon the oldest poems of the *Romancero*. . . . As an apology for her article Miss Arnold told me: "What shall I do? Everybody here reads, writes or delivers lectures; one has to follow the current; moreover, it fills one's time, and the library is so beautiful, so commodious." Not a bit pedantic; it is the overflow of her youthful spirit and intellectual force.

The letters follow each other without interruption and are not inserted in a continuous narrative, but each of the four divisions of the volume, *The War, The Commune, After the War, The Ancient Régime*, is preceded by a convenient historical summary, so that all these introductions put together will form a complete biography of Taine. There is, alas! no index. Let us hope that the fourth volume will have one for the whole correspondance, such as it is. Another cause for regret is, that we have only Taine's own letters and not a single letter addressed to him.

The future will, no doubt, bring us, or our successors, a fuller record of Taine's epistolary activity. We have here only a foretaste of a rich treat.

Adolphe Cohn.

III.

Nordenskjöld and Andersson's "Antarctica."*

Hitherto, narratives of Antarctic adventure have been comparatively tame reading. They have, to be sure, expressed somewhat of the excitement of their writers in the discovery of new lands (or often, indeed, in the discovery that lands reported by other explorers did not exist) and one or two Antarctic stories—notably that of Dr. Cook, describing the Belgian expedition—are attractive for their pictures of the day-to-day life of the members of the parties. But they have not dealt with such hairbreadth escapes from disaster, and with such disasters as well, as we find thrilling in stories of the far North. The reason is that they have had no disasters to describe. Thus far the Antarctic regions have treated explorers kindly; even to Dr. Nordenskjöld, whose ship they wrecked, they offered nothing worse than a story of hardship—a story that turned out as happily as if it had been planned by a clumsy but optimistic playwright. Here are the materials of the story: Six men, having passed a comfortable enough winter upon a desert island near the Antarctic Circle, look throughout the summer in vain for the ship that is to take them home, and must pass another winter, on short rations, in their desolate valley, uncertain, moreover, as to whether a third year or even an indefinite number of years amid the ice may not be their lot. Meanwhile, the ship has tried to reach them; but being checked by the

*Antarctica; or, Two Years Amongst the Ice of the South Pole. By Dr. N. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Dr. Joh. Gunnar Andersson. London: Hurst and Blackett, Limited. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

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ice-pack, lands three men to make a sledge journey overland for the purpose of reassuring the waiting ones. Trying again to pierce the pack, the vessel is crushed. The crew make their way to an island, build a hut, and sleep away an uncomfortable winter, living mainly on penguin soup. The three forerunners fail to reach the headquarters, and they, too, build a hut, and pass the winter in cheerful misery—mercifully spared the knowledge that the ship is lost. Bear in mind that the region is many hundreds of miles from the usual haunts of ships, and that, although there is little danger of absolute starvation, in the midst of thousands of penguin and of seal—still, penguin and seal are not succulent—and you have the elements of a tale of woe. But what comes to pass? The three parties communicate in the spring, and just in time to forestall all anxiety for the future, lo, there pops up a *deus ex machina* in the manifestation of an utterly unexpected Argentine man-of-war, to take every one home. It reads "almost too good to be true,"—especially as the stories of Dr. Nordenskjöld and those who have collaborated with him—particularly Mr. Skottsberg's description of the loss of the *Antarctic,* and Dr. Andersson's account of the life of the three men in their tiny hut—are dramatically told.

It is mainly as a narrative that the book must be judged, for it contains little of scientific interest. The expedition was not in a way to achieve such dramatic results as a Southern record, or the location of the magnetic pole, because its headquarters was too far north—two degrees above the Antarctic Circle—and across the world from the magnetic pole. Of the three expeditions which set forth in 1902 to investigate the Antarctic regions, this of the Swedes was concerned with the land south of South America, the most northerly and best known Antarctic territory; whereas the British went to Victoria land, whence it could proceed to the farthest south, and the Germans discovered new land below Kerguelen Island. There was not much for the Swedes to do except to take routine observations, and this they seem to have done conscientiously, so that when their results are collated with those of the two other expeditions, we may expect to have some really sound information as to the magnetism, meteorology, etc., of the Antarctic world. The most striking discovery made by the Swedes was of fossils of the tertiary period; and on the strength of them Dr. Nordenskjöld reopens the old question: "Did vegetable life begin in the polar regions, and proceed thence to South America?"—though he says nothing about the manner of transit across the deep strait sounded by the Belgica expedition between Cape Horn and the South Shetland Islands, and, in fact, treats the subject in a suggestive rather than an argumentative way. He is argumentative, however, upon the great Antarctic question of names. As every one interested in the Antarctic regions knows, nothing is more unstable than an Antarctic name, except, perhaps, an Antarctic island. If one of the explorers in the early part of the nineteenth century saw land in the South, he named it—regardless of predecessors. And whether or no he saw islands, at any rate, ordinarily he reported them, and set successors to scudding the seas in search of them—search that was often vain. There is a large body of controversial literature anent the existence of Antarctic and sub-Antarctic land, and the charts have reflected almost every phase of the disputes. The Swedes have added their controversial word. They discovered that Gerlache Strait is but a continuation of Orleans Channel, and they take to task the Belgian expedition for having charted the region imperfectly—though, so far as one can make out, they have used Gerlache's charts unchanged upon their own map. They are not content to let poor Captain Palmer's name lie upon the archipelago where the Belgians found what seemed at last to be a safe resting place for it, but suggest transferring the poor, uneasy thing to the mainland—to which there is only the objection that Palmer probably didn't see the mainland. The same objection applies to Dr. Nordenskjöld's suggestion for the substitution of Smith's name for Graham's as a general title for the alleged mainland—Smith never saw it, and, moreover, he is commemorated sufficiently with an island

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in the group that he did see. A better suggestion is that which apparently inspired Mr. Balch and Dr. Nordenskjöld simultaneously; to call the whole Antarctic land *Antarctica* and to give to Graham Land the name West Antarctica.

Albert White Vorse.

IV.

Mr. Flower's "Slaves of Success."*

L'Estrange has said, "Wickedness may prosper for awhile, but at the long run he that sets all knaves at work will pay them." Apparently the politician is a case in point. Mr. Flower's whole book is written around the idea that, as politicians grow in power, their independence becomes less. In fact, we are left to conclude, that only by sudden death or voluntary early retirement can they save themselves from an enslavement more nearly complete than any example of physical bondage offered by history. Jack Wade, the one man in this book with really big possibilities in him, says, "I am a boss. The newspapers say so and the people say so. I rule, but there is no man among those I rule who has not more independence than I. The one little principle that I had nurtured for my own gratification is taken from me by a common thug. I bow supinely to him; he is my master." Wade himself is undone and driven from the field by an old farmer whom he had thought to be his staunch friend, and over whose introduction into politics he had presided. Ben Carroll, of coarser mould, but more unscrupulous and perhaps more knavish than Wade, is overcome by the rebellion of scarcely more than a beginner in politics. And the trail of graft is the scent by which every one of them, sooner or later, is tracked down to his death.

Maybe this last is an encouraging sign. It is as you look at it. If we must have dishonesty in politics and in everything the politician touches, then there is a certain comfort in remembering that "murder will out," and that "the way of the transgressor is hard." But pending his discovery and punishment, the politician waxes fat on his spoils, and as "his enslavement" increases he is driven to "make good" by bolder and heavier raids upon the public and private purse and upon the honesty of other men.

Every chapter of Mr. Flower's book strikes this note. No one is safe from the machinations of those who "run" politics. It is the writer's effort to show how devious, varied and often insignificant in themselves are the means adopted to carry out conspiracies. Azro Craig, the guileless, hard-headed old fellow, just elected to the Legislature, is completely fooled and won over by Wade, the ambitious, rising boss, and by nothing more than a hearty welcome to Wade's city home and by a dinner at which he is the guest of honour, and at which Wade discards his swallow-tail coat in order to make Craig feel comfortable at his own lack of that garment. Leroy N. Marshall, of "L. N. Marshall & Company," who goes into a campaign with righteous purpose and vigour, and who threatens the machine with disaster by the readiness and energy with which he adapts the method of the "organisation" to his own purposes, is suppressed, after standing out against every other difficulty and persuasion, by a quiet intimation that the county funds will be withdrawn from the bank in which he is interested, and that a big contract which he had expected to secure will be awarded to a rival concern. David Clow, an unselfish, fearless young member of the Legislature, is caught in the toils by the temptation, adroitly dangled before him at the hour when he is in financial distress, to speculate in a stock which must be enormously increased in value by an affirmative vote on a legislative measure. Senator Denton, the hitherto uncompromising foe of graft, is ruined by the skilful manœuvre of a "Professor" who, shortly before a land-grabbing bill is introduced into the Legislature, crosses his path, solicits his advice, and, by his innocent faith in him, secures the Senator's co-operation in the purchase of a tract of unimproved country in a far-away corner of the State.

Mr. Flower makes out a bad case against the politician. Perhaps, it is not a blacker case than has been presented

*Slaves of Success. By Elliott Flower. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

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by some of his fellow-novelists. Yet we miss those lighter touches which we might reasonably have expected from Mr. Flower and which it would not have been untrue to life to have introduced here. If it was not for his indirect admission that there is such a thing as personal honesty among the people of whom he writes, we would be disposed to think that he had before him when he gathered his material an exceptionally bad lot of people—a little "gang" into which had been gathered the deepest-dyed villains of all the villainous political crew. But it is quite certain that Mr. Flower intended to convey no such idea, and on the whole, Wade, Carroll, Higbee, and the rest of them are in many things fairly close to life. Mr. Flower could have brought them closer by giving a little more attention to the men themselves, to their habits, to their amusements, to their homes, to what did not immediately concern their political enterprises. And this could have been done without lessening the very positive impression of reality conveyed by his recital of what these men were working for and how they worked to get it.

As it is, the eight chapters of *Slaves of Success* are rather as many narratives than stories; and "Wade" might almost as well be "Smith," or "Carroll," or "Jones," for all the distinction of personality that either of these men possesses. The figure which comes nearest to being a real person, perhaps, is Mrs. Burnham, one of the two women of the book. She as the reformer with a place on the Board of Trustees of the State University as her opportunity and her resolution and quick wit as weapons, stands out from the page. Mr. Flower should have written more about her. She shows him at his best so far as this book is concerned. *Churchill Williams.*

A MUSEUM-GALLERY FOR THE DRAMA



ONSIDERED in certain aspects, the drama is seen to be the most complex of the arts,—perhaps because it is ever calling upon the other arts for assistance. When the Muse of Comedy or the Muse of Tragedy needs the help of any one of her seven sisters, she can confidently count upon it. Music and dancing, painting, sculpture, and architecture, all of these in turn, and sometimes all of them together, the drama is wont to summon to its aid. Indeed, the drama seems bereft and bare whenever it is compelled to relinquish the advantages which accrue to it from its alliances with the other arts.

It is this which makes the proper study of the drama so much more difficult than the study of any other department of literature. Because the drama lives partly within the limits of literature and partly without these limits, the effort to appreciate it in all its relations is far more arduous than the attempt to understand the lyric, for instance, or the epic, which lie wholly within the limits of literature. Although to-day we read the masterpieces of the drama in the library, we must never forget that they were not written with this object in view; we must remember always that they were composed by their authors to be seen on the stage. The great dramatic poets prepared their plays to be performed by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience; and they had, therefore, to take into account the method of the actor, the size and circumstances of the theatre, and the feelings and prejudices of the audience. And we cannot rightly estimate

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the dramas of Sophocles, of Shakespeare and of Molière, unless we inform ourselves fully as to all the conditions they accepted freely, and in accordance with which they wrought out their masterpieces.

In so far as the drama is within the limits of literature, it can be studied in a library; but in so far as it is outside the limits of literature, it needs for its proper understanding a gallery and a museum, containing the graphic material which will help the student to reconstruct for himself the conditions under which the masterpieces of the great dramatists were originally performed,—the conditions in conformity with which they were composed. To enable the student to realise and to visualise the many differences between the open-air amphitheatre of the Greeks, the half-roofed playhouse of the Elizabethans, and the artificially lighted hall for which Corneille and Racine devised their stately tragedies, the museum ought to contain not merely architectural plans of these several theatres, not merely views of their external appearance, it ought to contain also actual models, carefully constructed from the plans and views. Some of these models could best be built up in pasteboard and papier-maché, while others should be more solidly made in plaster; but they should all of them agree in scale, so as to make visible at first glance the enormous size of the theatre of Dionysus and the petty proportions of the Globe Theatre.

A museum for the proper study of the history of the drama does not now exist anywhere. And yet a beginning was made in 1878, when a special collection of models and of sets of scenery was prepared as a part of the French governmental exhibit displayed at the exposition held in Paris in that year. This special collection was prepared under the direction of a committee of experts, which included Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opéra, Halanzier, the manager, and Nuitter, the archivist of that institution, and Perrin, the manager of the Comédie-Française. Various other experts, scene-painters, architects and antiquaries were called in consultation. A catalogue of the entire collection was published by the Ministry of Education and the Fine Arts, and a brief description of the exhibition (prepared by the writer of the present paper) was printed in the *Nation* at the time. After the close of the exhibition, the collection was transferred to the library of the Opéra, where it has been viewed by many American students.

Several of the models prepared by the French Government deserve special attention. One was a reconstruction of the Roman theatre, which still exists at Orange, and which is in a state of preservation, permitting performances to take place there occasionally. The French chose a Latin, in preference to a Greek theatre, partly because so noble an example as that at Orange still survived within the boundaries of France itself, and partly because a French architect, Caristie, had devoted himself to a profound study of this theatre and had ventured to propose its restoration. Perhaps the committee may also have been influenced by the fact that no one of the Greek theatres of the period of the great dramatic poets survives; and that the Greek theatres that do survive are at once late in date and pitifully dilapidated, Valuable as the model of the theatre at Orange is as an example of the Roman playhouse at the time of its most splendid architectural development, it is not to be accepted as a substitute for a reproduction of the Greek theatre; and there is need of another model,—on the same scale, of course,—reproducing the sloping flanks of the Acropolis, with the remains of the Theatre of Dionysus as it is preserved to-day. Indeed, the proper study of the Greek drama would be made easier if we had for comparison models of several of the other theatres uncovered of late years in Greece itself and in its several colonies.

It is as difficult for us to-day to form a vivid impression of the performances of a passion play in the Middle Ages as it is for us to evoke the pageantry of a Sophoclean tragedy with the chorus circling into the orchestra, which had been levelled almost under the shadow of the Parthenon. Here help can be had from a second model shown in 1878, and also on exhibition in the library of the Paris Opéra. Each of the three existing MSS. of the mystery acted at Valenciennes in

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1547 is adorned with a picture of the platform upon which the passion play was performed. One of these MSS. is in the National Library (Fr. 12,536); and the illuminated drawing in this MS. has been skilfully reproduced in colours in the second volume of Petit de Julleville's *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Français*. But the model constructed by a skilful scene-painter (who profited by all three of the drawings) reveals the salient peculiarities of the French mediæval stage far more satisfactorily than can any facsimile. On the extreme left is Paradise and on the extreme right is Hell; and stretching from Paradise to Hell are simple structures intended to indicate—or, at least, to suggest—Nazareth, the Temple, Jerusalem, the Palace of Herod, the House of the High Priest, the Sea of Galilee, the Garden Gate, and the Limbo of the Fathers. By permission of the French authorities a copy of this model was made some ten years ago and brought to the United States as a present to Columbia University from its Professor of Dramatic Literature. It ought to be supplemented by models reproducing—so far as existing information will warrant—the pageants of the English mysteries.

In Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines of the Life of Shakspere* (8th ed., vol. i., pp. 304-308) we have accessible in print the contract between Allen and Henslowe on the one part, and Peter Street, carpenter, on the other, for the erection of the Fortune Theatre, entered into in January of the last year of the sixteenth century. The detailed specifications of this agreement supplement the information in regard to the Elizabethan playhouses derivable from various views of their interior and exterior; and a clever architect who understood the practices of the Tudor timber-workers could prepare plans and elevations to correspond, which would make the construction of a model a task of no great difficulty. Indeed, this contract served as a guide for the full-sized reconstruction of a Tudor theatre, which was undertaken at Harvard a year or two ago. But this reconstruction is visible only on special occasions; and no attempt has been made to prepare a permament model of the rude theatre in which the Elizabethan masterpieces were performed. The negligent delay in attempting this most useful adjunct to our understanding of the conditions under which Shakespeare worked,—conditions which he accepted always and was ever turning to his profit—is due probably to the fact that most students persist in considering the greatest of English dramatists as a poet, as a philosopher, as a psychologist, as a moralist even, and not as a playwright, who made his living by supplying pieces fit to be performed by his fellow-actors.

If a copy of the sumptuous model of the theatre of Orange could be imported and be placed by the side of the richly coloured model of the Valenciennes mystery, and if models of the theatre of Dionysus and of the Fortune Theatre could be prepared to accompany those brought over from France, and if the latter were made on the same scale as the former—three centimetres to the meter—then the conjoint exhibition would reveal at once certain obvious differences between the plays of the Greeks and the plays of the Latins, between the circumstances of performance in antiquity and in the Middle Ages, and between the possibilities and the limitations of Sophocles and those of Shakespeare. A single glance at the contrasting models of the theatre for which the great Greek wrote and of that for which the great Englishman wrote would show at once the futility of those neo-classicist critics who wished to impose on the Elizabethan playwright rigid restrictions imposed on the ancient playwright by the circumstances of performance and by the very structure of the theatre in which the performance took place.

It would be equally instructive for the student of the drama to be able to compare this theatre of Shakespeare, which was, in fact, nothing more than the courtyard of an inn (without the inn itself), with the theatre of Molière, which was a tennis-court, a quadrangle twice as long as it was broad, having galleries on three sides and a shallow stage at one end. And this narrow hall, roofed at last, and lighted by candles, and, therefore, far less mediæval than the half-roofed playhouse of the Elizabethans, would seem strangely

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cramped when contrasted with the capacious theatres in which were produced the amusing pieces of the later masters of comedy, Beaumarchais in France and Sheridan in England. Equally suggestive would it be to set over against each other the models—always prepared upon this same unifrom scale of three centimetres to the meter—first of the theatre for which Sheridan devised the *School for Scandal*, the huge Drury Lane, with its "apron," as it was called, the vast projection of its stage, curving out far beyond the curtain; and second, of any twentieth-century American theatre, with its stage cut back to the curtain, which rises and falls in what is almost a picture frame. A glance at these two theatres would show at once why Sheridan, with his actors thrust out among the audience, tended to be rhetorical, while the modern writer of comedy tends rather to be pictorial and to eschew the oratorical.

In the French collection shown at Paris in 1878, and now on exhibition in the library of the Opéra, the models of theatres were accompanied by a most interesting series of models of scenery, of stage-settings, showing how successive generations of French scene-painters have been able to represent on the stage the place where the dramatist feigned that his story had happened. One of these helped greatly to explain why the French had accepted the Italian theory of the Unity of Place, when this theory was rejected by the practical playwrights of Spain and of England. This model represented the stage set for the performance of one of Hardy's pieces, *La Folie de Clidamant*, acted in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which had preserved the mediæval tradition of what may be called the "multiple set," the attempt to put on the stage at once all the various places of a straggling story, very much as the several places in which the action of a passion play passes had been accumulated on the platform at Valenciennes, nearly a hundred years earlier. The set of the *Folie de Clidamant* was reconstructed after the memorandum of the stage manager, Laurent Mahelot, preserved in the National Library (Fr. 24,330). It showed a palace at the back, the sea on one side, with a ship on it, from the deck of which a woman could throw herself in the water, while on the other side there was a large room with a bed in it, accompanied by its complement of bedding. When we find a stage cluttered thus incongruously, we can understand how it was that the audiences gladly accepted the limiting of the action to a single place.

By the side of this might be put a model of the adroit modification which was devised by the clever acrobatic humourists who performed in the Italian comedy-of-masks. The stage-setting which we find in a majority of these improvised comedies is a public square, with streets going off right and left; and every character engaged in the plot—unless by chance he happens to be a stranger newly arrived in town—is supposed to be a resident of one or another of the houses actually visible to the audience. This scenic device, admirably suited for frank and free farce, Molière borrowed from the Italian comedians, who shared his theatre, as he borrowed from them so much else. This Italian variant of the mediæval multiple-set, accomplishing the same purpose with little or no confusion, has a certain likeness to the permanent stage-setting built up on the stage of the Palladian theatre at Vicenza.

The exact aspect of the composite set employed in the performances of the comedy-of-masks has been preserved for us by many a contemporary vignette;—two of which are reproduced in the frontispiece of Louis Moland's invaluable volume on *Molière et la Comédie Italienne*. And from the vignettes on the title-pages of English plays, from frontispieces, from portraits of actors in character, it would be possible to reconstruct the appearance of the stage during the first performances of a comedy by Congreve in the seventeenth century, of a comedy by Goldsmith in the eighteenth century, and of a comedy by Sheridan Knowles in the nineteenth century; and these three models would indicate the steady advance from the bareness of the early Restoration stage towards the complexity of stage-setting expected nowa-

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days in our later theatres. It was for a comedy by Boucicault, *London Assurance,* originally produced by Madame Vestris in 1841, that the first attempt was made to box in the stage so as to suggest the actual walls and ceiling of a real room. Two or three well-chosen models would explain to the eye of the student how it is that the characters of Congreve moved in a vacuum, as it were, how they stood in a row, in front of the curving footlights, and talked to each other; whereas the characters of Pinero are intimately related to the background, to the scenery, to the furniture, amid which the dramatist has conceived them as existing.

Perhaps the absence of any adequate effort on the part of most of those who have undertaken to tell the history of the drama, to investigate the extent of the influence exerted on the playwright by the scenic possibilities of the stage at the very moment when he was writing for it,—perhaps this neglect of an obvious obligation is due in some measure to the fact that there is no satisfactory work on the art of scene painting. It is strange that no scholar has yet ventured to set forth the full history of this fascinating form of decoration. There is no book which the student of the drama would more heartily welcome than a history of scene painting, prepared by some one who was familiar with the actual practices of the stage, and who would spare no toil needed to trace the invention of the successive mechanical devices of one kind and another, such as are illustrated elaborately in Sabbatini's striking volume, *Practica di fabbricar scene de macchine ne' theatri,* published in Ravenna, in 1638. Signor Ferrari's recent work on "La Scenografia" is not quite what is needed, although it would be most useful to the future historian of the art of the scene painter.

This historian ought to be able to find most of his material collected for his use in a museum-gallery established especially for the study of the history of the drama. Besides a gathering of the various models, the importance of which has already been set forth, a museum-gallery should contain also the richest possible collection of views of theatres, floor plans, elevations and cross-sections, with drawings of the interior during an actual performance, in so far as these exist. It should contain full series of the illustrations prepared by artists of all nations for the works of the great dramatic poets, especially Shakespeare and Molière. Its curators should seek out assiduously all the engravings of court-processions, royal entrances, allegorical tourneys, and the like, which are often most useful in throwing light on the evolution of the masque in England and of the *comédie-ballet* in France. Its curator again should collect every possible portrait of actors in costume, for the history of stage costume, although not so completely neglected as the history of scene painting, has an importance of its own. It should be the duty of such an institution to collect, to set in order, and to display to advantage what may be called the iconography of the drama. It should place at the disposal of the student all the graphic material likely to be of use to him,—material which the historians of the drama have not yet utilised to the full.

To accompany the accumulated illustrations, showing how certain plays were performed in the theatre itself at certain periods, there also should be a collection, not only of such "acting editions" of these plays as may have been published, but also of the "prompt-books" prepared for the use of the stage manager, and existing only in manuscript. These "prompt copies" are invaluable in that they contain very ample stage directions, diagrams of the successive sets, indications as to the position of furniture and properties, and notifications of the changes in the lighting of the different portions of the stage. Often the "prompt-book" is enriched also with a record of the gestures, the "crossings," the "business," by means of which actors bestow the semblance of life upon a bare text. Much of this business is traditional, invented once upon a time by some actor of originality and handed down from generation to generation,—like that startling effect in the trial scene of *Henry VIII.,* which John Kemble suggested to his sister, Sarah Siddons, and which has been imitated by almost all the later impersonators

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of Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey.

It is partly due to the abundance of this traditional business that the old comedies,—not so much Shakespeare's as Sheridan's, for instance—seem to some modern playgoers richer in detail and mellower in tone than the plays of our own time. The older comedies have profited by the inventive ingenuity of the actors of a century and more, whereas the newer plays have passed through the hands of only a single set of performers. So ample is this traditional business, this accretion of histrionic detail, that Regnier of the Comédie-Française brought out an edition of Molière's masterpiece, which he called *Le "Tartuffe" des Comédiens,* because in it he had recorded the several ways in which the actors themselves were accustomed to interpret the text of the master. The same method, M. Coquelin told me, not long ago, he intended to apply to other of Molière's masterpieces. The same method could be applied to the masterpieces of Shakespeare. Nothing could be more interesting to many a student of Shakespeare than a collection of prompt-books, showing how *Hamlet,* for example, was acted by Shakespeare's own company, and again after the Restoration, and once more in Drury Lane by David Garrick, and finally by the actors of our own time.

Unfortunately, prompt-copies are prepared for a special purpose, and having served their purpose they are preserved only by a happy accident. Few of them have ever found their way into the public libraries, where they might be at the service of the student. It is a most unexpected good fortune for the New York Public Library that the late George Becks bequeathed to it the collection of prompt-books which he had been half a century in accumulating, and which is reported to extend to three thousand volumes. This collection is probably larger than any in existence anywhere else,—larger, perhaps, than any gathering it would now be possible to make. But the curator of a museum-gallery who was constantly on the alert, and who extended his inquiries among the members of the dramatic profession, would meet with swift encouragement, and would receive from actors and from stage managers much that would be lost otherwise.

Much that would be useful to a student of the drama can be gleaned also in the lives of the actors, and especially in that splendid series of histrionic autobiographies which extends from the *Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber* to the account of his own career written by Mr. Joseph Jefferson. This should be accompanied by a gathering of all the volumes of theatrical criticism. And not to be neglected are collections of play-bills.

Such a museum-gallery as has been here outlined would stand in the same relation to the arts of the drama that the Avery Library of Columbia University stands to the arts of the architect, the decorator and the landscape artist. It would be immediately useful, however incomplete it might be at first; and its utility would increase with the years. It ought to be established here in New York, partly because the Becks collection is here, and partly because New York is, perhaps, the city of all the world which affords the richest material for the study of the acted drama. Once established, it would be sure to receive a succession of gifts of every sort; and its establishment now would reflect instant honour upon a donor keen-eyed enough to understand the necessity for it. The members of the dramatic profession are noted for their generosity; and perhaps one of them will be moved to seize this opportunity to honour their calling.

Brander Matthews.

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A LITTLE CONFERENCE WITH PROFESSOR MATTHEWS



HE editors of THE BOOKMAN have received from Professor Brander Matthews the following letter, à propos of some remarks which appeared in the last issue of this magazine.

August 29, 1905.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIRS: I am greatly surprised to see a paragraph in THE BOOKMAN for September, in which you accuse me of being in favour of what you quaintly entitle Fonetik Refawrm. I thought I had made it clear that I did not believe in phonetic reform, so-called. What I do believe to be needful just now is to help along that tendency toward the simplification of English spelling (by the casting out of useless letters) which has been at work ever since those who spoke English first became conscious that our spelling ought to be as simple as possible. This is the tendency which has already changed *almanack* to *almanac, gulph* to *gulf, œconomical* to *economical, musique* first to *musicke* and finally to *music.* This same tendency is now changing *programme* to *program* (to mate with *epigram*), *catalogue* to *catalog,* and *though* to *tho.*

I am greatly surprised also to read your assertion that "usage has established a definite system of spelling English words." For this assertion of yours I fail to find any foundation whatsoever. You prefer to spell *honour;* but *Harper's* spells *honor.* You spell *mediæval;* but the *Century* spells *medieval.* You spell *technique;* but Lowell and Matthew Arnold were careful always to spell *technic.* You spell *Vergil;* but the usual spelling has been *Virgil.* You have chosen to go back to *pædagogue;* but the customary spelling has been *pedagogue,*—and of late many have preferred to shorten this to *pedagog.* If you claim the right to have your own way sometimes, surely you must allow others the same privilege,—unless, indeed, you insist that orthodoxy is your doxy and that heterodoxy is some other man's doxy.

All the same, I am, as usual,

Yours very truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS,
Columbia University.

Professor Matthews probably wrote this letter in considerable haste, just as he put forth his dictum not long ago to the effect that Greek and Latin plurals are no longer used in English. On that occasion, a reviewer in the *Evening Post* quietly asked him whether he was wont to say *alumnuses* or *alumni.* On the present occasion we shall ask his attention to some facts. Professor Matthews is surprised because we said that "usage has established a definite system of spelling English words." For this assertion of ours he fails to find any definite foundation whatsoever. But a little reflection would have enabled him to find it. The English language contains tens upon tens of thousands of words in its vocabulary. Usage has firmly fixed the spelling of all these, except that in the case of a few hundreds, an alternate spelling is permitted. But these alternative spellings are as rigidly limited by usage as are the others. Thus, to be sure, Professor Matthews may write either *honour* or *honor;* but there his freedom of choice abruptly ends. He may not write *onor* or *onour,* or *onnor,* or *onner,* or *onnur,* under penalty of being considered eccentric and (by those who do not know him) illiterate and even grossly ignorant. Usage has established the exception no less than it has laid down the rule; and one is just as rigorous as the other.

Moreover, these comparatively few double spellings have in many instances a *raison d'être* which has nothing to do with the vagaries of the fonetik refawrmer. There is often a bit of history or a philological suggestion in the fact that the spelling varies. Thus the form *honor* looks to a direct derivation from the Latin, while *honour* implies a secondary derivation from the Norman French. *Vergil* preserves in its two syllables the only spelling of the name which Vergilius the poet himself knew anything about. But the form *Virgil* is interesting, too, since it points to the mediæval attempt to derive the name from *virga,* a magic wand; and hence the very spelling recalls to us good Master Virgil, the kindly

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necromancer of the Middle Age, and the swarm of legends collected by Comparetti. But let a fonetik refawrmer write *Vurjil,* and there is left neither orthography nor history. The result is barbarism pure and simple. So, on the whole, we think that we are justified in saying that there does exist an established system of spelling English words; and in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand volumes that issue from the press, the variations of orthography are barely noticeable. It is only the cheap-jacks and professional innovators who are still trying to get into use such forms as *thru* and *thoro,*—neither one of which, by the way, gives the true phonetic equivalent of the sounds heard when these words are spoken.

Now that Professor Matthews has given us the opportunity, we may as well express more fully the grievance which we entertain against him and against Professor T. R. Lounsbury for many of their lately published papers on the usages of English speech. If ours were an age of formality and linguistic prudishness, these two gentlemen might find their justification for preaching that in language there is substantially no law; that one may spell and enunciate and write and speak precisely as he pleases; that there exists no standard whatsoever; that the ignorant and the half educated in the end are just as likely to be right as are the cultivated and the accomplished. This really is not the doctrine which our careless, slipshod, lawless generation needs. Professor Matthews, for example, extols and defends the use of slang, and he points out how slang contributes words of force and vividness to the vocabulary of literature. True; but think how few these contributions are when contrasted with the enormous mass of *argot* in existence. Because amid a pile of compost there has been sometimes found a chance-flung jewel, shall we forever hold our noses to the muck-heap? Is it not true that those who use slang most freely come at last to abject poverty of speech, and lose all power of expressing nice distinctions? The victim of slang, whether he is viewing a marvellous work of art or whether he is speaking of a football game, will probably give a purely formulaic utterance to his appreciation. "That's great!" he will say; for he has become in language a mere beggar, using only the base coins of speech that circulate among his kind. Slang has its merits; but in a generation that reads George Ade, there is no need for university professors to urge its use upon the multitude.

And there is Professor Lounsbury, at one time telling us that there is no standard of pronunciation, and at another time pointing out that even the great masters of English have been guilty of occasional solecisms and modes of speech that stylists properly condemn. Professor Lounsbury does not say so in so many words, of course; but he must leave an impression upon uneducated readers' minds, not that these slips and solecisms of the great are due to carelessness and would have been eliminated if they had been observed; but that they constitute an element and cause of greatness; that they may well be imitated by all who themselves desire to be widely read. Now scholars naturally do not accept the dictionary and the grammar and the spelling-book as the *fons et origo* of linguistic law; they are not the court of appeal for learned men, who understand the Higher Criticism in this sphere. Yet scholars—English scholars above all—would be shamefully ungrateful did they fail to recognise the debt of gratitude which our country owes the popular manuals. To Webster's Dictionary and to Webster's Speller is due the fact that throughout the length and breadth of our enormous country, flooded as it has been by millions of emigrants who knew no English when they came, there exists to-day no such dialectic differences as may be found within the limits of many an English county; and that our eighty million people speak our language in a way intelligible to all.

It seems to us that Professor Lounsbury and Professor Matthews resemble those clergymen who, from pulpits of orthodox tradition, are fond of flaunting doctrines that are tinged with heterodoxy. What they say is not particularly novel. It becomes piquant only because it is they who say it. There is something which attracts the attention of the public

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in the spectacle of university professors, themselves masters of a flawless style, themselves given to the nicest discrimination in the use of words and phrases —yet teaching, at least by implication, that there are no standards of style, that you may spell, pronounce, write, speak and argue as you please—it is all the same, because the majority must rule, and the majority is made up of the illiterate.

When Dickens was visiting the United States, in 1867, for the second time, he wished to buy some table sherry. A wine-merchant to whom he made application, with a question as to price, remarked: "Wal, if you want some sherry jest to muss 'round with, I can give you some at a low figger." Dickens regarded this remark as characteristically American; and it is, in fact, extremely characteristic of a vast number of Americans regarding matters of pure taste. With a sort of instinctive scorn of special training and expert knowledge, with a pathetic belief that what the scholar, the artist, or the man of science gets by long and patient labour, can be acquired through some short cut, these persons ask only for something to "muss 'round with." They can attain the cheap and nasty in their education, in their reading, in their speech, and in their modes of thought. What delights them is to have some person in authority declare to them that what they have and do and think is admirable. But what a lamentable thing that gentlemen and scholars should seriously say this to the Great Half-Baked, and thus confirm them in their self-complacent crudity! Surely, there never was a time when the gospel of distinction was so woefully to seek. Surely, there never was a time when all that is finely discriminating alike in life and thought and language was so blazingly imperative. And never, surely, was there a time when men of light and leading could so swiftly vulgarise the people by seeming to approve the slipshod, to decry intellectual discipline, and to glorify the cult of "mussing 'round."

NOVEL NOTES

BROTHERS OF PERIL. By Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. $1.50.

It is an unusual pleasure nowadays to come upon a simple, straightforward story of adventure, written with no marked strain after the exceptional, either in style or plot, but moving with the dignity and sobriety of historical sequence through a series of quite probable fortunes to a joyful and sufficient close. We admire Mr. Roberts's modesty, and commend him for his temperate descriptions. It is so easy to run wild in a virgin forest, or swamp oneself on a moonlit lake, especially when consorting with such moving subjects as Indians and early settlers. We suspect, from some hints that Mr. Roberts throws out in his preface, that this evidence of good taste and judgment is due to the fact that he is personally acquainted with every hidden recess of the region he writes about, understands its traditions thoroughly, and loves it as an old inhabitant rather than a casual visitor seeking "copy."

Save for a tendency to pant in choppy sentences, which makes our author seem a trifle out of breath, we have enjoyed his account of sixteenth century Newfoundland and the now extinct race of Beothic Indians, who were the original inhabitants, and their interesting dealings with the merchant adventurers of England and of France.

THE SECOND WOOING OF SALINA SUE. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

The appearance of another collection of Mrs. Stuart's amusing character sketches is always good news to those who have a soft spot in their hearts for the coloured race; and her skill in reproducing the atmosphere of an old-time Southern plantation and the whimsical and picturesque darkey point of view, regarding both social and religious matters, is very satisfying. Mrs. Stuart is thoroughly versed in all those deft little touches which go to perfect a convincing and appealing picture

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of human nature, and in her opening story, "The Second Wooing of Salina Sue," the best of the six, we have one of her happiest achievements. Salina's vocabulary is inimitable, and her "obstropulousness" distinctive and exhilarating.

"It all came about through the investigations of the Reverend Saul Sanders of the Buckeye Conference. . . .

"Brother Saul was a man of power, with that magnetic quality that insures leadership, and his words were those that thunder. After proceeding along the old, emotional lines until he had worked the people up to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm, he calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and, . . . delivered for their edification what he was pleased to call 'a settin' fo'th o' de 'mortal law accordin' to de dispositions o' de Christian Chu'ch military.'"

Just what this was, and how it applied to Salina, and how her "proudness" rebelled against it and finally gave in is well worth discovering.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Minerva's Manœuvres. By Charles Battell Loomis.

Mr. Loomis's story is a mild satire on "nature study." The principal character is Minerva, a coloured cook who has gone into the country with her master and mistress simply because, at the last minute, the girl who was to have gone was taken with scarlet fever. Born and bred in New York, the country holds many terrifying drawbacks to Minerva's happiness, such as frogs, crickets, June bugs, etc. The family are subjected to all kinds of inconveniences in order that they may keep their cook with them. Nothing brings lasting contentment until James appears on the scene. The story is said to abound in humour.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Representing John Marshall & Co. By Earl Underwood.

The sub-title, "Confessions of Edward R. Ward, Drummer," gives a very satisfactory idea as to the nature of this book. The Drummer describes the many and varied experiences through which he is obliged to pass, all of which are funny and amusing to the reader. One of his greatest trials is mistaken identity, when he has been taken for a bridegroom, a candidate for Congress, and the father of a strange baby. Hard luck follows him so closely that "if it were raining radium a block away I would get run over by an asphalt roller and everyone else would beat me to it." The book is written in the vernacular of "the road" and is said to be a "keen, clean, witty story."

Get Next. By Hugh McHugh.

The reader renews his acquaintance with "John Henry," learns the latest slang, and is "put wise" to race-track tipsters, amateur photography, bridge, summer haunts, etc. The humour of the book is aided by characteristic illustrations from the pen of Gordon H. Grant.

Real Boys. By Henry A. Shute.

Plupy, Beany, Pewt, Puzzy, Whack, Bug, Skinny, Chick, Pop, and Pile, many of whom made warm friends when they appeared in "The Real Diary of a Real Boy" and "Sequil," endear themselves even more to the reader in "Real Boys." Judge Shute's latest book is written from a man's point of view, "but, I trust, a man who has not forgotten and never will forget a happy boyhood in a delightful old New England town." The author states that "many of the characters, who appear before the public under their true names and nicknames, and, I may also state, in their true light, are still living, and all are, strange as it may seem, my friends." The book is well illustrated.

The Greater Waterloo. By Robert Richardson.

A tale of youth and love in a little Canadian province. The hero, who is a sensitive fellow, is often humiliated by the slights which he receives from his more fortunate neighbours. The heroine is a vivacious girl, wholly misunderstood by her maiden aunt, with whom she lives. The hero's outlook is particularly black when his rival, who has defrauded him

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and attempted to kill him, is about to marry the only girl he ever loved. Through constant perseverance on the part of the hero, light is brought out of darkness, and hope and despair are crowned with the glory of success.

The Secret Passage. By Fergus Hume.

Mr. Hume's latest mystery tale deals with the murder of an eccentric rich old woman, with no clue to the one who perpetrated the crime. There are a number of characters in the story and at one time or another everyone becomes involved, with the exception of the real culprit, and matters become extremely complicated. When the mystery is finally unravelled some startling events are brought to light. A double love-story runs through the book.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Claims and Counterclaims. By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

Dr. Dilke, one of the men in this story, finds himself in the unpleasant position of owing his life to Eustace Brandyce, to whom he has a strong aversion; he also finds that both are in love with the same girl. Just as Dr. Dilke finds out that he has excellent grounds for the decided dislike which he bears to his preserver, the girl's father asks him to vouch for the man's character. The problem which Dr. Dilke has to solve is whether it is his duty to remain true to the adventurer who has saved his life, or whether he shall insure happiness to the woman he loves. This is the pivot upon which the story turns.

A Southern Girl in '61. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.

In these recollections Mrs. Wright has described the great tragical events which occurred during her girlhood, treating the fighting side of the Confederacy as well as the social. The author, who was the daughter of Senator Wigfall of Texas, was brought into close contact with many Southern generals and statesmen. A fair idea of the book's scope may be had from the titles of the chapters: Childhood in Texas, From Village to City Life, The Makers of History, Feminine Spirit of the Confederacy, Southern Belles and Southern Soldiers, War Time Correspondence, The Winter of '62-'63, The Fortune of War, Suffering of the South, Lines from the Losing Side, Home Life of a Southern General, A Letter from the Front, Last Months of the War, and the Fall of the Curtain.

Fortune and Peterson:

Dreams of Life. By Timothy Thomas Fortune.

Florida is the State from which most of the scenes for the fifty selections of verse comprising this volume are taken. The poems are of various lengths and upon various themes. Several are reminiscent and many deal with the State of Mr. Fortune's birth.

Harper and Brothers:

The Coming of Billy. By Margaret Westrup.

Billy comes from India to live with his four maiden aunts. He has his full share of the fun and mischief which Nature metes out to healthy boys, and his pranks cause the ladies much agitation. He eventually assumes the rôle of matchmaker and succeeds in disposing of the love affair of his youngest and prettiest aunt to his entire satisfaction.

Sonnets and Songs. By Helen Hay Whitney.

Mrs. Whitney's third volume of verse is a collection of thirty sonnets and forty songs. The sonnets are said to deserve special mention, particularly "As a Pale Child," "The Forgiveness," "Eadem Semper," and "After Rain."

Henry Holt and Company:

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

The aim of this work is "to foster an interest in insect biology on the part of students of natural history, of nature observers, and of general readers; it provides in a single volume a general systematic account of all the principal groups of insects as they occur in America, together with special accounts of the structure, physiology, development and metamorphoses, and of certain particularly interesting and important ecological relations of insects with the world around them. Systematic entomology, economic entomology, and what may be called the bionomics of insects are the special subjects of the matter and illustration of the book." The volume is profusely illustrated.

Russia from Within. By Alexander Ular.

"An account of the general conditions prevailing at the outbreak of the Russian Revolution." While the author admits that his book will come as a shock to some very sincere friends of Russia, and that the facts as he has told them "do not make pretty reading," he claims that it is authentic, historical, exact. "My aim," he says, "is only to give those who have not had the opportunity of studying the internal machinery of Russian political life a statement of facts, by which they may interpret and judge the disturbances of the present movement, whence we may be sure that a Free Russia will emerge."

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The Life of King Henry V. Edited by W. H. Hudson.

An additional volume to the "Temple School Shakespeare" series. The editor has included notes, introduction, glossary, and a biography of Shakespeare. Seven drawings by Dora Curtis illustrate the book.

Selections from Émile Zola. Edited by A. Guyot Cameron.

A collection of fourteen selections from the pen of Émile Zola. The French text is supplemented by English notes, bibliography, and introduction. A photograph of the author appears as a frontispiece.

Waterloo. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by Victor E. François.

This book is recommended as "a first reading book in colleges and for those pupils in secondary schools who have already studied Latin or German and as a Second reading book for all others. With this view in mind, the vocabulary has been made as complete as possible." Although the edition has been shortened, the text is unaltered. It contains that portion of the original story which deals with the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. The usual notes, introduction, etc. are included.

Schiller's Poems. Selected and edited by John Scholte Nollen.

The chief purpose of this volume is to present Schiller's personality as expressed in his poems. The notes, preface, biography, and introduction are in English; the poems are in German.

Rhetoric in Practice. By Alfonso G. Newcomer and Samuel S. Seward, Jr.

Educational. The four purposes of this volume are to supply a text and exercises that will be helpful to the student in the creative task, to arrange the subject-matter in such a manner that it may be constantly and readily referred to by the teacher, to bring the composition work of the student into direct contact with his everyday life, and to arrange the parts of the work so that they will be flexible and capable of adjustment to the needs of particular classes.

Our Philippine Problem. By Henry Parker Willis.

An attempt to review "our experience as a nation in governing the Philippine Islands" and to present "an appreciation of the main elements of the Philippine problem as it now presents itself." The subjects discussed are: The Philippine Problem, The Beginning of Civil Government, The Philippine Civil Service, Local Government, The Legal and Judicial System, The Constabulary and the Maintenance of Order, The Control of Public Opinion, Political Parties, The Church Problem, American Education in the Philippines, Social Conditions, Economic Legislation, The Business Situation, Rural and Agricultural Conditions, The Exploitation of the Philippines, Income and Outgo, The Future.

John Lane Company:

Heretics. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Life Publishing Company:

"If"—A Guide to Bad Manners. By James Montgomery Flagg.

A volume of verse both humorous and epigrammatic. To each stanza there are two characteristic drawings. "Through all the fun of the verse and pictures, there is an underlying stratum of good sense, which, properly assimilated, may cure some of the bad manners the book professes to teach." The book is similar to the author's "Tomfoolery."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Shakespeare's Christmas. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The first of this collection of seven stories gives the book its title. "Will" Shakespeare's father, John, comes to London on Christmas Eve to see a comedy which his son has written. In giving an account of this visit the author has included a mythical description of the poet's father, as well as the poet himself, Tom Nash, and Ben Jonson. The second story, "Ye Sexes, Give Ear!" deals with the annual regatta in Saltash, in which the men were outrowed by Sally Hancock. "Captain Wyvern's Adventures," the third story, is an historical romance. "The Rain of Dollars" and "The Lamp and the Guitar" are tales of the Peninsular War. The titles of the other two are "Frenchman's Creek" and "The Man Behind the Curtain." The book contains eight full-page illustrations.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Romance of Gentle Will. By Clyde C. Westover.

The story of William Shakespeare's life woven into a romance. The progress and hindrances of the great dramatist's early love for Anne Hathaway furnish the plot for the tale, although the wooing and winning of Juliet Florio by the youthful Earl of Southampton is said to be a "pretty accompaniment for the main story." Some of the most charming of the well-known historical characters are gathered around the central figures. The story includes duels, ac-

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counts of poachers, crimes, etc. In a short prelude the author gives his authority for any deviation from published recorded dates of certain events in the life of the famous poet, as the diary of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Yourie Gardenin. Anonymous.

A Russian character study in which Yourie Nikolaevitch Gardenin, a wealthy young man, is the chief figure. Yourie has philanthropic ideas, but, like others of his countrymen, they are visionary and indefinite. Conjugal matters are frankly discussed, and intrigue and infidelity are the prevailing features of the book.

The Land of the Rising Sun. By Gregoire DeWollant.

A description of the general geography of the country is included in this history of Japan and its people. In Part I. chapters are devoted to the origin of the people, to their prehistoric condition, their cosmogony, the beginning of Japanese history, the first arrival of Europeans, the passing of the nominal power of the Emperor to the Shoguns, the Japanese awakening, the reign of the present Emperor, and their religious conditions; Part II. is devoted to personal impressions of Northern and Southern Japan; Part III. to the language, the theatre, architecture, art, etc.; Part IV. deals with the economical and financial situation of Japan; while Part V. discusses the internal and foreign policy.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Letters of a Self-Made President. By James J. Neville.

The aim of the author seems to be to burlesque President Roosevelt's career and his public speeches. Among the people to whom letters are addressed are a negro, whom he has recently dined; a pugilist, whom he admires; a Congressman, whose assistance he asks in passing a bill to increase the salary of the President; the Secretary of the Navy, commanding the Navy to assemble in "Clam Bay;" etc., etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

At the Sign of the Jack O'Lantern. By Myrtle Reed.

One of the peculiarities of Miss Reed's new book is that the principal character died before the beginning of the story. The tale narrates the adventures of a New York journalist and his young wife in an old house which is an heirloom. The house contains a mystery, a significant portrait, and an uncanny cat. A vein of humour, sentiment and philosophy is said to run through the book.

Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. By Georg Steindorff.

A series of five lectures delivered under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions—a committee organised in 1892 for the purpose of instituting "popular courses in the History of Religions, somewhat after the style of the Hibbert lectures in England, to be delivered annually by the best scholars of Europe and this country, in various cities, such as Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and others." These lectures describe the religion of Egypt in the earliest times, the development of the religion, the temples and ceremonies, the magic art of life after death, and the graves and burials of the Egyptians.

America to England. By Minot J. Savage.

The title of this book is derived from its first poem, which was read at a banquet given to Ambassador Whitelaw Reid on the evening of his departure for the court of St. James. The volume consists of numerous selections from the hymns and poems of Dr. Savage, and are said to represent his best work.

The Child and Religion. Edited by Thomas Stephens.

These eleven essays, by eleven well-known men, are the outcome of a friendly discussion, at a deacons' meeting, on the place of the child in the Christian Church. The titles are "The Child and Heredity," "The Child and Its Environment," "The Child's Capacity for Religion," "The Child and Sin," "The Conversion of Children," "The Religious Training of the Child in the Church of England," "The Religious Training of Children in the Free Churches," "Baptists and the Children," "New Church Training," "The Religious Training of Children Among the Jews," and "The Child and the Bible." It is the eleventh volume in the "Crown Theological Library."

The Upton Letters. By T. B.

These letters were written by "T. B." to a friend who had gone to Madeira for his health. They are published in compliance with a wish expressed a few days before the friend's death. Many phases of religious, social, and intellectual life in England are dealt with in the letters, in which "T. B." is said to have attained the art of simplicity and reality.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Mother. By Norman Duncan.

Because the child was terror-stricken at the thought of his father, Dick Slade, being "planted" after dying in one of the top rooms in a tenement building, the mother took him to the very "grand"

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funeral of the late Senator Boligand, which she explained to him was Dick Slade's funeral, in order that he might see that death had brought glory and beautiful flowers to his father. The whole story pictures a fictitious world in which the mother lives so that her boy may be happy. The present volume is issued in a limited de luxe edition; the regular cloth edition will appear soon.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope.

The heroine of Mr. Hope's latest book is a popular and beautiful actress, and the story deals with her private life and feelings, with the people whom she knows, and with the influence that her profession and temperament has upon her life. Lord Bowdon becomes infatuated with Ora Pinsent, but marries Lady Kilnorton for safety; Ashley Mead is not so easily frightened and continues to make love to her—he receives as his reward a commission to meet her drunken and disreputable husband when he arrives from America. After obtaining a divorce, Ora marries Hazelwood, her theatrical manager, but still continues to be Ora Pinsent. A number of other characters take an active part in what is said to be an interesting story.

BALTIMORE, MD.

John Murphy Company:

Wandewana's Prophecy and Fragments in Verse. By Eliza L. M. Mulcahy.

"Wandewana's Prophecy," which originally made its appearance as a tragedy, has been revised and given a more pleasant *dénouement*. In addition to this the author has included over forty poems, many of which are here published for the first time.

BOSTON, MASS.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Fifty Piano Compositions. By Robert Schumann. Edited by Xaver Scharwenka.

An addition to The Musicians Library, a series of independent volumes, each complete in itself. The book contains a portrait and a critical sketch of the composer, bibliography, and fifty piano compositions in the original text. It is proposed to cover the "world range of music of living interest, excluding the choral and orchestral" in this series.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

The Little Green Door. By Mary E. Stone Bassett.

A romance of the time of Louis XIII. The "little green door" is a means of entering a retired garden belonging to the King. In this garden, which the King seldom visited, a beautiful young girl was allowed to wander. Here the King finds her and woos her in disguise.

How Barbara Kept Her Promise. By Nina Rhoades.

Barbara, an orphan of twelve years of age, promised her father that she would care for her little sister Hazel, aged eight. The many difficulties which are encountered in her endeavour to fulfil her promise is the story which Miss Rhoades submits to her youthful readers as the fifth in the "Nina Rhoades Books."

Dorothy Dainty at the Shore. By Amy Brooks.

The little friends of the "Dorothy Dainty" books will welcome this fourth volume, which describes Dorothy's visit at the seashore in company with her friend Nancy, who has been rescued from her unworthy uncle.

Randy's Luck. By Amy Brooks.

The "Randy Books" is another series for girls by Miss Brooks. Randy's luck is said to be her unselfish and lovable nature, with her tactful and ready service to others, which, of course, insures for her many friends.

In the Line. By A. T. Dudley.

The theme of the third volume in the "Phillips Exeter" series is not unlike the first, "Following the Ball." While the story tells how a sturdy young student wins a position as guard on the football team, it also describes the rapid progress which he makes in the development of character. The hero's difficulty in securing his father's consent to play on the team presents the leading arguments for and against the game. The accurateness with which the author deals with the game insures the interest of the youthful reader.

A Daughter of the South. By George Cary Eggleston.

The heroine of this love-story is a Southern woman of high breeding, who has the strength of her convictions. She is driven from her home by the ravages of war and is saved from starvation by the hero, who cares for her on his river steamer until, "lying like a gentleman," he is able to provide means for her existence and place her in the home of his sister. The story has a happy conclusion.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

The Boss of Little Arcady. By Harry Leon Wilson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Flight of Georgiana. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

A romance of the days of the Young

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Pretender, just after the battle of Culloden, in 1746. The hero, a young Jacobite officer fleeing for his life, meets Georgiana, which puts all thoughts of escape from his mind. The reckless lover encounters many exciting adventures. The story, in matter and style, is said to "represent the author's endeavour to tell a romantic tale that shall be free from all sentimentality and affectation, and to depict humanity, not only as it displayed itself in the eighteenth century, but as it manifests itself at all times."

Odes from the Divan of Hafiz. By Richard Le Gallienne.

These odes from Hafiz, one of the foremost of Oriental poets, are freely rendered from two literal English translations: the prose translation made by Colonel Wilberforce Clarke, in 1891, and the verse translation by Mr. John Payne, in 1901. Mr. LeGallienne has written a preface to his book in which he gives a short discussion on the Persian poet and his works.

Siegfried. By S. Baring-Gould.

The second in the series of romances founded on the themes of the grand operas is "Siegfried," based on Wagner's operas "Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." The author, while not disturbing the story as told in the drama, has included explanations from the original narrative of the Teutonic and Scandinavian forefathers which are of great assistance to the reader in understanding this mythological tale. Eleven illustrations by Charles Robinson enhance the interest of the book.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

The Son of the Swordmaker. By Opie Read.

The life history of the centurion who was in command of the Roman soldiers at the Crucifixion is the theme of this romance. The scenes of the story travel from Rome to Britain and thence to Judea. The hero was taken prisoner by a Briton chief, who presented him as a slave to his beautiful daughter. The romance which developed is the wheel upon which the story revolves.

Thompson and Thomas:

An American in New York. By Opie Read.

Sketches originally contributed to a periodical form the basis of this story. The tale, as it here appears, however, is said to differ in some respects from the sketches themselves. It depicts a Southern colonel in New York, in which place he asserted that "he had lived out in America and this was his first trip abroad." Some of the other characters are a lovely widow, to whom he tells tales of the West; her niece; and the Colonel's adopted son. Humour, satire, tragedy and quaint philosophy are sprinkled throughout the romance.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites.

"A personal narrative during an expedition from St. Louis, through the vast regions between that place and the Pacific Ocean, and thence back through the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, during journeyings of six years; in which he and his father, who accompanied him, suffered unheard of hardships and dangers, had various conflicts with the Indians, and were made captives, in which captivity his father died; together with a description of the country, and the various nations through which they passed." The eighteenth volume in the "Early Western Travels."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

A Fool for Love. By Francis Lynde.

A fearless struggle for a railroad right of way in the Colorado mountains is the theme around which this romance is woven. The hero complicates matters by falling in love with the niece of the man who has charge of the road which he has been sent to fight. The united efforts of the couple are successful in defeating the opposing party. The volume is issued in the "Pocket Book" series.

Pipetown Sandy. By John Philip Sousa.

Sandy Coggles, the hero of Mr. Sousa's tale of boyhood, never reached a very high mark as a student, but he was second to none in the school in the art of standing on his head, boxing, and other kindred accomplishments. The story narrates the various experiences of the hero, including his friendship for Gilbert, a boy of very different temperament. Charles Louis Hinton has made over a dozen illustrations for the book.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Young Churchman Company:

Masters of Old Age. By Nicholas Smith.

A "story of victories over old age and physical impairment by men and women of all classes and of varied talents. It

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contains many personal experiences illustrating the methods by which health and usefulness may be maintained by those of advancing years. . . . The lesson the book teaches is that it is worth while to live in a manly and womanly way and to be of some account to somebody in spite of age or environments."

The Heart of Catholicity. By Rev. Frank N. Westcott.

"The sole purpose of this book is to emphasize and illustrate one great truth: The fact that the Catholic Church, being mystically and historically 'the extension of the Incarnation,' is therefore a provision and expression of the love of the Son of God for man."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Julius H. Greenstone:

Leading Cases in the Bible. By David Werner Amram.

The first records of their kind are said to be the eighteen cases cited by the author. Although some of them are legendary they have been included as "they are embodied in Biblical literature, have maintained through the centuries a position of preëminence as authorities, not only in questions of law, but also in matters of doctrine, of faith and of history." The first, of course, is the Case of Adam and Eve, then follows the Murder of Abel, the Purchase of the Cave of Machpelah, the Sale of Esau's Birthright, In the Matter of Isaac's Will, etc.

TORONTO, ONT.

Morang and Company:

Speeches and Addresses. By John Charlton.

In compliance with the request of numerous friends, Mr. Charlton has published in permanent form some of the political, literary, and religious speeches and addresses which he has made during his career. The transportation problem of Canada, the South African War, and the fiscal relations are, also, topics which have been made the subjects of discourses. A portrait of the author appears as the frontispiece.

William Briggs:

Studies in Canadian Poetry. By J. Cappon.

Noticed in Chronicle and Comment of this number.

HAVANA, CUBA.

Observatory of Belén:

The Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes. By Rev. Walter M. Drum, S. J.

In response to a statement to the effect that Cuba was without warning of hurricanes until after the Spanish-American War, the Observatory of Belén has issued this brochure in order to save its fair name and "to show that for thirty years the Cubans had been thankfully receiving Jesuit forecasts." Fathers Viñes and Gangoiti are said to be the pioneer forecasters of hurricanes.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lunatic at Large. Clouston. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Ravanels. Dickson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Girl and the Deal. Harriman. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Image in the Sand. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Accomplice. Hill. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Wood Carver of 'Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hilda Lane's Adoptions. McAlily. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Crimson Blind. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Jörn Uhl. Frenssen. (Estes.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pardners. Beach. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. A Fool for Love. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) 75 cents.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Flower of Destiny. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.25.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Love's Cross Currents. Swinburne. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Science and the Future Life. Hyslop. (Turner.) $1.50.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Storm Centre. Craddock. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Real Boys. Shute. (Dillingham.) $1.25.
3. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Gift of the Morning Star. Gordon. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Freckles. Porter. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Crimson Blind. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Accomplice. Hill. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Sunset Trail. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Fool Errant. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Long Ago and the Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) $1.50.
6. The Sunny Side of the Street. Wilde. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Willamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fate of a Crown. Staunton. (Riley & Britton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Little Hills. Banks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50	154
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	118
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50	93
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50	63
5. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	55
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	53

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"Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God, to society and to ourselves."

Bacon



From the end of the 18th. Century to the beginning of the 20th.

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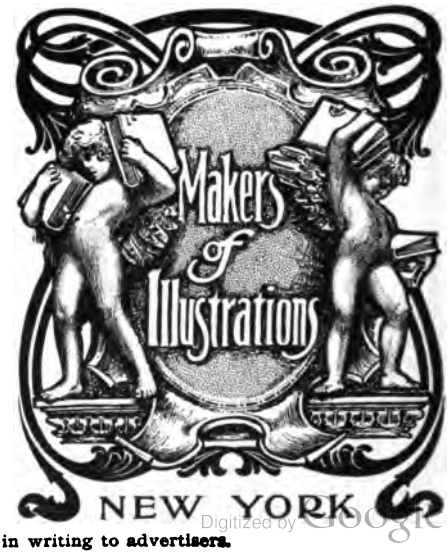
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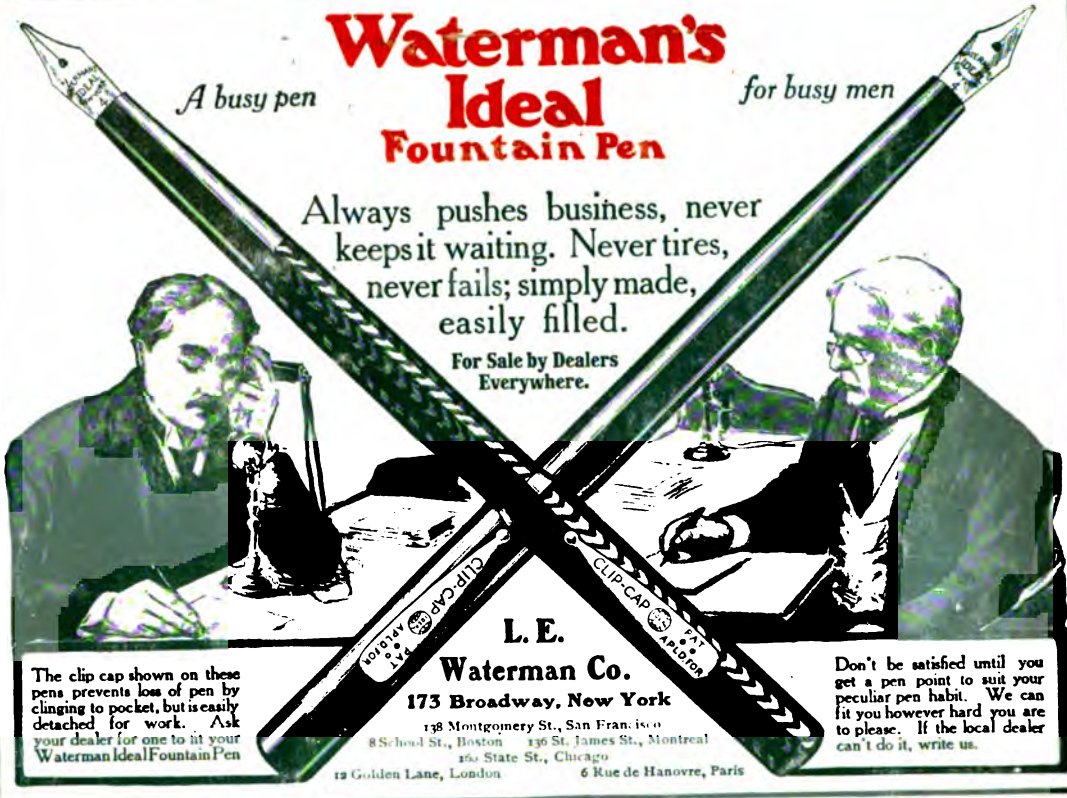
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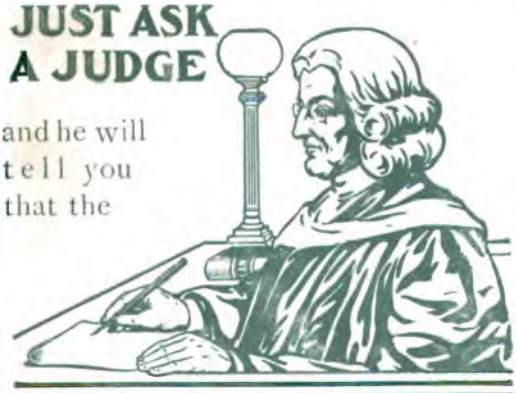
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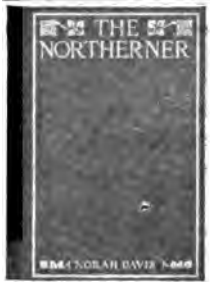
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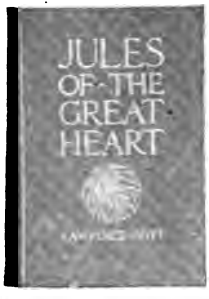
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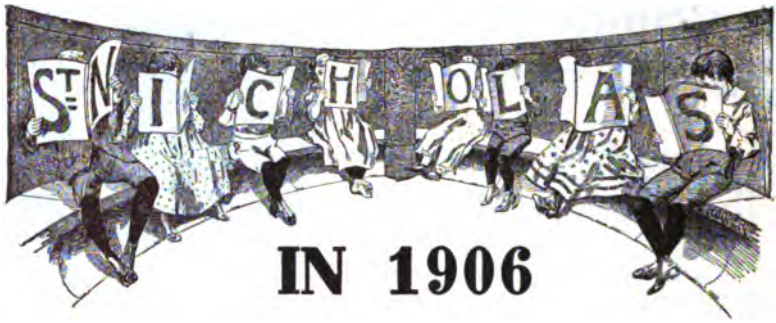
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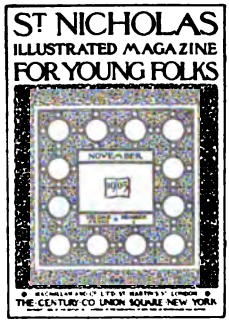
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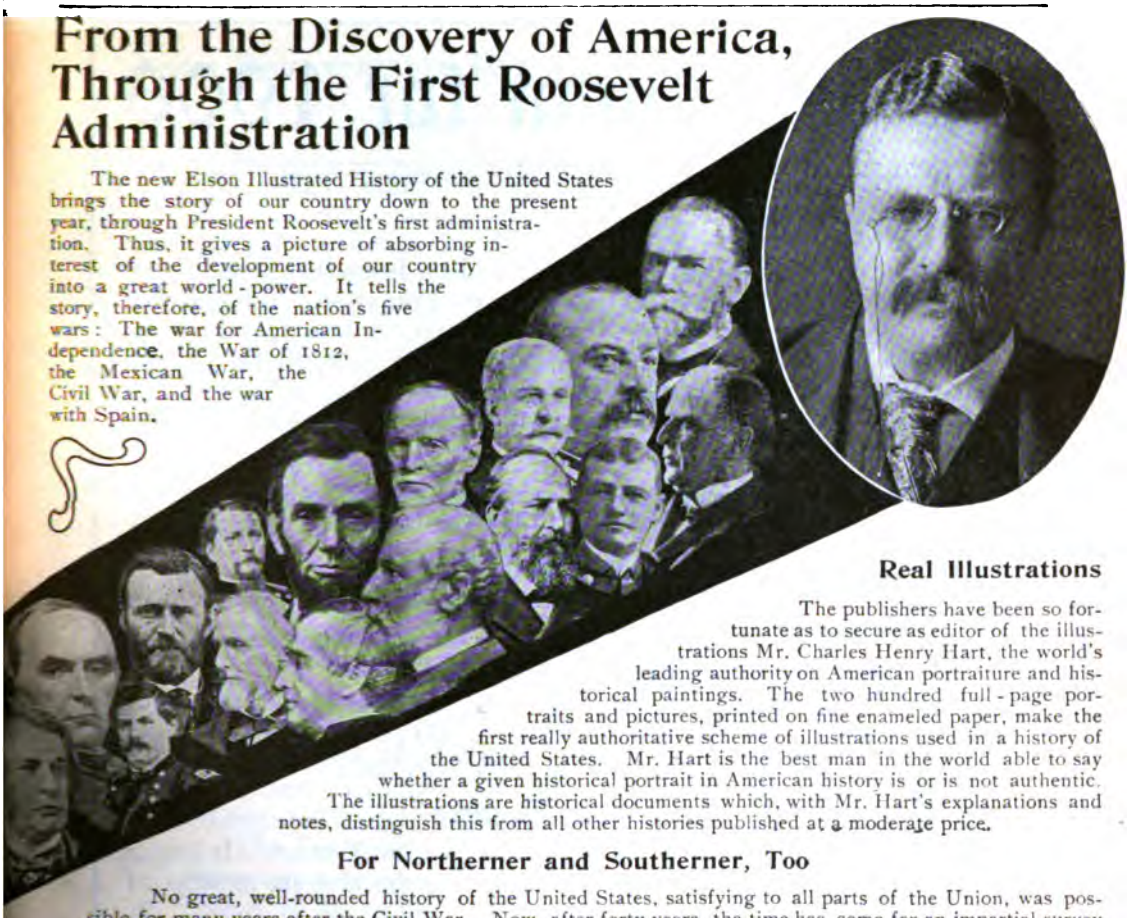
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There will be special articles on various phases of book publishing, such as:

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How they are read and discussed, the reason for rejection or acceptance, etc.

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Twenty Years of the Republic

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Famous Literary Clubs

There are to be more of these articles during the coming year. Those that have appeared have attracted much attention.

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Some Representative American Story-Tellers

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The title of the third article is in itself so suggestive that it needs little or no explanation. The secret service of to-day and of the days of the Spanish-American War is fully as interesting and exciting as was the secret service of the years of the War of Secession.

Short Stories

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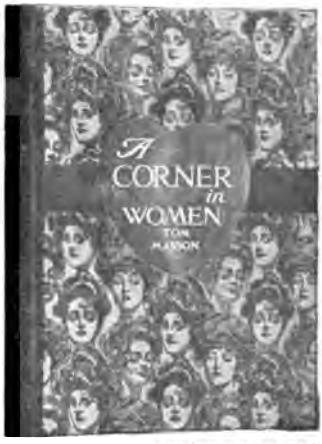
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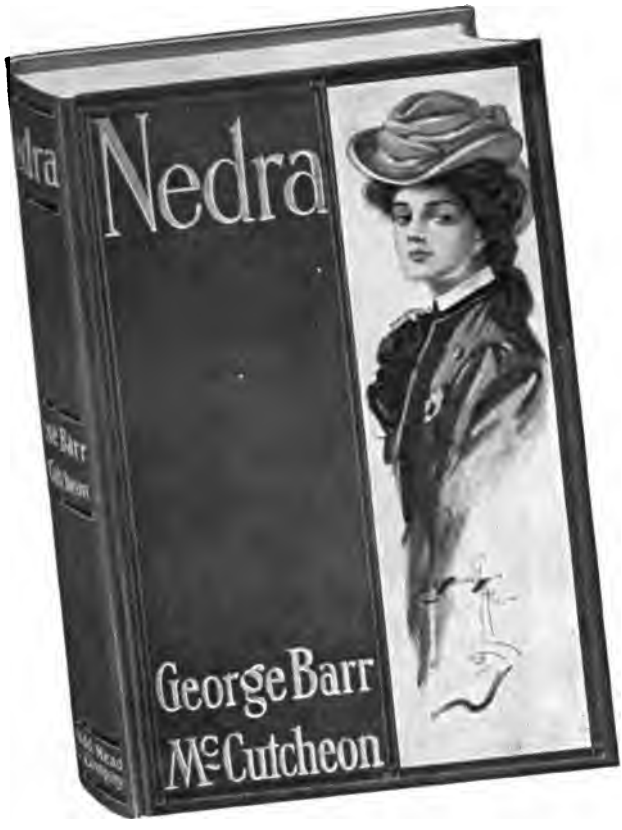
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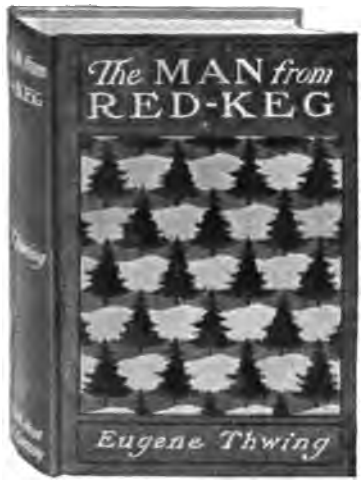
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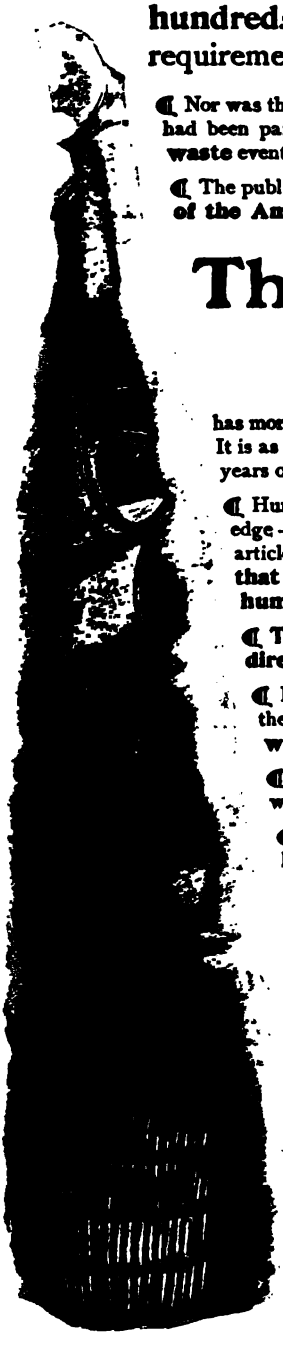
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THE STORY OF THE JOURNALS



HE labor, thought and patient effort of several years on the part of the editor, Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, and of the publishers of this great work now reaches fruition in the announcement made on the previous page. The "Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-06," *are now published complete,* and full sets of the work are now ready for delivery.

The story, indeed it might almost be called the "adventures," of the original manuscript journals is one of very great and intense interest, and has proved to be almost as romantic as the history of the great discovery itself. President Jefferson, in his detailed instructions to Lewis, impressed most strongly upon him the necessity of keeping careful and exact records of every day of the journey. The notes of the two captains were to be guarded against loss by making copies of them "on the paper of the birch, as less liable to injury from dampness than common paper." The men of the company were also encouraged to keep journals as a matter of additional record. The two leaders faithfully performed their duty in this regard, and the four sergeants also wrote diaries.

Collectively, the journals of the captains covered each and every day the expedition was out—largely, of course, a double record, although there are occasional periods when we have the journal of but one of them. It had been the intention of the two leaders of the company to publish their own journals; they had presented no official detailed report to the government, it being left to them by Jefferson to make such literary use of their material as they saw fit. During the year following the return Lewis issued a prospectus announcing the speedy publication of the official narrative by a Philadelphia publisher. The first volume was to contain the "narrative of the voyage," the second to be devoted chiefly to an account of "the Indian nations distributed over that vast region," and the third "exclusively to scientific research." There was also to be published "Lewis and Clark's map of North America from longitude 9° west to the Pacific Ocean, and between 36° and 52° north latitude, with extensive marginal notes; dimensions, five feet eight inches by three feet ten inches, embracing all their late discoveries, and that part of the continent heretofore the least known."

Unfortunately for this enterprise, both explorers, soon after their return, had received, together with commissions as generals, important government appointments, and the onerous duties appertaining to these offices in the vast territory through which they had journeyed were necessarily absorbing. In consequence, the task of publication of their journals under such circumstances was easily deferred. Lewis's death just three years after the return of the expedition proved another very serious blow to the publication of the records. Jefferson, however, was indefatigable in his efforts to put the

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records of the journey in permanent form, and he now prompted Clark to get the work under way. After rather lengthy negotiations, Clark secured the aid of Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who was then but a young man, although he had already attained considerable reputation as a financier, lawyer and man of letters. In little more than a year Biddle had completed the work of "editing" the manuscripts, and then was experienced the difficulty of securing a publisher. At last, in the early part of 1813, Biddle closed arrangements with Thomas Bradford for printing the work, and a year later the two small volumes were actually published.

The great amount of scientific matter contained in the notes of Lewis and Clark, aggregating one-fourth of the journals as a whole, had at the outset been eliminated by Clark and Biddle. This material was to have been edited for a special volume by Dr. Barton, an eminent naturalist in Philadelphia. Owing to the latter's illness and consequent death, however, this work was never carried out, and the scientific data so laboriously kept by the captains has not heretofore been published.

The task which Biddle undertook was by no means an easy one. He had the manuscript journals of the two captains and of Sergeant Ordway (the last named having since been lost) and the printed journals of Sergeant Gass, together with the verbal statements of Clark and of Private Shannon, who was also a member of the company of explorers. It was Biddle's task to weave this mass of heterogeneous data into a readable paraphrase, which should have unity and a simple and forceful literary style. The nearly 1,500,000 words of manuscript he condensed into 370,000 printed words. So skilfully is the work done that probably few have realized in reading his volumes that they had not before them the veritable journals of the explorers themselves written upon the spot.

About three years later we find Jefferson instituting a search for the manuscript journals of the explorers with a view of placing them in the archives of the American Philosophical Society. After meeting and overcoming many difficulties in his search, and after lengthy and voluminous correspondence with Clark, Biddle and others, he at last secured the following result of his labours as is shown from this minute of the 8th of April, 1818, in the records of the corporation of the society: "Mr. Nicholas Biddle deposited the original journals of Lewis and Clark, with an account of them and of those journals and documents which he was not possessed of." The deposit consisted of eighteen note-books and twelve parcels of loose sheets; of these, thirteen are in red morocco covers—seven by Lewis and six by Clark.

Here the records of Jefferson's search suddenly cease. Neither the federal government nor the American Philosophical Society having decided to publish them, these precious manuscripts slumbered untouched for nearly seventy-five years in the library vault of the society, practically unknown to historical scholars outside of that institution. In 1892 they were used by Dr. Elliott Coues in preparing a new edition of Biddle. The principal use which Dr. Coues made of the original journals, however, was in the form of notes to his text, in which, as was his custom, he freely modernized the original material. After he returned them to the society the manuscripts were left untouched for another nine or ten years, when it was determined, in view of the forthcoming centennial of the Louisiana purchase, at last to carry out Jefferson's suggestion, and publish the Lewis and Clark journals direct from the original manuscripts.

In the course of consequent investigation into the sources by the editor of the present work there came into view in the society's library a few other Lewis and Clark items besides those which Coues had used. Further investigation brought to light in the possession of direct descendants of General Clark several manuscript note-books of the explorer and a number of very valuable and interesting letters bearing directly upon the famous expedition. In addition to the above a most important discovery was made among this material of more than fifty detailed maps, for the most part made by Clark while on the trip. These maps are of the very highest importance, as they determine unquestionably the exact route followed by the expedition across the mountains, a point

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UPPER BITTERROOT VALLEY, MONTANA

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which has long been under dispute. Thus, so long after Jefferson's quest, and within the centennial year of the departure of the Lewis and Clark expedition on their journey, there have at last been located presumably all the literary records now extant of that notable enterprise in the cause of civilisation.

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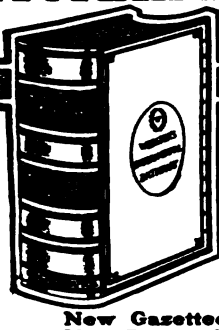
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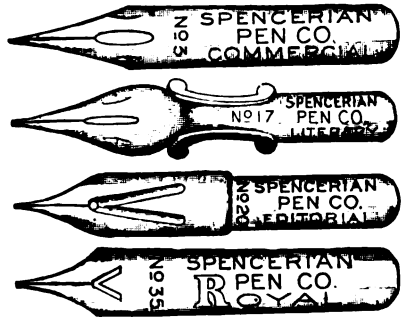
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Well-worn Topic.

It has been observed of the literary commentator, as of the blue-bottle fly, that he buzzes loudest just before he drops, and so while we read and listen to what is now being said of Mr. Shaw we may look for a sudden and somewhat pitiful extinction. Not that the Shaw plays will necessarily lose their present interest, but the Shaw commentator is certainly doomed. Excesses of this sort have of late years been invariably followed by periods of severe repression—of silence almost proportionate to the degree of garrulity when the talking fit was on. The hush that settled upon *Trilby* and *Robert Elsmere* endures to this day. The reader of *The Man with the Hoe,* if there be one, is as the owl in the desert; and upon the lips of the Omarian the spider builds its web. Men still find pleasure in the writings of Stevenson, but where are the Stevensonians? Where are the Smithites, Brownists and Robinsonians of yester-year? Let a subject once fall to the cult or the claque, let the lavish tongues of small expounders have their way, and the waters soon close over it. Let a man's name be the signal for lengthy and witless argument, like that now occasioned by Mr. Shaw's, and people soon learn to omit it. Observe the almost vindictive silence in the newspapers following Mr. Hall Caine's recent announcement of his winter's plans; observe also the deep oblivion of our own Professor Triggs. They are as good men as ever, but they are not the subjects they once were; they are not even the jokes they were.

*

The time-honoured retort of our newspapers to Mr. Shaw's recent rebuke of America because a subordinate official in a New York public library had placed his books on the restricted list was that he was advertising himself. The matter seemed to many too trivial to deserve his notice. To drag the country in and accuse it of publicly insulting him seemed disproportionate to the nature of the affair. The charge of American prudery (a terrible charge, if true) as contrasted with British open-mindedness towards Mr. Shaw's "ideas" seemed oddly inconsistent with the actual facts as known to Mr. Shaw and to every one else—New York flocking to see him in two theatres, London literally freezing him out of the theatre in which he was played some months ago (with such slight returns that there was no money to pay for coal); Mr. Shaw presented here without protest, prohibited there by the Lord Chamberlain as too licentious for the London stage. But of all possible retorts the weakest and most meaningless was to call him a self-advertiser—a term that applies as well to the prophet as to the fool. What has Mr. Shaw been doing these many years but advertising his "ideas"? The Shaw of the letter is the Shaw of the plays. He comes as near reality in the letter as he

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does in *Man and Superman.* It is not a whit more unreasonable to pick out the country that has given him the warmest welcome as the country most likely to throw him into gaol than it is to see Woman as always the pursuer of Man at the behest of the "Life-force." The letter was carelessly written and the "ideas" are not so interesting when seen in *déshabille,* but they are quite as convincing as this view of Woman, and as many other "ideas" in the plays and the prefaces. No further information concerning Mr. Shaw could be gathered from the letter, but the discussion to which it gave rise served mainly to show that, unlike Falstaff, he is not the cause that wit is in others. People seldom appear to so great disadvantage as when discussing him, and it is probable that they will realise it before long and give up trying to think about him.

*

The Death of a Magazine.

Longman's Magazine, the inheritor of *Fraser's* (1830-1882), discontinues publication with its current number. Its fate has been laid at the door of its cheap, illustrated competitors and taken as a sign of declining standards in literary journalism. Its contributors have certainly included many of the most distinguished writers of the day; its pages have been widely quoted, and it has earned for itself an honourable name. There was about it a certain agreeable air of abundant leisure and of freedom from the petty cares of timeliness. The passing of the seasons might be inferred from its contents, but there was little in them that could identify it with the month or even the year. The editor had the enviable privilege of choosing the articles he liked best, without regard to what other people were thinking or doing at the time. Mr. Andrew Lang, to be sure, who contributed regularly under the title "At the Sign of the Ship," showed that he now and then read the newspapers, but he was for the most part busy in other centuries. Taking it all in all it was a pleasantly meandering, *dégagé* sort of magazine, and contained much that its pragmatical and pictorial competitors could not supply. Its decease is matter for regret. Still it does not offer a text for a sermon on declining standards, nor is it in any wise an exception to the law of magazine mortality—that what magazines die of is lack of wit. It might have quickened its pace without loss of dignity and it might have conceded some points to the calendar without detriment to any literary quality. Worse things succeed, but that does not prove that the better ones were too good. In the small degrees of goodness the public is not discerning, and the interval between *Longman's* and some others was not so great as to justify any very dolorous conclusion in regard to degenerate tastes.

*

The Death of Hérédia.

Two recent deaths, one that of a great poet, vividly call to mind the power possessed by France of absorbing the foreign elements that mingle with its native population and of thus enriching the capabilities and productiveness of the French nationality. To Paul Savorgnan de Brazza, the explorer, who was born in 1852, in Rome, where his family was known by the name of Brazza Savorgnani, she owes an increase of her African empire, the whole significance of which will not fully appear until she has managed to fulfil the dream of her colonial party and to stretch a double line of steel across the desert of Sahara. To José Maria de Hérédia, born near Santiago de Cuba in 1842, she is indebted for one of the most nearly perfect collections of poems written in the French language. Hérédia was already fifty-one years of age when he published *Les Trophées,* the only one of his works which is not a translation. But he was known already as a great poet by the whole literary public of France. In the early sixties he was a member of a literary debating society, the "Conférence la Bruyère," in which he read to his colleagues his first Parnassian verses; one at least of these colleagues, the intellectual élite of the French *jeunesse* of that time, could fully appreciate the perfect workmanship of these literary gems and realise the

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amount of painstaking toil represented by every line on rhyme. It was his rival in Parnassian ambition, now his lifelong friend, Sully Prudhomme, who read before the same society the instantaneously famous *Vase Brisé*. Literature counted for so much among these brilliant young men, whom the oppressive and unintelligent policy of Napoleon III. kept away from political life! The more quickly, therefore, did the names of those whom some artistic achievement suddenly carried to the front spread among their contemporaries. Hérédia enjoyed a modest competence, and not being harassed by the problem of making his living, was in no hurry to take the public into his confidence. He kept on, laboriously carving his finished sonnets, and, a few at a time, they appeared in various literary magazines. In 1893 he collected them in book form, every one almost faultless. There are one hundred and sixteen of them, and Boileau says that a faultless sonnet is the same thing as a great poem! Certainly no one but a great poet could write the sonnet on the "Conquistadores" or the sonnet on Antony and Cleopatra, or the Romancero in *terze rime* which is found in the same volume.

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Les Trophées carried their author to the French Academy, which a few months after their publication elected him against Zola. His election was the occasion of an amusing blunder on the part of a number of American newspapers. There was at that time in Paris a wealthy Cuban mulatto, French by naturalisation, who claimed relationship to José Maria, a claim never recognised by the poet, who shared the race pride of the white creoles of his native island. His name was Severiano de Hérédia. He had gone into politics, been elected to the Paris Municipal Council, then to the Chamber of Deputies, and finally, in 1887, he held for six months the portfolio of Public Works in one of the numerous short-lived cabinets of the Third Republic. All this political activity quickly got him into all the biographical dictionaries, which, of course, kept completely silent about the author of the then unpublished *Trophées*, so that José Maria was perfectly unknown to the staff of most of the American newspapers when the cable announced his election to the Academy. They, therefore, quite naturally took down from their shelves their French *Who's Who*, and therefrom copied the biography of the tan-coloured politician. The story much amused the poet when related to him a few years later in his beautiful apartment of the Rue Balzac, where he has just died. He seems, moreover, to have been condemned by fate to have inaccuracies in his biographies. His obituaries almost without exception make him the son of his namesake, the great Spanish poet of the Pearl of the Antilles. Unfortunately, José Maria I. died in 1839, three years before the birth of José Maria II., whose relationship to him was comparatively remote. He gave to literature not only his life and activity, but even his own daughters, who survive him; one of them, herself a poet of no small merit, is married to the poet Henri de Régnier; the other two are the wives respectively of Maurice Maindron, the novelist, and Pierre Louÿs, the author of *Aphrodite*.

❧

Another Frenchman of note, recently dead, may be claimed to a certain extent as a bookman; we mean Godefroy Cavaignac, the former War Minister, the author of a very fair historical work, *La Formation de la Prusse Contemporaine*. With his political life, with his strange vagaries in regard to the revision of Captain Dreyfus's trial, with the acts of his which made him one of the leaders of the Nationalist Party and estranged him from his former political friends, the American public is fairly well acquainted. We shall recall here only one incident of his life which has not been always accurately reported. He was only in his sixteenth year, in 1868, when he won a Greek prize in the great intercollegiate contest between all the Paris lycées, the Concours Général. The Minister of Public Instruction, Victor Duruy, considered it a happy idea to have the son of General Cavaignac receive his prize from the hands of the son of General Cavaignac's old enemy, the young Prince Imperial, then a boy of

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twelve. On realising what was to be done, young Cavaignac, who was watched by his mother, seated in one of the galleries, returned to his seat, which he had just left, amid the deafening cheers of his college friends and especially of the public. It was an act for which, needless to say, he was never forgiven by the Bonapartists, and which marked him out as one of the future Republican leaders.

Two Kinds of History.

We have been interested in reading the comments of the American press upon the Treaty of Portsmouth, for the press partly reflects and partly creates popular opinion. The Treaty of Portsmouth is undoubtedly a great historical event. In viewing it we have all stood by and watched history in the making. But whether we all understand it is quite another question. Judging by the newspaper comment just mentioned, it seems probable that very few persons, even very intelligent persons, understand it at all. Indeed, here is an example of the immediate and initial divergence of popular history and real history. The *dénouement* at Portsmouth was not yet twenty-four hours old before it had become crystallised into a myth; and the purely legendary account of what really happened is most likely the only account of which the average American school history will hereafter preserve any record. For all time to come, certain things will be implicitly believed by millions, although a moment's reflection ought to show their absolute absurdity. According to the mythical narrative, the story of the Portsmouth Peace will run briefly somewhat as follows: Japan and Russia being at war, President Roosevelt, a very forceful person, insisted that a peace be made, and "intervened" in such a manner that the Czar and the Mikado felt obliged to send envoys to a New Hampshire summer hotel, where they conferred regarding the terms upon which the war should cease. But the Japanese asked for the very large indemnity of $600,000,000, which the Russians were unwilling to pay. The negotiations were, therefore, in danger of miscarrying. At once, President Roosevelt sent for Baron Komura and for M. Witte and insisted that they come to an agreement. As M. Witte was a rather obdurate person, while Baron Komura was "easy," the President told the latter that it was he who must give way, and he also cabled the Mikado to that effect. Thereupon, all of a sudden, the Japanese, though victorious, hastily withdrew their demand for an indemnity, and the peace was then made hot-foot. It would not do to disoblige President Roosevelt. And so it was really he who forced the final agreement. As that marvellously facile rhapsode, Mr. Wallace Irwin, has poetically summed it up in *Life:*

> And now when ancient grandsires sit
> Within the evening grey,
> And oysters frolic noisilee
> All over Oyster Bay,
> The greybeard tells his little niece
> How Theodore did trek
> To drag the gentle Bird of Peace
> To Portsmouth—by the neck.

Such is the legend. The actual history of the affair is, of course, very different. To President Roosevelt belongs the great credit of arranging the Peace Conference and of carrying through the difficult and delicate preliminaries with extraordinary tact. The American President was, indeed, as physicians say, "indicated" as the only ruler who could successfully make the formal suggestion of a conference to Russia and Japan. The European States whose chiefs might have considered such a move were either too insignificant or too interested to make an initiative on their part acceptable. The man in the street, however, knows nothing of all the preliminaries which must have gone before the actual issuance of the President's suggestion—the discreet pourparlers, the interchange of little semi-official notes, the conferences between the Continental and British Foreign Offices, and all the diplomatic *finesse* of which few ever hear, but which are absolutely indispensable. And then when the Conference had met and appeared to have met in vain—why did

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"THE CROWN PRINCE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE"

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Baron Komura dramatically withdraw his demand for an indemnity from Russia? Just to oblige the Mikado's great and good friend, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt? Well, hardly. The Japanese are a very polite people, but they are not so excessively polite as to give up $600,000,000 just to oblige an acquaintance. They suddenly abandoned their claim, in the first place because they found that under no circumstances could they possibly get the money; and in the second place because, underneath all their admirably adjusted mask of cool indifference, they were extremely anxious to end the war. It is now known that the crops in Japan had failed, owing to the prolonged rains during the summer; and to go on fighting and spending enormous sums of money, to borrow which they would have had to pledge their custom-house receipts—would have inflicted almost unendurable misery upon the nation. Yet they would have gone on fighting but for the influence exerted by Lord Lansdowne at this crisis of the affair. To Great Britain the alliance with Japan is exceedingly important as a factor in her Asiatic policy. But an ally impoverished and engaged in an exhausting war in which there is no likelihood of an early peace was not an ally of appreciable value. If the war went on, Russia, to be sure, would cease to be a menace. She had already ceased to be a menace. But there was Germany with an eye on China—and the British distrust of Germany is to-day far more acute than her distrust of Russia ever was. For commercially, Russia is a stupid nation; while Germany is resourceful, able, and, therefore, dangerous. Hence, before the eyes of the Elder Statesmen at Tokio, Lord Lansdowne dangled the promise of a new Anglo-Japanese treaty—not a conditional arrangement like the old one, but a complete alliance, offensive and defensive. Only, this treaty could not be made unless Japan should come to terms with Russia, and begin repairing the losses of the war. To be Britain's ally, Japan must be a strong and unexhausted power. She must not continue pouring out her life-blood in heroic assaults upon a foe who, after all, might be continually defeated but never conquered. And so Baron Komura withdrew his demand for money, and made peace, and the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed; and a few days later the terms of the new Anglo-Japanese alliance were given to the world. But the average American will continue to believe that Mr. Roosevelt did it all as a summer pastime, dragging the Bird of Peace to Portsmouth by the neck. This sort of thing gratifies the national pride. It is also simple and easy to understand, and the popular mind always takes the line of least resistance. The whole thing is most instructive, for it shows how the history that is taught in schools is made.

*

Motormania and Motorphobia.

A little while ago there appeared in the literary column of the New York *Tribune* a review of the Williamsons' *My Friend the Chauffeur*. It was not an enthusiastic review; in fact, the writer seemed to be in a disgruntled and irritated mood. *My Friend the Chauffeur* was pronounced a pretty poor sort of book, and anyway, there were entirely too many automobile stories, and people were growing tired. Thus we see that even in fiction the motor-car is a subject conducive to extremes. The reviewer in question was simply touched by motorphobia, and had the Williamsons written with the pen of men and of angels, it would have made little difference. When a reviewer with motorphobia in his blood hears the toot of the horn and sees the motor-car come spinning down the highway of fiction, he feels it his duty to spread a few literary horseshoe nails and bits of broken glass across the road.

*

As a matter of fact, the grumble that people are growing tired of automobile stories is very far from the truth indeed. The man or woman who can spin a clever yarn with an automobile as the real hero, and bring in enough allusions to sooty spark-plugs, defective insulation, stripped gears and imperfect timing to satisfy the taste for local colour, need not look far for a market. In probably two-thirds

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of the magazine offices in the country a writer will be greeted with "Bring us in a good automobile story—that is what our readers want nowadays." And no motorphobiacal review will prevent a book like *My Friend the Chauffeur* from winning an immediate place among the best sellers. This third story from these clever collaborators is very much better than *The Princess Passes,* and almost if not quite as good as *The Lightning Conductor.* It is the same old story—the gentleman turned *chauffeur* under a little different circumstances and in different surroundings. But the whole subject is handled so cleverly that you are never irritated by the repetition. The yarn grows out of an advertisement in an English paper printed in the Riviera to the effect that an amateur automobilist (English, titled) wishes to conduct two or three ladies, Americans preferred, to any picturesque centres in Europe for a consideration of five guineas a day each. This advertisement leads to a series of striking complications and adventures, culminating in a highly coloured abduction. There is an ethereal heroine with a giddy and light-headed aunt, an incorrigible American girl of seventeen, who is supposed to be thirteen for her mother's sake, a villainous Austrian prince and his browbeaten chauffeur, and finally the first and second heroes, Lord Terence Barrymore and Sir Ralph Moray. A thoroughly amusing book. Read it.

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We offer the same advice in regard to *Baby Bullet,* by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, whose series of short stories, *Motormaniacs,* we mentioned a few months ago. Two American ladies, Miss Christine Schell, aged thirty-five, and Miss Essy Lockhart, aged nineteen, are trudging dustily along a British highway when Baby Bullet comes into their lives. The Baby is a French car of an obsolete type which a week before had been raffled off at a charity bazaar. The subsequent efforts of the unfortunate winner have been towards deserting the car in such a way that it cannot be returned to him, and when Miss Schell asks him to give it to her he grasps the opportunity with enthusiastic alacrity and dashes off with long kangaroo leaps for fear that she may change her mind. Then, through the agency of Baby Bullet, there come into the lives of these two women the great sixty horse-power "Gee Whiz" and its owner, Mr. Mortimer Sutphen, and the resourceful and devoted M. Alphonse Talieferro Bocher. And together the two cars roam over England and bring romance and happiness into four hitherto incomplete lives. In addition to gifts as a straight story teller, Mr. Osbourne possesses to a high degree a talent for happy allusion, for odd and delightful little turns of the imagination. For instance:

> Time, that multi-cylinder Panhard of the universe, and the worst of speeders, whom no village constable has ever yet arrested, nor any police magistrate contrived to bring to book—time, the smooth running, perfect sparking, unpuncturable racer, played one of its usual pranks when man and maid get together, and revealed the horrifying hour of eleven-thirty as Essy crept up to bed.

❦

Tennyson and Thackeray.

A little anecdote which throws an interesting light on Thackeray's impulsive and keenly sensitive nature is related in *Alfred Lord Tennyson,* the memoir by the former Laureate's son. Tennyson and Thackeray had been dining together and had evidently been dining well. The talk turned to the Latin poets, and Tennyson said, "I love Catullus for his perfection in form and for his tenderness; he is the tenderest of Roman poets," and quoted the lines about Quintilla's death ending with

> "Quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
> Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias"—

lines which we would translate by four lines from one of Shakespeare's sonnets,

> "Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow
> For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
> And weep afresh Love's long since cancell'd woe,
> And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight,"

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and the stanza from the "Iuliæ et Mallii Epithalamium,"

"Torquatus, volo, parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem,
Semihiante labello."

Thackeray answered, "I do not rate him highly. I could do better myself." Next morning Tennyson received this apology:

MY DEAR ALFRED: I awoke at two o'clock, and in a sort of terror at a certain speech I had made about Catullus. When I have dined, sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets. That delusion goes off; and then I know what a small fiddle mine is and what small tunes I play upon it. It was very generous of you to give me an opportunity of recalling a silly speech; but at the time I thought I was making a perfectly simple and satisfactory observation. Thus far I must *unbus'm* myself: though why should I be so uneasy at having made a conceited speech? It is conceited not to wish to seem conceited. With which I conclude,

Yours,
W. M. T.

A propos of Thackeray we are reproducing a picture of a Thackeray corner—that of Mr. Hiram Heaton of Amherst, Massachusetts—which is in many ways unique, and of which some of the details will arouse the envy of the bibliographer. In addition to the portraits and pamphlets the Corner contains about one hundred and twenty-five volumes. One of these, the famous *Flore and Zephir*, was picked up by the owner of the Corner many years ago for one dollar. The "Daly" copy sold for eight hundred and fifty dollars, which was not considered at all an exorbitant price. Another volume, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, was bought two years ago for six dollars and fifty cents. The copy is flawless, with the original paper covers. This edition has sold for three hundred dollars. Another treasure of the Corner is an autograph letter of Thackeray's which has never been published, and which shows the great satirist's keen relish of that form of humour to which the French apply the phrase *pince sans rire*.

Victor Hugo and Madame Drouet.

A good deal of comment has been devoted by French critics to a lately published book on Victor Hugo and Madame Juliette Drouet. Although written by an Englishman, Mr. H. W. Wack, the volume has been rather carefully analysed by M. Jules Claretie, who has shown that some of the material contained in it is not entirely authentic, though Mr. Wack's good faith is not called into question. But after reading the chapters, one can scarcely share Mr. Wack's enthusiastic assertion that "the loves of Victor and Juliette are pathetic in their fervour and constancy, and deserve to be recorded on the same scroll with the attachment of Abélard to Héloise, Petrarch to Laura, Dante to Beatrice." The answer to this is, "Hardly!" Juliette Drouet was a rather commonplace Frenchwoman of a very usual type, an actress of mediocre gifts. Hugo, as a young man, became infatuated with her, and she received his devotion with a half-amused, good-natured tolerance such as a woman who is thoroughly *rusée* shows to the ardour of inexperience. She was, in fact, a French Fotheringay, without the virtue of Captain Costigan's large-eyed, placid daughter. She made no pretence of being faithful to Hugo during the early period of their intimacy. Later, when he was famous and she was faded, their attitudes were reversed. It was then she who clung to him with intense affection, while he had many other loves. But the lives of the two were linked together after a fashion, and to the end they were never separated. Madame Drouet occupied a house not far from Hugo's, and Madame Hugo received her without any display of jealousy. "How very French!" the Anglo-Saxon reader will exclaim; and it must be admitted that so peculiar a *ménage* would scarcely have been recognised by society in any other Western country. Yet the French themselves regarded it as remarkable, and always

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A THACKERAYAN CORNER

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spoke of it in terms of wonder. Madame Drouet's portrait by Vilain, which is here reproduced, gives a very good understanding of her. After seeing it, one may easily understand how it was that all of Hugo's influence never enabled her to win success upon the stage. He secured for her several leading parts in plays of his; but in France all art is judged severely and by established canons; and nothing could atone in Madame Drouet for her lack of talent, and her obvious *bourgeoisie*. To Amer-



JULIETTE DROUET
From a drawing from life by Vilain

icans, she is chiefly interesting because she was the model for the statue of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde—a statue which the French Irredentists bury in flowers and wreaths of immortelles on the national fête day, in token of their faith that Alsace-Lorraine is destined to return to France.

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The book contains a number of anecdotes of Hugo, most of which are not exactly new, but all of which are interesting. They reveal once more the colossal vanity of this singular genius—and here and there his fundamental lack of breeding. For instance, when the Emperor of Brazil—one of the most democratic of men—expressed a wish to meet Hugo personally, the latter said to the person who brought the message, "I do not visit emperors." Whereupon, Dom Pedro answered with a smile: "Let not this be an obstacle to our meeting. M. Victor Hugo has the advantage over me of age and superior genius. I, therefore, will visit him." Which he at once proceeded to do. It is very obvious that the Emperor was the finer gentleman of the two. Mr. Wack also records Hugo's egoistic proposal at the time when the Germans were besieging Paris. He conceived the idea of ending the war by challenging the King of Prussia to single combat. "We are both old," said Hugo naïvely. "He is a powerful sovereign. I am a great poet. We are therefore equal. Why should we not decide by single combat the quarrel which divides our two nations, and thus spare many lives?"

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None of these anecdotes really displays Hugo's self-sufficiency in quite so strong a light as one that we heard years ago, while Hugo was still alive. It will be remembered by readers of *L'Homme qui Rit* that in the book an English peer has for his family name the impossible combination, "Tom Jim-Jack." Soon after the novel was published, an English gentleman who greatly admired Hugo, got a letter of introduction to him. After the usual greetings, the Englishman said with many courteous apologies, that he ventured to suggest in future editions of Hugo's latest novel a change of "Tom Jim-Jack" to a more probable designation. Hugo's vanity was up in arms at once. "What gives you the right," he asked, "to criticise a masterpiece?" "My admiration for it," replied the other; "and the fact that, being an Englishman myself, I know that the name which you have chosen for your principal character is a name that is quite impossible." Hugo drew himself up to his full height and waved his visitor to the door. "Yes," said he with

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mingled scorn and pity,—"yes, you are an Englishman. But I—*I* am Victor Hugo!"

Ernest Dowson.

Mr. Arthur Symons in his introduction to *The Poems of Ernest Dowson,* published by John Lane, raises a false hope in calling the writer "undoubtedly a man of genius." A talent, and a very frail one, a pathos partly borrowed from what we know of the poet's life, a feeling for the haunted word, a faint, new strain here and there amid much unconscious imitation are about all that any one who never met the man himself will find in his poems. He died five years ago at the age of thirty-three, having hastened the course of an incurable disease by his excesses. Mr. Symons says of him:

> With a body too weak for ordinary existence, he desired all the enchantments of all the senses. . . . He was unhappy and he dared not think. To unhappy men, thought, if it can be set to work on abstract questions, is the only substitute for happiness; if it has not the strength to overleap the barrier which shuts one in upon oneself, it is the one unwearying torture. Dowson had exquisite sensibility, he vibrated in harmony with every delicate emotion; but he had no outlook, he had not the escape of intellect. His only escape, then, was to plunge into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. The more he soiled himself in that gross contact, the further would he seem to be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world. . . . Think what Villon got directly out of his own life, what Verlaine, what Musset, what Byron got directly out of their own lives! It requires a strong man to "sin strongly" and profit by it. To Dowson the tragedy of his own life could only have resulted in an elegy. . . . A soul "unspotted by the world," in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; that improbability is what all who knew him saw in Dowson as his youthful physical grace gave way, year by year, and the personal charm underlying it remained unchanged.

The pity of it is that we need to be told all this, for we shall not find it in the verses. It takes a strong man, Mr. Symons might rather have said, to make his weakness pitiful in rhyme. The state that invites our pity is not the state in which it is best described. One needs some blood to write a poem on anæmia. To write the "Ode to Dejection" was a different thing from writing dejectedly, and no despairing moments ever yet got into music without robust endeavours alien to despair. The poet's soul may faint, but it must be up and doing when it breaks the news. The weakness of Ernest Dowson extended even to his art, and he could not communicate his moods, failing for the most part even

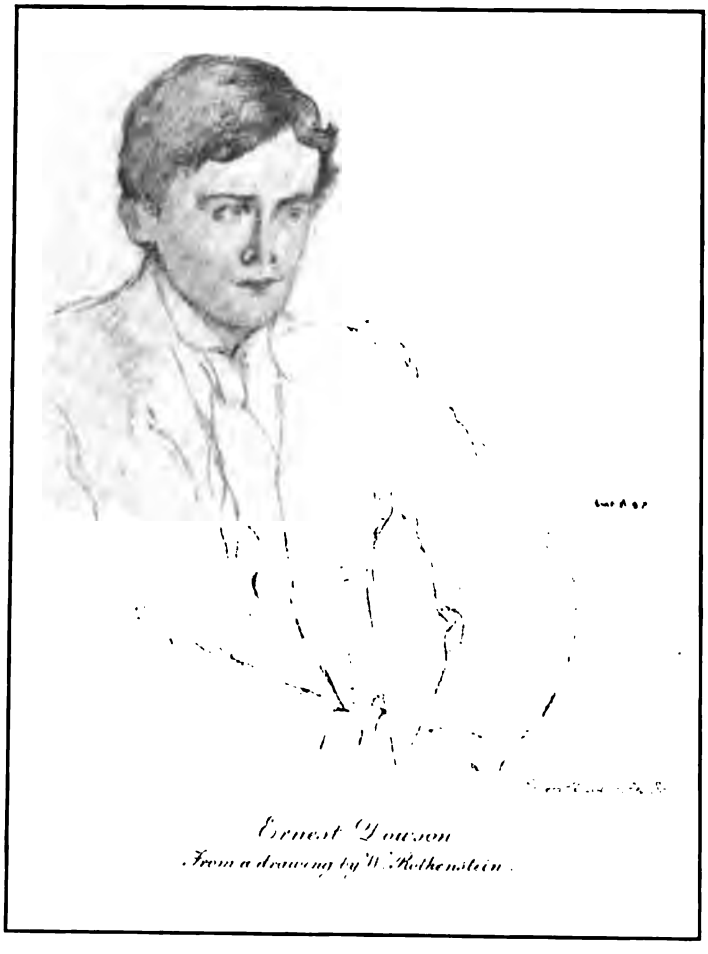


THE STATUE OF STRASBURG, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, FOR WHICH JULIETTE DROUET SAT AS MODEL

to express his failure. Hence to feel the pathos of his lines we need the pathos of the commentary. And so it is with other English followers of Verlaine who are in the forlorn case of being termed decadent and yet lacking the melody of their seven sins—a gift which Verlaine undoubtedly possesses. There is no

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Anglo-Saxon question of decadence, for there is no Anglo-Saxon art strong enough to raise it. It is the invention of academic writers for British reviews and their faithful cis-Atlantic servitors. Any Anglo-Saxon decadent needs an Anglo-Saxon commentator to tell us what a fearful life the poet has been leading. Not long ago a weighty reviewer found fault with the verses of Mr. Symons himself, not for their poetic deficit, but for their "decadence," note of satiety, and what not, never noticing that they fell short, because they were written by an imitative young man, who felt less than he wrote, and who missed the magic he strove for, and who, through hasheesh and the "dance of the flesh" and the soiled flowers of the pavement and goodness knows what dreadful "London nights," remained utterly a bachelor of arts and achieved only prettiness. There is little in the poems either of Ernest Dowson or of Arthur Symons for which antecedent poetry and an unconscious compilation from it (compatible, of course, with perfect sincerity) cannot account. In Mr. Dowson's volume there is only one poem that fulfils the promise of the preface. This is the poem to Cynara, from which we quote in part:



ERNEST DOWSON

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HOLMAN HUNT, AUTHOR OF "PRE-RAPHAELISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD"
From a Painting by Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses violently with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

* * * * *

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

Nevertheless, the volume as a whole, though not the work of genius, has a singular interest, and shows a talent lacking in most of the prosperous poets of the present day and in many old ones that are still preserved in Chambers's worthy volumes.

An Author's Revenge.

An instance of revenge long deferred, though none the less sweet, once in a while comes into the life of literary men. More than a dozen years ago Mr. Emerson Hough wrote a story called *Hasenberg's Cross-eyed Horse*, which he sought diligently, but unsuccessfully, to market with the greater number of the known periodicals of the world. At last the story found a resting-place in Mr. Hough's desk. Three years ago, feeling a bit let down physically, he took the advice of a distinguished publisher of New York and put himself in the hands of an osteopathic physician. Some doubts as to the beneficial results existed, but no doubt whatever as to the size of the bill. Mr. Hough pondered long and seriously on the question of getting even with his doctor. At length he happened to think of his old story of the cross-eyed horse. "I'll have the osteopath treat the horse's cross-eyes," said the author to himself. Whereupon, he rewrote the story, sold it promptly at a good figure, and made it a chapter of his last novel, *Heart's Desire*, where it is known as "Science at Heart's Desire."



EMERSON HOUGH

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Mr. Hough points to himself with pride as the only man who ever got even with his doctor.

Stories of Life Insurance.

Apart from their striking timeliness, Mr. Elliott Flower's tales of Life Insurance collected under the title of *The Best Policy,* deserve considerable attention. During the last few years, whenever a writer of any talent has undertaken a series of stories based on a particular phase of life or modern industry, the attempt has almost always proved successful. There was Mr. Lefèvre's *Wall Street Stories;* Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's stories of life along Newspaper Row; Mrs. Cutting's *Little Stories of Married Life* and her tales of suburban life—we might extend the list indefinitely. The field which Mr. Flower has selected is naturally wonderfully rich in its possibilities, but, of course, the au-



ELLIOTT FLOWER

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LILLIAN WHITING, AUTHOR OF "THE FLORENCE OF LANDOR"

thor was obliged to confine himself to the more conventional complications and situations. He could deal with its every-day tragedies and comedies; the frauds from which Life Insurance Companies protect themselves only by the keenest vigilance, and the uses to which insurance may be put in carrying out financial *coups;* but of the darker side, the bits of secret, personal history sometimes involving great names, he has said nothing. Balzac, in one of his novels, spoke of the priest, the physician and the lawyer, as the repositories of all human secrets. To a certain extent in modern life the Life Insurance company stands towards its policyholder in the relation of the last two.

Something more than a year ago, Elliott Flower chanced to lunch with a friend, who happened to be an insurance adjuster. This friend told Flower an incident in the settling of a recent claim that made rather a dramatic story. Flower immediately saw the possibilities, and after lunch hurried to his desk to write out the story in fiction form. After it was finished he read it to the adjuster, who enthusiastically approved it and told Flower he could furnish him more material if he was in search of it. Several days later, it dawned upon Flower that in the insurance business, both fire and life, he had hit upon a field that, as far as he knew, had never been explored by any short-story writer. The idea grew on him, and he immediately sought an interview with his publisher, after which he set himself to work to learn something of the insurance business. He even joined a club made up largely of insurance men. There he lunched every day, listening to their experiences, their anecdotes, and their more serious business discussions. There proved to be no lack of material. The difficulty lay in selection. The first incident that came to him, in a casual talk over the lunch-table, developed into the story that bears the title "An Incidental Tragedy." None of the members of the club knew that Flower was gathering material, so they talked freely, and were not tempted to over-colour their experiences.



HOLMAN F. DAY, AUTHOR OF "SQUIRE FINN"

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The Latest Guess at Fame.

It probably will not alter any one's opinion of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans that Whittier has been admitted and Poe shut out. That is the hazard of fame when entrusted to a committee. Of the fifty-one votes necessary to an election only forty-three were cast for Poe, forty-six for Bryant, forty-eight for Holmes, and forty-three for Cooper. Lowell received fifty-eight votes and Whittier had only one vote to spare. It is no reflection on the character of the distinguished judges to call them frivolous, for the nature of their duties is bound to make them so. Some are voting their personal opinions and some are guessing at other people's; some are deciding whether a name is famous and others whether it ought to be. Unconsciously, of course, and with perfectly sober faces they are a wild and harum-scarum lot. Separately they are ninety-five serious and respected fellow-citizens; assembled for this purpose, they are ninety-five rollicking, personal equations. For it is not as if the past had sifted out our Charlemagnes and Alfreds. The names in question have had no chance with posterity. This is a committee on the tastes of the unborn. Even one man cannot keep his mind straight on the subject and hold our great men to a graduated scale; and the committee is ninety-five times worse than one, for with them there is a network of cross-purposes and each is working at a different question. All this, of course, was manifest from the first, but the fate of Poe gives it a certain emphasis. No single critic could make that mistake concerning Poe, whose books are admired in parts of the world where one would no more think of reading Whittier than of subscribing to a Massachusetts country newspaper. It requires the combined efforts of a committee to make such a blunder as that.



BETTINA VON HUTTEN, AUTHOR OF "PAM"



AGNES C. LAUT, AUTHOR OF "VIKINGS OF THE PACIFIC"

Portrait by Miss Ben Yusuf

Moral Asymptosy.

Our memory of the higher mathematics is treacherous, but we seem to recall that an asymptote is a straight line that cannot meet anything, how far so ever it be produced. It is a lonely and inapplicable line, always trying to meet something, but never quite succeed-

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ing. Herein it resembles a certain sort of moral advice which we have noted from time to time in these columns. Moulders of public opinion here and in England have an astonishing faith in the efficacy of moral truisms, and with the best intentions in the world will dispense them in inordinate quantities and without any hint of their application. Thus in many a Presidential address we find matter that ought rather to go into a hymn. Any large do-as-you-would-be-done-by sentiment ought always to be sung. Put into bald prose, needlessly explained, pounded out into a ten-page article, it is utterly asymptotic and vain. We are goaded into making these obvious remarks by Mr. William Allen White's paper on "The Golden Rule," which fills the opening pages of the October *Atlantic Monthly*. It is written, he tells us, to prove that

> The Christian spirit is in its essence an entirely attainable ideal of kindness and of justice, and only as men live the Christian spirit consistently, in their simple first-hand relations with one another, will the public morals of the nation improve, and will the political and economic problems which reflect the conditions of public morals be nearer a solution.

To accomplish this, he takes a brief survey of "human history," from which he gathers that forms of governments corresponded to the conditions of the people and that government improved as the people grew more civilised, and that they grew more civilised as they grew more Christian. He finds also that duty to others is the basis of a Christian civilisation. After eight or nine completely victorious pages he concludes that

> We are building a pyramid of civilisation and are proud of it, as the ancients were of theirs. But it must rest upon its base or fall; and its base must be the practical Christian living of the people in their daily lives.

If it mentioned any case in point or modern instance, there would be a chance for the righteous and the wicked to disagree, but the puzzling question raised by the argument at every stage is, Where is the enemy? It recalls the story of a young British orator (Wilberforce, we believe) who addressed a debating society on the subject of capital punishment. He repeated impressively at intervals, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by him shall man's blood be shed," and unconscious of the misquotation grew more and more indignant at what he called the irreverence of his hearers towards the holy text.

It seems the habit of the race in these matters to mention no particulars and name no names, but with great regularity to advise mankind at large to love one another and to maintain the purity of the home, and not to murder, cheat or steal, and, if fathers, to be in a general way fatherly, and, if mothers, to behave, broadly speaking, as a mother should. Our foreign critics are probably wrong in calling it hypocrisy. It is akin, rather, to swearing, in that it takes the meaning out of good old words and inflates the moral currency. It also adds to familiar truths a touch of impotence. Nothing makes a concrete sinner feel so safe and sleepy as the distant rumble of the Golden Rule as it floats in its customary golden haze off somewhere on the horizon. We strike few moral blows in these calm pages, but while looking on we respect most those combatants whose bludgeons land on very specific human heads instead of nowhere—Miss Tarbell on Mr. Rockefeller, rather than Mr. Rockefeller on the Golden Rule in his Cleveland Sunday-school—the "literature of exposure" (of which a dilettante recently complained that it exposed the bad in us rather than the good, and made us uncomfortable, and ought to be stopped), rather than the moral journalism that lacks any point of tangency.

The Feud in Fiction.

A writer in the London *Academy*, signing himself "G," suggests that it was Sir Walter Scott who first made single combat the pivot of romance, and singles out the exploits of Wilfred of Ivanhoe in the lists at Ashby de la

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Zouche as "the first of a long line of battles which Scott described with inimitable gusto, the best and bloodiest being, possibly, the fight against the heroes of the Clan Chattan on the Inch of Perth. Scott's imitators have found this to be one of the things they can most easily reproduce, and fights in plenty have been described by the swarm of historical novelists who followed in his footsteps. Indeed, while he was still alive, there were a few who essayed the task with brilliant success. As boys, we have all revelled in the splendid fights of 'Le Longue Carabine,' and his redskin associates and enemies. Cooper was equally good in his sea-fights: indeed, we doubt whether any of his Indian stories exceeded in beauty and excitement the comparatively little read *Water Witch;* but it was the misfortune of subsequent writers that, in order to keep up the interest, they had to go one better than their originals, and the tales of battle have gone on, becoming more stupendous and extraordinary to the present day. For a time, Mr. Rider Haggard easily held the field as the chronicler of a bloody fight, and we do not know of many warriors who could be classed beside his Umslopagaas. We read of his deeds with excitement at the time, but somehow these scenes will not stand returning to. They do not strike us any longer as being real, but are only sham fights." How different it was with the older writers, thinks the highly pessimestic "G." "The heroes of Dumas accomplished many feats that we cannot quite believe in cold blood, but then Dumas possessed the art of a great story-teller, and piled circumstance on circumstance till he produced an illusion of actuality that was at least sufficient to carry the reader on. The more modern writers appear to forget altogether that there is any need to do this. They simply bring a lot of footmen together, and get their man to kill them as Umslopagaas killed those on the stairs. Nothing could well be more inartistic."

A visiting English author who has made a delightful impression upon every one with whom he has come in contact in this country is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Mr. Jerome is here not as a lecturer, but for the purpose of giving recitations from his books, and his immediate success has insured a long tour. Among the London men of letters this success was taken for granted, not only on account of Mr. Jerome's position as a humourist, but because of his great personal popularity. Just before his departure from England Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs



JEROME K. JEROME

gave him a dinner at the Garrick Club. Among those present on the occasion were Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. G. B. Burgin, Mr. Max Pemberton, and Mr. Arthur Morrison, representing the novelists and dramatists; Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. John Hassall and Mr. Will Owen, representing artists; and Mr. Clement Shorter, Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Clarence Rook. The famous Three Men in a Boat were all there—Carl Hentschel, Mr. Wingrove and, of course, Mr. Jerome himself.

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STUDIO SMOKE

Voi non mi amate ed io non vi amo. Pure qualche dolcezza è ne la nostra vita da ieri. . . .



HAT business of yours, Anderson, of a thing falling so exactly on the tick, was rather curious. I have an idea, though, that it happens oftener than people might think. I have seen some strange examples of it myself. I remember one in particular. Not that it's much of a story. It's merely a hint of stories: you make them up to suit yourself. And the coincidence, now that I stop and think, was perhaps the least of it! But never mind. I might as well go on and tell it.

I was up in Alaska at the time. I've poked about a bit in my day, you know, and I took it into my head once to poke up there. I'd been reading Bret Harte, and that sort of thing, and I had an idea I'd do it over again for my generation! Maybe you don't know that I used to have a cursed scribbling bee in my bonnet. I imagine that's really what spoiled my painting. I thought if the Renaissance people practised ten or a dozen arts equally well, I might make a stab at two. We get these ideas when we are young sometimes. Moreover, I didn't know that it took more than miners and mountains, plus a pinch of sentiment, to make a Bret Harte. And if I did him over again you didn't happen to hear about it, did you? However, I had a good time, all the same!

That country took me tremendously. Norway had always been one of my favourite stamping grounds. I was particularly fond of going up there after Italy—only I used to wish there was a subway under Germany when I did it! The contrast was so complete—in colour, form, atmosphere, people, everything. Then simply to breathe in Italy, for me, is such a *volupté* that it verges on dissipation! So after it Norway would come like a calm, cool repentance. And there was a simplicity up there, a silence, a loneliness that had an indescribable effect upon me after the south. It called out all the things with which the south has nothing to do. There's no use trying to describe it. It's the obverse, don't you know, of *kennst du das Land.*

Well, Alaska was like a bigger Norway—Norway with longer fiords, with taller cliffs rising out of greener water, with bluer glaciers, with whiter and louder waterfalls. And it had, proportionately, a greater loneliness and a greater impression of contrast with the rest of the world. If Norway has its Sagas, if nightfall in some wild fiord-end seems literally a dusk of the gods, the silence of Alaska—the sense of its having been there for centuries by itself with no one to hear the grind of the ice and thunder of the waterfalls—takes you back farther yet. There is something inexpressibly awesome about it. And then Norway, after all, is too accessible to be quite what it should be. While it is wild enough, generally, there are thousands of miles of hard white road running through the wildness. Likewise millions of tourists—to say nothing of hundreds of black-and-white-funnelled steamers. You might say that all Norway is divided into three parts, of which one belongs to bathtub-carrying Englishmen—I first saw them up there, and next on Fifth Avenue!—one to Tyrolese-hatted Germans, and one to flag-waving Americans. Tourists may be as *bête* as you please; but they do have a way, after all, of pouncing on the very places you would like yourself if they didn't exist. The philosophy of the beaten track has yet to be written. Alaska, however, hasn't reached that stage yet. She will come to it in time. She can't help it. More and more people go every year. But they live on the country even less than they do in Norway. They sit on decks and say Oh and Ah as things sail by. They really don't meddle very much.

So in the meantime the sense of contrast is one that you can cultivate at your leisure—if you have any. Not many of

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them have up there—the real people, I mean. Life is too lively, even if they had the inclination. And they are the very ones who bring the contrasts most sharply to you. Good heavens, the types you see! The people from every country under the sun, the people of every imaginable social condition, the people with stories to them a mile long—and not all of them fit to print! Of course, that is chiefly in the mining places, and in the coast places leading to the mining places, where they come and go like ants in a trail, outwardly as much alike as flannel shirts and nondescript kits can make them, inwardly impersonating every race and passion of the world, and all spinning out the great epic of Gold. It's the modern version of the Ring and the Sagas.

However, I wasn't going to give you a ten-minute talk on Alaska. I was going to tell you about my friend, the hotel-keeper in Skagway. Although the name almost sets me off again—on the subject of those flimsy wooden settlements sitting unconcernedly in the shadow of those solemn mountains, and the bizarreness of them, and the romance of them, and the tragedy of them! He went by the name of Chatty Charley, did the hotel-keeper—Chat for short—on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. He was never known to utter a word without being asked for it, and he didn't always favour then. Who he was or where he came from nobody knew. Not that anybody cared. They're not long on gossip up there: they have other things to do. Moreover, there is a sort of tacit understanding that they will give *quid pro quo* in the matter of antecedents—or the lack of them. But there was generally some tag by which you could place a man. It didn't take you long to make up your mind that he would be a bar-keep in San Francisco, or a cowboy in San Antonio, or a drummer in Chicago, or a sophomore in Harvard. Not that those exhausted the possibilities by any means. Chatty, however, I had no idea about. Or perhaps it would be truer to say I had a hundred. He would have fitted in anywhere—unless it was Alaska. He was the last man I expected to find up there. Not that he had so much the air of a tenderfoot. And I don't mean any of your high melodrama business—a lost heir or a blighted being or any of that. It was merely that he was rather a slight man, and wonderfully meek to look upon. He got on wonderfully well, though. He had a name for being square, which in a society like that goes rather farther than it does in ours, I fancy. You could be as much of a tenderfoot as you pleased; but if you took what was coming to you, and didn't put on the lugs, and played a square game, they'd be pretty sure to let you through.

So Chatty did a roaring business, and we were great cronies from the start. It was so much so that the others thought we knew rather more about each other than we let on. There may have been something in it—I don't know. However, the reason of it was rather funny. The first time I went into his place—and it was a place, too: if I once began telling you about it, and the things you saw!—the first time I went into his place I noticed right off, among the newspaper cuts and wild odds and ends which he or the boys had tacked up around the walls, some pictures of Venice—some of those photogravures they get out, you know. Well, I never thought much of them as works of art, although I've seen them in rather unexpected places. But this was the most unexpected of all. The contrast of it hit me like a bullet—that wonderful old town with its perfection of a flower and its hundreds of years—and such years!—behind it, and this wild, new, raw, scrambling place huddled under unknown mountains on the edge of an unknown sea! It knocked me all of a heap. I went staring around like a gawk, not noticing much else, until I happened to notice a peaceful person behind the bar who was looking at me.

"Where in the world did these things come from?" I demanded of him rather abruptly, less by way of conversation than of uttering the question that was uppermost in my mind.

"Oh, I picked them up," replied the peaceful person, who turned out to be Chatty.

"Been there?" I pursued.

"Yes," he answered.

It was a mild enough remark, heaven knows. And there was nothing in the way he made it, except a certain matter-

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of-courseness. But that was just what knocked me all of a heap again. How should anybody in Alaska, most of all, how should anybody in Skagway, have been to Venice except myself? And then I'm clean dotty on the place, anyway. It gets into your blood, you know, and it got into mine before anything else did. I go back there whenever I get a chance, and I can forgive much of a man who betrays a weakness for it. That is one of two or three touchstones I keep in my pocket! So I fell on Chatty and began talking about his pictures, and the place they came from, and he seemed to know all about it. He even knew what I never knew any one else to know—the islands in the lagoon. The Venetians themselves don't know them. They are tremendous landlubbers, gondoliers and all, and apparently make it a point to learn as little as possible of the shallow green sea in which they swim. While as for the tourists, poor dears, they go to the Lido, and Chioggia, and San Lazzaro, and Murano, and Burano, and Torcello, and possibly San Francesco in Deserto, and *basta.* Chatty also knew Italian, I incidentally discovered. Indeed, there came times, once or twice, when we found it rather convenient. You couldn't be sure of not getting caught, though. There are too many strange things prowling around up there under miners' hats for you to trust to no one's understanding your lingo.

Well, for such a short acquaintance we got fairly chummy, Chatty and I. It was so to a degree that made the boys horse him for actually chatting. Not that he really did chat much. He evidently liked to listen to my chatter though, and once in a while, when nobody in particular was around, he would say something about some palace, some garden, some island, that we both knew. It was rather funny—in Skagway. But the real nature of our relation was funnier yet. I never knew a man so well and so little. For all our chumminess we never had one word on any earthly subject except Venice. I never even got a hint of what he had been up to there, or when, or how, or why, or anything. I had no more idea than the cat on the stairs what part Venice played in the scheme of his existence—any more than I had an idea, above the immediate and obvious one of the hotel, what part Skagway played. He had an absolutely impersonal way of talking, if he talked at all, that left nothing to take hold of. And I never could quite make out whether it was modesty or design—or whether, perhaps, nothing but Venice had ever happened to him.

Of course, after the first surprise—there were various degrees of it as the character of our queer little bond came out—I used to wonder a good deal. But I finally settled down to a sense of the picturesqueness of the business. Our queer little bond, after all, was quite a bond. Marriages have been made on less! And to have such a bond in such a place—one was about as strange as the other. So I gave up any idea of trying to draw the man out. I had made some rather idiotic attempts in that direction. And I used to amuse myself by making the most of our two points of view. I had gone up there for the sake of the wildness and the coolness and the stillness, only to encounter this individual, who thought of nothing but Italy! He typified for me the reaching out of the North for the South, the old restlessness of man for the things he has not, which Goethe has put into Wilhelm Meister.

I don't know whether I would ever have got any farther but for what your story suggested—the rather odd coincidence. And I'm not sure how far I got then. At all events, I was sitting one night at the end of a pier there was down behind Chatty's hotel, looking at the fiord—the inlet, they call it there. It was late on a Saturday night in July, about half past eleven or twelve. Things were rather nice in the warm dusk of that Northern summer, with the mountains standing up purply-black against a sky that still had a glow in it. What I was chiefly noticing, however, was a yacht that had been there a day or two and was preparing to leave. The rattle of the anchor-chain in the winch, and the splash of the water as the links came dripping up, were loud against the Saturday night noises of the town. And on the deck, where there was a blur of white, I could hear voices, and the fingering of

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a guitar. I don't know—it was too much for me. There is something about a boat at night, anyway, with the lighted port-holes, and everything. . . . And then I had been knocking about a good bit up there, and I suppose I was ready to swing around to the other extreme. Anyway, I was pretty near something like homesickness. Which was not at all what I had been when I saw some of the yachters in the town that morning.

As I was chewing it over I heard steps behind me on the pier, rather to my disgust. It turned out to be Chatty, though.

"Hullo, Cap," he remarked, kicking his heels off the end of the pier beside me. "Celebrating *Redentor*?"

Do you know what *Redentor* is? If you don't, just let me tell you that it is one of the last pieces of paganism left in the world. It's a midsummer *festa* in Venice, when the whole town and most of the adjoining mainland spend the evening in boats, eating and drinking and singing under paper lanterns. Then they all go out to the Lido and finish up the night dancing on the sands. And when the sun bobs over the edge of the Adriatic they shout like heathen, and a lot of them run down into the water. It's the most pagan thing you ever saw. All this is really the eve of a religious festival that comes on the Sunday. But that is a sad and sleepy anticlimax—at best a mere excuse for prolonging the festivities, which are the crown of the Venetian year.

Well, I reckoned up and found that Chatty was right. It was, barring differences of time, the night of *Redentor*. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it. And the sudden sense of contrast pressed upon me more strongly than ever—the contrast between that palace-bordered canal so far away on the other side of the world, with its flower lanterns blowing in the darkness, its catches of song, its breath of all that was old and warm and human and I don't know what, and this wild place of the North in its unearthly dusk, so precisely the opposite! I'm not much on the sentimental line, but there are times when I cave, and that was one of them. We both sat there, thinking the same things, I suppose, while the windlass clinked in the silence. Then from the group of people on the deck of the yacht, what do you suppose we heard? You couldn't imagine. It was the song, the very identical song, which the Venetians sing on the night of *Redentor!* Distinctly to us over the water, in a woman's voice, to the accompaniment of a guitar, came the Venetian words. In such a voice, too!

I looked at Chatty, and Chatty looked at me. It was incredible. It was incredible enough that he and I should be there; but a third person, and just on that night! At the moment, however, I didn't have time to take in how incredible it was, because as we sat staring at each other the anchor came up with a big splash. Then the yacht began to circle in a half moon off the head of the pier, and glided away like a great white swan. We could hear the woman singing as she went. That was to me even more than the coincidence—the rush of things I had been so long without, those old, common, conventional things of every-day that we so hate when we have them every day! I suppose I looked queer. Chatty did—for Chatty.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"Know her!" I burst out. "How the devil should I know her? I only wish I did. I'd be steaming down to Portland now instead of kicking my heels over Skagway harbor."

He looked away toward the yacht.

"Oh!" he said. "You knew so many of the things, I thought—perhaps——"

I laughed.

"Well, I don't happen to this time. Do you?"

"Yes," answered Chatty.

That's exactly what he said, if you please: yes! I couldn't have been more amazed if the pier had suddenly begun flying through the air.

"Know her, man!" I cried. And then I remembered. "Oh, I suppose you saw them upstreet this morning."

"Did *you?*" he asked. He seemed interested.

"How could I help it?" I rejoined. "You can tell that kind of people a mile off up here."

"Oh!" he said. "I didn't happen to. I'm in the hotel a good deal, you know."

He looked away again. But I began to get interested.

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"How on earth do you know her, then?" I demanded with more curiosity than discretion.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I used to live in the same house with her—over there."

He waved his hand in the direction of the disappearing boat. At that my discretion fared worse than before. It was really, though, with an idea of carrying the thing off lightly that I asked:

"How do you know it's the same one?"

He barely smiled.

"Well, a voice, you know—sometimes it sort of sticks in your head. I suppose you think it's queer. But I could tell you her name—and everything."

Chatty didn't, let me state in passing. But he did tell me something. I don't think it was because I was I—if you gather anything from that elegant phrase! Of course, our bond made me less objectionable than I might have been. But the truth of it was that a spring had been touched and the panel had to yield. Not that I got more than a peep into the secret recess, though. I only saw what lay in front.

"H'm!" mused Chatty aloud, partly to himself and partly to me. "What a funny girl she was! She was one of those girls who begin to learn things too soon and get through learning them too late. She was rather young, then, too. She was big and black and pale and awkward, and not very pretty." Then, "Was there anybody like that among the people you saw?" he asked suddenly.

I considered.

"No."

"There wouldn't be," he observed somewhat inconsequently! After which he went on: "People liked her all the same. There were dozens of them ready to jump into the canal for her even then. And I guess some of 'em did. I didn't, though. I didn't like her. I liked to hear her sing, but that was all. I had an idea she posed. She struck me as doing the high tragedy act, and I didn't much care for it. She had funny ways, too. She used to come into my room at all hours of day and night, and I thought she was up to that sham Bohemian game they put on sometimes when they get a chance. Not that I was so terribly straitlaced myself; but I like people to be what they are, and I didn't think she was. Oh, I had ideas then!"

He stopped, did Chatty, as we watched the last of the yacht. It faded like a ghost into the purple of the cliffs.

"Yes, she was a funny girl," he finally said. Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the traditional pocketbook. From it, however, he took neither the traditional photograph nor the traditional lock of hair—not even the traditional rose. But I will admit that he produced a desiccated herb of some sort. This he held up to himself and to me. "When I went away," he said, "she came into my room to watch me pack. She had been in the garden, and she had a big branch of lemon verbena. She broke off a sprig every now and then and threw it into the trunk. I found them all over everything afterwards. 'When you get to America,' she said, 'it will remind you of the girl you didn't like and who didn't like you.'"

He stopped and looked down the fiord. Then he looked at his sprig again. I wondered what to say.

"Oh!" I uttered tamely. "So you keep it to remind you of the girl you didn't like!"

"Yes," he said—"and who didn't like me."

H. G. Dwight.



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LITERARY CLUBLAND

VI. THE ST. BOTOLPH OF BOSTON

BY JOHN A. MACY



N 1880 the St. Botolph Club was established in Boston, "for the promotion"—so runs the first article of the constitution—"of social intercourse among authors, artists and other gentlemen connected with or interested in literature and art." For twenty-five years the spirit of these words has governed the club. Be it noted that the St. Botolph is for "social intercourse." It is not an art society or an authors' club; its membership includes sculptors, writers, journalists, editors, painters, brokers, bankers, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, doctors, men who are interested in the arts and may be supposed to be interested in one another. So far as clubs with distinct individuality may resemble each other, the St. Botolph is somewhat like the Century and somewhat less like the Players.

The membership is limited to four hundred and fifty-two resident members and one hundred non-resident members, including officers of the army and navy.

The club has a serious purpose. One evidence of this is in an article of the constitution, which reads that "exhibitions of works of art and of antiquities and other curiosities owned by or lent to the club shall be held from time to time, under the direction of the Art and Library Committee, and may be open to persons not members of the club." This article has been observed with conscientiousness and spontaneous interest. Every winter several exhibitions are arranged in the gallery and are open to persons invited by the members for a few hours on week days during the two weeks or more over which each exhibition usually extends. Many of the exhibitions have contained notable works of art by members of the club and by others, and there have been some "curiosities," as the constitution ambiguously prescribes. On Sunday afternoons are concerts by the best musicians in Boston, and now and again on mid-week nights there are informal smoke talks by men of thought and distinction. Notable visitors to Boston, whether they come singly or to the many conventions of learned men and clergymen for which Boston is famous, find a temporary home at the club.

Like most successful clubs, the St. Botolph exists also for the pleasure, convenience, entertainment and good-fellowship of the members. It is a place of escape for most members from the business of their profession to the pleasure of other men's professions. On Saturday night is a supper "on the house," accompanied by informal singing, talking or silence, according to the mood which chances to be dominant. When the club was founded, the late F. G. Attwood, later a member, drew for the *Harvard Lampoon* a cartoon representing Mr. Wendell Phillips's lurid idea of the new club gathered about a punch bowl celebrating art and literature. A copy of this cartoon is in the possession of the club. It is set down in the public handbooks of Boston, and, therefore, it is no breach of confidence to set down here, that a famous Boston clergyman (who the late Bill Nye alleged was the author of a book called *A Bird's-eye View of God*), hearing of the projected club used his eloquence against the new association of iniquity. Boston is a place where extremely divergent ideas prosper as neighbours. The new club succeeded because it was composed of serious men, most of them hard workers, and many of them deeply attached to each other. The narrower kind of mutual admiration was not in the conception of the club, and has never come to spoil it. Indeed, much of the social discipline and delight of St. Bo-

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tolph consist of the free speech among members when they are out of shop and off duty. It is a place where a minor novelist may look at a minor poet and say, "Well, thank Heaven, there are no literary men in this club!"

Some years ago a young musician who had returned from long study in Germany asked an experienced Boston clubman whether he had better seek membership in St. Botolph or in another club. His friend spoke somewhat as follows:

"You go down to the other club and meet a man you know.

"He'll say, 'Hello, Charley, I haven't seen you for a long time.'

"You'll say, 'No; I've been in Germany.'

"'Oh, to be sure. Studying music. Have a good time?'

"'First rate.'

"'How did you get on?'

"'Pretty well.'

"'Do anything besides study?'

"'Well, I wrote a symphony and a couple of trios.'

"'You don't say! Ho, Fritz, Carl, Eben, Joe, come over here. I want you to meet my friend Mr. Yppenheimer. He's just home from Germany and has brought some of his own compositions back to Boston with him.'

"Now you go to the St. Botolph and meet a friend. He'll say, 'Hello,' and ask the same questions about your success and all that. He'll ask, 'What else did you do over there?'

"You'll say, 'Well, I wrote a symphony and a couple of trios.'

"He'll say, 'So? What in hell did you do that for?'"

This anecdote may stand for what it is worth. But it should be followed by the assertion which has often been made, that if you want to know anything, stay in the club a little while and some one will surely come in who can tell you and will tell you. Almost everybody who knows more than any one else in town about a special subject usually happens to belong to the club. One uses the reference library only when the club is almost empty. Boston is not yet a picturesque pile of ruins.

It may not be generally known that "Boston," the name of the Lincolnshire city which is name parent to the city in Massachusetts, is a contraction of "Botolph's town." The Lincolnshire saint who lived in the old English city by the North Sea is patron saint of the club. In the house is a silver loving cup engraved with the coat-of-arms of Boston, England, and the name of "Richard Bell, Mayor, 1745." In the library hangs a picture of the image of St. Botolph as it stands on the old church in the mother city. Under the inspiration of the saint (whose birthday, by the way, is alleged to be Bunker Hill day, the 17th of June), the club holds twelfth-night revels, witty and wise in character. On these occasions are sung the club song, the words written by one who was long a member, and the music by another member. The words run:

Saint Botolph flourished in the olden time,
In the days when the saints were in their prime.
Oh, his feet were bare and bruised and cold,
But his heart was warm and as pure as gold.
And the kind old saint with his gown and his hood
Was loved by the sinners and loved by the good,
For he made the sinners as pure as the snow,
And the good men needed him to keep them so.

CHORUS

Then drink, brave gentlemen, drink with me
To the Lincolnshire saint by the old North Sea.
A glass and a toast and a song and a rhyme
To the barefooted saint of the olden time.

He loved a friend and a flagon of wine,
When the friend was true and the bottle was fine.
He would raise his glass with a knowing wink,
And this is the toast he would always drink:—
"Oh, here's to the good and the bad men too,
For without them saints would have nothing to do.
Oh, I love them both and I love them well,
But which I love better, I never can tell."

As he journeyed along on the king's highway
He gave all the boys and the girls "good day,"
And never a child saw the hood and the gown
But ran to the father of Botolph's Town.

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THE PICTURE GALLERY



THE WRITING-ROOM

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THE MUSIC-ROOM



THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

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THE GALLERY FURNISHED AS A SUMMER ROOM



THE LIBRARY

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He'd a word for the wicked and he called
them kin
And he said, "I am certain there must be sin
While a few get the loaves and many get the
crumbs,
And some are born fingers and some are born
thumbs."

But the saint grew old, and sorry the day
When his life went out with the tide in the
bay;
But he left a name and he left a creed
Of the cheerful life and the kindly deed.
Then remember the man of the days of old
Whose heart was warm and as pure as gold,
And remember the tears and the prayers he
gave
For any poor devil with a soul to save.

CHORUS

Then drink, brave gentlemen, drink with me
To the Lincolnshire saint by the old North
Sea.
A glass and a toast and a song and a rhyme
To the barefooted saint of the olden time.

The members of the club are generous with their talent even for trivial club entertainments. Over the stairs to the billiard-room hangs a large cartoon painted in oils, representing in three large panels three members in amazing caricature. It is a relic of one of the Twelfth-Night revels.

The St. Botolph Club is not without interest in manly sports. For the past three years its nine of sculptors, doctors, farmers, statisticians, painters and a poet have played baseball with the Tavern Club of Boston. The large number of runs made by both teams in all three games is proof of the excellence of all the players. It is no unfriendly comparison to note that the members of the St. Botolph Club showed rather more disposition than their rivals to treat one of the ball games as an opportunity for fooling and burlesque hilarity. The club takes itself seriously, but does not take seriously everything it does. No member regards it as unfitting or even unusual to hear assembled in the gallery an impromptu orchestra of well-known musicians playing nonsense music, with a great pianist at the piano thumping ragtime and another musician of wide reputation industriously beating the bass drum.

The club enjoys privacy without secrecy. The club-house on a quiet street in the Back Bay is such a building as was considered a fine home for a prosperous banker a generation ago. The art gallery was built on, and the house was remodelled without losing its character of a private house. In summer the gallery becomes the grill-room. In winter the grill-room is a double chamber on the second floor containing about a dozen tables of varying size, so that a member may sit with several other members or with one, or he may eat in solitude if he prefers.

The library contains several hundred volumes, many of them by members of the club. In the hall on the second floor is a case of books belonging to the Papyrus Club, a dining fellowship which includes many members of the St. Botolph Club, but is not in any way connected with the St. Botolph. The case contains only books written by Papyrus men.

Europeans and other visitors have commended the homelike nature of the club. The drawing-room on the first floor is large enough for populous groups of members; and there are several small rooms where men may read, smoke, talk or be silent. On the third and fourth floors are ten bedrooms.

The first president of St. Botolph was Francis Parkman, the historian. He was succeeded by General Francis A. Walker, the late president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The third president was Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts.

In the club all men are free and equal. It is related that years ago at a meeting of the Elections Committee a member asked who a candidate was.

Another member, a justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, replied, "You have heard from the letters and discussion who he is."

"Yes; but I mean, who was his father?"

"This," replied the judge, "is the first time I have ever heard that question in this club. I never want to hear it again."

Once a guest of many titles was ad-

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THE DRAWING-ROOM

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miring the club and expressed a mild wish to become a member.

"All right," said his friend; "check your titles in the basement and come in."

The St. Botolph is a poor man's club, and its membership has, therefore, been composed of men who have achieved something or give promise of achievement.

WHOM SHALL WE WRITE BOOKS FOR?



A YOUNG man I know went to an experienced novelist with this question, "How shall I end my story? It has run away with me. The man who was to marry my heroine won't do it. Shall I make him?"

"What do you mean by 'won't marry her'?" inquired the novelist.

"Why, he can't marry her and be true to what he has been saying and doing since he began to be somebody."

"I see," said the novelist, and smiled sadly. "Are you writing to please yourself or your readers?" he asked.

"Both."

"Then I'm afraid I can't help you. But if I were you, I'd try making over my hero."

The young man went away very sorrowful. But—and this is the point of the incident—he did not make over his hero, and the hero did not marry the heroine. As I happen to know, many reviewers remarked the point with regret. They said the reader had a right to have his expectations fulfilled, which the book did not do.

The criticism may have been just. If so, the young man made the mistake of which his confession might seem to accuse him, and tried to write two stories—one of which had its beginning on the first page of the book, the other somewhere further along. But I do not think this was the case. The book to me seemed to be a consistent whole—whatever other faults it may have had—its ending to be of one piece with its beginning. In large part it wrote itself, or, as he put it, "ran away" with him. Under these circumstances, any attempt to make its men and women do what was not in accord with their characters would have been to be false to life and false to art. When its author realised that its logical ending was likely to disappoint his readers he had but one alternative—to recast the story so that it should have a beginning and a middle part which would justify the ending that would satisfy his readers and, perhaps, satisfy himself. To put it rather badly, write the story backward.

But, as a matter of fact, wasn't that about what he started in to do when he sat down to write? Along with his plot he had, at least, some idea of an ending which should fit his purpose and his people. That the thing did not work out the way he had expected was probably either because he had not thoroughly digested his material or because the story was too weak to hold its people together. So they took things into their hands, and, being convinced that they were right, he let them have their own way. It is an experience, I dare say, which has come to most writers, and it raises the question, Just how much does a writer owe to his readers? If he believes that something he proposes to put into his book will definitely lessen its interest for a majority of those who are to take it up, should he change the story so as to secure this interest when he feels sure that it would be a better story if it were not changed?

There is no standard flexible enough to measure all such cases. Even the opinions of those whose judgment we most value differ widely. As every man must determine what is best for his own story, so every man must decide for himself

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how much he owes to the taste of his readers. But it may not be unprofitable to note how the question has been answered from time to time, keeping in mind certain broad principles—like that of the logical relation of character to events—which every writer will agree are necessary to the development of a consistent story.

Jack London is an instance in point. Probably he knows one phase of life as thoroughly as any other novelist alive to-day—the life of the Klondike gold-seeker, and that of his fellow-adventurer, the sealer, and the dangers and privations of this life have given him fine opportunity for drama. But, unrelieved, this is drama of a very rude sort—rough, passionate, admirable in its qualities of elemental strength, yet the field for the narrative of adventure rather than for what is commonly known as "romance." And Mr. London realised almost from the first that "romance" was what he must write if he was to reach more than a small number of those readers who might be interested in what he had to tell. There must be love in his stories, and not the love, either, which plays about a recollection or a picture. He must have women in his books and on the scene. So he wrote some stories in which there were women native to the country—squaws and esquimaux. They were mighty good stories, too—better, so far as the women were concerned, than some others he has done since, and largely because the women and all about them seemed to belong just where they were found. But the "average reader" has not yet been able to associate entirely the feminine ideal with Indian squaws or Esquimaux. The "average reader" wants the woman in the story patterned, at least so far as externals go, somewhat after the mode of his own women folk. Mr. London came to understand this. In one of his earliest novels, *A Daughter of the Snows*, he presented Freda, a girl who talked Browning and "hit the trail" as hard as a man. Freda wasn't a tomboy and she had some thoroughly likable qualities. But to me it appeared that she was in the story to catch the reader who demanded petticoats. She went through her part with flying colours, and did what was expected of her and some things that were not. And a good many people were satisfied. At any rate, those same people probably wouldn't have read *A Daughter of the Snows* to the end if it had not been for her. But what was Mr. London's own feeling about Freda? He may have known or heard of some such girl; but I wonder whether, if he had consulted only his own tastes, he would not have told what he had to tell of the gold trail and the Klondike settlement and left Freda out of the story. It would be not less interesting to know what is his feeling in regard to the presence of the woman in his latest novel, *The Sea Wolf*. Here, again, the suspicion is persistent that she is introduced largely because, without her, the everlasting appetite for a love story would go unappeased. Granting to Maud Brewster all the graces with which her creator endows her, and undoubtedly to the advantage of one side of the story, to me she remains rather a concession to a popular tradition than, as the situation is intended to suggest, a foil to the huge bulk of Wolf Larsen or the stimulant to that curiously contradictory intellect, for both of these purposes are sufficiently served by Humphrey Van Weyden, the hero.

Of course, any expedient which is entirely successful justifies its adoption, and it may be that what seems to be fairly general discontent with Mr. London's women as women encourages a critical attitude toward the larger question of their introduction into his stories. But so, also, does the fact that they do not satisfy us as characters fortify the conclusion that they are not integral factors in the original conception, and, therefore, are in the nature of a gratuity.

Stewart Edward White is another one of the few present-day writers whose virility and honesty to a purpose in other respects emphasise an apparently deliberate decision to yield to the reader on this one point of the love story. Hilda, Thorpe's "Dream Girl," enacts her rôle capably in *The Blazed Trail*, but without her would not *The Blazed Trail* have possessed quite as manifest vigour and freshness? Virginia Albret is very much a part of the story of *Conjuror's House*, but do Mr. White's sincere admirers point

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to her with pride? I question it. May-may-gwan, Dick Herron's Indian girl companion on that perilous man-hunt into the icy wilderness, described in *The Silent Places,* is the woman who convinces *them;* and she stands rather for a pathetic, dumb steadfastness than for those feminine arts and tendernesses which tickle the fancy of the average reader of a love story. On the whole, granting that some share of Mr. White's well-deserved popularity is due to the introduction of women into his stories, it would still appear that his work intrinsically suffers an adulteration as a result.

A multiplication of instances would not strengthen the argument pro or con. The question is an open one. Perhaps a story without love in it is only half a story, after all—a chapter of life, but life without perspective. If so, with the authors remains this choice: To write such a chapter, bringing to the task all the resources of his own knowledge, judgment and art, omitting no detail which shall help to make it clear to the mind's eye of those who find their ideals preserved in that sort of a story; or to do as much as may be done without compromising seriously the additional element of the love of man for woman—the single element of universal appeal.

But even in his love stories your reader is a person of prejudices, if they may be called that; and the writer who declines to recognise these does so at his peril. It is not enough that a man shall love a woman and a woman a man. There must be nothing in the end to upset the obvious inferences suggested from the beginning by that relation. As nature abhors a vacuum, so does the great public abhor a shattered romance. It will rush in to fill the heart of the forsaken one with sympathy for his or her plight, but it will also vent its disgust upon the head of the agent responsible for the unhappiness, and distrust him forever after. There may be difficulties to be surmounted, mortal pains to be borne in the interval between the identification of the lovers and the consummation of their love—the more of these there be, the more poignant often the reader's ultimate joy. But expectations must not finally be disappointed. Barnum's dictum has this one exception—the public does not like to be fooled in its love affairs. It is a big, sentimental body, which will not acquiesce in a surprise for which its own selection of Sweetheart and Lover has not, in a measure, prepared it. Therefore, the persistent cry of editors and publishers for the "happy ending"—the happy despatch, by the way, of more than one romancer's stern resolve (made when he first sits himself down) to do his whole duty by what he conceives to be life. The predicament of the young man already cited, it seems to me, represents the very thorns of distress for the novelist who is striving to be true to his own ideals.

But his is the extreme case. There are debatable issues turning on the same point, and when the writer is not face to face with the alternative of emasculating character in order to have one of his actors perform a stipulated evolution, it is entirely proper for him to ask himself whether a recognition of the reader's point of view is not a primary requisite in that understanding of his art which shall make it worth while. Dickens thought that it was; so did Thackeray; so have thought most of the writers whose reputation has been won by anything rather than by the meretricious compounding of an ending to a story according to that famous formula which prescribes that hero and heroine shall forever after "live in peace," etc.

But, on the other hand, I recall very few stories which have lasted that insist upon the note of unhappiness. Fiction does not seem to be a congenial medium for pure tragedy; or, perhaps, it would be nearer the fact to say that we prefer to find our tragedy in the drama and poetry. Novel readers have a way of lumping stories which deal with tragedy, and labelling them "unpleasant." They fairly revel in pathos when it is genuine. But even the most heroic sacrifice is a severe test of this patience unless a definite recompense be suggested by the context. Frank Norris, to my mind, did his best piece of work in *McTeague*—but how many of those who turned back to it from *The Pit* or even *The Octopus,* were not disappointed by that earlier, almost sordid, but tremendously strong and faithful study of the San Francisco dentist? A

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review of Norris's work discloses a steadily increasing endeavour on his part to adjust himself to the reader's point of view, and, perhaps, this influence had a wholesome effect. Possibly it assisted in producing in his later work the impression of an artistic completeness which was lacking in his first books. Certainly it materially aided in discovering his unusual powers of visualisation and expression to a larger audience. But its usefulness is as you look at it. Norris, in any event, would have been saved from the extravagances into which this tendency has led other men by his intense conscientiousness, his unshaken belief in his own capacity and his positive realisation of the responsibilities which his task imposed upon him. These carried him through crises in which the temptation to surrender to what he must have known was the reader's wish and expectation was almost irresistible. He did not hesitate to have Annixer of *The Octopus* meet his death almost in the middle of the book, and in the very hour when he was most to the reader; he refused the reader even the smallest preparation for that death. And this notwithstanding he understood, as does every novelist, that the triumph of man over obstacles, his victory over others or himself, is the keynote of almost every good story. His own convictions were usually sufficient for Norris, and he was big enough to carry them out successfully.

But it is a dangerous risk to defy tradition, to cut the cable of the reader's sheet-anchor and set him adrift on your craft just when the voyage is well begun. Perforce, he may stay with you, but his faith in your ability to make the port for which he believes himself embarked is shaken. And before you convince him that you are not only master of your own ship, but also mindful of his interests, you must prove to him that your reasons for doing what you have done are good reasons.

When all is said, the stories which, so far as we can now foresee, will always be read have their foundations laid deep in the hearts and understanding of the people at large; their solidity is due quite as much to the sound sense which governed the selection of material as to the skill with which this material was put to use; they are the conceptions, not of a narrow, critical view of life, not of opinions personal to their creators, but of an embracing vision, which endeavours to look at life through the eyes of others as well as through its own, of a judgment in which speaks the voice of the people.

So much they have in common. The variations which they exhibit represent the variations of the human panorama which they picture. Life holds no situation from whose premises may be deduced an inevitable conclusion. And, if this is not so in life, why should it be so in a book? But, again, in a book, as in life, every situation is open to one line of development which is more dramatic in its impulses and action, more definite and general in its appeal to our comprehension, than any other. The story which skilfully follows this line of development is likely to be the master story of its kind. It is bound to maintain its interest, because every factor in it is related to every other factor as closely and positively as it is possible for it to be related, every character and circumstance in it is essential to its working out. In that story there is no deviation from the direct path of its telling, its progress is unchecked. Its course is along a straight line. It holds the subject-matter, the writer and the reader together from start to finish.

Churchill Williams.



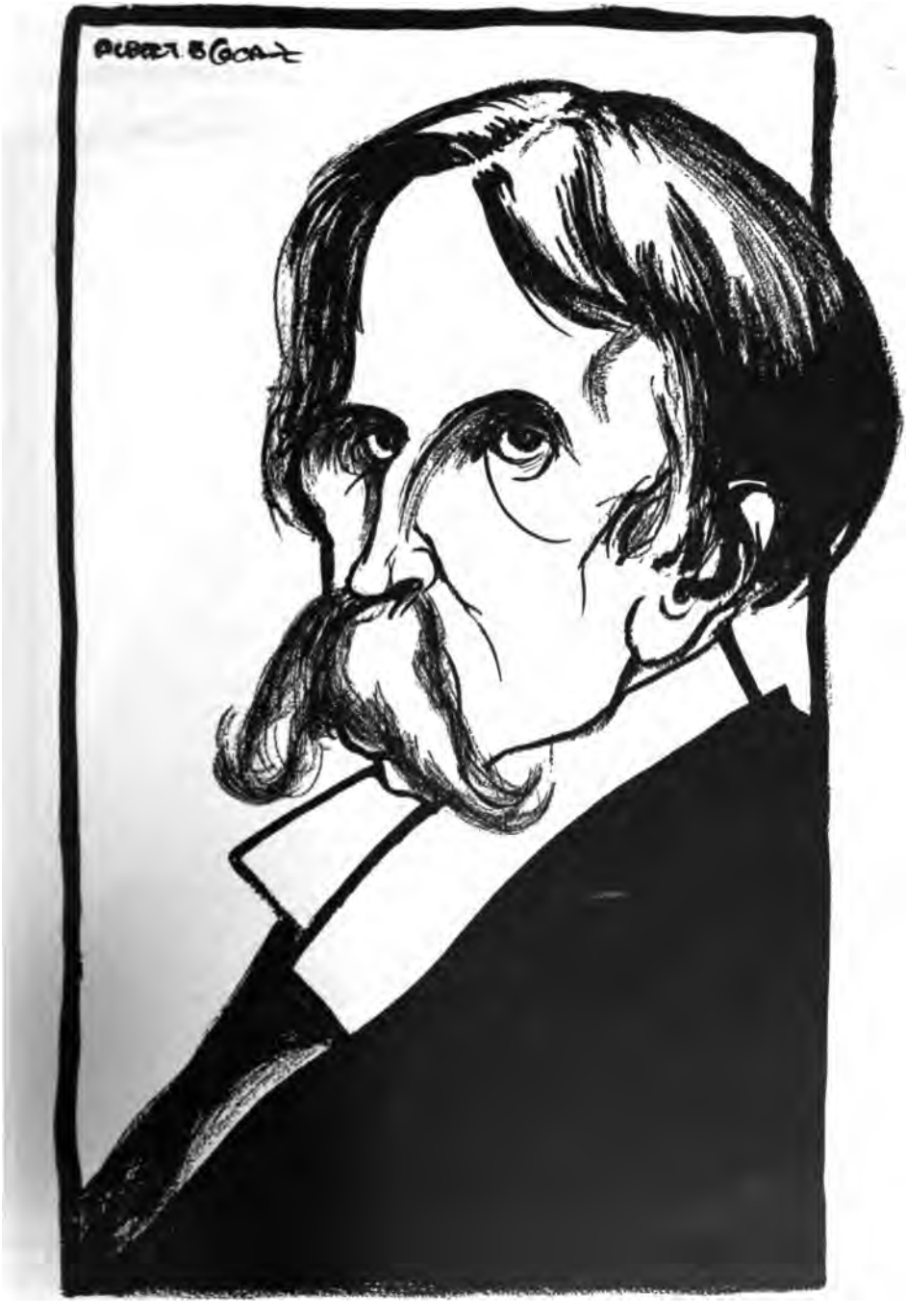
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A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS



RUDYARD KIPLING

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RICHARD WATSON GILDER

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GEORGE ADE

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THOMAS DIXON, JR.

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THE DESCENT OF MAN AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HEN Zola first formulated his doctrine of the Experimental Novel, and advised the makers of fiction to acquaint themselves with the theories of Darwin, he received rather more credit for originality than was strictly due him. When he spoke glibly of heredity and environment, of atavism and practical sociology, one mentally translated these abstractions into the known terms of Plassans and Tante Dide, of the Rougon-Macquarts and the Paris boulevards. Dazzled by the rather splendid audacity of his methods, one forgot that his innovations were often a matter of degree rather than of kind; and that he was not the first novelist to describe a heroine's boudoir or to draw up a hero's genealogical tree. One forgot that in the making of fiction, from the earliest folk tales downward, there have been certain indispensable factors, just as in painting there have been certain primary colours, —and that two of them are heredity and environment.

One may imagine an artist attempting, on a wager, to paint a landscape without using a single tone of yellow, let us say, or blue. In the same way, one may imagine a novelist writing a story of a man and a woman, so detached from the outside world, so silent regarding their ancestry, their past lives, their present surroundings, so nearly a record of two naked souls, that heredity and environment may be said for once to be eliminated. But such a picture, such a story, would be a mere *tour de force,* not an honest transcript from life. Every landscape must contain, in varying degrees, some yellow and some blue. Every human story must concern itself with traits inherited from our fathers or acquired through the company we keep. And the novelist to whom his characters are a living reality, men and women whom he thinks of as having an existence outside the pages of his book, needs no promptings from Darwin in order to make us recognise the ties of blood and of propinquity,—any more than the photographic lens needs to be prompted in order to show, in a family group, how the father's eyes, the mother's lips, are mirrored back in the faces of son and daughter. It is not venturesome to say that in some of our best English novels, in *Belinda* and *Emma,* in *The Newcomes* and *The Mill on the Floss,* there is often more heredity than Miss Edgeworth or Miss Austen, than Thackeray or George Eliot were conscious of putting there. Take any novel of the first magnitude, in which a whole household is described, three generations of genial, kindly gentlefolk, the sort of family that it would be a privilege to know in real life. One of the granddaughters, let us say, is the author's chief concern, and the whole book revolves around her personality. Now if the book is based upon an intelligent observation of life, it is not a vital matter whether the author has worked out the heredity for you, like logarithms, down to the tenth decimal. You are free to work it out for yourself, to trace the heroine's qualities, good and bad, back to their various sources; to conjecture about her many things which the author never once mentioned, perhaps never even thought of. In books, as well as in real life, there are certain family resemblances that are never noticed until pointed out by some comparative stranger.

But it is one thing to recognise in fiction such simple workings of nature's laws as the bequest from father to son of a flashing eye, a hawk-like nose, a stubborn temper. It is something radically different when an author makes you conscious of heredity as an omnipresent power, an inflexible hand of fate, foreordaining unborn lives, even beyond the proverbial fourth generation. What Zola had in mind when he recommended to fellow-craftsmen a study of the

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Descent of Man, and what he kept in mind unwaveringly throughout his own gigantic series of novels, was that a man or a woman is not merely an individual being, a single, separate soul, but something vastly more complex. Each human being is the aggregate of the hopes and fears, the instincts and desires handed down to him through countless generations. He is the heir, physical and moral, of his two parents, his four grandparents, his eight great-grandparents, and back of them a vast host of ancestors, ever widening in geometric progression, through an infinite series of concentric circles, across the ages, into the grey mist of unrecorded time. A myriad strands intertwine and blend, to form the thread of a single human life. Some of these strands stretch back to brave men and gentle women; others go back, quite as straight, to knaves and cowards; still others, worn tenuous by time, span the centuries and reach primordial man in his stone caverns. Who shall say which of all these strands is the strongest? Who shall say which shall control a man's destiny? What family can feel assured that there is not some forgotten strain of lawlessness, dormant for generations, that may suddenly come to the surface, to wreck the life of some erring son, some wayward daughter? It is when heredity holds the key to tragedy, when it serves to explain the erratic and perverse tricks of fate, that it becomes a potent instrument in the hands of the novelist who knows how to use it subtly. There are few situations so improbable that the reader will not accept them, if explained by the skilful suggestion of an inherited taint, an inference that they are the sins of the fathers, tardily visited upon the children.

It is a curious fact that, while the realistic school delights in reminding us of the descent of man and the burden of his inheritance, the psychological writers seldom trouble themselves greatly about questions of heredity. To them a human soul is an interesting case, a subject for vivisection; for all the other lives whose births and deaths helped to make it what it is, they care nothing. Having it at the mercy of probe and scalpel, their one interest is in watching its present quivering anguish. Writers of the school of Bourget or Prévost will dissect for you a woman's heart until it contains no single shred of mystery; they analyse her inmost thoughts until you know her as you know your secret self; but with the history of her race, that made her what she is, they usually refuse to concern themselves. A novel of considerable psychological insight, which at the same time offers a marked contrast in regard to its treatment of heredity, is *Pam,* by the Baroness von Hutten. It is written, the author gives assurance, in defence of no theory, and in defiance of no wise and beautiful social law. Yet it is an unconventional book, refreshingly, even deliciously unconventional, and written with a candour that is matched only by its admirably impersonal note.

"Pam."

Pam may best be defined as a searching analysis of the growth and development of a woman-child, under painful and abnormal conditions. Pam is but ten years old when we first make her acquaintance. She is, moreover, an illegitimate child, whose parents live in open defiance of conventions; and she is not only aware of her peculiar misfortune, but discusses it in all its bearings with a precocious intelligence that is distinctly startling. Her mother is the oldest daughter of Lord Yeoland, who surprised no one when she eloped with Sacheverel, the tenor,—a strain of lawless blood, it seems, had for generations distinguished the women folk of the Yeolands,—but when Sacheverel's deserted wife refused to get a divorce, the truant couple placed themselves hopelessly beyond the pale by continuing to live together and to flaunt their perfect and radiant happiness in the face of social ostracism. A life of idle drifting about Europe, with few friends but those whose lives are as unconventional as their own,—such is the atmosphere in which Pam spends the first ten years of her life; and it is partly due to this unfortunate environment, partly to her early knowledge that she is quite superfluous to her mother's happiness,—partly also to that latent strain of lawless blood in all the women folk of the Yeolands,—

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that she has developed into a strangely precocious, abnormally wise little creature, who at times already affords startling glimpses of the woman that she is destined to become. At the opening of the story, her grandfather tries to rescue Pam from a situation that the family realises has become untenable. But Pam quickly finds the staid atmosphere of her new English home irksome to her, and clandestinely returns to share her mother's irregular life for six years longer. During these years, while she learns and openly discusses so many matters that a girl of her age has no business to know, Pam formulates a certain lawless creed regarding love and marriage. Her mother has defied the world, and has found a lasting happiness by doing so. Accordingly Pam decides that she, too, will accept love if it comes to her, but that she will never marry. With all her precocious knowledge of her illegitimacy, the girl has never felt the sting of the world's scorn; through all these years, her knowledge of her mother's shame has rested lightly on her. It is only when she in her turn gives her heart away that she awakens to a full sense of the irreparable loss that her mother's selfishness has cost her. The book, though written with a light touch, deals subtly with some deep questions, and leaves behind it an impression that refuses to be easily shaken off. And never for an instant are you allowed to forget that the responsibility for Pam's unhappiness rests partly with her mother, partly with her grandfather, and partly with that long line of lawless women folk, sleeping more or less uneasily in their graves.

"A Servant of the Public."

In Anthony Hope's new story, *A Servant of the Public,* we have on the contrary nothing whatever to do with generations dead and gone. Whatever responsibility rested upon the parents and grandparents of Ora Pinsent, for making her what she is, Mr. Hope remains discreetly silent. He simply places her before us, to tantalise and perplex and bewitch, just as she bewitches Lord Bowdon and tantalises Ashley Mead almost to the point of their undoing. Ora Pinsent is a young actress, who has taken London by storm. She has a husband somewhere, it is said, "whose name does not matter;" indeed, it matters so little that it does not prevent her from letting Ashley make ardent love to her, one Sunday afternoon, though all the while she "preserves wonderfully the air of not being responsible for the thing, of neither accepting nor rejecting, of being quite passive, of having it just happen to her." Thus with a single pen-stroke Mr. Hope has set the woman unmistakably before us. Throughout the book she practises the art of having things just happen to, the art of dodging responsibility. With Ashley Mead she drifts, dangerously one thinks, at first, until one sees how easily she checks his ardour when she chooses, with a nervous laugh, and a low whispered "Don't, don't make love to me any more now." She talks much solemn nonsense about her duty to the husband whose name does not matter, and about her intention to renounce Ashley, although one realises that there is really nothing to renounce, nor ever will be. And when the time comes for her company to leave London and start on their American tour, here also she plays the passive rôle, neither accepting nor rejecting. It is not until the weary months of her absence are over and she comes back as the wife of her leading man, that Ashley begins to see her as she really is; only then that he feels her power over him has ceased; only then that he can say, "I no longer love her, but I wish to God I did!" It is not easy to convey an impression of a woman's charm, when it lies not in what she says, but in the way she says it; not in what she does, but the way she does it. But this is precisely what Anthony Hope has done triumphantly in his portraiture of Ora Pinsent,—Ora, with her upturned face, with its habitual expression of expecting to be kissed, is one of the few heroines of this season's fiction that will not easily be forgotten.

Eden Phillpotts is an author who seldom lets you forget that the men and women he writes about are the product of countless generations who have lived out their lives close to the good, red

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earth of Dartmoor. In all that he writes, his short stories as well as his longer novels, his dominant note is the debt that his people owe to the past, the antiquity of their customs, their superstitions, their friendships and their enmities, handed down from father to son. *Knock at a Venture* is the title of his latest volume of miscellaneous sketches, written in a light vein for the most part, yet laden also with a certain quaint and primitive philosophy. One of the lightest of these sketches, which none the less lingers in the memory because so different from Mr. Phillpotts's usual manner, is "Corban," which tells how two old men, neighbours and lifelong friends, fell out and nearly broke off the marriage long since arranged between their children. One of the two old friends kept pheasants, the pride of his old age; the other owned a fine tomcat, the Corban of the title. Now Corban acquired the bad habit of stealing and making off with the young pheasants, and their owner after frequent threats, one night fired a hasty shot, and Corban was henceforth missing. His master refused to be comforted and vowed bitter vengeance on his old neighbour, declaring that the latter's son should never wed his daughter, though their banns had already been twice called in church. Under shadow of this serious menace, the girl and her lover concocted a daring plot to bring about a reconciliation. At his birth, eight years before, Corban had not been the only kitten; and his twin, identical in marking, hair for hair, still lives at a nearby farm, from which the conspirators without difficulty brought it home. The murder of Corban had never been admitted, so with the advent of the new Corban it was easy to persuade his delighted master that he had done his old friend gross injustice, and a reconciliation was speedily effected. Unfortunately, however, the conspirators did not notice until too late that the new Corban happened to be of the wrong sex, and the story closes with a strong probability that the fraud will be discovered before the wedding can be carried to a finish.

"Knock at a Venture."

Heredity plays its part in a new and pleasant little story by Richard Bagot, *The Passport,* because if a certain young woman had not been the living image of what her mother had been a score of years earlier, then a certain priest who had loved that mother and had lost her, in days before he was a priest, might not have taken quite such an active interest in the daughter's love affairs. The scene, like that of most of Mr. Bagot's novels, is Italy; and since he has chosen this time to keep away from the political quarrels of the Quirinal and Vatican, and to write a simple, straightforward love story, *The Passport* might quite fittingly be placed upon the shelf with the Roman stories of Marion Crawford. Indeed, it is quite a dainty little idyl, of how a fine young fellow, who was not of the nobility, dared to love a young princess, who was heiress to a large estate,—and what is more, dared to tell her that he loved her. But the young princess's stepmother happened to be under the influence of a rascally French abbé, whom it did not suit at all to have the princess marry, and thus take out of his control the estate from which he was reaping a rich harvest. So he and the step-mother bear off the poor young princess, and keep her in durance vile in her own castle. All this sounds quite like a mediæval tale, especially when we read further of secret passages in the old castle, through which the princess is rescued by the priest who once loved her mother; how the abbé's villainy is discovered, and how the curtain falls upon the reunited lovers, while the step-mother, convinced of her injustice, says "bless you, my children." Frankly, the story makes rather better reading than an epitome of it would warrant one to expect.

"The Passport."

If the aid of heredity can be invoked in fiction, to win credence for an extravagant tale, what is to be said of the possibilities that are opened up to the writer who boldly founds his story upon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls? The novelist who justifies love at first sight on the ground that his hero's grandfather had loved his heroine's great-aunt, forty years before, finds his ingenu-

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ity hopelessly thrown in the shade by an author whose hero boldly declares, "I love you because two thousand years ago, in one of my many incarnations, you were my wife." Before metempsychosis it is time for heredity to retire discomfited. These thoughts are suggested by a perusal of *Ayesha,* Mr. Rider Haggard's long-promised sequel to his first big popular success, *She.* Occasionally it is borne in upon a reviewer that it would be a most interesting experience if it were possible for him, with all the advantage of his present sanity of judgment, to approach as if for the first time a certain book that stirred his pulse a matter of a score of years ago. *She* was one of the books that stirred the pulses of a good many readers not lacking in intelligence, in the days of its first appearance. Has our taste changed and our discrimination grown keener through the intervening years, or has the pen of Mr. Haggard lost its magic? One is inclined towards the belief that there was real magic of a certain kind in *She.* It was a lurid story, wild as the *Arabian Nights,* but it did hold you, against your better judgment. And in the end you saw the fabulous She-who-must-be-obeyed shrivel before your sight, turn into a grotesque, ape-like creature, a dried and crumbling mummy. You heaved a sigh of relief and pitched the book aside; She was ended, once for all, satisfactorily, conclusively ended. Somehow, the bare idea of a resurrected She, holding sway in the unexplored fastnesses of Central Asia, does not appeal kindly to the imagination; while the spectacle of the narrator and his ward on their bizarre odyssey among the mountains and the monasteries of Thibet, accompanied everywhere by a faithful but half-starved yak, over precipices where a goat could not find footing, contains an element of the grotesque that strips it of its slight illusion of reality. One feels quite grateful to the timely avalanche that finally overtakes the yak and neatly decapitates it, leaving its body ready for the hungry wanderers to dine off it. As for the finding of She, and what follows, there is no use in trying to persuade oneself that one liked it, when one knows all the time that one did not. And the worst of it is that *Ayesha* has spoiled the memory of *She,*—and pleasant memories are not so numerous that one can see them spoiled with equanimity.

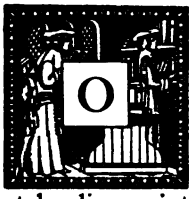
"Ayesha."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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NEW PLAYS OF THE NEW SEASON



NCE we expected little of our American playwrights and were surprised when they gave us more. Now our expectations run higher, and we are proportionately disappointed when they fall below them. The American playwrights had ended last season unusually well. Mr. Fitch had shown in *The Woman in the Case* that at last he could write a play of straightforward, concentrated, and cumulative interest. The dramatic narrative marched, and every detail hastened its progress or lighted its course. In *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots,* Mr. Thomas's touch was lighter, surer and airier than it had ever seemed before in farce. He was discovering the worth and the interest of quick, bright, human dialogue, and using means and methods that, until he had studied French plays and the Parisian theatres, he would have disdained as "talky." As for Mr. Ade, was he not nightly conquering an audience with the humorous zest, the freshness of view, the amused sympathy for some of the little things and the little people in American life that he had brought to *The College Widow?* Between the acts there was hardly time to run over all the big things that were predicted of him. Here and there even a minor American playwright had popped up his head, and found to his amazement that the public had a welcoming smile for him.

Fitch, Ade and Thomas all had a commission or two for the new season. Few notable plays were on their way from Europe. There had not been many in London or Paris or Berlin, and not every play that pleases or stirs those capitals, as our managers have at last discovered, has enough breadth of interest and general stamina to endure an Atlantic voyage and subsequent American journeyings. Managers, therefore, taking their cue from their audiences, were warming to the American playwright. Distinctly, the new season was to be his inning. He began, too, at the very beginning. Before it was a month old, Mr. Thomas's *De Lancey,* Mr. Fitch's *Her Great Match,* and Mr. Ade's *The Bad Samaritan* and *Just Out of College* had all been acted. Three of the four were more or less disappointing. The other, *The Bad Samaritan,* was a sorry failure. For three weeks in two cities the public, critical and uncritical, went by persistently on the other side. Then a shivering manager interred it quickly but decently, and much of Mr. Ade's prestige as the rising American playwright was buried with it. The other three plays bid fair to last the season and traverse the country.

De Lancey was a disappointment because Mr. Thomas has done little more in it than a capable job of theatrical tailoring. He was commissioned to write a play for John Drew—middle-aged John Drew, a little stiff now in the joints of comedy and several shades more mannered in acting, but still with the happy knack of impersonating himself and persuading us that he and the process are interesting. To the last letter of the last syllable Mr. Thomas fulfilled his commission. He accepted Mr. Drew as he is, and the world in which he lives here and now in New York, and contrived to make a light comedy that should be background and frame for both. It lacks any sort of distinction, but that may be the fault of the world it had to portray and the chief figure in it. There is only one character, Mr. Drew himself labelled De Lancey. The others are puppets that approach and address him when Mr. Thomas pulls the wires. There is a halting and creaking plot, but it is not easy to build dramatic narratives about middle-aged bachelors, who hunt twice a week and keep up good social connections meanwhile. One partial virtue it has—the virtue of dialogue, that is almost always human and pertinent, and that now and then is crisp with wit or salt with humour. True, there is talk for talk's sake while Mr. Thomas is waiting for another Drew-ish idea to come to him. There is talk at the audience, lest it grow

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uneasy or begin to scrutinise the play. There is talk of the kind that has come neatly off the tip of Mr. Drew's tongue these twenty years, and that exists in his plays for no other reason. But there is also talk that reveals and brightens character, that goes back and forth in keen, spontaneous interplay, that has the savour of real men with a sense of humour, and of a real world where there is still wit. Mr. Thomas has learned the value of such speech as a dramatic means, and he is using it more and more freely and aptly. Otherwise *De Lancey* is chiefly interesting to those that regard Mr. Drew as a winter diversion.

Her Great Match was a disappointment because there was no more in it than we have long taken from Mr. Fitch as a matter of course. Did any one doubt that he could write a play for Maxine Elliott that would fit her as nicely as one of her own frocks and have almost as many pretty frills on it? Mr. Fitch is the most expert ladies' tailor, histrionically speaking, in America. Is there one who has seen many of his plays who mistrusted his ability to conduct a fortune-telling booth at a fashionable bazaar, or fill a conservatory, peopled by two, with moonlight and sentiment? He is past master in such things. Of course, he shows us the nice little ways of a young German prince, who is a very good sort if he does blunder into a suggestion of morganatic marriage to the American girl he loves, and the big, ugly ways of the parvenus who have their own bad ends to serve in such a "great match." Such ways are Mr. Fitch's stock in trade, and international marriages are one of his newest wares. There is much pretty detail in *Her Great Match*, and the touch of an artist in it here and there. There is as pretty an atmosphere of romance, as romance goes in twentieth-century drawing-rooms and conservatories. (Youth is not twenty centuries old yet by a long shot, and Mr. Fitch knows it.) His hand is still light and sure with our snipping talk that means most when it says least and carelessly. At his best he is still sure to figure in the footnotes of the history of American manners about 1905.

Mr. Ade's two plays were disappointing because they showed how considerable are his limitations, how tightly he is bound by them, and how fitful, impulsive and careless his real talents are. In his first two plays of joyous memory, *The County Chairman* and *The College Widow*, everything came in flashes—apt retort, whimsical turn, satirical gibe, comic exaggeration. Bits of incident alternated with dabs of sentiment. There was shrewd, fresh, humorous observation of characters of a sort and life of a kind, but it was all glimpses and glances. Ade's animation and spontaneity were of one that writes with a little thought of his audience. His charm was the charm of amused, half-affectionate sympathy for the Indiana village or the freshwater college that he was portraying. So beguiled, we across the footlights half forgot the patchwork of it all, the lurking flavour of the comic paper, with the jokes spoken and the pictures set in tableaus, and the intermittent slips into the commonplace and even the common. In a word, the flashes were so frequent that nobody much heeded what filled the intervals between, and so bright that nobody much cared what blemishes they hid.

In the two new plays, the flashes are few, and the intervals between them are very gaunt and very empty. There is an idea in each play. In *The Bad Samaritan*, it is genuinely fresh, whimsical and satiric. What seems easier, if you have "the goods," as Mr. Ade would say, than to turn philanthropist. Try it and find how the process spoils you and every one else whom it touches! Yet before half an act is over Ade is swamping his idea in cheap comic-opera and comic-paper details, and for three acts more it never fairly gets its head above the flood. *Just Out of College* also has an idea, but not quite so prepossessing or so fresh. After all, says the nonchalant Ade to his audience, the youngsters who come into this world with a few scarf-pins, sundry implements of sport, superabundant "nerve," and four years of "college life" are not such poor creatures as some of us fancy. Then he proceeds to strangle the idea with all the threadbare complications of "in-and-out" farce that he can remem-

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ber. For one act of *Just Out of College*, there is the old Ade of *The College Widow*, disporting himself with this idea, and still more with the humours of a busy morning in the office of Septimus Pickering, picklemaker of the old school in a provincial city. For the rest in the two new plays, shut your eyes and you might often be listening to the jokes of a comic paper, and not to the best of jokes in the best of papers. Open them, and you might be looking at the pictures their "artists" drew. There are fragments of "musical comedy" without music, and of the farces that depend for humour upon the sudden irruption of the wrong person through the wrong door at the wrong time. The plots are too preposterous to be plausible and not so preposterous as to be agreeably grotesque. The comic exaggeration is too distorted to be delightful, too commonplace to amuse. Instead of smiling at life with half-shut eyes, Ade is watching to see whether the spectators will smile at him, and not with him. He has discovered his audience and lost his spontaneity. To borrow his own slang, he fakes.

So much for the major American playwrights at the beginning of the new season. The minor we know well, though now and then the names may change. They can make gay little farces out of sprightly little novels, and put them prettily on the stage to entertain nice people after a nice dinner. Mrs. Grace Livingston Furness has done it rather more cleverly than usual in *The Man on the Box*. They can make sweet little sentimental plays out of sugary little novels with just a suspicion of a sob in them for those same nice audiences. Mr. Peple has done it in *The Prince Chap*. They can take their hammer and nails and knock the text of a musical play together while you wait, out of the chips and blocks and shavings that have been accumulating these twenty years in comic-opera workshops. Somebody has done it for *Dolly Dollars* and the other musical pieces of the new season. They might work with more delicate tools and fresher material. One or two of them dared to do so now and then in *The Pearl and the Pumpkin*.

From London, for a beginning, Hall Caine vouchsafed us his new play, *The Prodigal Son*. There were no signs of public excitement when it was first made known to us. There have been many since of public indifference. The playwright himself has sped from England to view at close hand the strange case of a public unmoved, even uninterested by a play from his hand, with every quality he is wont to impart to them. His diagnosis was quick and sure. The American stage manager, the American players, the American public does not understand *The Prodigal Son*. They will not understand, for example, that a scene in which there is much "gun-play," as they say in Arizona, is really in a quiet, almost a pastoral, key. Before such stupidity even gods and Caines may quail, and the poor reviewer is mute.

Failure to understand, though quite another sort of failure, has also wrecked, on this side of the Thames, Mr. W. W. Jacobs's first play. When London saw *Beauty and the Barge* a year ago, it took joy of it as of a new and unexpected thing. Here were new characters—the bargemen of the Thames, cap'ns, mates, "third hands" and all, riverside gardeners who were jealous of them, riverside landladies who ministered to them, riverside housekeepers who were amorous of them. As new was the atmosphere of deck and cabin, of bar and inn-parlour, through which they moved. Mr. Jacobs had shifted characters and atmosphere to the stage and lost little of the savour and the flavour that filled his tales of the same folk and the same places. The Thames flowed behind the footlights. The air of the theatre smelled salt. Nobody thought twice of the clumsy and rickety electrical framework Louis Parker had made for Mr. Jacobs's characters. But what are "haffable" bargees and their third hands to New York, or New York to them? Are not the puddles of Broadway more to be desired than all the reaches of Thames? A puzzled, and therefore a bored, audience damned Cap'n Jem Barley in a night, and all his train with him. Yet it was years since it had seen Nat Goodwin acting a character, and not himself, and acting it to the comical life.

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Mr. Sutro, with his *Walls of Jericho*, we did understand, but even then not quite in the way of London. To many a Briton it was a tract for the social times that happened also to be an interesting play. To most of us in America it will be only an interesting play that happens also to have a moral. The moral is not too clear. It seems to imply that if you go to live in Queensland, or some other end of the earth, you will be virtuous, though you may not be too happy. In fact, you might be happier in the very smart set of London, whence most of Mr. Sutro's characters come, and where they were a truly "'orrible hexample." By this time we all know the West End when the stern moralist leads it on the stage. Mr. Jones used to make it prance under an ox-whip. Mr. Pinero preferred a lighter goad with a keener point. Mr. Sutro is their legitimate heir, but he prefers to drive his unhappy victims with very loud, very earnest, and highly moral outcries. As far as its sins go, it is the same old smart set. It likes bridge for high stakes. It smokes cigarettes. It borrows money and marries for it. It plays at half a love with half a lover. It takes no thought of its toys when it has had its sport with them. It talks much about the wickedness it may, can, would or should do, and never does it. Surest mark of all, it is incessantly making smart speeches. Mr. Sutro's characters make some very clever ones, and there is a happy diversity among the denizens of his Mayfair. Perhaps in these sins and the little corner of London where the playwrights (and the novelists) say they flourish, lurks the ruin of the British Empire. Maybe they are a weight on the moral chest of every right-thinking Briton. Anyhow, Mr. Sutro is terribly in earnest about them, and he makes you go away from the theatre thanking your stars that you do not live in Mayfair and that you are not morally as the dwellers therein are. Every one knows that that is a comfortable, truly British feeling. It will help a play through a year's run in London. But what have we in America to do with "Mayfair, England," as the programme called it, unless we happen to be "society editors," and so few of us are? So far, too, our smart sets have somehow managed to keep off our moral chests.

But there is more than a smart set in *The Walls of Jericho*. There is a "great scene" that is a very good bit of melodrama—melodrama because it is never quite plausible while you look and listen, and still less plausible the morning after. Behold the Lady Alethea Frobisher who has done all the sins (or talked about doing them) that Mr. Sutro attributes to poor Mayfair. Behold, also, Mr. Jack Frobisher, late of Queensland, who hates these same sins, first because in his view they are a primose path to moral destruction, and second because he loves the Lady Alethea, his wife. Set them face to face—Mr. Frobisher with a large two-fisted moral indignation and a habit of command; the Lady Alethea with an uneasy sense of being in the wrong, a fondness for her own way, and more than a touch of wounded pride. Mr. Frobisher orates ("Are you my wife or are you my mistress?"). The Lady Alethea winces and quivers ("I will not go to the 'purer air' of Queensland). The "great scene" is made, and heaps and heaps of Mr. Sutro's moral earnestness have gone into it. They do make it tell. We have jolted and snip-snapped up to it—Mr. Sutro is no master as yet of dramatic construction—and we slip along from it to the end of the play where the lady thinks better of Queensland and of Mr. Jack. But it is a "great scene."

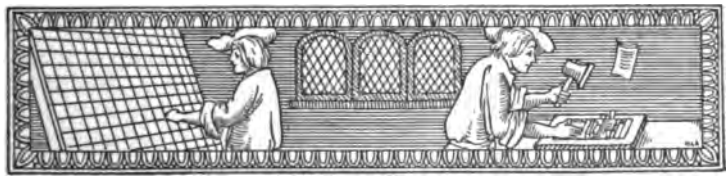
Bernard Shaw remains — Bernard Shaw "an American playwright," as some one civilly explained the other day in London. Nightly does Mr. Shaw take his mental exercise in two of the theatres of our metropolis. Twenty others in as many cities will be his gymnasia before the season ends. The old feats that he has done for us in *Candida*, *The Man of Destiny*, and *You Never Can Tell*, he is doing for us once more. But they are stale beside the new joys of the mental athletics—not to say contortions—that he is showing us in *Man and Superman* and in *John Bull's Other Ireland*. Once *Man and Superman* was "a play and a philosophy." Now it is only a play—even a farce remade, plus intelligence and wit, according to the very

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rules of that theatre upon which Mr. Shaw used to heap scornful prefaces. *John Bull's Other Island* is Ireland "as it is"—did it happen to be mostly peopled with Bernard Shaws?

Nightly does Mr. Shaw in one form or another play havoc with romantic love and other pretty conventions. Nightly does he strip the veneers off established ways and things and prick them in their nakedness. Nightly does he build his own topsy-turvy world, in which all men and all women speak with the voice of Bernard Shaw and act even as he fancies he would act were he as untrammelled. It is such a cocksure world, and it is such a diabolically clever one. It is so full of "things to take home," as the restaurants say of their oysters and frozen puddings. Elect ladies dispense them for days afterwards over their tea-tables. Verily, the crackling of thorns under a pot is a cheerful sound. And when the thorns do take fire now and then there is a flash that burns deep and clear into human nature. It is indeed Mr. Shaw taking his mental exercise with all men and all things for his apparatus and the world for his gymnasium. Was ever mental athlete more sprightly on the parallel bars, more nimble with the weights? Not for years in the theatre. Intelligence and wit are so rare there that we in New York have made a fad of them and of him that has brought them to us. Mr. Shaw's tongue may be curving in his cheek. His hand may be audibly chinking the royalties in his pocket. Each, as he looks at his audiences, is a becoming action.

H. T. Parker.



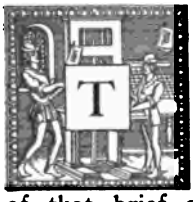
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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XI.—THE RISING IN THE WEST



HE universal chorus of applause which in the United States greeted President Cleveland's Venezuela message, continued for precisely three days. At the end of that brief period, discordant notes were heard, so harsh and so insistent as to put an end to what had seemed to be a perfect political harmony. It was, indeed, Mr. Cleveland's fate never to taste in public office the sweets of popularity for any length of time; and he was now to enter upon the most trying year of all. The praise which he had lately won alarmed the Republican leaders. They had perforce commended the bold front which he had shown to England; yet this sudden popularity seemed likely to upset their plans. Was the President thinking of a third term? Mr. Chauncey M. Depew in a published interview suggested this hypothesis, and it created something like a panic among the gentlemen who were asserting that they could elect even a yellow dog in 1896. Therefore, almost immediately, the Republican press began to qualify its praise of Mr. Cleveland and to forget its enthusiasm of a day or two before. The New York *Sun*, which once again had drifted into the anti-Cleveland ranks, disclosed a new line of criticism in an editorial remark:

"If the eccentric statesman and instinctive antagonist of the more vital American sentiments, who now occupies the White House, had dealt with the Venezuelan affair from the beginning in the creditable spirit shown in his message, it is a question whether the situation would not now be satisfactory and without danger of war."*

*New York *Sun*, December 18, 1905.

The *Sun's* lead was quickly followed by the *Tribune*, which had at first spoken of the President's "straightforward, manly words," but which now called his diplomacy that of "a self-opinionated tyro."

But it was not the political, so much as the financial aspect of the situation that raised a storm of disapproval, and this, curiously enough, not only in those quarters where the President had hitherto found strong support, but also in a section where he was already hated. The possibility of a war with England had frightened Wall Street. On the day after the message, stocks dropped several points, and the market was decidedly weaker at the close. On the 19th, when the full gravity of the situation had become known, there was something very like a panic. The soundest securities declined in value. It was said that European holders of American stocks and bonds were preparing to sell them in large blocks. According to an estimate generally accepted at the time, the depreciation in values, consequent upon the prospect of war, amounted to at least $400,000,000. It was then that Wall Street turned on Mr. Cleveland. Hitherto, the bankers and brokers and other financiers had lauded him for having, as they said, preserved the national credit and saved the country from repudiation. But now that stocks were down, these same men cursed his very name. Whether his policy was brave and honourable or the reverse, was nothing to them. "Margins" had been wiped out, money had been lost. That was all they cared about. And so it came to pass that the President was wounded in the house of his friends. It was now that he lost for a while the support of one who had been among the most devoted, the most consistent and the most

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able of all his advocates in the press,—Mr. Edward Lawrence Godkin, the editor of the New York *Evening Post.*

Mr. Godkin at that time divided with Mr. Dana the honour of pre-eminence in American journalism. No two men could have been more utterly unlike in temperament, in training, or in character. Mr. Godkin was an Anglo-Irishman by birth, and as a young man he had been the correspondent of the London *Daily News* during the Crimean War. In the East he had made the acquaintance of men of great distinction in many fields of effort, from whom, no less than from his reading, he acquired an invaluable fund of knowledge relating to politics, diplomacy, economics, history and, incidentally, human nature. During the American Civil War he acted in the dual capacity of correspondent for the *Daily News* and for the New York *Times,* thus establishing a definite connection with American journalism. In 1865 he was made editor of the *Nation,* and in 1881 he became one of the two editors of the *Evening Post,* his colleague being Mr. Horace White.

Mr. Godkin's comprehensive knowledge of the great world, his cosmopolitanism, and his personal associations gave him a distinct advantage over those American editors who became famous in spite of their early disadvantages. Such men as Weed and Raymond and Greeley were possessed of natural force, but they lacked breadth of view and liberality of thought. They were infinitely keen at detecting the drift of each cross-current of popular opinion; but they were deficient in the qualities which would have enabled them to guide that drift and to mould and shape opinion for wise and worthy ends. Mr. Godkin's editorial ideals were entirely at variance with those of every other great American editor. He did not set himself directly to appeal to the masses of his adopted countrymen. He never wrote down to the intellectual level of the man in the street. His appeal was rather to men of intelligence and cultivation—men who were really representative of the best elements in American life — professional men, scholars, authors, lawyers, clergymen, great merchants, experts in their own subjects — and for these he wrote in a style that was wonderfully effective. His leading articles presupposed in their readers not merely natural intelligence but education. They were full of allusions of the kind that are heard in the familiar intercourse of men of culture. Yet nothing could have been further removed from pedantry or pose. The manner was ease and simplicity itself. The sentences were short and to the point; the phrasing was crisp and neat and oftentimes colloquial. The whole tone was that of an accomplished gentleman, conversing with a set of intimates at his club. And Mr. Godkin had also a delightful wit at his command,—an appreciation of the comic which made his persiflage delicious and which also tipped his delicate irony with destructiveness. This last quality — his irony — was a weapon that he used with consummate skill. Its touch was light; yet it could make the apparently invulnerable argument of an adversary shrivel like a leaf. Anything more intensely exasperating than some of his ironic strokes cannot well be imagined; and he was the only one of Dana's editorial contemporaries who could rouse that seasoned veteran to serious wrath.

Mr. Godkin, unlike Dana, had a high regard for principle; and his championship of any cause was as conscientious as it was courageous. Many, indeed, were the causes for which he seemed at times to fight almost alone, yet of which at last he lived to see the triumph. To that triumph his steady hammering, in season and out of season, very powerfully contributed. It is not too much to say that nearly all the most important questions of American political history from 1881 to 1896 got their first public hearing largely through the influence of Mr. Godkin. They were, of course, bound to arise and to clamour for solution; but it was Mr. Godkin's clear prevision which perceived their imminence, as it was his vigorous pen that won for them attention. The reform of the civil service, the introduction of the Australian ballot, the enactment of rigorous election laws, the revision of the tariff, the divorce of municipal government from partisan politics, and the establishment of a stable mone-

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tary system—all these issues were fairly forced upon the public mind through Mr. Godkin's influence.

And as the whole spirit of his work was different from Dana's, so was his reward a different one. Dana must still perhaps remain in popular remembrance the greatest of all American editors. He was read by the most people, his personality was the best known, he amused and entertained and furnished an infinite number of "quotable bits," and passages for comment. But he exercised no lasting influence, for he was utterly devoid of any real beliefs. His admirations were sham admirations. His enthusiasms were sham enthusiasms. He was sincere only in his hatreds; and the spectacle of an old man shrieking forth an expression of his hatreds was in the end more repellent than convincing. Mr. Godkin, on the other hand, was never very widely known. Yet through his selected *clientèle* of readers he exercised a power of persuasion beyond that of any other publicist in the United States. Each of those whom he convinced became a propagandist and an intellectual leavener of the community where he lived. And so, if Mr. Godkin himself was never famous with the sort of fame that Greeley and that Dana won, it may be said of him, as Mr. Howells once most aptly wrote of a greater man than Mr. Godkin: "What he had taught had become part of the life of his generation, and was so far alienated from any consciousness of him in those whose conduct he had largely shaped."

As might have been expected, a personality so marked as that of Mr. Godkin possessed the defects inseparable from its qualities. In declaring his opinions, he was wont to adopt the tone and manner of the superior person, and to assume an air of absolute infallibility such as few are quite prepared to recognise as attainable in this imperfect world. A lack of fairness was another mental characteristic of the man. Editorially he would seldom or never admit that he had erred, even when the proof of error was incontestable. Again, his censure was at times so bitter and so unsparing as to create a certain sympathy with those who suffered from it. Indeed, among his victims were many who had once been Mr. Godkin's friends and fellow-workers, but who had had the reprehensible temerity to differ with him as to public questions. On such as these he always poured the choicest vials of his wrath, and showed himself intolerant beyond belief. They had, in his eyes, committed the unpardonable sin. Having once seen the light of the pure Godkinian revelation, they had sinned against it. Hence it was that the most persistent readers of the *Evening Post* were the very men who spoke of it with gibes. They read it and were influenced by it, yet at the same time they felt themselves continually irritated by its tone. One of these gentlemen—a very eminent New Yorker who had sometimes felt the touch of Mr. Godkin's chastening rod—is said to have spoken of the *Post* as "that pessimistic, malignant and malevolent sheet—which no good citizen ever goes to bed without reading!" And to the same gentleman was ascribed another and very widely quoted epigram, uttered in answer to a friend who was deploring the general demoralisation of New York. "But what can you expect," broke in his hearer, "of a city with two such leading newspapers —the *Sun* in the morning making vice attractive, and the *Post* in the evening making virtue odious!"

Perhaps the most marked of Mr. Godkin's mental attributes was his inability to appreciate the power of sentiment and the force of human passion. For these things, like one of his favourite philosophers, J. S. Mill, he seemed unable to make any allowance whatsoever; but he took a cold-blooded, commercial view of almost every public question. Had he remained in England, he would have been a Little Englander of the straitest sect, improving even upon Mill and Cobden and the prophets of the Manchester School. As an American editor he applied the same standards to American affairs. In his eyes, no war could be justifiable, because it cost money. No threat of war was ever to be made, because it depreciated the value of stocks and bonds. National honour was a thing to be written of in derisive quotation marks, and to be regarded only as a word belonging to the vocabulary of the political swashbuckler.

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With such beliefs it may be readily conceived that Mr. Godkin read the President's Venezuela message with a mixture of horror and disgust—horror because it might mean actual fighting, and disgust because it seemed to evince so much ingratitude to Mr. Godkin. Ever since the name of Cleveland had been heard in national politics, the *Evening Post* had been his thick and thin supporter. It had defended him against the scandalmongers in 1884; it had praised the achievements of his first administration; it had urged persistently his second candidacy; it had made his financial policy its own. And now he had dared to break away from all the Cobdenite-Godkinian traditions, and to show himself as pugnacious in an international dispute as though he had been a Cass, a Marcy or a Blaine!

Small wonder, then, that the *Evening Post* declared as soon as the message reached its office, that "the President's fulmination has no moral support whatever." On the 19th, it pronounced his action "criminally rash and insensate."

"The national finances, already in a perilous condition, will be shaken as they have not been since the Civil War. Mr. Cleveland has frustrated his own wise attempts to adjust them on a sound basis."

"The President's message is a standing and very insulting threat to a first-class power."

The *Post* quoted against the President his own dictum, that "patriotism is no substitute for a sound currency." It spoke of his "Jingo insanity;" it declared his policy to be marked by "insolence, abusiveness and brutality." Every one who favoured it came in for a share of Mr. Godkin's wrath; and he even accused a well-known administration Senator of appearing at a public banquet in a state of intoxication, and delivering a speech which was "hiccoughed out to a deriding, hooting and insulting audience,"—though what this had to do with the Venezuelan question it would have been hard for even Mr. Godkin to explain.

The *Evening Post's* especial following took up the same parable. Clergymen preached against the righteousness of war. Some college professors gave their verdict to the effect that the President's view of the Monroe Doctrine was all wrong. A convocation of Baptist missionaries passed resolutions declaring that the United States might better go to war with Turkey on behalf of the Armenians than with Great Britain on behalf of the Venezuelans. There was, in fact, in the United States, something of the same divergence of opinion as existed in Great Britain. But the country as a whole soon ceased to think of this particular issue, because of the immediate revival of an older one.

The uneasiness of Wall Street was speedily reflected in a new drain on the gold fund in the Treasury. The Morgan-Belmont syndicate had carried out its promise; and for nine months the reserve had been efficiently protected. But in November there was felt a slow but steady outflow, which had brought the fund to less than $80,000,000; and in December the hoarding of gold once more began. The menace of war led bankers to ship gold to Europe. Only three days after his Venezuela message, and on the eve of the usual adjournment for the Christmas holidays, the President sent a brief communication to Congress urging it to take some action for the betterment of financial conditions. As this advice was utterly ignored, Secretary Carlisle was directed to issue (January 6, 1896) a circular asking for subscriptions to a new loan of $100,000,000.* This was the fourth and last of the bond issues made by Mr. Cleveland in order to protect the gold reserve, as it was also the largest. Unlike the two preceding ones, this loan was offered for popular subscription. Bonds of a denomination as low as fifty dollars were engraved, so that the most modest investor might have an opportunity to bid; and an entire month was to elapse before the sealed proposals were opened. In deciding to offer the loan in this public way rather than once more to make a bargain with a syndicate, the President was undoubtedly influenced by the scathing criticism which had been visited upon him. He would never admit this, either then or afterwards; yet one cannot think other-

*Four-per cent. coin bonds to run for thirty years.

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wise. Moreover, Congress had taken the matter up with serious intention. A House bill provided that no bond sales should be made thereafter save by popular subscription. Senator Elkins had offered a resolution declaring that bonds should not be sold at all by private contract. On the whole, the President must have felt the sting of an almost universal censure; and so he now arranged a loan before the Treasury was actually in distress,* and he went directly to the people rather than to Wall Street. As it turned out, there were 4635 bidders for the bonds, and the loan was oversubscribed by $400,000,000. It was a triumph for the advocates of the open sales. To be sure, of the bids received, only 828 were accepted; and in the allotment of the bonds, Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company, who had offered to take the entire issue, received some $62,000,000, while the other bidders received $38,000,000. But it is to be noted that the lowest bid which the Treasury now considered was at the rate of $110\frac{7}{10}$ as against the $104\frac{1}{2}$ paid by the Morgan-Belmont syndicate in the preceding February. This fact alone would seem to be a sufficient condemnation of the syndicate transaction, though Mr. Cleveland never would admit the fact.†

Reviewing the whole series of bond issues after the lapse of many years, and regarding all the circumstances connected with them, there appears not to be the slightest reason for impugning the good faith, the integrity, or the patriotism of President Cleveland. All through those trying times, he acted as he believed the highest interests of his country bade him act. But in the matter of the bond-contract with the Morgan-Belmont syndicate, there can be little doubt that he was guilty of a serious mistake—not in the arrangement which necessity drove him into making, but because he delayed so long as to create that unfortunate necessity. That he learned the lesson of his error was shown by his management of the fourth and last bond issue. During his final year of office, the Treasury suffered no more from speculative raids upon it. Wall Street had found that the siphon-process could be no longer made a source of private gain.

But the fact that the President had again sold bonds to keep the gold reserve intact fanned the already fierce resentment of the silver party into a more furious flame. The Western silver men cared nothing for the effect of the Venezuela message upon Wall Street. If it caused a panic there, so much the better. If stock gamblers had been ruined by it, well and good. If securities had dropped four hundred millions in value, this was a cause for grim rejoicing. The prospect of a war with England was very popular all through the West, not upon patriotic grounds alone, but as likely to bring an era of easy money and good times. A writer in the *Oregonian*, published in Portland, Oregon, undoubtedly expressed a widely prevalent feeling when he declared that the people of his State and many other Americans wished a war because

> "they all know that the wealth of the world has got into the hands of a few, and that there is no relief for the masses. Business is at a standstill and will remain so until something happens. . . . We are at the mercy of England, so far as our finances go, and this [war] is our only way out."

Such was the prevailing sentiment in the Western States, so far as the Venezuelan incident was immediately concerned. But the new gold loan, this vast addition to the public debt for the sole purpose of "insulting silver," was the last straw upon the back of the by no means patient Populists. By this time, men had formed the habit of speaking of gold and silver as though the two metals were possessed of human attributes. They were not only animified but personified; and both vices and virtues were ascribed to them. A thousand hoarse-throated orators depicted the infamy of gold and the rectitude of silver. Gold was the coward metal which basely sneaked out of the country when times were troublous. It was the accomplice of money-sharks and usurers, the enemy of labour; the traitorous propagator of poverty and want. Silver, on the other hand, was brave and hon-

*On the day when the circular calling for bids was issued, the gold reserve stood at $61,251,000.

†See Cleveland, *Presidential Problems*, pp. 162-169.

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ourable, too noble to desert the people in their hour of need. It was the debtor's ally, the benefactor of the poor. To it were addressed words of as passionate adoration as ever lover lavished upon mistress, or devotee upon divinity. In truth, at this period a large portion of the American people was touched by something very like emotional madness over one of the most prosaic questions of pure economics. The tide of Populism which had begun to rise in 1889, which had swollen to a flood in 1890, and which in 1892 had temporarily been diverted into Democratic channels, was now roaring through the West with a fury that swept everything before it. In all the silver-producing States it seemed to be wrecking the older parties; while in Kansas and Nebraska, men, women and even children turned away from the ordinary vocations of life, and gave themselves up body and soul to the politics of unrestrained emotion. The fact that women had the ballot in these States may account in part for the extraordinary scenes that were enacted there. Certain it is that during the year 1896, entire communities seemed to be afflicted with a strange obsession, resembling the hysteria which swept over Europe at the time of the First Crusade. This comparison did, in fact, suggest itself to a very keen though unsympathetic observer, who has left a vivid picture of the time:

"It was a fanaticism like the Crusades. Indeed, the delusion that was working on the people took the form of religious frenzy. Sacred hymns were torn from their pious tunes to give place to words which deified the cause and made gold—and all its symbols, capital, wealth, plutocracy—diabolical. At night, from ten thousand little white schoolhouse windows, lights twinkled back vain hope to the stars. For the thousands who assembled under the schoolhouse lamps believed that when their Legislature met and their Governor was elected, the millennium would come by proclamation. They sang their barbaric songs in unrhythmic jargon, with something of the same mad faith that inspired the martyrs going to the stake. Far into the night the voices rose,—women's voices, children's voices, the voices of old men, of youths and of maidens rose on the ebbing prairie breezes, as the crusaders of the revolution rode home, praising the people's will as though it were God's will and cursing wealth for its iniquity. It was a season of shibboleths and fetishes and slogans. Reason slept; and the passions—jealousy, covetousness, hatred—ran amuck, and whoever would check them was crucified in public contumely."*

These people honestly believed that their happiness and prosperity were being sacrificed unpityingly to the greed and money-lust of the rich men in the East; that the President of the United States was the pliant tool of a plutocracy without bowels of compassion; and that in obedience to his masters he was barring out the blessings of free silver, which meant independence and wealth and ease to every toiler in the land. No wonder that for a time there was madness in the very air.

As is the case in all great popular convulsions, the human scum and driftwood first came hurtling to the surface. There was a wild cry for a leader; and in response a thousand leaders, self-appointed, leaped into sudden though ephemeral prominence. Strange figures these; for the widespread distrust and hatred of all professional politicians became at last a hatred and distrust of every man who possessed the ability and training which make leadership effective. And so there came forth from the obscurity of failure and incompetence a crop of demagogues in whom were fearfully combined the irrational and the grotesque. Itinerant preachers, broken-down country editors, farmers who had failed to make a living from their farms, eccentrics whose peculiarities at any other time would have classed them with the mad, leather-lunged fanatics with a gift for raving hour after hour,—these were the guides and prophets who for a while exercised an absolute control over one of the most intelligent and most purely American communities. A leading article which appeared in a Western newspaper at about this time was widely quoted all over the United States, because of its pungent diagnosis of conditions in the State of Kansas. One paragraph may be quoted here, since

*White, *Stratagems and Spoils*, pp. 207-208 (New York, 1901).

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its nervous, slangy phrases are like flashlights in their brief intensity.

"What's the matter with Kansas?

"We all know; yet here we are at it again. We have an old moss-back Jacksonian who snorts and howls because there is a bath-tub in the State House. We are running that old jay for Governor. We have another shabby, wild-eyed, rattle-brained fanatic who has said openly in a dozen speeches that 'the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner.' We are running him for Chief Justice, so that capital will come tumbling over itself to get into the State. We have raked the old ash-heap of failure in the State and found an old human hoop-skirt who has failed as a business man, who has failed as an editor, who has failed as a preacher, and we are going to run him for Congressman-at-large. He will help the looks of the Kansas delegation at Washington. Then we have discovered a kid without a law practice and have decided to run him for Attorney-General. Then for fear some hint that the State had become respectable might percolate through the civilised portions of the nation, we have decided to send three or four harpies out lecturing, telling the people that Kansas is raising hell and letting the corn go to weeds."*

Some of the early protagonists of Populism and of the silver school of Democracy won a temporary notoriety beyond the limits of their respective States. A very few were destined to play a part in national politics. Among the former were Governor Pennoyer of Oregon and Governor Waite of Colorado, who may be cited as types of the erratic leaders in the new movement. Pennoyer had been elected as a Democrat in the reaction following upon the passage of the McKinley Bill. He first became known by his boorishness in refusing to meet President Harrison on the borders of Oregon at the time of the President's journey through the West. During the Coxey demonstration, a part of Kelly's "army" came into conflict with the officers of the law, and Governor Pennoyer was besought to send military assistance to the latter. To this appeal he replied by telegram:

"Let them fight it out. I don't care a whoop which side wins."

**Emporia Gazette,* August 15, 1896.

Governor Waite of Colorado gained demagogic honours by the violence of his public speeches, in one of which he spoke of the impending war between the capitalists and the downtrodden people. "I am prepared," said he, "to ride in blood up to my bridles!" As Mr. Waite had never been noted as a fighting man, this sanguinary intimation served rather to amuse than to alarm; but it won for the Governor the sobriquet of "Bloody Bridles Waite." Another erratic though much cleverer personage was "Jerry" Simpson (so he wrote his name), a convert from Republicanism, whom the Kansan Populists had sent to Congress. In Washington, and at last all over the country, he became known as "Sockless Jerry," from a popular legend to the effect that he cultivated simplicity by wearing nothing besides shoes upon his feet. Among the women who shared with men the prestige of political leadership, the most interesting figure was Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease, who may be styled the Anna Dickinson of Populism, for she had all the vehemence and much of the wild eloquence of the once famous abolitionist. Mrs. Lease was a native of Pennsylvania, who, in 1885, was admitted to practice at the Kansas bar. She was drawn into the Union Labour movement, became a member of the Farmers' Alliance, discovered a gift for extemporaneous speaking, and in 1890 was one of the most important political leaders in the State. She headed the forces that were opposed to the re-election of Senator Ingalls; and the "whirlwind" campaign which she conducted against him was a notable event of the year 1890. The vitriolic oratory of Ingalls was fairly outdone by the amazing vocabulary of vituperation which Mrs. Lease had at her command and which she poured forth with a fury and an intensity of passion that thrilled her listeners and fired them with her own emotions. This Kansan Pythoness defeated Ingalls, and in 1893 came near to securing for herself a seat in the Senate of the United States. To her was ascribed the admonition already referred to—"Kansas had better stop raising corn and begin raising hell!"

The doctrine of free silver had not only

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its prophets and its orators, but also its literary propagandists. The history of political pamphleteering contains few more curious incidents than the vogue enjoyed by one of the pro-silver tracts, which in 1895 became to the West what the Drapier Letters of Dean Swift were to the Irish people in 1724. A young man named William Howard Harvey, a native of West Virginia, began the publication in 1893 of an illustrated paper called *Coin,* devoted to the cause of free silver coinage. Mr. Harvey was fairly educated and had dipped into a large number of treatises on bimetallism, from which he had gleaned a variety of arguments in support of the silver party's chief tenet. At last he wrote and published a little volume with the title *Coin's Financial School,* presenting his arguments partly in the form of a dialogue,* accompanied by some explanatory narrative. The book opened with a brief account of the existing financial stringency and of the business depression noticeable throughout the country. It then went on to tell how

"Coin, a young financier in Chicago, established a school of finance to instruct the youths of the nation. . . . The school opened on the 7th day of May, 1894. One of the largest halls in the Art Institute was comfortably filled. . . . Coin stepped out on the platform, looking like the smooth little financier he is."

Coin's lectures and demonstrations were supposed to have been continued for six days. On the first day, there were present a number of well-known young men, sons of Chicago editors and other leading citizens. On subsequent days, the audience increased, and finally included United States senators, university professors, bank presidents, and economic experts, all of whom were specifically named, and most of whom interrupted Coin's lucid exposition and endeavoured to refute his arguments. Of course Coin easily disposed of them, silencing them by apt illustrations, pertinent facts, or pointed wit. On the last days of his lectures, he had convinced

*Harvey, *Coin's Financial School* (Chicago, 1894).



MARY ELIZABETH LEASE

the majority of his hearers and had become a popular idol; so that the book ends with an account of a brilliant reception given him at the Palmer House by a large and distinguished company.

This veracious chronicle with its interspersed dialogue and easy repartee was cheaply printed, and was illustrated by a series of rude wood-cuts appealing partly to popular prejudice and partly to the almost universal love of false analogy. "Analogy," says Charles Reade somewhere, "is not argument—which is the reason why so many persons use it as such." Both the text and the wood-cuts in *Coin's Financial School* admirably illustrated the truth of this remark. One of his hearers asks Coin whether the Government by putting its stamp on silver could make fifty-three cents' worth of that metal equal to a dollar in gold.

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WILLIAM H. HARVEY

"Certainly," says Coin, in substance. "If the Government were to buy 100,000 horses, wouldn't the price of horses go up?"

And to persuade the reader that a double metallic standard is preferable to a single standard, a picture is given of a one-legged man, moving painfully along. Two legs are better than one; *hence* two metals are better than one. Another cut illustrates Jevons's famous metaphor of the two reservoirs connected by a pipe. In fact, the creator of Coin had got together every sort of argument ranging from scientific induction to the most obvious fallacy and the cheapest claptrap, all tending to show that national prosperity could never return until the Government mints were reopened to the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

The success of this little book was extraordinary. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of copies were sold and circulated. It was the Silver Party's Bible, and every word in it was accepted as literally true. The farmer studied it by his fireside. The shopman in the intervals between serving customers took hasty glances at it. It was read aloud at country gatherings. Its arguments were cited as unanswerable. Those who studied it were able to chatter volubly about "primary money," "medium of exchange," "circulation per capita" and other topics which they came to imagine that they understood. Most of its readers believed that Coin was a real person, that everything narrated in the book had taken place precisely as narrated there, and that the distinguished senators, economists and publicists had actually been silenced and put to confusion by the "smooth little financier." So widespread an influence did the book exert that even serious periodicals, like the *Nation,* felt it worth while to expose the inaccuracy of Coin's "facts" and the fallacy of his deductions.

Not without significance were such of Coin's wood-cuts as appealed to prejudice and passion. No doubt to thousands, these were as effective as the arguments. Silver was depicted as a beau-



SILVER DECAPITATED

(From *Coin's Financial School.*)

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tiful woman whose head was stricken off by the malignant Senator Sherman. "The Assassination of Silver" was the legend under another wood-cut. In still another, the nation is represented as a cow, which the farmers are busily engaged in feeding, while a fat capitalist comfortably milks it. In still another, Mr. Sherman and President Cleveland are shown in the guise of burglars, secretly digging out the foundation (silver) of a well-built house. For whoever else was now held up to odium. the President was certain to be made a sharer in it. The ties which had bound him to a majority of his party were practically sundered. In Congress he had few supporters and many bitter enemies. There were senators who personally hated him so much that they opposed and hampered legislation which they themselves approved, if only they believed that he was favourable to it. In the House, now that the Democrats were in a small minority, and were not steadied by responsibility, many cast off all pretence of decorum, and ceased to speak of Mr. Cleveland with ordinary respect. A group of these refractory Democrats won for themselves the nick-



RICHARD P. BLAND



JOSEPH C. SIBLEY

name of "The Wild Horses," because they could not be kept within the party traces. Chief among them were Mr. Sibley of Pennsylvania, Mr. Johnson of Ohio, and Mr. Bland of Missouri. Mr. Sibley had, in fact, never pretended to follow the avowed policy of his own party. He had voted against a revision of the tariff; he had opposed the administration's financial measures; and he was in general more hostile to the President than was the bitterest Republican. On January 8, 1896, he made in the House a coarse and violent speech which was remarkable as being the utterance of a Democrat regarding his party's chief. In it he accused the President of giving offices in return for votes. He repudiated all party responsibility for the administration's policy. He wound up by declaring that what the country needed was a Government which was "something more than a combination of brains, belly, and brass."

The administration, moreover, could no longer count upon the solid support of the Southern members of Congress, who had long been a bulwark of conservatism and party loyalty. In many of the Southern States the Democratic party had suffered a transformation. Hastened

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BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN

by the influence of Populism, the change had, nevertheless, been different in character from that which was conspicuous in the West. It took the form of a revolt of the so-called "poor whites" against the aristocratic leaders who had for generations been supreme. The Civil War had not at once broken the power of that semi-feudal system which had flourished in the time of slavery and which produced and perpetuated an oligarchic governing class. But now the masses began to demand control.* They set up leaders of their own; and gradually the older type of Southern statesman gave way to a far less admirable substitute. The most striking exemplification of the new order at the South was found in the person of Benjamin Ryan Tillman of South Carolina.

Tillman did not, strictly speaking, belong to the class of "poor whites." He was a man of some position and education. But he was not of the governing caste, and he placed himself at the head of the "poor whites" in a political movement which resulted in the partial elimination of the governing caste from local and national importance. Tillman was a very extraordinary figure, both as a man and as a politician. His personality was more than forceful. Lurking in his nature and easy to be roused, was something of the savage, something even which suggested the ferocity of the wild beast. When stirred, he was violent almost beyond belief. He put absolutely no restraint upon his tongue, but hurled abuse at all who differed from him, denouncing them as "hell-hounds," "traitors" and "foul-mouthed liars." He had lost one eye, and this mutilation gave to his face a peculiarly truculent aspect even in repose—an aspect which became indescribably sinister and terrifying when the man was convulsed by one of his furious outbursts of passion. In 1890, by the aid of the Farmers' Alliance, he was elected Governor of South Carolina, wresting the control of the State from that gallant soldier and gentleman, Wade Hampton. As Governor, Mr. Tillman established the so-called State dispensary system, a semi-Socialistic plan, under which the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating liquors were monopolised by the State.* Tillman's supremacy was not easily or peacefully acquired. He had to face the opposition of an extremely influential section of society. In the cities his name was execrated. Attempts were made to disperse the meetings of his followers. He was vilified in every possible fashion. Riots broke out in several towns. His life was often threatened. Yet in spite of everything, by his fearlessness, his savagery and his strong appeal to the passions and prejudices of the ignorant, he became the political master of South Carolina and was for many years a conspicuous figure in national affairs. In 1892 he was again elected Governor, and in 1895 a Senator of the United States.

It was during his canvass for the latter office that he blazed out into relentless antagonism to President Cleveland, whom he attacked in speeches, the very outrageousness of which won him a wide hearing. "Send me to Washington," he would yell to the frantic mobs that

*See Murphy, *The New South*, pp. 3-27 (New York, 1904.)

*See a detailed account in the *Review of Reviews*, ix., p. 523 *foll.*, and x., p. 669 *foll.*

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cheered him, "and I'll stick my pitchfork into his old ribs!" Even when speaking in his official capacity at the Atlanta Exposition, and before a dignified assemblage, he could not refrain from coarse and insulting language:

"There are some so infatuated that they think that all the financial wisdom of the country is monopolised by the East; and they say 'Me, too,' every time Cleveland grunts. I should not have said anything about the President, as I expect to get a better chance at him with my pitchfork in Washington; but it did my heart good to hear the Governor of Georgia say that the two crank reformers from South Carolina had evoked more applause than the President of the United States."*

It was not, however, merely the Tillmans and Sibleys, nor even the Gormans and Brices in Congress, who were ranged in opposition to Mr. Cleveland. During the last year of his administration he seemed to live under a cloud of obloquy, blacker and more nearly unrelieved than that from which any other elected President had ever suffered. The Republicans were never weary of pointing out what they described as the disastrous failure of his policies. A majority of his own party believed him not only to have wrecked it, but to have betrayed it. The free-silver men held him responsible for the financial depression. The capitalists called him rash and utterly unsafe because of his Venezuela message. The labour element detested him for breaking the great Chicago strike by the use of troops. Only here and there was a voice raised in his defence, and the defence was nearly always worded like a half apology, ascribing to him only what was called "success in defeat." One would have said, in view of all this bitter opposition and unrestrained contumely, that Mr. Cleveland was destined to live in history only as that President who, beginning with the most splendid opportunities, had most completely wrecked and ruined his own hope of an honourable fame.

Two very diverse opinions regarding President Cleveland's public career have been held by students of American politics. According to his eulogists, he was in no respect to blame for the partial failure of his policies. It is said that the whole responsibility of this failure must ultimately rest upon Congress, which deliberately thwarted and rejected his wise counsels. In the face of such corruption, incompetence, ignorance and malice as were said to exist in both Houses of the national legislature, how could any President have done more than Mr. Cleveland did? In the very opposition which he encountered, many find but one more tribute to his political purity and uncompromising integrity of character. On the other hand, his detractors have asserted that the very terms in which he is most often praised constitute an impeachment of his statesmanship. A great party leader, they say, must do his work with such instruments as he has at hand. A statesman who is worthy of the name will master difficulties, overcome obstacles, adapt his methods to his instruments, prevail by management, by tact, and by judicious compromise, until in the end he attains a lasting and complete success. He will make no unnecessary enemies. He will allow for prejudice, for human frailty of every kind, and he will not expect the walls of Jericho to fall at a single blast of his trumpet. The example of Lincoln is often cited as embodying the true art of statecraft; and his patience and genial wisdom are contrasted with Mr. Cleveland's blunt and robust tactlessness. Success, it is said, is the measure of a statesman's fame; and Mr. Cleveland did not achieve success.

It is probable that the truth lies somewhere between these two opposing views. The manner in which President Cleveland forced the repeal of the Sherman Act did undoubtedly so far alienate a powerful faction in the Senate as to make that body permanently hostile to him for the rest of his term of office. He treated senators of the United States precisely as he had, when Governor of New York, treated the petty politicians at Albany. He gave orders where a more tactful politician would have made requests. He displayed arrogance in-

*Report in New York *Sun*, November 29, 1895. This and other speeches like them won for their author the popular nickname of "Pitchfork Tillman."

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stead of conciliation. He cracked the whip and shouted, instead of using the milder influences of persuasion. Those who received the patronage which he dispensed were secretly as hostile to him, and far more humiliated, than those who angrily refused it. To say "No" gracefully is a difficult accomplishment; but even Mr. Cleveland's "Yes" was often irritating. And so, had he possessed Lincoln's tolerance and worldly wisdom, he might, like Lincoln, have avoided personal hostility. But the conditions of the time were so unusual that he must still have met with political opposition within his own party even as Lincoln did. For in 1864, Lincoln was of all men the least commended by the Republicans in Congress. On one occasion an editor visiting Washington, asked Senator Thaddeus Stevens to introduce him to some members of Congress who were favourable to Lincoln's re-election. Stevens led him to the desk of Mr. Arnold of Illinois. "There," said he, "is the only Lincoln member of Congress that I know!" Stevens himself regarded Lincoln as incompetent and weak. Henry Wilson (afterwards Vice-president) spoke of him as politically a failure. Greeley had a low opinion of his ability. His personal friends, such as Washburn, Raymond and Thurlow Weed, believed his re-election an impossibility. Even Lincoln himself at one time doubted it.* And, therefore, the example of Lincoln is not convincing when cited as embodying a rebuke to Mr. Cleveland. For what would it have profited the latter to retain the personal good will of senators and representatives, if they were still politically hostile to him, driven on by forces of disorder and disunion too strong for them to master? In 1864, it was not Lincoln't tact and statesmanship that brought him a final triumph; but rather the brilliant victories won in the field by Sherman, Sheridan and Grant.

But the mention of Mr. Lincoln brings to mind another circumstance which makes any parallel between him and Mr. Cleveland most unfair to the Democratic President. Lincoln embodied to the mind of the people two great issues that were really only one—the preservation of the American Union and the abolition of slavery. At the root of both there lay a moral principle, and both appealed with overwhelming force to sentiment. They were so plain, so vividly defined that no sophistry could obscure them, no shrewd debater reason them away. And so, back of the supercilious politicians at the Capitol were the masses of the people, their eyes fixed with pathetic faith and loyalty upon that tall, gaunt, stooping, homely man, who to their minds meant everything that makes a cause worth dying for.

But to President Cleveland it was given to deal with issues that made no such simple and direct appeal. The questions that were his to solve were economic questions, replete with technicalities which only a comparatively few could rightly understand, and as to which even these comparatively few were not agreed. Catchwords and clever phrases and garbled facts, rolled forth with glibness by a smooth-tongued speaker, could make the worse appear the better reason, and confuse the wits of half the nation. Hence it was that the task which Cleveland took upon himself was harder in its way than Lincoln's, and one which in its very nature could be completed only after the weariness of many years and the bitterness of many failures. So far as his own hand could perform what he attempted, he was splendidly successful. He was like a giant facing a terrific tempest. If he could not advance, he would, at least, not yield nor take a backward step. His old-time foes assailed him without ceasing, and his one-time friends betrayed him. He encountered such malignity of hatred as would have terrified and sickened a weaker soul than his. There are signs that within his heart even he often winced at the cruel falsehoods which assailed him. Yet none the less, he stood unmoved and magnificently unafraid—a superbly virile figure, holding fast to what he felt to be the right, and looking

*See Arnold, *Lincoln*, p. 385 (Chicago, 1885); Riddle, *Recollections of War Times*, p. 267 (New York, 1895); Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln: A History*, ix., p. 250 (New York, 1890); and the contemporary evidence cited by Rhodes, *History of the United States from the Compromise of* 1850, iv., ch. 23 (New York, 1902).

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each and all opponents squarely in the eye. In the end, he came to know that it was his, not to achieve what he had hoped, but to save that which had been entrusted to him; and he did it bravely, grimly, powerfully. Whatever one may think of his conception of his duty, the remembrance of his devotion to high principle, of his strength of will and of his dauntless courage must remain to all Americans a source of patriotic pride and an enduring inspiration.

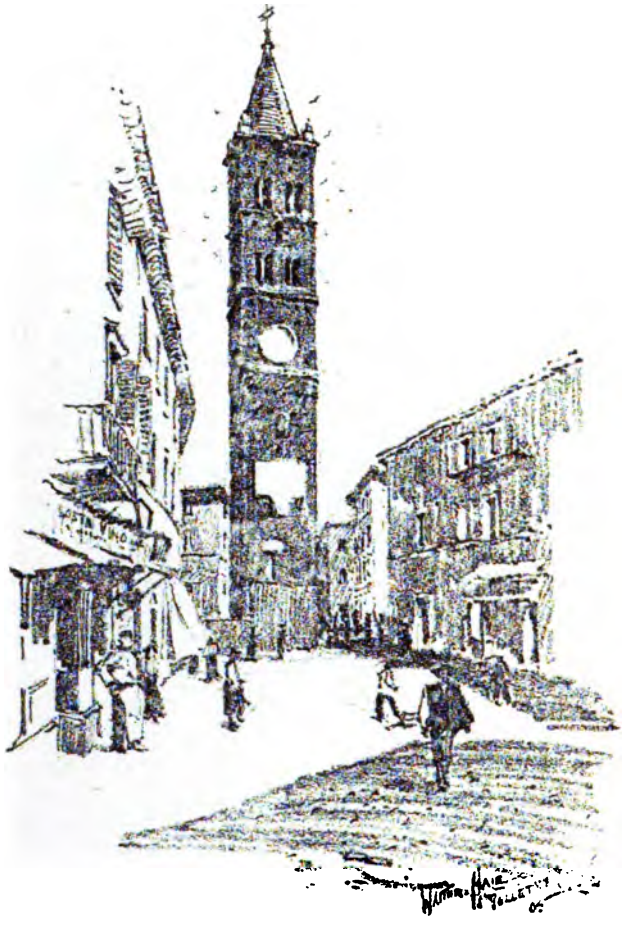
IF THOU LOVEST ME NOT

My heart leans forth to thee awakening,
As through the frozen silence of Earth's breast;
All fearfully, some timid, hopeful thing
Awakens at warm hint of Spring's behest;
Ah, if thou lovest me not, let no sweet wile
Nor fairer semblance, made by bounty blind,
This yearning thing from peace of night beguile
To perish in the clamour of day's wind!
Better are silent sources, slumbering deep,
Than the chilled blossom, dead within its May;
Better the unregretful hour of sleep
Than hopeless dawning of a crownless day;
My heart leans forth; O wait thou soft above,
Nor wake to naught the trembling flower of Love!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.



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VELLETRA

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A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER IV



N American should always enter Italy with Naples as the open door—the door is so widely open and the welcome is so vociferous. A stranger to the country rather likes this; he thinks it characteristic, is very cheerful over discomforts for the first week, talks a good deal about the warmth of colour, and exchanges pennies for fleas with the utmost good humour. Although he doesn't know it, the whole Neapolitan attitude is embodied in the gentleman of fortune who swims out to greet us. He is beautiful in tone, wonderfully bronzed and built; he is graceful and eager to please, and he cavorts around the boat bellowing "Money," with the "o" like that in morn. First he only dives for a *lira,* which is almost twenty cents, but later he will crawl along the bottom of the sea for a *soldo,* which is a penny, and when the coppers slacken he becomes a sea lion and attracts another rain of coin by emitting dreadful cries.

It is hard work, and that, too, is part of Italy, and a part that is seldom recognised, except by such deep observers as John and myself. We have never yet met an Italian luxuriating on the warmest pavement during the noonday siesta who would not rouse himself into activity for a job. He may work himself into a fine frenzy over the pay also, but he will labour willingly. All of this to prove that John and I love our *Italiani,* and enter their country with relaxed heart strings, if moderate purse strings.

Getting one's traps off the lighter and into the custom-house develops most curious traits. All the men and women who have shaken hands and exchanged cards and promised to look one another up in Rome half an hour before, wade around knee deep in June and luggage, staring at each other with unseeing eyes, and stealing a porter from a right-hand dinner companion without the slightest hesitancy. As soon as they are through the customs their manners return, and they hang out of the little victorias and cry, "Dear, dear, can't you get your stuff?" and leave you frothing. The artist got away first, an old gentleman finding his large portmanteau for him in self-defence, since he was absent-mindedly going off with the poor, elderly dear's bag because it weighed the same. When he once got his pack on his back, he walked right through the customs, forgetting to put it down, so was undisturbed by the astonished officials.

Mrs. Baring's car was waiting for her with a chauffeur, whom she left behind with Miss Grey to look after her things, and drove Douglas Warwick up to his hotel, flashing me a good-bye as I was assuring the officials I never used tobacco in any form, and that we had none with us, although, to tell the truth, all of John's coat sleeves were packed with little tin boxes for friends in Capri, which I simply would not declare. The whole thing is unreasonable and should not be countenanced, and, as I told John, who doesn't like to have me swear to a lie, in such a case it is never the money, but the principle of the thing with me.

Poor John, what a day for him! I drove to the hotel with the luggage, lunched, went out to learn how much coral had gone up, returned, and, not finding him, drove to the docks to see if he had as yet escaped the customs with the car. I picked him out at the wharf by the crowd around him. He was looking older and some wiser, but the auto was uncrated and ashore. It had been taken off on a lighter and towed up the bay by rowboats at all four corners, and swimmers gambolling around like dolphins for the rich *signore's* money.

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"You'd have thought it was a water carnival, Peg," he told me as we sat in the auto and waited for gasoline. "A queer craft with four husky men rigged up in red sashes to entice the German steamer just in, followed in our wake screeching *Santa Lucia,* a flower-boat with bouquets on long poles, which they waved around me, went before, and a sort of barge, cooking wiggly devil-fish, brought up the rear. All the little shipping in the harbour got gay and saluted us, while I sat on the top of the crate as pink as a peony, pretending to be lost in thought, and this 'mut' standing at our side now started a cheer from the shore."

The "mut" smiled pleasantly as John indicated him by a gracious wave of the hand, and asked for money of the rich gentleman who spoke in the courteous foreign tongue.

"When we got ashore," John continued, "the clerk of the steamship line, who has clung to me like a brother and is evidently preparing to sting me, trotted me up to the customs, where we saluted all round, and I paid two dollars for the privilege of displaying my signature, while, in the meantime, an officer had been sent for from the barracks, who charged me a like sum for watching the car. I don't know why. I don't want him to watch it; five hundred other men are doing the same thing and not charging a cent. If I had the true spirit of my Yankee ancestors I'd take up a collection for giving them such a pleasant day. This man seems to be called Guardy, but I don't know whether it's his first or last name, so can't introduce you. Here, you flat face" (calling him), "this is my *signora, mia sposa,* otherwise wife. Smile at him, Peggy; he may take something off."

I smiled, and Guardy took off his hat, but kept the two.

"After that," said John, when these amenities had been exchanged with the poor fellow, who was a good watch dog, but, fortunately, no linguist, "I was given a splendid chance to pay one hundred and twenty-five *lire,* twenty-five dollars, isn't it? Yes, and dirt cheap, they tell me, compared to France. That's the cost of the lead seal on the steering wheel and front spring, and if I don't lose them I get my money back on the frontier of Italy going north. They charge by the springs—the more springs you have, the more it costs. I suppose taking a comfortable bed spring into the country would wreck even a millionaire."

"John, don't be absurd," I interrupted, "go on with the truth." The mob had closed in upon us and were listening to our meaningless words with eager attention. John observed this and became oratorical, flinging his arms around and making elaborate Fourth of July gestures.

"Then, my friends and dearly beloved wife, they asked me questions, and such questions! Questions as to my age and the age of *mia sposa* here, questions as to my habits and general conduct in life; did I wear flannels in winter and a silk hat on Sunday afternoons? Questions as to my intentions on my visit to this fair boot-shaped land, and lastly, oh, my friends and little Peggy, questions as to my ability to run a motor car, to *my* ability to run a motor car, *this* after two full weeks of experience. *This,* gentlemen of Naples, from you to me."

The crowd crowed with delight, Guardy was torn between a salute and an arrest, and I was anxiously beseeching John to tell me if he had betrayed our divorce proceedings with the rest of the reckless exposé, when the gasoline arrived—in a cab, under the gentle guidance of the steamship agent. John quieted down, and the multitude gave way for the big tin; the funnel was brought out with a flourish, the strainer was produced, and the tank was filled. I leaned over and a few drops splashed on my glove—I rubbed them off, but a dark stain was left on the kid. When the tiresome performance was over, John put on his gauntlets, fastened up his coat, for night was coming on, and cranked the car. The engine made an idle revolution! Again, and again, and again. The path that Guardy had made closed up, he himself regarding it as a road not likely to be travelled in the near future. I watched John's tired face anxiously—we were strangers in a strange land, and night was coming on. "There's something wrong," he finally said. "You had better take a cab, Peggy."

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THE SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES

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"I'll not," I replied in passionate sympathy, and with a courage born of desperation I turned to the crowd and besought to know if any one present spoke better English than did John and I Italian. The only response was a visible movement of surprise occasioned by the thought that we spoke Italian at all. The moment's silence was followed by the sound of wheels, and from the edge of the throng came the voice of a good samaritan as he hurriedly descended from a carriage: "If you will excuse," he said, "I speaka the English most poor, but I, too, have *automobili.*" He approached the car and examined it deftly. "Is all prepared, *signor?*" This to John.

"Yes," John answered, "all oiled, the water in, and the tank full of ten gallons of gasoline, what is it you call it? Oh, yes, *petrolio.*"

The samaritan threw up his hands. "Of what?" he gasped. And then in a true Italian rush of words, "Ah, *signor,* that eesa it. *Petrolio* in Italy is kerosena, what one demands here is *benzina,* you geta that, *signor, benzina.* Now you havea your work to again *encora,* also it eesa bad for the moteur that theesa oil get een. I senda my man for *benzina,* no troub, beleef me. I also have *automobili.*"

An hour later we wound our way through the city to the garage near our hotel. "Peggy," said John, "the Masons need a button to identify them, but the toot of a horn is enough for my fraternity."

It has been made plain to me that the excellence of a hotel is to be judged by its proximity to a garage. This is a very good hotel, being right across the street from the courtyard where we house The Means. John can see the gleam of the lamps through the archway from his window, which is a constant satisfaction to him, and we are so altogether comfortable that we have stayed on for several days. I think John wants to delay the "proceedings," for he proposed the visit to Capri, and it pleases me that he wants to keep me with him as long as possible; naturally, the estrangement will begin with the motor trip proper. So I am very nice and wear my prettiest gowns, and we go on little motor trips into the country, Douglas Warwick and Mrs. Baring, too, and often Miss Grey.

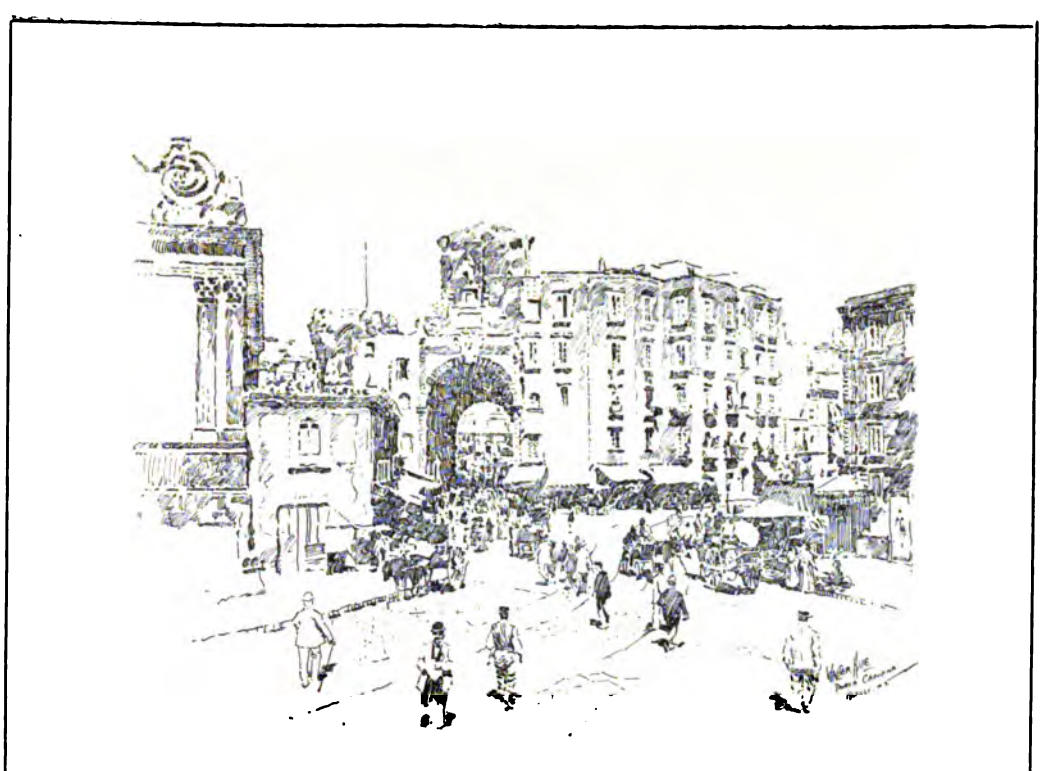
I feel that I have done Miss Grey an injustice in disposing of her so briefly. She certainly is her name, but so thoroughly her name that writers of quiet, lavender-scented books could turn her into two volumes. Mary Wilkins might have created her, and I asked if it could possibly be true, but she answered me quite seriously and said: "No, her mother's name was Tucker." Not having any definite ideas of her own, she has bought a guide-book that covers the whole of Italy, on which she pins her faith, no matter how glaringly in error it may be. "I am obliged to believe in it, my dear," she will say, "this book has cost me a great deal of money."

It is one of the nice traits of Mrs. Baring's character that she is so kind to her, and just in the same tolerant way does she put up with Douglas Warwick. His helplessness must try her soul, and I endeavour to share the burden, and take him off her hands when I can, so as to let the two motorists crawl around their cars on their hands and knees and enjoy themselves in their own fashion. He makes pencil sketches of me on these excursions, and Miss Grey finds out how old the stones are against which we lean, and it's all very pleasant—but dangerously softening.

Perhaps it is the climate that occasions an inclination to let things go on as they are, and I sometimes ask myself if Italy is just the place for a divorce. When I stood on the balcony of the monastery of San Martino and looked down on the baked city, the curved bay, the dull, smoky mountain, and felt the bigness of it all, I had a pain down my nose, the tears came into my eyes and I felt a great desire not to stir up my little atom of peaceful living, but to be happy in being part of the Scheme.

It seemed a genuine and noble emotion, but it didn't last. The evening of that very same day when I hung over the terrace of the hotel that is high up in the air, with much the same view greeting my eyes, I thought I should burst if I didn't amount to something very shortly. The sun had dropped heavily into the water, and lights were popping along

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PORTA CAPUANA, NAPLES

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the streets, twisted in and about below, the shadows of the lamp-posts making a black and white plaid of the well-swept roads. Vesuvius was doing some special fireworks in crimson glows, and, try as it might to be different, exhibiting the same colour with which the postal cards have splashed it, the Neapolitans were singing for their supper, and many others were eating theirs, the women wearing heavenly frocks, and some of them mindful of my lovely one, but none of them conscious of the chaos in my mind, or suspecting for an instant that the small blonde going into dinner with the tall man had suddenly decided, owing to the compelling beauty of the scene, to give up typewriting when she was free and become the greatest actress in the world. It all seemed so simple, with the musicians singing Puccini's operas, that I was amazed I had never thought of it before.

But that was three nights ago. To-night it is raining, and I think I will have an office for typing, after all, with hours from eleven to three.

The rain is a most unusual occurrence at this time of the year, and arranged evidently by Jupiter Pluvius to show John Ward that the absence of a canopy to his motor car is not omnipotent in keeping away showers. This contempt for precedent, however, has put old Vesuvius into a fearful temper. No one has been allowed up for several days, the farmers are leaving the higher slopes, for streams of molten lava are rolling down the sides, and the explosions that I at first took to be some midnight drill on the part of the English warships in the harbour occur with all the regularity of a military salute. It is a comforting thought that we are not tied down to a railway train in case we find hot ashes creeping into our daily lives, and, while it is not our intention to start to-morrow if the rain continues, that we *could* press on, and most willingly do so, even to the taking of a lively pleasure in water-soaked garments.

Whenever there is an especially vicious bombardment, I look out of the window to see how the natives are taking it, and if they are only normally active in their gesticulations, my alarm is quieted, while John, lacking a Nydia to act as barometer, gives hourly reports as to the passivity of the blind beggar on the corner. But the concierge says, "No one really knows except the fish," and, loving an excuse, we flew to the Aquarium this afternoon.

The habitants were swimming about tranquilly, and, as always happens with us, our delight in the wonders of the deep are heightened (if one can heighten a deep) by the wondrous visitors. All the queer Americans in the world meet at the Naples Aquarium, like calling unto like, and they go about among the curious fry contented, but unconscious of their kindred in the water. The guards get some fun out of us. I see them watching us closely, for we never follow up the fish, only the visitors, and after we have had our fill, meet in a dark corner and compare notes.

"The girl over there from the Central States," confided John to me to-day, "is very excited over a dark green lobster. Thinks it funny, but not as dressy looking as the red ones in New York." And he scudded back for more.

"There is a spinster-looking person going the rounds," I told John the next time we met, "who has all the fish classed as sweetly pretty and homely ones, while her friend refers to them as smooth or rough—she seems to prefer the rough ones."

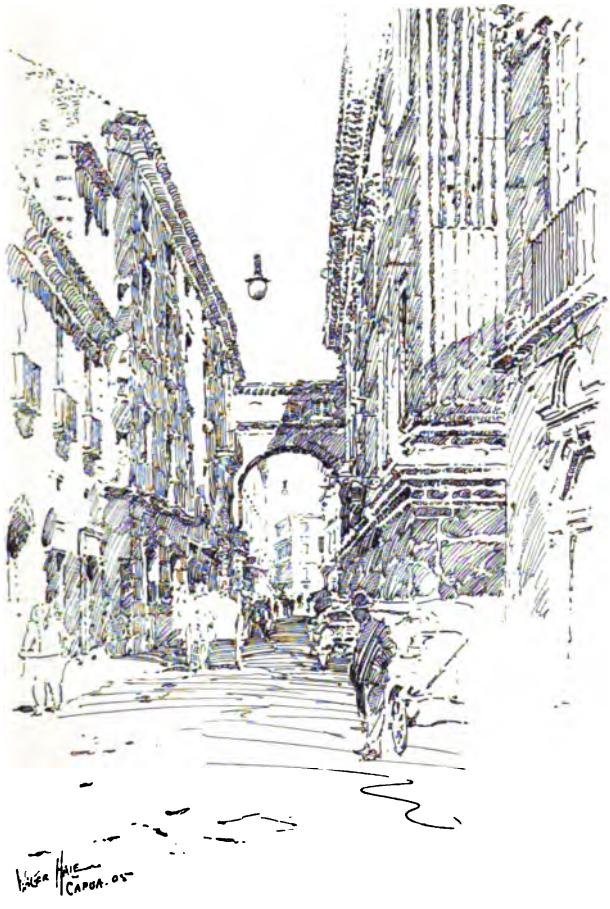
"That's nothing," retorted John, "the disappointed lady is at hand. She says she's watched the coral for an hour, and it hasn't grown an inch; that the folded up octopus looks like a piece of tripe; also the scallops are just like those at Shelter Island."

The next time I met John I couldn't speak for a moment. "Come home, John," said I, "we have reached the limit. The woman in the pink shirt waist just called me over hastily, but I reached her side too late. That big-finned fish, —you know it, over there—had settled against a rock.

" 'I'm real sorry,' she said, 'this fish was flying with such a funny gait, but now it's *sitting down.*' "

John and I were glad to have this little laugh, and I hope the aquariumates will not begrudge it, for we returned from Capri this morning, very quiet in our minds, and with such a pain in our hearts for all the Capriotes. I don't know

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THE REAR OF THE PALAZZO CAETANI, CISTERNA

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how New York would behave if it had Capri for a suburb—probably build a Dreamland or a Nightmare, and make the prices so prohibitive that the poor people would be driven away, but I hope the commuter appreciates it all, particularly the comfort of the little boats that run back and forth from Naples, and that he is not so familiar with the richness of the cerulean water as to liken it to the bluing tub on wash day, although it is a dreadful truth. I think the *habitués* of Capri love their island, and I know Francesco did, and this is the beginning of my story.

Francesco drove us up from the Marina Grande on our first visit, and he has driven us up ever since, with the same *buono cavallo* in the shafts of his little victoria, and all three of them as young as on the day we first met. That is because they kept young in their hearts, even to the little victoria, which enjoyed a daily rubbing as did the good horse Macaroni, and that keeps the ugly scars —the wear of travel—off of both of them.

Time was when Francesco spoke no English, but on our trips through the island we conversed freely in the universal language of enjoyment. *"Molta bella,"* he would cry at the top of every high ridge, and we would echo him at least twice before he would go on. Francesco brought the strangers up in the way they should go. Always when we shared our bread and cheese with Francesco, Francesco shared his share with Macaroni, a noble animal who could lunch upon thistles or eat a five-course dinner, including wine, with the happy *insouciance* peculiar to his race.

The three were there to greet us as we touched the wharf, only two days ago, and Francesco himself carried our luggage to that hotel where the walls and door panels bear the handiwork of visiting artists, rich in gratitude, but poor in purse. It may have been the very pretty housemaid that caused this excessive zeal, but he lingered by the gate to chat with her, lingered so long, in fact, that the *signora* called her in sharply.

"It was not well," she explained to us. "Francesco is a good boy, but had married in the last year, and though the wife was a virago from Napoli, still was he married, and Domenica should not give the gossips a chance. There was enough of that on the island among the strangers." And the *signora* rolled her eyes to express the condition of all lotus-eating colonies.

That evening we spent at the *palazzo* of a friend—the palace with the two eye holes cut in the courtyard door, and, as Mr. Kipling says, "that's another story." Many years ago an Englishman of title, pensioned there by relatives at home, adopted the pleasing habit after deep imbibing, of calling upon his acquaintances with fewer garments than the social law allowed, and the *signora* of this certain *casa* caused the holes to be made to avoid opening her doors to so unwelcome a guest.

On this story we touched, and many others of Capri, while "Vesuve" boomed in the distance, and the return to the hotel late at night through the tunnelled rock became a way of awesomeness. As we passed the clock tower in the square with the little guard house under it, we found soldiers in the doorway, and groups of men and women talking excitedly, the women crying and clinging to the men, with a lack of reserve seldom seen in public. At the hotel there were still lights. The hysterical moans of a girl were heard and the voice of the *signora* vibrating between admonition and consolation. She met us at the door tremulously eager, as we all are in life, to be the first to tell great news, good or bad.

It was of Francesco. He had been killed—by the *facchini,* he had been killed. Those wicked porters who come from Naples, because there are not enough to do the work in Capri. Never had the Capri people been so disgraced. They were a gentle race. Seldom were there killings on this island, and, as always, it was the woman. But this time so useless.

One of the *facchini* had told the wife about Francesco, and of his meetings with Domenica. She was a good girl—Domenica. Yes, the *signora* would swear to it, but the wife had spoken hotly to Francesco, and he hotly to her, and meeting the *facchino,* he had advised him to go about his business. Then the *fac-*

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chino, the villain from Naples, had gathered five brother *facchini,* and as Francesco was rubbing down his horse, his *buono cavallo* Macaroni, in his little rock-hewn stable, the six had come in and stabbed him nigh to death and then ran out. Francesco crawled to the door, and the priest was called,—in time, thank the good Virgin—in time. "I love God and forgive my enemies," gasped Francesco to the *padre,* and died by the side of Macaroni. The dear, gentle boy, the brave, kind *ragazzo!* The *signora* was crying now, with us, and across the square in the little cell of the watch tower were the six porters, who had been caught as they were escaping in a small boat.

The next night at sunset Francesco was buried. First came the music which they all love, John's gift, then many little choir boys bearing tall, lighted candles, my offering, and after that the chanting priests, and, in a casket borne on the shoulders of four of his comrades, the body of Francesco. Only men attend a funeral in Italy, but I broke the custom, myself and a bent old crone, too full of years to heed the weary rules that govern life. Down through the narrow, winding ways they marched, gently lowering the casket to pass under the many arches that span the streets. Across the square, past the clock tower, where the *facchini* crouched in the little cell, and along the *molta bella* road which Francesco had travelled so many times before, the sea deep purple and the rocks all pink.

But the good horse Macaroni was not with him.

CHAPTER V

Now that we're in Rome, quite comfortable, I don't regret the three days spent in the effort to get here. There is something ennobling about an effort, especially after it's all over, and you have what you've been struggling for. Sometimes a man may demand too much, and then, of course, his efforts are deservedly useless, but it did seem a pity, when all we wanted was Rome, that we had to make such a fight for it.

We left Naples with dry skies, but wet pavements. John said he'd wear his raincoat just to get the wrinkles out of it, and I put mine on because it was becoming. The whole street was out to see us off, and the blind man must have had second sight, if not first, through his black glasses, for he buckled straps wonderfully.

It was a most gratifying start, and I bowed to the right and left, for I am to be the polite one on the trip. John has to look after the machine, and try not to run over the little boys who stand directly in the path and smile pleasantly at us. At first I feared we *would* kill one of these little boys, and now I fear we *won't.* I am sure they are not flesh and blood kiddies, but a sort of animal growth who never had a father or mother and who spring up between the cracks of the paving stones especially to confound motorists. I think they are the fiendish result of the concentrated thought of the cab drivers.

There is another class of boys, who may originally have had one parent, who play the hat-and-coat game. The hat-and-coat game consists in pulling off these coverings, and, with a wild shriek, throwing them under the wheels of the motor. If the car swerves violently the boys are delighted, but if the wheels go over the hat or the coat they are just as pleased, and seem to think the joke entirely on the man at the wheel whatever the outcome may be. When a motor learns not to shy at these things it has become well road broken.

John and I expected to stop in Terracina for the night, which is half of the one hundred and seventy-five miles to Rome. The whole trip is easily made in a day, and less, but John when a boy wrote an essay on Washington Irving's Inn at Terracina, for which he received an abnormally high mark, and he wanted to stop over and see if he could find out how he happened to get it.

Mrs. Baring is going through, taking the day for it, and with her will be Douglas Warwick, leaving Miss Grey behind, because she wanted to see Virgil's tomb. Every one told her that there was no proof of the tomb being Virgil's, but she said she would feel bad all her life in case it might turn out to be his after she

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had returned home, so Mrs. Baring gave her an extra day. The chauffeur who drove the car down to Naples has been sent back to Turin. The *chatelaine* of Dago drives herself, sends the car to the garages in the cities, and trusts to mechanics and porters along the way to keep it in condition, she herself always superintending.

"The mind of a man!" says John solemnly. Then, naturally exhausted after paying a woman such a magnificent compliment, puts his pipe in his mouth and is silent.

Now I wouldn't give a fig to have a thing like that said about me, and it would be enough to ruin a débutante for life, but the third time he told me I waved my green diary at him in a carelessly hostile way, and watched the effect,—absolutely nothing happened. He just said, that was a nice blank book, and did I intend to fill it. I replied that I probably *could* very easily, but a few pages would suffice, no doubt. This seemed to please him, and he begged me to keep it handy. Sometimes I can't make John out.

But to go back to Naples. We thought we were awfully clever to escape the curse of the Emperor's roads, the fine, white dust, and we forgot all about the fine white mud that would be there instead, until we began to skid, and slip, and crawl up that cruel Capo di Monte, flagged with big, square blocks. At the top there was a great deal of villainous *strada,* which was bad to go on, but much worse to stop on, and, of course, we did—stopped on it, I mean, just stopped in a sort of a quiet, determined way before we had gone ten miles.

I had prepared for the worst, but I did not expect it to happen so soon, and I looked at John to see if he was surprised. He gave no evidence, however, and I have since learned that this controlled visage is the True Automobile Face. We both got out, and John tested everything, and everything was all right, which was simply maddening. Then John said he had better get under the car, and I could begin on my crazy quilt.

Now up to that time I had been watching John very carefully for evidence and wondering if "Don't hold on to the seat like grim death, Peggy," would influence a jury, or if "For heaven's sake, dear, let the car take the hill—don't push it up with your nerves" would sound as brutal to them as it did to me. But when the car stopped and John was in trouble, even I, with no muscle at all and as unsportsmanlike as you please, could see it was no time for crazy quilts. I said I'd help him, which I couldn't, except to hand him the pincers when he wanted the screw driver; but with the aid of two little boys, the kind with both parents, I spread a tarpaulin on the muddy road, and one of the dears crawled under also and made a pillow with his hand for John's head.

Everything seemed very dismal, and I was much surprised to know how deliriously happy I had been a few minutes before. I'd had no idea of it at the time. Also I was surprised at my disinclination to notice the peasant carts that were passing us as we had passed them back in the mud, while the peasants themselves were wearing the conscious look of restrained delight that all humanity enjoys when getting the best of it.

The toot of a horn so startled me that I dropped the monkey wrench on John's face (out of fairness will not record his ejaculation in my diary), and he squirmed out, half glad, half sorry, for the relief to the motorist in finding assistance at hand is embittered by the necessity of accepting it. The toot was followed up by a car, and in it was Mrs. Baring and Douglas Warwick.

"Why, it's your car," observed the artist, when they had drawn up alongside, and I had uttered some heavy flippancy about a pleasant day.

"Yes," said John, ruffled, "didn't think I'd run away with anybody else's, did you?" But the shot missed its mark.

"Can't you get on?" continued the newcomer, still seated, although Mrs. Baring had descended.

"Get on? Of course we can," roared John. "We're stopping here because we like the country, and because I was tired I got down under the auto to rest a little. Seems simple enough. Mud treatment, it is called, I believe. Get out of that dude car and try it. Come on. See if it isn't good for your rheumatism."

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"But I haven't any rheumatism," expostulated the artist, and fortunately at this point Mrs. Baring, who had hastily examined our engine, threw herself into the breach, and began an exhaustive discussion with John.

They were of one opinion. The nut which adjusts the needle valve had worked loose, and the result was a choked carbureter—a very mysterious expression, but with a respectable sound, so I let it go on. As far as I could make out, the next thing was to find the nut, and wondering if I would know one when I saw it, I searched the leather apron hung below the car; the little *Italiani* splashed around in the pools, returning triumphantly with a horseshoe; and the artist, with an honest desire to be cleared of all suspicion, showed us the contents of his pockets. John taking it as a peace overture, looked politely among the squeezed paint tubes and bad money, and picked out the nut.

"That?" queried the artist in surprise. "Why I found that in your little garage courtyard two days ago."

They sped ahead as we rearranged ourselves.

"My nut," grumbled John, when we were under way once more. "And in his pocket. Just let them get at his head. There's where they grow."

I did not answer. Beyond dropping the wrench on his face, I had made myself very little felt in John's first difficulty. Then a woman came along, a total stranger to our Means, and was of assistance. A great desire rose within me to learn *my* car myself, and I began to ask so-called "intelligent" questions, full of auto expressions, about the running of the engine. Unfortunately John answered me, using like terms, but I think I understand about the spark plugs, and they are *not* the headlights.

At late luncheon we were so elated over having arrived somewhere that John called the waiter, and told him his handkerchieves were very good. The waiter thanked him and did not laugh, knowing that John probably meant the green beans—the words are distressingly alike. Some of our friends think us sluggards because we have acquired so little Italian, but we blame it entirely upon the countrymen themselves. It is so much easier to say eight wrong words, two right ones, flap the hands about a little, and be immediately understood than it is to worry over the profound subjunctive and, who knows, perhaps the elusive ablative as well. A German would shame us into the study of his language in a week's time, but the Italian is really at fault for being so quick at comprehension. So we go on making terrible errors and brightening the lives of those around us by our frantic efforts to express ourselves.

Sometimes we are nearer the truth than we intend. When our second halt came, John said to a passing farmer, in a most impressive fashion, "I am unpleasant," meaning that he was displeased. The passing farmer said, "No, no, *signore*," but had he understood John's other explosions preceding this milder utterance, he would have thought the stranger was painting himself in too gentle a tone.

John is never unpleasant long. Besides he said he liked it—this stopping. It was like a book of adventure. Now one of the most delightful things about books of adventure is the unexpectedness of the happenings beyond, perhaps, an uneasy feeling in the air, a murkiness of the atmosphere, or the sudden silence of the birds. Looking back upon it, I don't remember a bird singing within a mile of Capua, and it was in Capua where we spent the night. This was as great a surprise to us as to any one, and, therefore, cannot be classed as anything less than an adventure of the first water, which was, of course, very delightful—but we would rather have gone on.

It was our daring motor that set its heart on staying over. As soon as the old city walls were in sight, it began to hop along, then hold back, emitting sharp retorts to anything we said, and, finally, when we refused to come to any positive agreement about stopping, settled down and pretended to go to sleep.

We sat there in the middle of the road for some time calling it names, and when a bandit with a gun and an umbrella came along, we immediately offered him the car if he would but give us our lives. You see, we had to make some excuse for our liberality or he would be-

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come suspicious, but to our surprise he said he would spare us gladly if he could be excused from taking the auto, that he had never had any luck on the highway with his own motor. He considered them too noisy for successful hold-ups, and though we assured him this one was unusually quiet, he said he would rather be "let out," as his old lady didn't like to have them smelling up the cave.

We may have misinterpreted him slightly, knowing so little of his tongue, but our offer was in good, plain English, so that he must have grasped the state of affairs. Anyway, he was a very kindly bandit, and pushed the car into a nearby farmyard, greatly to the excitement of a pretty girl, who emerged from the best parlour, where the cows were kept, and invited me into the more simple living-room.

The bandit was very keen about our going into Capua after *speranza,* which turned out to be "hope" when I looked it up in the red dictionary, and, as John said, well worth a cab ride. We secured one, practically "hailed a passing hansom," and the bandit and I drove into moated, ancient Capua on our errand of hope, or perhaps I should say for hope. It was sitting in front of the *caffé,* very fat and comfortable, and on the way back in the cab, pointed out its engine foundry, that of "B. Speranza," which explained everything, and a most useful man to have in such a crisis.

I left him puttering around, and went into the farmhouse with the girl, of course not into the best room with the cows, I know my place, but as close to the chimney hearth as I could get. The girl shook a dog off a chair and pushed the cat out of the embers. There was no apology for the exceeding poorness of the room—a bit of good breeding which is inherent in every peasant—but no queen could have been more gently handled. My hat was removed and admired, my coat shaken out and adored. With careful hands I was fingered from neck chain and rings to the ruffle of my petticoat, a petticoat of silk! She fell on her knees, giving little cries of rapture, and rustled the silk between her fingers. How every woman loves that sound! She was greatly concerned that I did not wear it over my cloth skirt, and decided it must be on account of the mud.

There was no envy in her admiration. The *brillianti* rings were quite beyond her, and the petticoat of *seta* a thing for fairies in broken-down motor cars. One of the thoughts that generally come to me an hour too late sent me out to seek the aid of the bandit, and after some unfastening of straps and shifting of luggage, my plaid silk skirt was produced, slightly cracked at the seams, and with Paris in view very little to regret. It was the bandit who was obliged to explain in the end that I meant it for her, to keep forever and ever, or until the ruffles split at any rate. Twice she fondled it, and twice handed it back, thanking me for the look, and twice I put it on her and pushed her away with it. It wasn't sensible, of course. A peasant has no right with a petticoat of silk, but oh, the ecstacy in her eyes!

After that thrilling incident, it was of small importance to us that Signor Speranza had decided there were still slight deposits of the dangerous petroleum in the tank, and, working into the carburetor, now and then caused improper combustion. But John was much relieved and jumped at the chance offered him of emptying the gasoline at present in the car, and buying more from the hopeful gentleman.

The Means cranked very successfully after this edict had gone forth, the speck of retarding kerosene having evidently run through, and on the strength of a new and expensive meal, rolled successfully under the fine arch of the old wall into Mr. Hope's establishment. I followed in my hired chariot, but before entering the town, my progress was arrested by the wild cries of the farm girl, who was discovered running madly after me up the middle of the road. It was only a moment's delay, however; she would know the cost of her plaid petticoat of silk.

Speranza, having a brother in the restaurant business, advised us strongly to stay over for the night, and we found rooms at the Albergo di Posti. I had some difficulty seeing that John was made as comfortable as myself, the idea prevailing that he was the chauffeur, and I a

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lady travelling with my car. John didn't care for this at all, but I enjoyed it a good deal. Now he makes a dash for the hotel register, and declares himself in writing, frustrating all attempts to put him on the servant's floor. If we were the first Anglo-Saxons to patronise the *signora's* house, she gave no sign of it, and having heard remotely of the quantities of water used by such aquatic animals, littered the floor with pots and pans and jars of the commodity. Indeed, we had to wash much oftener than we should have done to sustain our reputation.

The dinner with Signor Hope's brother was very good. There were fresh flowers on the table, and every pleasant effort made to run up a large account. The *signor* himself joined us, and was so interested in some photographs we happened to be carrying of New England scenes, that John presented him with one. "The picture of our little country home," I heard him say, at the same time stepping cautiously on my toes. I leaned over, looked and gasped, for it was the church with the steeple that stands on the green in New Haven! John added modestly that there were many country places with much higher towers, but Mr. Speranza thought it very fine, indeed, showing it to the patrons of the *caffé* while his brother hurried out to add three francs to the dinner bill.

The army officers did not notice our house, for which we were very glad, as they were keen-looking young men. Indeed, they did not notice me, which was unusual. As a rule, when a stranger is about, they walk around unnecessarily, twirl their moustaches, and are elaborately apologetic if they brush against the *signora* with their long grey capes, but this night they sat at their table, which is always reserved for them in the best *caffé* of each town, drinking silently and heavily.

It was Speranza who told us of their trouble, of a duel that morning between brother officers. "The Tragedy at Capua," the Roman papers now refer to it, and as foolish a killing as that of poor Francesco. There was a woman, a wife of three months, there was an officer inferior to the rank of her husband. He was no more guilty than the making of eyes, and she less so, for she resented it, and yet, oh, dear! are not we women of one race? She "p'tended," just like the children, she "p'tended" it was a serious matter, that she might tease her husband into a more active devotion. We could do that in America, and there the brutes would laugh, but think of jesting with these firebrands! The papers do not say what her denials nor her pleadings must have been before he finally shook her off at midnight, nor how she must have waited till the dawn, and passed it, when he was brought home with a bullet in his body and a deadly sword thrust in his throat. First the pistols were used, the *signor* told us, then, failing his purpose, the poor, maddened creature demanded swords, and at the first idle lunge of the young officer, who was bewildered by the falseness of the charge, and had no intent to kill, "the husband of the signora fell to the earth."

The *signor's* voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, and his hands, fingers outspread and palms down, fell heavily to his knees. His fat, comfortable face was at that moment a tragic mask. He was Italy itself, a people who laugh and cry, and eat and fight. "And so," he continued, bringing his shoulders up to his ears, "as the woman weeps, the men drink, which is the way of the world."

"The trouble with some women is," I said to John when we reached our amphibious apartment in the Albergo di Posti, "they never know when they are well off," and John laughed and kissed me, and swam away to his bed. I think I turned over twice, and I know I heard a great noise in the distance like the slam of a mighty door. Then Vesuvius and Peggy Ward slept through the night.

If John had decided to give up the night in Terracina and run through to Rome without further delay, our motor car had different plans. We were the whole blessed day teasing it as far as that place. We got very well acquainted with the machine, and now and then could grasp a few motor words between its pantings and gurglings. Twice I am sure it said, "What's your hurry?" And once John caught it muttering something about "Treat me right, and I'll treat you right."

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"Tell us what you want," said John persuasively. "Do you want more gasoline?" No answer. "Don't you like that nice new oil in the cylinders?" Not a sound. John himself was sure it was a leaky valve. It seems they should be ground once every thousand miles, and our car had done manv miles in America before running it about here. But we could get no satisfaction from the auto itself. It was as mute as an oyster on the subject, though once, while throwing out some very black smoke, I thought it wheezed tauntingly "Why don't you find out?"

Now that was John's weak spot. He did *not* know how to take out a valve, nor could he trust to the mechanics along the way on whom he had counted. The one in Formia swore he was an expert, and declared the difficulty was centred in the umbrella basket, whereupon John wrenched the tools from him and drove on, for (I am not quite sure why, though it's been explained to me carefully) valves are very delicate affairs, and must not be rudely handled. So there was nothing to do but let our erring auto have a rest every now and then, when it would start up and go on very beautifully.

We learned some of its little ways. If I said "goats ahead," it was sure to stop, and I had to watch myself carefully; and we often noticed when it had rested a bit, it would go much better afterwards if John had crawled underneath and gazed into the apparatus for awhile. The achievement of forcing a tall, finely built man to lie on his back like an inverted idol worshipper seemed a direct appeal to its vanity. John didn't care. He said he'd lie in the apron all the way, with his eyes glued to the driving shaft, if we could only get to Rome.

John and I could still laugh wonderfully. Whenever we were in motion we would become deliriously happy, immediately forget past difficulties and the possibility of future ones, and just love everybody. John says this is called Automobile Elation. All motorists have the sensation. It is hurled into them along with the swift current of air. It's a funny thing—keeps me snappy in the daytime, and heavy with sleep at night. Some moments I quite forgot that this trip was not for pleasure, and I am seeing Italy as I never saw it before.

One is so much nearer to the country and the people travelling by the roads. A train typifies only the means to an end. We look out of the car windows, and are aliens to those we pass by. In a motor, while we are great people to the peasants, we are among them. The men and women of the fields run pell-mell to the hedge at the sound of our horn and wave a greeting. The little boys of the village meet us at one gate and patter after us as we pass out through the other. Old women nod from their looms, and old men, rings in their ears and hats in hand, ask, with the simplicity of their race, the price of such *belli automobili*. I wonder how we can give them enough to admire in our poor selves and equipment as a fair exchange for what they give us!

The arts never flourished in the provinces between Naples and Rome. We are spared churches and faded pictures and any analytical study of the architecture, but we are given a varied landscape of tilled farms, rugged mountains and stretches of the Mediterranean. Feudal castles, nicely adjusted to please the artistic eye, top the mountains. Villages gone to decay, and at their best in browns and baked yellows, cling to the bare hillsides, and everywhere the red tiled roof struggles with the flowers that spring up between its crevices to lend the scene a more brilliant colour. One can give up altar pictures for these things, and always, if one's mind must be continually improved, are the ruins of the Romans.

Terracina offers a whole temple to Venus, such a rugged, ugly one for a soft, beautiful lady, too! Poor Miss Venus, or was it Mrs., never had the proper surroundings. She should have lived in the days of La Pompadour in an atmosphere of silken draperies and gilt furniture. She would have revelled in a gay coach with white horses, and I am not sure but that a limousine motor car, all pale grey and silver, with electric lights inside, would have appealed to her sensibilities. Doves, I believe, were offered her on the rock-hewn altar at Terracina—always doves. I can imagine her yawning and saying, "What! pigeon pie again for dinner? Oh for a beau with a

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pint of *café parfait,* or even a 'stew in a box.'" But such flippancies were not for her—nor for us—in Terracina.

The new town lies at the water's edge, a poor place, despised even by the children who lie in the street and invite annihilation. John wasn't very keen about the Inn at Terracina by this time, but it was sunset, and we stopped. The adventuresome Means pranced off to bed in the stable below the Albergo Reale, the landlord assuring us of its perfect safety since his wife slept there, while we occupied London, two flights up. All the rooms were designated by the names of the great cities that were so remote from Terracina. We had the choice of Vienna, Paris, and the British capital, but chose the last, as it happily combined a wonderful view of the sea, some inlaid furniture worthy of a palace, and the two worst beds in the world.

Before midnight most of the cities were occupied, a German walking party that arrived by train invading them without a word of protest from the various governments. I always welcome a German walking party, and attend them closely in the hopes of seeing them walk at some time or other during their trip. As yet I have found them travelling to their destination, leaving it, or driving around in cabs in the search of a good place to begin, but never employing their walking sticks more actively than in the attempt to keep off beggars.

The tramp who presented himself to us as we drank our coffee in the square was a much honester specimen of a man who walks. He was an accomplished hobo, and told us in Italian, French and English that he had arrived on his feet and was much tired. He looked it, and deserved our franc. We were feeling kindly towards the homeless that evening, and upon being questioned as to his reasons for walking about Europe, admitted that he had none, which was another bond of sympathy. It was the curse of the wandering foot with him as it was the curse of the wandering motor with us, and I do not doubt but that the wildness of the blood which sent him straying was the same vagabond element that caused our tolerant attribute towards adventuresome autos.

We were up early next morning, bent upon reaching Rome by sunset no matter what the delay, and it did not surprise us to find that the walking party was not yet out. There had been some intention the night before of an early rise, for their calls had been given in resolute tones, but their indifference to walking had increased with the coming up of the sun. To be sure, Nice was astir, Berlin had ordered its shoes, and St. Petersburg, evidently very young, was weeping dismally for *Mutter;* but particularly disgraceful was the performance of Vienna, who would *not* get up and eat its egg. All this from the proprietor, who was boots, cook, chambermaid and waitress, and whose agitation over Vienna and the cooling egg was pitiful in the extreme.

"If it was nothing to me, signora, Vienna could sleep till doomsday, but what will he say when he tries the egg; what else but that it is cold, signora; and what does that mean, what does that mean, signora; another egg, that is the answer, signora. Another egg, and no more money. Ah! these Tedesci!" And the proprietor flapped his dirty serving napkin towards the ever unpopular Germans.

The lady of the stable did not behave well over the franc given her for the housing of our Means, but whatever malediction she may have cast upon us failed in its effect for twenty-five miles—twenty-five miles of the way of Appius Claudius. It is called by the Italians the *Fettuccia,* the name of the longest spaghetti because it is a straight road without turnings until the mountain town of Velletri.

The country was green and beautiful, and I would never have imagined it to be the deadly Maremma which breeds a devastating fever. I had always fancied the Maremma to be an arid plain, with gaunt, wan people crawling around begging for bread. There were few people to crawl, and they leave during the summer, in the winter living in the straw huts that have not improved in style for one thousand years or more. It is said that exact replicas of these huts were found carved in stone among the ruins of the forum. Just imagine an American people existing one thousand years without

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building additions to their family mansion. Why, we can't resist improving the pig sty.

Perhaps when one lives in the Maremma one doesn't care. We spent eight hours there, quite unexpectedly, of course, and I wouldn't have added a bay window to my temporary domicile had they offered me the timber. We stopped very nicely in front of a farmhouse, and John stalked around, swearing softly.

"It's not the engine, Peggy," he said, "although not doing good work, and it's not the batteries. There is plenty of oil, so what the dickens——," and then he made a dash for the gasoline tank as though struck by a mighty thought, thrust down the measuring rod, and brought it up—quite dry.

"By the great Lord Harry, they've robbed us!" And so they had, in Terracina.

I did not look dear John straight in the eye, for well he knew that the graveness of the offence of the thief was little to the offence of the driver. The man who starts his day with his tank unexamined is the man who will learn, but through the bitter knocks of experience.

John said that himself later, so I can repeat it. At the time I collapsed on the roadside speechless, and Filomena and Vittoria came out immediately to see me. They asked the price of my rings, and Filomena thought her wedding-ring was better than mine, it being quite fanciful. Vittoria had no wedding-ring as yet, but was pretty enough to have a dozen if she wished, so she bore us no ill will. We were very good friends in a short time, and I thought how many hours we waste at home, eyeing one another suspiciously and finding out about ancestors before we even leave cards.

They gave us luncheon in the "other" room. There were two, with bedrooms above. It was a very good farmhouse, the windows screened and the door left wide open. We had two eggs apiece, cooked in little casseroles, which were laid on the embers that glowed richly all day in the huge fireplace; then there was fish in oil, and cold bacon, with all the yellow wine of the province that we could drink. They changed the plates, too, with every course. They were tin, and there was some hurrying to get them washed in time, but still it was evident we were nearing Rome by the fashions.

John drove off to Cisterna, six miles away, for gasoline, with the farmer's son behind the farmer's mule, while the girls and I washed the car under the impression that it would be in Rome before nightfall. We chatted a good deal, at least they did, and if I found them difficult to understand, Vittoria raised her voice, and shrieked the thought at me, which, of course, made the translation easier.

I talked very gently with The Means, and begged it, when the gasoline arrived, to go direct to Rome in spite of its leaky valve, and not yearn for any more marauding, but there was no response beyond a twinkling of the star in its forehead, which is equivalent to an Argos-eyed wink, and caused me some uneasiness. Being a motor car, The Means is slightly occult, and could read the future, but I little knew how near we were to the real adventure of our trip. I didn't even feel that I was "getting warm," as the children say, when a languid young man jogged along in a pony cart, and all the loungers rose to their feet, hats in hand, and bowed low, even pretty Vittoria, who looked at me reproachfully as I continued my attack on the brass work.

If there had been a murkiness in the atmosphere, I might have suspected something, but it was very pleasant, and the bored young man went out of my life just as John came in, on foot, poor dear, for the farmer's boy had driven on to bend the knee before a *duca* person, and under tired John's arm was six quarts of gasoline. It was all Cisterna had to offer, and when I poured that into an open vessel for examination, a streak of yellow oil ran through the liquid. It was impure! Seventeen miles ahead lay Velletri, but it was now sunset, and the mule was tired as well as slow. Hostelries there were none. The railroad was hours away. I slipped my hand into John's mournfully, as we sat on a big stone in the courtyard. John mournfully squeezed it, and the telephone bell rang.

It was the beginning of The Adventure.

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CHAPTER VI

I had been quite impressed with the telephone earlier in the day, such an installation is not found in every farmhouse. But I had taken no personal interest in it. John declares now that he had felt a peculiar electric thrill every time he looked that way. John's memory of his subtle emotions after a thing is all over would shame a Hindoo, and it was annoying in the face of such dishonesty that the telephone should single him out as a recipient of its confidences. But it did, and all that I could gather while he was answering the call, was that the unusual was happening. The farm people were gesticulating madly, and the farmer thrust his arm-chair under my weak knees with an abrupt homage which nearly knocked me over.

John came down a minute after, flicking his cuffs airily, and I knew immediately that he was going to be aggravating about the message. I had to begin. I had sworn to myself that I wouldn't, but the silence was ponderous.

"Folks all well at home?" I asked.

"Don't know about that," John replied, "but you'll be pleased to hear that things are running smoothly at the castle." I waited. "Uncommonly civil in the Prince," he continued, after a pause.

"The Prince!" I breathed.

"Yes, my friend, the Prince."

I yawned. "Which one of them?"

It never fazed him. "We ran across his family name in the guide last night. It's rather lengthy. So we, that is, *we* who know him well, and love him, we fellows, let it go as Pazassas—the Prince of Pazassas."

Isn't John awful? But I remained perfectly calm.

"Rome very excited over our delay?" I hazarded finally.

"Streets all torn up, he tells me. But he's not in Rome—he's six miles away, in the village."

"Oh—of course you offered him a ride?" looking at our inactive vehicle.

"Yes. But I think he's in something of a rush. Says he'll walk to town. He has three motors himself, you know."

"Wants to borrow gasoline, I suppose?" This was a fine thrust, and I expected results.

"No," said John quietly, stopping his play acting. "Wants to loan some."

"Really, John?" I think my voice quavered a little. One wishes so to believe in fairy tales when one has no place to lay one's head. John melted.

"Yes, his younger brother came along to-day, and saw you here. The Prince made inquiries, learned of our predicament, and is sending his mechanic with gasoline and some tools to fix the valve."

I stood right up and began to fluff my hair.

"John Ward, do you mean to say he's coming here, a real mechanic of a real prince?"

"Sure he is," asserted John, so vulgarly.

"Will he have buttons on his coat with a coronet and a motto?"

"I don't know—we'll look, and if he hasn't, of course we shan't take the gasoline."

"John, don't be foolish. Now think, please, and tell me just what is the Prince's voice like."

"Like a Prince's," he replied, after a minute's thought, "and a d——d good fellow's," he added reflectively. Then the bell rang again, and John flew up the steps. "That's for me, no doubt. I am so popular in the Maremma. Come on, Peggy, you dare stand by me."

I followed him into the room and listened hungrily, only to hear John say "ung huh" over the 'phone about a dozen times, which was not elegant, nor did it enlighten, and once that "the *Duchessa* is very kind," just as easily as though he was taking an "ad" for Sunflower Soap.

It was a funny scene. The farm people had tiptoed into the room with their hats in their hands, and if I moved they *"sshd"* me with one voice. I said he was my husband, if their prince, and I could move if I wanted to—but I said it in English. The head of the house was fairly communicative, and whispered up the fireplace so that his voice would not offend, while I crouched down and gathered what I could of the benevolence of the Duke and Duchess, the latter English, of the five hundred square miles of farm land which they owned, and of the eldest son,

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the Prince, who was staying in the village now with his "lady mother," of his so wonderful intelligence, speaking all languages, some quite dead.

John hung up the 'phone. "Take those eggs out of the casserole" (we were about to eat again), "the Duchess has asked us to dine."

"Let those eggs cook," I countermanded. "Tin plates and shabby clothes for us this night."

We compromised on eating the eggs, and asking permission to pay our respects and gasoline bill when we passed the farmhouse, as the Prince Pazassas called it. I knew all along that it must really be a palace—the old castle was in a neighbouring hillside town—that I had gathered from Baedeker before coming into close telephonic relations with the family, the farmer had aspirated something up the chimney about a place by the sea, and I had never passed their *palazzo* in Rome without entertaining the uncomfortable sensation that the grim gold-laced porter at the gates was mad to push me off the premises with his wand. I just wish that porter could have heard John ung-huhing over the 'phone to his own Prince, or seen the two of us sitting in arm-chairs while the mechanician fixed our leaky valve. I sat very ill at first, and was not happy till I had prowled round the liveried servant as he worked, eyeing his buttons closely in the gloom, and that stupid John didn't know at all what I could mean when I suddenly announced "He has them!"

And so he had, and there were more at the farmhouse, but the Prince had put on a sweater that he might induce us to dine as we were, our faces shining with Filomena's Soap, but otherwise quite terrible to look upon. We never breathed a word about the eggs, but backed The Means into the courtyard, praying that we wouldn't bump into anything, and we stayed.

"It's all very well," whispered John to me, as we were being led through endless corridors, "but I haven't the ghost of an idea what to call 'em."

It seemed a very serious matter until we met the Duchess, and then I knew she would graciously forgive me if I addressed her only as "Say." She was a perfect dear, in a lilac gown, and lots of old lace, with a long train, which John rode on for some distance, enjoying the locomotion, but perplexed as to his means of transit, Her Grace far too polite to shake off a guest. However, we both came out even with the knives and forks at dinner, which so elated us that we actually stayed over night, when urged. That was very daring—staying all night. One could do so many wrong things. Our eyes were quite round with excitement when we were finally left in our great sleeping rooms. John said he accepted because he was tired, and liked the family, but I thought how well it would read in court if I could only induce John to be brutal. Something like this:

"Ducal Palace. Heaven help me, how will this end? I was obliged to fly this morning to the Prince of Pazassas for protection from the violence of my husband. He threw an egg cup at me, which I fortunately caught, or he would have ruined the carpet—the Duchess did up my wounds."

But just as I was getting out my green diary preparing for my first triumphant entry, John swooped down upon me and carried it off. I have never yet opened its covers—John so zealously guards it. One not knowing his vagaries, would think it was the book he wanted. I know it is the wife—I mean, I hope it is the wife, and as I hope, something comes chugging into the back of my brain—something on rubber tires, and propelled by a big, firm power, a feminine power altogether admirable—oh, altogether admirable! And yet, when taken altogether, not altogether to my taste.

I didn't say a word to the Duchess about my ideas on a broader view of life, nor did I dwell upon the Minerva Club. Somehow the Minerva Club seemed rather small in its intents and purposes as we sat in that big, frescoed drawing room, full of English furniture, and talked of the duties of the wives of dukes and advertising men.

She came in the next morning after we had breakfasted, wearing a short skirt, and looking quite young enough to be the Princess. She had been seeing some peasants who had called on various missions. One mother had brought her Al-

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bino baby for Her Grace to turn into normal colouring. The *Duchessa* is so kind—she can do this for me," the woman had urged, and the Duchess sighed.

"They are ignorant people, and will not learn," she said. "The country does not lend itself to their improvement. We cannot keep them here in the summer time, for the fever comes. Yes, it is often deadly. All of us have had it, and it really never leaves the blood, but returns continually in one way or another. As you see, our windows are closely screened, for the mosquito carries the disease, and we screen the houses of our people also, but they cut holes in the windows that they may look up and down the road. Then they die, and it is very sad."

"The only chance for the Maremma," said the Prince, who had been typewriting at an American machine near by, "is the draining of the swamps. When the government sees to that, this fertile land will be useful as well as beautiful." And he smiled, as only a Pazassas Prince can smile.

The mechanic and the night in the Duke's house did The Means a great deal of good, and the Prince, admiring the simplicity of the construction, caused it to glide out of the courtyard with as graceful a bow to the Duchess, who had come down to speed us, as any limousine French car run by royalty could possibly have made. Its satisfaction increased as we climbed the hill of Velletri and passed a canopied motor occupied by officers, whose front wheel was dangerously wiggling on its way down. The men seemed to be enjoying their proximity to an early trouble, refusing our assistance, and waving into the distance with loud laughter.

It is probably great fun to be venturesome, but no one cares about it along the road except the venturers. A hundred yards beyond the gallant officers, we met another auto coasting down a steep grade, while a few feet farther on, a ditched donkey cart and a raving driver bore testimony to the reckless peregrinations of our brother motorists. He shook his fist at us as we passed him—an enemy from that time forth to all who drove a car.

I was endeavouring to argue the point with him, raising my voice as the distance widened, and did not see a third motor approaching on our side of the road, with a strong inclination to stay there. John jammed down the brakes, and the four lamps of the two opposing forces stared unblinkingly into each other's brassy countenance. The drivers were equally metallic of expression. Neither budged.

"*Signor,*" began John, haltingly, "turnate *a* youra *destra.*" John has a wonderful way of taking an English word and putting an Italian final to it. His opponent didn't seem to mind. He recognised the word for "right," and rose to it.

"*Io sono destra,*" he asserted. Freely translated, this man was saying that he was on the right side. It angered John, which is always bad for his Italian, though the flow of words continued.

"*Perche avete la* nerva for tellare me *questa* nonsensica," he demanded imperiously. I was glad John got why, have you, and this correctly, but I feared the Italian would not grasp the dressed-up condition of the nerve, to tell, and nonsense, and I listened attentively. At first he seemed quite depressed, remaining silent for a minute, and then to my surprise and delight, he laboriously yet wrathfully produced, "Getate out, *e necessario quando vicina Roma* that *tutti* motori turnare *a la a la*—" Then in a burst of agony to himself he murmured, "Now what in time is the name for left?"

"*Sinestra,*" I called, lifting up my veil, and beaming on a nice, pig-headed American. We all screamed, loud, as our nation does when perfectly happy, and while John rummaged for his flask, the American explained that Rome followed the English law of the road, and so did many other of the Italian cities, the rule taking effect several miles from each place, and recognised only by some psychological emotion which should stir within the breast of the true roadster, "either that or by a collision," added the American, wiping off his mouth and winking at me in a friendly United States fashion.

"Still, you and I with our command of Italian need fear nothing," replied John, when the last drop was drained.

"Or, lacking that, on occasions, with the inventive genius of your race, and a

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knowledge of the finals," I concluded, and we drove on to the left.

Through beautiful Albano and Frascati we slipped, all the little boys crying *"piano, piano,"* surprised at the quiet of the car, down into the long slope along the straight line of the Appian Way that leads to Rome. As always, the power of the Church is thrust upon us in the dome of St. Peter's, which is the first to greet the eyes of the stranger upon arrival, and the last picture as he turns back on leaving the city. When we are within the walls, the shops, the cafés, the theatres seem to fill a large place in the life of the capitol, but St. Peter's bides its time, content to loom above these worldly offerings, when all the rest of Rome is but a plain in the distance.

I thrilled and thrilled, clear up to the gate of San Giovanni, and was delighted to find myself doing so. The approach to Rome by railway is not conducive to emotions, but I am large hearted enough to hope that every pilgrim will be able to enter at least once in his life by the Appian Way—even if he must get a divorce to do it.

I should like to step aside to dwell upon the vehicles along the road, but with Rome in sight it is difficult to do so. All of the carts were blue, with a canopy ridged like half of an indigo pumpkin, sheltering the driver. All of the drivers of the carts were asleep, and none of them woke up, the little donkeys when in Rome doing as the Romans do, and turning out with nice calculation. Flocks of sheep, herds of goats, droves of cattle, and bands of pilgrims blocked the Appian Way, the last bearing banners aloft and chanting their prayers as they tramped into Rome, while near the gate, quite helpless in the path, was a beautiful Italian motor, whose chauffeur was adjusting a new French tire. The motoring party sat gloomily on the roadside, and John said it was the best moment of his life when he could offer his help. It was noon when we drew up at our familiar Italian hotel in the Piazza Poli, with our engine in perfect shape, and a great feeling of kindliness towards Italy at large choking up our throats.

"Peggy," said John, "I think our troubles are about over. Thanks to Christianity by the wayside, and the roads of the Roman Emperors, we will make Paris."

John should have said his troubles, not ours. I thought the difficulty with the diary would be bad enough, but now that I have undertaken to learn the machine, I find getting a divorce without definite cause is what John would call "a pipe." Mrs. Baring is at our hotel. John recommended it, and I wish he hadn't, for as soon as she learned I was going into a thorough study of the engine, she loaned me a book "as an assistance," and from that time on she and John would go into the *salon* and discuss grades, or, very politely, pictures, if Douglas Warwick called, while I had to sit in my room with "the assistance" in my lap in case they came in suddenly.

It begins very sensibly with a chapter on "How a Motor Carriage Turns"—at least it sounds as though it would be sensible, and some of the pictures are very funny, but it takes too much for granted. "As is well known," it says (when it is not even whispered about), "each running wheel of a horse carriage is made with a pierced hub and a hollow axle box," so after I committed all about horse carriages, I learned that "it is not practicable to confine the steering and tractive functions so as to imitate the actions of a horse," which renders my earlier study useless, although any fool could have told the book that no one would want a motor carriage which galloped, or was a single-foot, or any of those fancy gaits. In that entire chapter there is not a single ray of light thrown on the turning of a motor, a subject that might easily be disposed of by saying to the right and to the left.

I thought "Steering a Motor Carriage" would be a more practical chapter. John lets me lean over to do it now and then, and if there is any way of learning how to keep the car straight, I am willing to give an evening to it, but no, every paragraph begins with "As may be readily understood," or "The reader will see at a glance," and then swings off into depths of words never fathomed by the plumb of an ordinary mind. The only crumb of comfort I could get was that "The balance of leverage is in the driver's

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favour," and it's good to know something will be on my side, whatever leverage may be, but when the author goes on to say that "this same fact also involves that the steering handle cannot be wobbled or vibrated," he proves himself a liar; there isn't a single part of our car which doesn't wobble when I'm driving, and I've got John to back me up.

Chapter V. begins with "It would require very little reflection to understand," just as if he knew how long I reflected over my studies! And when I read in the next paragraph that "numerous devices were still being invented so as to drive on all four wheels at once," I skipped twenty pages in horror. I never thought there was going to be any difficulty about keeping on our four wheels. Now there is another thing to bother me, and I shall look forward to crossing the Apennines with the fore wheels in the air while climbing, and the hind wheels sticking up and admiring the scenery on our way down.

John came in (he had gone out with Mrs. Baring for "coffee") just as I was worrying over the following equation, prefaced by "it is not necessary to explain that: give A for the ball bearings, and B for the rear axle; then $A + B - C$ (which will stand for the carriage cushions) and divided by the searchlight G would equal $X\ X$; that is to say, the amount of cotton waste remaining in the tool-chest." Those may not have been the exact parts of the car, but I am sure about the letters, and I cried, partly because it *was* necessary to explain and more partly because John had gone out for "coffee" with Mrs. Baring, but next day John returned the book, and I've had some quiet lessons, after we have gone beyond the gates.

Our car attracts a great deal of attention, and a Count of something whom John met at the garage says that every one is talking in Rome of the young couple who are crossing Europe without a mechanic. If they knew that John had had but two weeks' experience before coming over they would be still more astonished, but John attributes his ability to steer so successfully to his many years on a bicycle, and, unlike him, while fine drivers, few of the Europeans have made any attempt to know their engines, for chauffeurs are not luxuries over here, and, indeed, a man who can own one of these expensive European cars need not stop at the price of a mechanician.

Of course we do not spend all of our time riding around Rome in the frivolous pursuit of pleasure, but we are better acquainted with the outside of churches than the inside, and at any time we prefer a live Italian to a dead saint. We are continually running across the ship's passengers, and there are moments when I feel I'm still on the boat and will shortly promenade off the stern if I don't turn back. Most of them ask if we have seen the things they've seen, and if we haven't, we've missed the treat of our lives. John exasperated the minister to the verge of frenzy by admitting that we overslept on the morning the Pope held early Mass, and when we told the nervous man that we had been in Rome two years ago, yet went to a picnic the day the old Pope died, he wrung his hands with envy, he himself having waited around for a week, "and then he up and passed away before I reached Perugia."

The most pathetic figure of all the tired throng was Robert Robbins of the yachting cap. We found him in the hour of his arrival in the Corso, sitting on the sidewalk of the Café Aragno in a new cap, also nautical of design, and giving an imitation to the perplexed waiter of a piece of ice in a Scotch highball. John helped him out, and in a burst of homesickness he unbosomed himself.

"You see, it's this way. The mater's written down a lot of stunts that I ought to do. That striped cathedral in Siena, and a big statue of David or Goliath in Florence that this Irish-Italian Michael what-you-may-call-it did; also the town that's got the towers, and is great because it's so hard to pronounce and to get to—here it is—San Gimignano—mother's a crack speller. Then there's San Marino, though why anybody who lives in the biggest republic in the world should want to go trapesing around Italy to see the smallest is a mystery to me. It just takes up one's time, and all the while about the nicest girl I know is in Venice with her mother, rather expecting me to come along."

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"Won't she wait?" asked John.

"Not half as likely to as the cathedral at Siena. You never can tell about girls. They're not as stable as a church, you know. I'll bet when I'm old and shaky, and take a keener interest in edifices than I do now, I can hunt up that cathedral, and it won't have lost a stripe, but where'll that girl be?"

"Judging by your evident intentions, old and shaky and in Siena too," chuckled John.

"And there's more than that to worry me," the youth went on, unheeding the interruption. "There's her father, or rather, there will be her father. He's coming over in a month, and he doesn't like me."

"He's a mean man," I put in, trying to say the right thing.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ward; you're awfully kind to a poor devil" (he loved that word "devil"). "But I must be fair; it isn't really *I* he doesn't like."

"You said it was!" This from John, sternly.

"I know I did, and I say it again," retorted the boy excitedly. "You see, he thinks it's I, but it isn't; it's really my cousin."

"Then why don't you tell him he likes you," said I. "He'll be glad to know it."

"I have—that is, I've written him. You see, we've never met yet, but he sent back word *he* ought to know whom he likes."

"That's feasible," murmured John.

I was a little bewildered. "Could you explain?" I asked.

"Simple enough," returned Robert Robbins, amazed at our stupidity. "I've got a cousin named Robert Robbins, and he's no good. He went down to Mexico and married a girl there in one of the little villages near the mines where he was engineer. Then he said he hadn't married her, and ran away. Little Miss Venice's old dad came down to attend to his interests just after that, heard the talk, and has a faculty for remembering names."

"Can't you square yourself?" asked John.

"Did my best—wrote him I'd never been married; but he says that's just what the Mexican Robbins declared. You see, he's a man of one idea, and that one idea is me."

"Can't think of any way out of it but to change your name," advised John. "What's your plan of action?"

"Oh, I'm not bothering with plans. It'll clear itself up in time," said the boy with the exquisite confidence of youth, "but just at present she's in Venice, and here am I, separated from her by a gulf of antiques. Now, take Rome, for instance. Is there anything to see in Rome?" Mindful of "about the nicest girl he knew" in Venice, we assured him it was a desert, and after a quite unnecessary wrangle with the waiter over change, he left us to buy his ticket, vowing that he would write an article and "show up Italy" (but we understand that the Italian Government is making overtures to purchase his silence).

We admit our mistake in not seeing the new Pope; even Guiseppe and Carlo, who uphold us in all we do, shake their heads at us over this. Guiseppe and Carlo are the servants in the *salle à manger* of our hotel of the Piazzi Poli, and they have been there ever since we could remember. That is seven years ago. No one nearing thirty or over it should remember farther back than seven years. Why they remain I do not know, for the hotel is not patronised by foreigners, and the tips are small accordingly, but with the *concierge*, who speaks Russian and no English, and will not mend his ways, and the chambermaid, Adela, they stay on to welcome us, no matter what the changes in the office. Now there is a stolid Swiss at the desk, an ex-porter made rich at one of the big hotels, and we fear for the servants of our little *albergo*. Adela is getting old, and Guiseppe's bald spot has grown like a stripling in the last few years, but age has not made them crabbed; they are always with us to advise and admire.

For Italians they are ardent Catholics, and, like all the simple people, they love the new Pope, and do not mind if he is not a diplomat, and cannot speak the language of the country to the French Nuncio.

"The *signora* must see him when she can," said Guiseppe, standing by the table with his eye on the door for the watchful Swiss, "for he will not be with us always. When he came to Rome for the confer-

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ence to elect a new Pope, all shabby, as we know, there was a little coin in his pocket, and a return ticket, *signora,* to his own Venice. The coin they say is gone. A prisoner has no need for that, but the ticket still remains, and some day, *signora,* it, too, will be gone; that and a Pope from the Vatican, while back in Venice the good priest Sarto will be found again. Believe me, *signora,* that is what the common people say, ignorant people, truly, but they know their *Papa Re.*" Then catching sight of the new proprietor, he seized my plate and bowed low. "I am pleased that the artichokes are tasteful, *signora.*"

They have been very near to me these days, for John has not been so near. I had grown accustomed to his discussing tires whenever I verged on the intellectual—at least, I was the recipient of these rubber confidences. But now even this has been denied me, and from books to brakes he and Mrs. Baring find a perfect sympathy. I am generally with them; they insist upon that, but Douglas Warwick receives the same attention, and if he talks another picture to me I shall lie down on the floor and scream.

To-day we spent in the Borghese Gardens, with lunch on the grass, and the accuracy of odometers for conversation. I am very partial to picnics in Italy, but I can hardly say that I have set the fashion. The Italians dine at tables set on the cobble-stones of the city streets, on the roofs and in deep *loggie.* But they seem to care nothing at all about getting up several hours before sunrise, devilling eggs, making sandwiches, and with a second-best tablecloth starting for a day in the country. I never saw a man in Europe yet who could enthuse over carrying a case of pop on his shoulders (the men always furnish the liquid refreshment at picnics) or in walking three miles for a piece of ice upon arrival at the grounds. Men do not expand in Europe.

Once I induced a *signora* to accompany us. She wore white kid gloves, and she was very unhappy when she saw that the ants had found their way to the cakes. John told her this always happened at picnics, and was considered part of the fun. "It is called 'roughing' it," he said, "and at home we laugh a great deal and pretend that the warm beer is nicely iced in the spring, but it isn't."

"Dio Mio! The bugs!" whines the *signora,* picking a piece of a grasshopper out of her hair.

"Yes," replied John, "one must get near to the ground to see nature at her best. I don't suppose you have ever before noticed so many little crawling things."

"Never!" gasped the *signora.*

"We leave our comfortable homes in the summertime, and live in canvas tents," continued my terrible husband, "so that we may have them with us at night as well as in the daytime, and they come in shoals. This pastime is called 'camping out.'"

The *signora* gave a glad cry of understanding. "I have it," she exclaimed. "It is a penance! Yes?"

"You have guessed rightly," said John.

But still he came to my picnic in the lovely park of the Villa Borghese. We ate very nicely in the ancient, grassy amphitheatre, not afraid of the shades of the Romans nor yet of the Prince of Borghese, but neat with our crumbs in the fear of the Cardinal who had built the gardens in 1600, and would never have countenanced an egg sandwich on his domain, I am sure, unless he was the one to eat it.

There was other conversation besides odometers now and then, although it was fragmentary. We had our maps and Miss Grey her guidebook, she and Douglas Warwick trying hard to elevate us.

"I feel very sorry for the present Prince Borghese," I said; "he could have sold his Titian to an American for more than the Italian Government paid him for the whole collection."

"But the sum is enough for his luxuries, and surely he would prefer to keep his treasures in his own country," the Douglas Warwick replied.

"We need these things in America," ventured Miss Grey soulfully, "for the betterment of ourselves, for our firesides, for our hearths, for our—for our——"

"Grates," put in John. And Miss Grey was swamped into silence by the daring departure from her book.

"An American millionaire would keep

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his picture to himself. Now the Titian here is for the public good," continued the artist.

"It doesn't do me any good," I said, hiding the sandwich papers under a stone; "I never can remember which woman is the Sacred and which the Profane Love. It bothers me more than The Lady or the Tiger ever did."

"I think those animals in the background are done beautifully," murmured Miss Grey, coming to the fore once more. "We had a rabbit once just like one of them."

"Well, if I had it," said John, "I'd paint in my automobile going over the hill on the high speed. Hanged if I wouldn't, and I'd give Warwick the commission."

"Don't, even in jest, don't speak so, Ward." The poor artist shuddered. "I'd rather lose my working hand."

"Let him paint it on the other side of the hill. Then it would not offend," put in Mrs. Baring kindly.

"I don't think that could be done," said Miss Grey, opening her book as though to seek information. What she found was Etruria, and it took us back to our trip. "It is a sombre country," she gave to us. "I feel that I shall be very sad going through it," she added, "there are so many tombs."

"Don't let it depress you," said John; "they are mostly used as pig-styes now."

"We'll be out before we're in," said Mrs. Baring briskly. "It lies between Rome and Narni, which is the open door of Umbria. There's a darling province for you, that never stops a minute making history. In ancient, mediæval and modern times there is always 'something doing' in Umbria."

"Must have a good advertising agent," commented John. "It's forever getting itself into print."

"'In mediæval times flourished the arts,'" read Miss Grey, then subsided.

"While grim old Etruria lay back upon her merits as the most distinctive race in ancient times," said Douglas Warwick, "she conquered Rome and Rome conquered her. She has no place in the present day or in the middle ages, but as builders she left her heavy mark."

"She left lots of jewelry in the Piazza di Spagna, and she's kept up her prices wonderfully on ram's heads bracelets." And I sighed. "I will feel that something has gone out of my life that will never return if I leave Rome without one of those ram's heads."

"About a hundred dollars will go out of my life and never return if you leave *with* one of them," grumbled John, and the thought drove him back to a discussion of inner tubes with Mrs. Baring.

Now I didn't mind the inner tubes, and of course I didn't mind Mrs. Baring so long as she confined herself to inner tubes. I generously turned my back upon her, but when John failed to pick up the chorus of his favourite song that I was singing, I knew that they had left inner tubes, and I turned around again, and there was Mrs. Baring with her sleeve rolled up, showing her muscle to my husband, and-my-husband-was-punching-it.

I am not a stickler for form, but one must draw the line somewhere, even at a picnic, so when Douglas Warwick said for the fourth time he'd like to drive through Etruria too, I just asked him to come along with us and ride on the trunk, and I tried to flash my teeth at him, but my lip quivered, so that I probably looked like a hyena. It made no difference—John neither heard nor noticed.

Then we went back. There was news from home, and when Adela rushed in at the sound of my loud wailing, I held a letter in my hand, and cried upon Adela's shoulder because the large dog San Bernardino of my small sister was *morte*, and Adela patted me upon the back and exclaimed over the soft heart of the *signora*.

But it was not for the large dog San Bernardino that I was weeping.

(To be continued)

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DICEY'S "LAW AND OPINION IN ENGLAND"*



HE Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century is doubtless a cumbersome title. Nevertheless, to it must be accorded the merit of expressing in the briefest possible terms the scope of one of the profoundest legal historical works that has appeared in English since Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*. No expert in a single field could hope to deal adequately with so complicated a topic. It requires not only a broad knowledge of law during the period covered, but also of philosophy, political science, economics, and history. To all these Mr. Dicey adds a familiarity with English literature and a simplicity of style in dealing with the most intricate topics and summarising the most extensive developments that will save his work from being relegated to the shelves of law libraries alone. In spite of the many evidences of the painstaking use of this wide equipment the author protests that his book "cannot claim to be a work of research," and insists upon calling his chapters "lectures" on the ground that they were presented in this form originally at Harvard and later at Oxford. Under the circumstances readers may perhaps be pardoned for considering these assertions two very amiable legal fictions.

To the historical portion of his work Mr. Dicey prefaces three lectures which deal with the general political theory of the relation between law and public opinion. Their suggestiveness is far wider than the field of English legislation during the nineteenth century, broad as that field unquestionably is. To this preliminary discussion all history is made to furnish tribute in the form of illustrations, none of which are more apt or interesting than those drawn from the experience of the United States. If Mr. Dicey's contribution had consisted of nothing more than these three lectures it would still be one of the most significant that recent political science has to record. It may not be out of place here to suggest that the introductory portion of the book should be republished separately for the benefit of the larger circle of readers who might be reached in this way. Questions such as the comparative effectiveness of public opinion in France, England, and the United States; the influence of private interest upon the formation of public opinion; and the extent to which the advance of democracy explains the development of law, are obviously of too wide a scope to be employed merely as an introduction to the legal experience of a single nation during a single century. To the above should be added Mr. Dicey's admirable discussion in Lecture II. of the existence during any given time of a predominant current of legislative opinion together with the co-existence of counter and cross currents of opinion—a topic taken up later (Lecture X.) and worked out in detail as regards ecclesiastical legislation and the status of married women.

Reference has been made to Mr. Dicey's peculiar ability in summarising the most extensive developments of law and opinion. An admirable instance occurs in his statement of the relations between the old Toryism of the period prior to 1830 and the new Toryism that has come up since 1865. "Ancient Toryism," he writes, "died hard. It lived long enough to leave time for the rise of a new Toryism in which democratic sentiment, deeply tinged with Socialism, blends with that faith in the paternal despotism of the State which formed part of the old Tory creed." To the latent existence of this strong counter-current of ancient Toryism must be ascribed a profound modification, manifest since

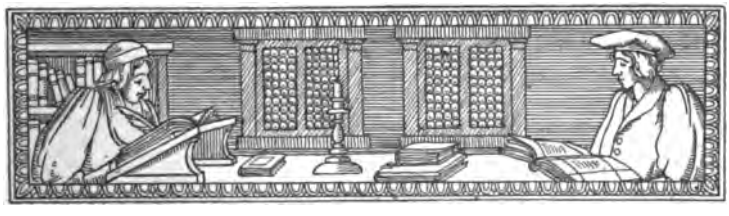
*Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By A. V. Dicey. London: Macmillan and Company, Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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1865, of the current of Benthamite radicalism which was dominant between 1825 and 1870. Mrs. Fawcett's optimistic and oft-repeated assertion that "the Tories of this generation" [*i.e.*, of the seventies] "are more liberal than the Liberals of 1832" is thus shown to be sadly in need of correction. Mr. Dicey characterises it as an example of "the superstition, propagated by many eminent writers, that reformers, though baffled during their lifetime by the opposition of ignorance, prejudice or selfishness, may count on their efforts being crowned with success in some subsequent age." One of John Stuart Mills's glowing phrases on a closely related topic also receives a well-merited correction. In his essay *On Liberty*, Mill wrote: "The initiation of all wise or noble things comes, and must come, from individuals; generally at first from some one individual." Dicey's comment is very much to the point. "It ought surely to be added," he says, "that the origination of a new folly or of a new form of baseness comes, and must in general come, at first from individuals or from some one individual. The peculiarity of individuals, as contrasted with the crowd, lies neither in virtue nor in wickedness, but in originality." It should not be inferred from these citations that Mr. Dicey's position is that of a reactionary. On the contrary, his attitude towards the widely divergent currents of opinion with which he has to deal will be considered eminently fair by all except those who "have not arrived" or those who have arrived some centuries too soon.

Three main currents of English public opinion during the nineteenth century are distinguished by Mr. Dicey: first, the period of old Toryism or legislative quiescence dominated by the optimism of Blackstone, Burke and Paley (1800-30); second, the period of individualism over which the genius of Bentham was supreme (1825-70); and, third, the period of collectivism, vague yet as to some of its purposes, but evidently still gaining in strength at the end of the century. To go into the details of the relation between these dominant currents of opinion and the legislation of the three periods is beyond the scope of a review article. Suffice it to say that there are very few pages which will not appeal to various classes of readers outside the legal profession. It was, of course, foreign to Mr. Dicey's purpose to discuss English literature, except as it appears either in the form of a factor or an index of the law-making opinion of a given time. Nevertheless, his casual references to Southey, Lord Shaftesbury, Dickens, Harriet Martineau and others will be found extremely interesting and illuminating. One striking but quite insignificant omission will be noted in the historical part of the book. Mr. Dicey has practically nothing to say with regard to the influence of the press in shaping public opinion. Doubtless his position is that in dealing, as he does, only with the broader changes in opinion observable through long periods of time, it is the system of the philosopher or the essays of the thinker that count for most. From this point of view, while the function of the editor may well be deemed indispensable, it may nevertheless be left without special consideration on the ground that after all it consists chiefly in giving instruction of an A-B-C sort to the great elementary class of readers.

Robert C. Brooks.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

The Reckoning. By Robert W. Chambers.

"The author's intention is to treat, in a series of four or five romances, that part of the war for independence which particularly affected the great landed families of Northern New York." This story takes up the thread of history at the point where the Long House received its first hard blow and the great Confederacy its terrible punishment. The story is said to be a wholesome, spirited love-story in which the author has taken no liberties with history.

Patricia: a Mother. By "Iota."

The love of a mother, and her successful struggle to win and save her boy, is the theme of this story. A romance runs through the book.

The Giants. By Mrs. Fremont Older.

The importance and value of a large newspaper in a political campaign is portrayed in this story. The plot turns on the discovery of an oil well in San Francisco and of the attempt to engulf it in "The Model Improvement Company," which attempt is frustrated by the pluck, endurance and capability of the hero. The love-story plays an important part in the novel.

Baby Bullet. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Reviewed in the Chronicle and Comment of this magazine.

The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton.

In the Napoleonic era in the hundred days following the return from Elba the scenes of this story are laid. The principal characters are an Englishman, who has left England after having killed a young nobleman in a duel, and a French girl, who, in male attire, is acting as messenger to Napoleon, and is pursued by the hussars of the Bourbon King. The Englishman falls in love with the girl, and is kept fully employed trying to keep them both from the dangers which her fearless adventures have taken them into.

He and Hecuba. By Baroness von Hutten.

Encouraged by kindly criticism by Henry James, Baroness von Hutten has lengthened a former short story. The tale is a book within a book. A rector in England, who has sinned in his youth, writes an anonymous novel and calls it "He and Hecuba," in which he tells the story of his own downfall. The rector is obliged to renounce the book from his pulpit on account of the crusade which his bishop starts against it. His efforts to lead a good and noble life result in unhappiness for himself and family.

Time, the Comedian. By Kate Jordan.

This story is in no sense a comedy. It is a tale in which suicide and desertion form a prominent part. Just as the woman is to leave her husband and child and elope with another man, the husband is found dead, with one of the letters which his wife has written to the other man in his hand. Not wishing to marry the woman now, the other man offers to pay her a liberal annuity, which she accepts. Long years afterwards, it is the letters written to her mother which prevent the marriage between the man and the daughter, with whom he is now desperately in love.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

In the Days of Milton. By Tudor Jenks.

In this book John Milton's life "is traced upon the background of events then filling the minds of Englishmen. The greater happenings are noted as briefly as they might be borne in mind by one who, after a long life, recalls the more striking facts remaining in his memory. It is hoped that this story of Milton's personality and times will prove of use to general readers and will supplement the purely critical study of Milton's works." The volume contains a frontispiece portrait of the poet, a brief bibliography, and a chronological table.

Uncle Sam and His Children. By Judson Wade Shaw.

An attempt "to present the advantages that our country offers its citizens, and to show that these, properly studied, place every citizen under special obligation to do what he can to secure, for his own sake no less than for the sake of others, the best interests of all concerned." The volume is well illustrated.

The Heart of a Girl. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner.

The inner story of the life of Margaret Carlin is told from her primer days to the day she graduated at the High School. It introduces the games that are known to children the world over, the circus, the theatre, dancing-school, and the little school-day romances.

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Brentano's:

Intentions. By Oscar Wilde.

These four essays are said to present Oscar Wilde in his gayest moods. The subjects discussed are "The Decay of Lying;" "Pen, Pencil and Poison;" "The Critic as Artist;" and "The Truth of Masks." Mr. Percival Pollard has written an introduction to the book. The frontispiece is a photogravure portrait of the author.

The Century Company:

Sabina. By Helen R. Martin.

Sabina, the heroine, comes from the Pennsylvania Dutch, from among the Amish. She possesses peculiar psychical powers; a horrible face which she sees foretells family disaster. The hero is a young artist, who comes to board in Sabina's home in order to collect material for sketches. The attachment which the young people form for each other is very essential to the story.

Under Rocking Skies. By L. Frank Tooker.

A sea tale, the scenes of which are laid on a vessel sailing from a northern port to the West Indies. The wife and daughter of the captain, and the village minister and a new mate, both of whom are young, are taken aboard when the ship makes her home harbour on the coast of Long Island. The two young men fall in love with the daughter, and her choice depends largely upon the courage displayed in an exciting and dangerous experience.

"In the Heights." By Richard Watson Gilder.

Nearly all the poems written by the author since 1901 are included in this volume. Music, song, anniversary festivities, etc., supply the themes of the verses.

Pinkey Perkins: "Just a Boy." By Captain Harold Hammond.

The adventures of a healthy, happy, lively village boy are told in this story by a man who has not as yet forgotten his boyhood days. Young boys and old boys will find Pinkey's experiences interesting. The book is well illustrated.

Captain Myles Standish. By Tudor Jenks.

"Captain Myles Standish" is a continuation of the history of our nation begun in "Captain John Smith." The record of this man is said to be both interesting and accurate, although it differs somewhat from the traditions which have been accepted by the people. There are over twenty illustrations in the volume.

Queen Zixi of Ix. By L. Frank Baum.

Juvenile. The author of "The Wizard of Oz" tells here about the wonderful things accomplished by the magic cloak woven by the fairies. The volume is well illustrated in colour.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The International Spy. By Allen Upward.

These memoirs of Monsieur A. V. give a thrilling story of the secret history of the Russo-Japanese War. The "spy" has the confidence of the monarchs of Europe and he turns this to good advantage. A spirit of mystery pervades the book. The author states that the tale is not authentic but that it is purely the fruit of the imagination. The illustrations are by F. X. Chamberlain.

The Abandoned Farm. By Mary J. Holmes.

Two of Mrs. Holmes's former books are here included in one volume. The title of the second story is "Connie's Mistake." A scene from "The Abandoned Farm" is the frontispiece.

Three Daughters of the Confederacy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

"The story of their loves and their hatreds, their joys and their sorrows, during many surprising adventures on land and sea." In his preface the author has described his characters as follows: "Two of the lovers of this trio of girls, which I have so proudly and affectionately championed in these pages, were Northern men: one a sailor and the other a sort of non-combatant, but a good fellow, nevertheless. The third hero, who won the last girl, was Southern in every fibre of his being. Two of the girls loved the South with all the passionate fervour for which the Southern woman was famous; the third was but a lukewarm daughter after all." The book contains several illustrations in colour.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife. By Marietta Holley.

Josiah Allen's wife takes a much longer trip than usual this year. The family physician's ultimatum is that the only thing which will save the life of Thomas Josiah, Thomas J.'s boy, is that he shall take a long sea voyage, and as there is no one to take him but his grandmother, she departs from her beloved Josiah and starts on a trip around the world. Josiah goes after her, however, and just reaches the steamer in time to sail. They visit China, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, Italy, Greece, Austria, and other countries. The volume is well illustrated.

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Dodd, Mead and Company:

His Version of It. By Paul Leicester Ford.

A new edition in holiday attire. The marginal decorations and full-page illustrations in colour give the book a very attractive appearance.

Some Adventures of Jack and Jill. By Barbara Yechton.

Barbara Yechton, the writer of stories for children, tells the adventures of Jack and Jill in the simple and pleasant manner which characterises "We Ten," "The Story of the Roses," and her other tales. Illustrations by Anna M. Upjohn add to the interest of the book.

Patty in the City. By Carolyn Wells.

The readers who became interested in "Patty at Home" may renew her acquaintance while she is "in the city." Patty and the new friends she has formed organise a club, which has as its object "to be merry and scatter merriment around the world." These girls make many sacrifices, win many battles, and have many splendid times. The book contains six illustrations.

The Edge of Circumstance. By Edward Noble.

A sea tale in which the reader is taken on two cruises of an unfortunate ship. The story narrates the exciting adventures experienced, the trials of an inventor whose devices are to revolutionise shipping, the mutiny of the crew, and the artful designing of men.

The Artist's Way of Working. By Russell Sturgis.

Mr. Sturgis addresses his "Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design" to the art-loving public. It is in no sense a history of art, but is, rather, a "treatise on the ways in which the artist's conceptions are formed and take visible shape." The purpose of the work is to ask and answer the questions: "What was the artist in search of as he wrought his work of art?—How did he achieve the desired result?" It describes the processes of the sculptor, the painter; the working of mechanical trades, of wrought metal, in cast metal, in glass, enamel, baked clay, textiles, with the needle; and the decoration of books, both inside and outside. There are one hundred and nineteen illustrations in the book.

Wagner and His Isolde. By Gustav Kobbé.

Wagner's romance with Mathilde Wesendonk, from whom he has drawn the character of Isolde, forms the basis of this work. The author has used only the most intimate and striking passages from the large number of letters and journals, but the omissions do not seriously affect the story. The volume is well illustrated.

French Profiles. By Edmund Gosse.

A volume of critical and appreciative essays on modern French authors. The author has endeavoured in every case "to give an impression of the figure before me, which shall be in general harmony with the tradition of French criticism, but at the same time to preserve that independence which is the right of a foreign observer, and to illustrate the peculiarities of my subject by references to English poetry and prose."

Nedra. By George Barr McCutcheon.

In "Nedra" Mr. McCutcheon has written a novel which is widely different from "Graustark" and "Beverly of Graustark." This is the story of an elopement of a young couple from Chicago, who decide to go to the Philippines by way of New York and London, travelling as brother and sister. Their difficulties commence in New York and become greatly exaggerated when they are shipwrecked in mid-ocean. Finally the hero finds himself stranded on the island of Nedra with another girl, whom he has rescued by mistake. The remainder of the story gives an account of their stay on the island, the finding of some of the other passengers, and the circumstances which have resulted from the strange mix-up.

Cecilia's Lovers. By Amelia E. Barr.

A very good idea of the style of this story is obtained by a glance at its title. It portrays life in New York as it is seen to-day, and, as a love story, is said to possess a subtle charm.

The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Miss Cynthia's life, not her nature, is narrow, unpleasant and selfish as a result of the severity with which she had been brought up and her inflexible New England conscience. When the doctor tells her that, on account of an affection of the lungs, she has just one short year to live, she rebels against her early training and becomes deaf to the troublesome conscience, and the way she spends the year is the theme of the story. Needless to state, she lives many years instead of one.

Sunrise Acres. By Benjamin Brace.

The conditions of his uncle's will, in which he is to inherit a half-million dollars, is that the hero shall find and thrash in fair fight a man from whose hands the testator had received a thrashing years ago. The events which occur

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when the legatee undertakes to carry out these terms is the story itself. A woman greatly complicates matters.

A Little Girl in Old San Francisco. By Amanda M. Douglas.

Juvenile. The "little girl" about which Miss Douglas writes first made her appearance in "Old New York." She has since been in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Detroit, St. Louis and Chicago. Now she has reached the Pacific coast and comes to San Francisco just after the outbreak of the gold fever.

Dodge Publishing Company:

For Each Day a Prayer. Selected and arranged by Elisabeth Hamill Davis.

Three hundred and sixty-five appropriate selections, from various well-known writers. Some are in verse, others in prose; all are included for the purpose of comforting and uplifting any who may read them.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Paintings of the Louvre. By Dr. Arthur Mahler in collaboration with Carlos Blacker and William A. Slater.

A handbook to the Spanish and Italian "Paintings of the Louvre" treated in historical order from the early Byzantine workers to those of the Renaissance. Murillo and Vélasquez are the two masters whose works occupy a large share of the section devoted to the Spanish school; while among the Italian there are Botticelli, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Veronese, Correggio, etc. There are one hundred and twenty-six illustrations, reproductions of the famous paintings, described.

Ayesha. By H. Rider Haggard.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

On Two Continents. Memories of Half a Century. By Marie Hansen Taylor, with the co-operation of Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani.

In addition to writing an attractive and sympathetic biography of Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Taylor has included in her book a large number of anecdotes and reminiscences of the persons with whom she and her husband came into contact, such as Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Thackeray, Phœbe and Alice Carey, Horace Greeley, Bryant, Stedman, Bismarck, General Grant, and many others. There are also sketches of Gotha, Mrs. Taylor's birthplace; her father, the astronomer and mathematician; and of the many places visited on the two continents." The volume contains eight illustrations.

Concerning Belinda. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

A collection of ten stories, all complete in themselves, but each one "concerning Belinda," a young teacher in a New York girl's finishing-school and the maidens of whom she is in charge. The adventures and episodes are humorous, and all are told in a bright, interesting style. The volume contains twelve illustrations by Harrison Fisher and Katharine N. Richardson.

The Golden Heart. By Violet Jacob.

Eight fairy tales, the first of which gives the book its title. The others are Grimaçon, The Sorcerer's Sons and the Two Princesses of Japan, The Dovecote, The Peacock's Tail, The Pelican, The Cherry Trees, and Jack Frost. The volume is profusely illustrated.

The Jewish Spectre. By George H. Warner.

A study of the Jew in history and of the Jew of to-day, of the part the Jews have contributed in the civilisation of the world, and of the idea of universal brotherhood.

The Colonel's Dream. By Charles W. Chestnutt.

An ex-Confederate officer is obliged, on account of ill-health, to return to the land of his birth after spending twenty years in the North, where he has accumulated wealth. In a "dream" he sees himself as the regenerator of the town, which is in a backward condition. He sets about to make the dream a reality and endeavours to elevate the standard of the negro and to improve the general condition of affairs. His attempts do not meet with favour and a final outrage makes it necessary for him to leave the town. The book is said to present some views of the many-sided problems which face the South to-day. The author, who is a negro, criticises the white man no more than he does his own race.

Eaton and Mains:

The Christian Faith. By Olin Alfred Curtis.

This volume lays no claim to dogmatism, nor does it make any "attempt to speak the final word, or aim to be or become the 'recognised authority' of any church, or of any school, or of any man." The author feels that, after long preparatory waiting, he has "caught an important vision of the Christian faith as an organic whole of doctrine," and he wishes to aid others to catch the same vision. Man, The Christian Religion, and The System of Doctrine are the three parts into which the subject is divided.

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R. F. Fenno and Company:

Mrs. Alderman Casey. By Irene Stoddard Capwell.

In the brogue of her people Mrs. Casey tells about her neighbours, how the Casey family rise in the world, have hired girls, board at summer hotels, go to euchre parties, etc. The book has four illustrations.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Cranford: a Play. By Marguerite Merington.

A three-act comedy based on Mrs. Gaskell's well-known story.

Double Darling and the Dreamspinner. By Candace Wheeler.

Juvenile. Ten stories about a little girl named Doubledarling, and the things she dreams when asleep. The book is well illustrated.

Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox.

These essays in art criticism are published in a new and more elaborately bound edition than those noted in the Book Mart for June. Well illustrated.

Henry Frowde:

Collected Sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin.

In addition to a selection made from the author's various books of verse, already published, there are included in this volume several sonnets, written within the past year and appearing in this collection for the first time. The book contains over two hundred selections of verse and a photogravure portrait of the author.

The Far East. By Archibald Little.

Mr. Little has written this book during intervals of a business that is of an absorbing character. This business has made it necessary for him to travel extensively in China and neighbouring countries, and it has been on these journeys that he has acquired the knowledge which he has included in his work. The places described are China, the Yellow River, the province of Szechuan, the Chengtu Plateau, the lower Yangtse provinces, the intermediate provinces, the basin between Yunnan and Canton, Mongolia, Manchuria, Turkestan, Tibet, Indo-China, Corea, Siam and Japan. The volume is abundantly supplied with maps and illustrations.

The Grafton Press:

Uncle Bob: His Reflections. By Laura Fitzhugh Preston.

Reminiscences of "Uncle Bob," a Southern negro, told in his own way and in his own words. Some of the titles are: "Marse Adam an' Miss Eve," "How Sis' July Ann Come Th'oo," "Double Weddenses on de Ole Plantation," "In Beharves ob Miss Lucy." R. F. Outcault has made the frontispiece for the book.

A Modern Miracle. By Corrilla Banister.

"Psychic Power Made Plain" is the sub-title of this small volume, which is dedicated "to all who in charity give eyen so much as a cup of cold water to those who are stranded and athirst in the desert places of life."

Harper and Brothers:

The Passport. By Richard Bagot.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Her Memory Book. By Helen Hayes.

An elaborately decorated volume, on each page of which is a space designed for recording various memoranda: such as signatures of guests, signatures of correspondents; names of persons to whom the owner is indebted for flowers; breakfast, luncheon, five-o'clock tea, and dinner engagements; chafing dish and card parties; musicals, dances, receptions, theatre parties; autumn, winter, spring and summer sports; travels of interest, etc.

The Gambler. By Katherine Cecil Thurston.

The heroine of the latest story by the author of "The Masquerader" is Clodagh Asshlin, a fascinating and beautiful Irish girl. Clodagh, who is impulsive and knows no fear, inherits from her father a generous disposition, a keen sense of honour, and an unfortunate passion for gambling. She goes to Venice, and is soon the centre of attraction in the English colony. Here she becomes attached to Sir Walter Gore, who also has a keen sense of honour. His indifference is instrumental in inducing the heroine to play. This leads to her undoing, but the love-story which develops has eventually a happy ending.

The Island of Enchantment. By Justus Miles Forman.

A romance of mediæval Italy, the exact spot being the beautiful island of Arbe, to which place Zuan Gradenigo, a young captain, has been sent to rescue the island from the forces of the Ban of Bosnia. Here he has many exciting experiences in the cause of love and war. The volume contains four illustrations in colour and marginal decorations in tint.

Rebecca Mary. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

A prim little New England girl of

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twelve years of age, who lives with her strait-laced and unwittingly cruel aunt, is the principal character in these eight stories. Rebecca Mary's pathetical search for affection, her loyalty to her white rooster, Thomas Jefferson, and her matter-of-fact devotion to the course of duty endear her to the heart of the reader. The book is intended for those men and women who love children and love to study them. The book contains eight illustrations in colour by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Little Mother and Georgie. By Gertrude Smith.

In each of these twelve stories for small children, Grandpa, who is "Georgie," and Florence, or "Little Mudder," are the principal characters. Each story is illustrated with a full-page picture in colour.

Hernando Cortés. By Frederick A. Ober.

This account of the conquest of Mexico by Cortés, a bankrupt Cuban planter and his untrained soldiers and sailors, is said to be told in a thrilling and entertaining manner, and to be an accurate addition to history.

The Trident and the Net. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

Brittany, Paris and New York furnish the scenes for this novel, which is "a new departure" from the author's previous work. The story narrates the adventures of a young marquis of Brittany, and tells how the influence of woman sways his nature for both good and bad. The portrait of Brittany is said to be drawn from a portion of that small region with which the average reader has little acquaintance. The book has six coloured illustrations.

A Proposal under Difficulties. By John Kendrick Bangs.

The situation in which Bob Yardsley, the hero of this little comedietta, finds himself is very funny. While waiting in the parlour for Dorothy Andrews, to whom he has come to propose, he rehearses his declaration of love on his knees before the mirror, and in the presence of Jennie, the housemaid, who has entered unobserved. Jennie accepts the offer of marriage very willingly, and before Yardsley can explain, his rival, Jack Barlow, bent upon the same errand, is shown into the room. Yardsley, warned by Jennie against her former sweetheart, the coachman, eventually tells the truth, clears himself, and proposes in the presence of his rival.

The Knickerbocker Press:

The Teller's Tale. By Phil. A. Rush.

"A Banking Story for Bankers; A Law Story for Lawyers; A Love Story for Lovers" is the sub-title of this story, and it explains very satisfactorily its nature. The temptation and result of overdrawing salaries in a banking-house is portrayed. The love-story is a double one. Six illustrations are contained in the book.

John Lane Company:

The Creed of Christ.

"An attempt to interpret the personal belief of Christ Himself, so far as it can be deduced from the record of His acts and sayings." The chapter titles are: The Sayings of Christ, Pharisaism, God the Lawgiver, God the Father, The Kingdom of God, Apparent Failure, and Final Triumph. Published anonymously.

The Macmillan Company:

Rational Living. By Henry Churchill King.

While this book does not aim to be "a technical treatise upon psychology, nor profess to embody the results of *original* psychological investigation, it does distinctly aim to make generally available the most valuable suggestions for living that can be drawn from the results of the best workers in this field." The four great inferences from modern psychology suggesting life and character, are according to the author: the complexity of life, the unity of man, the central importance of will and action, and the concreteness of the real.

Representative Essays on the Theory of Style. Chosen and edited by William T. Brewster.

The following essays are contained in this collection: Literature, by John Henry Newman; Style, by Thomas de Quincey; The Philosophy of Style, by Herbert Spencer; The Principles of Success in Literature, by George Henry Lewes; Style in Literature—Its Technical Elements, by Robert Louis Stevenson; Style, by Walter Pater; and Our English Prose, by Frederic Harrison. Professor Brewster has included an introduction, notes and questions, an index, and a list of the books spoken of in the introduction and the notes.

Knock at a Venture. By Eden Phillpotts.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Fair Maid of Greystones. By Beulah Marie Dix.

A romance of the days of the Commonwealth. Jock Hetherington, the hero, has all kinds of adventures and escapes; in one case he saves himself by impersonating his cousin, whom he resembles; in another he finds himself unexpectedly in possession of a wife,

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whom he has married in a spirit of kindness and appreciation for an act of friendship previously shown by the girl, at a time when Jock was in need of a friend. The hero, who is all tangled up in a web of circumstances, is finally cleared, and as a result, his young wife comes into possession of great wealth and of the manor of Greystones. Jock, now feeling himself an intruder, is about to leave his wife in the luxury with which she is surrounded, when he finds that she loves him as well as he loves her.

Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu. By William Archibald Dunning.

The work begun in the "History of Political Theories, Ancient and Mediæval," published three years ago, is carried on in this volume to the middle of the eighteenth century. The topics discussed are The Reformation, Anti-Monarchic Doctrines in the Sixteenth Century, Jean Bodin, Catholic Controversialists and Jurists, Hugo Grotius, English Political Philosophy before the Puritan Revolution, Theories of the Puritan Revolution, Thomas Hobbes, Continental Theory during the Age of Louis XIV., John Locke, From Locke to Montesquieu, and Montesquieu.

Andrew Marvell. By Augustine Birrell.

Issued in the "English Men of Letters" series. Mr. Birrell's book covers Andrew Marvell's poetry, his political writings, his career in the House of Commons, and all the facts which it was possible for the biographer to obtain concerning a poet who is well known, but of whom the world knows little.

Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South. By Frances Marion Crawford.

This is to all appearances a popular edition in one volume of a work which appeared about five years ago in two parts. The book contains reproductions of the one hundred original illustrations by Henry Brokman. It is said that this history of Southern Italy and Sicily, from the days of Ulysses to the days of the Mafia, reads like a story.

How to Collect Books. By J. H. Slater.

The author aims "to anticipate some of the questions most likely to be asked by the collector of books at the commencement of his career, . . . to let a little light upon the simpler phases of a subject which, in its more ambitious aspects, is exceedingly complicated and beyond the power of any one to master in its entirety." Mr. Slater discusses with beginners upon the value of bindings, pedigrees of books, imperfect copies, the restoration of soiled books, etc. There are also discussions upon manuscripts, paper and paper marks, bookbinding, illustrated books, celebrated presses, great collectors, early editions, etc. The volume is well illustrated.

Colonial Administration. By Paul S. Reinsch.

"The purpose of this volume is to furnish a statement of the various problems confronting colonial governments; and to indicate the main lines of solution that have been attempted; selecting from the vast amount of available material the most striking illustrations. It intends to give a survey of the varied activities of colonial governments." Issued in the "Citizen's Library" series.

American Book-Plates. By Charles Dexter Allen.

A new and cheaper edition of a volume published about eleven years ago. It contains a bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins, and is illustrated with many reproductions of rare and interesting book-plates which appeared in the first issues of the book.

The Story of Edinburgh. By Oliphant Smeaton.

Although based on the larger volume which appeared last year, this edition of the "Story of Edinburgh" is an independent work, and includes a large amount of matter not found in its predecessor. The volume is profusely illustrated. It belongs to the "Mediæval Town" series.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By His Son.

Heretofore published in two volumes, this work is now issued in a one-volume edition. It contains all the material in the previous editions, which includes extracts from unpublished poems and letters; from the "home" journal, showing how the days were spent by Tennyson; and gives a biography of the poet.

Heimweh. By John Luther Long.

In the title-story in this collection of eight, Betsy and John live happily together in poverty for sixty years without an unkind word. They hope for a home, fear charity, and die together in the almshouse. The spirit of "heavenly longing" pervades the book. The titles of the other stories are: The Siren, The Loaded Gun, Liebereich, Jupiter Tonans, "Sis," Thor's Emerald, and Guile.

Restrictive Railway Legislation. By Henry S. Haines.

The substance of a course of twelve lectures delivered in April and May of this year at the Boston University School of Law is contained in this book. The lectures are an endeavour "to pre-

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sent the manner in which legislation and judicial decisions have affected the operations of railway corporations in their relations to the public."

William Marabell:

Sherman Watterson. By William Marabell.

A novel of American life, the scenes and characters of which are taken from Indiana.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

My Friend the Chauffeur. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Reviewed in the Chronicle and Comment of this magazine.

Justice. By Charles Wagner.

A plea to humanity that it may live uprightly, that it may consider justice in regard to justice individually and collectively, in word, thought, and deed. The work is divided into eight parts: The Birth to Righteousness, Dominion and Voluntary Service, Mine and Thine, Science and Faith, The Love of Country—Humanity, The Churches—The Church—Religious Justice, Society and the Individual Social Justice, and The Religious Conception of Work.

Plunkitt of Tammany Hall. By W. L. Riordon.

"A series of very plain talks on very practical politics, delivered by ex-Senator George Washington Plunkitt, the Tammany philosopher, from his rostrum, the New York County Court-House Bootblack Stand." These talks are said to be both witty and wise. The various topics discussed by Plunkitt are: Honest Graft and Dishonest Graft, New York is Pie for the Hayseeds, Brooklynites Natural-born Hayseeds, On Municipal Ownership, Concerning Gas in Politics, Bosses Preserve the Nation, etc.

A Commercial Traveller in South America. By Frank Wiborg.

"Being the experiences and impressions of an American business man on a trip through Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, the Argentine Republic and Brazil." Mr. Wiborg points out that "right at our very doors the trade of a great continent is slipping beyond our reach. . . . Germany, England, and France are engaged in a commercial invasion of American soil, and meeting with little or no opposition from us." The writer suggests the remedies for the existing conditions.

The Ancient Landmark. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.

A romance of Kentucky. The novel takes its title from the tradition which claims that the Southern people hold strong prejudices against divorce. The heroine is married to a man addicted to the use of drugs. The violence and tantrums to which he subjects her are borne because the community thinks it her duty. Things are brought to a crisis when a distant relative comes and proves his right to her.

Back Home. By Eugene Wood.

The characteristic sketches of rural community life are both humorous and pathetic. The reader goes through the joys and sorrows of the average country boy in the "Old Red School-house," in the swimming-hole, at the circus and county fair, tournament, etc. The volume is illustrated.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Larkins Wedding. By Alice McAlilly.

A humorous tale of the Middle West. The heroine is Elviny Larkins, a cheerful and philosophical washerwoman. It is Elviny's chief desire to give her pretty daughter a wedding equal to any the village has ever seen. The way this ambition is carried out is the tale itself. The wedding is attended by a surprise. The volume contains several illustrations.

The Baglioni. By Henry Lane Eno.

A drama in five acts. The story is founded upon the records of a historian who, living at the same time of the Baglioni family, is supposed to have been an eye-witness to many of the thrilling scenes which occurred during the reign of these people in Umbria.

The Woozlebeasts. By J. P. Benson.

Juvenile. These rhymes and full-page illustrations introduce to the children such animals as the Egsteela, the Phair, the Berlite, the Kryme, the Chark, the Chorah, the Chinta, the Boh, and a great many other animals with funny names.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By General G. Moxley Sorrel.

In the introduction which Senator John W. Daniel has contributed to the book, he says: "This volume will be useful to the historian in giving him an insight to the very image and body of the times. It will carry him to the general's headquarters and from there to the picket-line; from the kitchen camp-fire and baking-oven to the hospital of the commissary and quartermaster, to the trenches in the battlefield; from the long march to the marshalled battle line; from the anxieties of the rear-guard of the retreat to the stern array

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of the charging columns." There are included accounts of such men as Bragg, Polk, Lee, Longstreet, Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Jeb Stuart, Early, Anderson, Mahone, Van Dorn, and many others.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy.

The book takes its name from the flower-badge worn by the leader of a daring band of Englishmen who risked their lives during the Revolution in order to save members of the French nobility from the Terrorists of France. The heroine is a charming, fearless woman, and the crisis of the story is reached when she unwittingly condemns her husband by giving information which promises to save her brother.

Romance of the French Abbeys. By Elizabeth W. Champney.

An illustrated work of French legend and history. The volume may be said to complement the three former books by the same author. There are descriptions of The Golden Mystery—An Episode in the History of the Abbey of Vezelay; The Masterpiece of Frère Placide—A Story of One of the Artisan-Monks of Cluny; The Wolf of Saint Francis—From the Chronicles of the Abbey of Montmajour; The Vision of Saint Bernard—A Legend of Clairvaux; The Tapestries of Bourganeuf—How They Came to the Commanders of the Knights Hospitallers; Intra Muros—Being the Adventures of a Red Box; The Abbey Church of Brou; The Green Dragon of Fécamp, etc. The volume is well illustrated.

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More.

The third in this series of essays by Shelburne includes the following subjects: The Correspondence of William Cowper, Whittier the Poet, The Centenary of Sainte Beuve, The Scotch Novels and Scotch History, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, Why is Browning Popular? A Note on Byron's "Don Juan," Laurence Sterne, J. Henry Shorthouse, The Quest of a Century.

The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States. Florida, 1562-1574. By Woodbury Lowery.

Although a continuation of the author's previous work, his new book treats the subject as a distinct episode in the history of the Spanish colonial enterprises. The volume contains a record of the period of the French settlement in Florida under Ribaut and Laudonniere, their expulsion of Pedro Menendez de Aviles, and the foundation of the first permanent Spanish colony; a review of the Spanish policy with regard to French aggression in North America, and the diplomatic relations between Philip II. and Catherine de' Medici in respect to their conflicting claims to Florida; and a history of the missions in Florida, South Carolina and Virginia undertaken at the instigation of Spain.

Mohammed and the Rise of Islam. By D. S. Margoliouth.

Issued in the "Heroes of the Nations" series. We quote the general purpose of the work from the author's preface: "The standpoint from which this book is written is suggested by the title of the series. I regard Mohammed as a great man, who solved a political problem of appalling difficulty,—the construction of a state and an empire out of the Arab tribes. I have endeavoured, in recounting the mode in which he accomplished this, to do justice to his intellectual ability, and to observe towards him the respectful attitude which his greatness deserves; but otherwise this book does not aim at being either an apology or an indictment. Indeed, neither sort of work is now required."

Love Alone is Lord. By. F. Frankfort Moore.

The romantic life of Lord Byron is the theme of this novel. The heroine is the poet's early love, Mary Chaworth, although Lady Caroline Lamb figures prominently in the story. The tale begins during Lord Byron's boyhood, and has its ending at the time when he is contemplating running away with Mary, now Mrs. Muster. This action is frustrated by the terrible accident which befell Mr. Muster.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Village Artist. By Adeline M. Teskey.

The "village artist" does not paint in oils, water-colours or clay, but works among her neighbours, her home, in her garden, on the school-grounds, in church, and on the village streets, trying to bring out the beauty of the lives and conditions with which she comes in contact.

St. Cuthbert's. By Robert E. Knowles.

A Canadian Presbyterian clergyman tells the romance of his own parish. The reader makes the acquaintance of many interesting characters among these Scotch people, most of whom the minister has found to be tried and true friends. A pretty love story, in which Margaret, the clergyman's daughter, is the heroine, runs through the book.

Saint Cecilia of the Court. By Isabella R. Hess.

Saint Cecilia is not the docile young

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heroine that her nickname would imply. She has red hair, and belongs to the tenement section of downtown New York. Pathos and humour are combined in the story, which tells how the girl "rises superior to the discouragement of the Court," and which portrays many sides of New York life and shows the good that will never cease to exist in the tenements, hospitals, and saloons of the city.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Confessions of Lord Byron. Arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany.

An imported volume consisting of a collection of Lord Byron's private opinions of men and of matters, taken from the new and enlarged edition of his letters and journals. The work is divided into six parts: Byron's Reflections of Himself, Byron's Religious Views, Byron's Opinions of the Literary Life, Byron's Estimate of Contemporary English Poets, Byron's Obiter Dicta on the Drama, and Byron's Valuation of His Friends. Two portraits of the writer illustrate the book.

Mary, Queen of Scots: Her Life Story. By A. H. Millar.

In this volume, which has been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, the author says in the preface that it is necessary to appreciate the difficult circumstances in which the Queen was placed before condemning her. It is, therefore, the purpose of this work "to place the events of her chequered career faithfully before the reader, so that he may draw his own conclusions." The book contains eight portraits and illustrations.

Fisherman's Luck. By Henry Van Dyke.

A new edition, and printed from new plates, similar in form to the edition of "Little Rivers," and others of Dr. Van Dyke's books. Full-page illustrations increase the interest of the book.

McAllister and His Double. By Arthur Train.

The book is composed of eleven independent stories, the principal characters in all being McAllister and his "double." McAllister is a clubman, his double is his valet. Each story tells of some thrilling complication into which the clubman has blundered and from which he extricates both himself and his valet. There are twelve illustrations in the volume.

The Gardens of Italy. Two volumes. By Charles Latham.

An importation of two volumes. It is made up of a series of illustrations from photographs of the most famous examples, including about three hundred plates. Descriptive text is supplied by E. March Phillipps. The work presents a very handsome appearance.

Songs and Lyrics from the Dramatists of the XVI., XVII., and XVIII. Centuries.

An imported volume issued in the "Newnes' Pocket Classics" series. Among the selections are poems from the pens of such writers as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, Dryden, Nash, etc.

The Success of Defeat. By Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

An address delivered in Baltimore before the Convention of the Maryland Christian Endeavour Union, in 1893. Dr. Babcock repeated the sermon a few months afterwards in a distant city with very gratifying results.

St. Ives. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Wrong Box. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Complete Poems. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Three more volumes in the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, prefaced by Mrs. Stevenson. "St. Ives" relates the adventures of a French prisoner in England; "The Wrong Box" was written in collaboration with Mr. Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne; and "Complete Poems" consists of A Child's Garden of Verses, Underwoods, and Ballads.

A History of Egypt. From the XIXth to the XXXth Dynasties. By W. M. Flinders Petrie.

This importation is the third volume in "A History of Egypt" contributed by Mr. Petrie. There are six volumes in the set, which is now completed. The author claims his book to be "only a skeleton of facts." He has made thorough researches of the epochs of Egyptian history, with which the work deals, and the "great mass of fresh discoveries" have necessitated much revision and labour, and the results are widely different from some of the previous historical records.

Dante the Wayfarer. By Christopher Hare.

In this volume, which Scribner's Sons have imported, the purpose of the author is to "take Dante himself as my guide for an earthly pilgrimage; following him through the ancient cities of Northern Italy, from one refuge to another in his long exile, up the steep mountain path, by the river side, along many a by-way far from the busy haunts of men, where the world which the poet saw still lives unchanged after six centuries." There are a number of illustrations in the work.

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In and Around Venice. By Horatio F. Brown.

An imported volume intended as a companion to "Life on the Lagoons." The work contains many sketches of the neighbouring hills, towns and villages. Among the subjects discussed are: The Campanile of San Marco and the Loggetta of Sansovino, The Twin Columns of the Piazzetta, Some Venetian Knockers, A Great Family—the Giustiniani, Venetian Proverbs, Venice en Fête, Floods on the Mainland, etc.

Drawings of Rossetti.

An imported work, uniform with the other volumes of the "Modern Master Draughtsmen" series. About fifty of Rossetti's drawings are reproduced in black and white and in tint. Mr. T. Martin Wood has written an introductory preface to the drawings, in which he describes at length the various works of the artist.

Kipps. By H. G. Wells.

Here is told the story of a simple soul. When the reader first meets Kipps, who is "a' Norphan," he is living with his uncle and aunt in New Romney. Leaving them, he takes up one thing after another until he comes unexpectedly into a fortune. He is beset by persons suddenly interested in his welfare, by books on etiquette, and literature and social engagements, with which he is entirely out of harmony. At length he finds himself engaged to marry Miss Helen Walsingham. Terror-stricken at the terrible tide of events which is sweeping him along, he runs away—back to New Romney—and implores a sweetheart of the old days to save him from these dreadful things by marrying him. They soon lose their money, and Kipp regards this as an act of Providence. The story is said to be pitiful, humorous, and dramatic.

William Hogarth. By G. Baldwin Brown.

An imported addition to the "Makers of British Art" series. The principal facts detailed in this biography concern the early life and artistic training of Hogarth, his character and personality, his place in the London of the eighteenth century, the classification of Hogarth's designs, his book illustrations, satirical prints of special allusion, subscription tickets, didactic pieces and social studies, and Hogarth as a graphic artist and as a maker of British art. The volume is well illustrated.

Mrs. Radigan. By Nelson Lloyd.

A satire on certain social conditions existing in modern New York society. The story is told through a real estate man, who followed that line of business because "all the cotillon leaders are in real estate or architecture, as dancing is a branch of their business." Mrs. Radigan is a "climber" who has come from Kansas City and succeeds in reaching the topmost rung in the society ladder; Miss Pearl Veal and Mr. J. Madison Mudison, who live under the motto "It is just as well to be smart as to be famous," are other interesting characters.

Thomas Whittaker:

Sunday Talks with Boys and Girls. By Barbara Yechton.

With a verse of Scripture as the text for each, fifty-two talks are given to boys and girls. The themes of the talks cover a wide range of subjects.

Religion and Politics. By Algernon Sidney Crapsey.

These thirteen lectures were delivered by the author to the congregation of which he is pastor. On account of the discussion and contention which they aroused, they are published in full "in order that the writer may be judged by the whole body of his thought, rather than by any selected portion of the same." Among the subjects are: State, The Attitude of Jesus to the State, Jesus' Method of Government, The Imperialised Church, The Rise of the National Churches, etc.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dana Estes and Company:

Mrs. Tree's Will. By Laura E. Richards.

The reader of "Mrs. Tree" will recognise many characters in the present tale which, while a complete story in itself, is in many respects a sequel to the first. It contains a series of testimonials to Mrs. Tree by her friends and neighbours, and illustrates the qualities of the original New England stock. Four characteristic illustrations are included.

Ginn and Company:

The Philippine Islands. By Fred W. Atkinson.

The aim of this book is "to give the public at large a definite idea of just what our new possessions in the Orient comprehend, to correct impressions that have been caused by erroneous accounts, and to reconcile views that have come from the two necessarily conflicting sources,—the military and the civil. . . . In short, the aim is to give concisely that sort of information which will be the best substitute for an actual acquaintance with the different parts of the archipelago." The volume is well illustrated.

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Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A village in Maine is the setting for this story of a young love. Rose, the belle of the town, becomes engaged to Stephen Waterman, a sturdy Yankee, but the engagement is broken when he feels that the affections of Rose have been transferred to Claude, a spruce salesman from Boston. When the heroine finds that Claude's attractions are no deeper than the surface, she wins Stephen back. The charm of the story is said to lie in the setting and the fashion in which the author pictures her characters.

Kristy's Surprise Party. By Olive Thorne Miller.

Although each of these sixteen stories is complete in itself, they are joined together in a pleasing way to children. One tells about the party mentioned in the title, another about an experience in the Chicago fire, and others are the stories told by Kristy's guests at her party. There are four illustrations in colour by Ethel N. Farnsworth.

Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Edited by Bliss Perry.

The purpose of the Cambridge Edition, in which this volume is published, is to give all the necessary information for understanding the poets and their works, and for profitable study of them. In addition to the complete poetical works of the author, this volume includes a portrait of Lord Byron, a biographical sketch, notes, etc.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. By Anne Warner.

Before the opening of the story "Aunt Mary" had received a legacy from her niece, whom she had not seen since the niece eloped many years previous, in the form of her five orphaned children. Aunt Mary had succeeded in bringing them all up creditably until she came to Jack, a good-natured, lovable scapegrace. Although his aunt's idol, he became involved in so many exasperating episodes that she finally disinherited him She fell into a trap laid for her and went to New York with all the speed which her seventy years could muster, to attend him during an illness, only to find him well and waiting for her. This visit with Jack and his college friends is the "rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." A love story runs through the book.

The School-house in the Woods. By A. G. Plympton.

As may be inferred from the title, this book is intended to interest young people. It portrays the daily life of boys and girls who attend school, and introduces characters which the reader is glad to know. The volume is illustrated.

Heroes of Iceland. With a New Preface, Introduction and Notes by Allen French.

Adapted from Dasent's translation of "The Story of Burnt Njal," the great Icelandic saga. The legend deals with this country in the tenth century, when the standard of courage was very high. The life and habits of the Norseman are shown in this thrilling tale.

A Daughter of the Rich. By M. E. Waller.

This pretty story of family life introduces the small daughter of a rich man and "her many friends, the blossoms of Mount Hunger." The volume appears in a new edition, the illustrations for which have been made by Ellen Bernard Thompson.

Shipwrecked in Greenland. By Arthur R. Thompson.

A story of adventure in which a party of boys, a sea-captain and a young man have thrilling experiences while trying to rescue the crew and passengers from a stranded steamer, which they find drifting not far from St. John. Among the points of interest at which they stop is an Eskimo village. The story is based on the experiences of an expedition which came to grief off the coast of Greenland in 1894.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Life More Abundant. By Henry Wood.

The aim of this work, which the author claims is written from an independent standpoint, is to preserve "all that is intrinsic in the Written Word, . . . to brighten and deepen the reader's faith in the Bible, and to aid in establishing that faith upon a surer basis. . . . It is addressed to the intelligent lay mind, which has neither the time nor training for dealing with the intricacies of technical criticism and spiritual symbolism."

The Only True Mother Goose. With Introduction by Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

"An exact reproduction of the text and illustrations of the original edition published and copyrighted in Boston, in the year 1833, by Munroe and Francis." The reproduction of these rhymes and jingles, which have for years been out of print, is at the urgent request of Dr. Hale, who has written an introduction to the book.

The Boy Craftsman. By A. Neely Hall.

A volume of practical and profitable ideas for a boy's leisure hours. It gives

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suggestions for making the money necessary to buy the tools and materials required for making the things which the boy is taught how to build and construct in the other parts of the book. The idea of economy is carried out in all cases. The author aims to help boys with their problems of earning money, as well as furnishing recreative and entertaining work.

When Grandmamma was Fourteen. By Marion Harland.

"When Grandmamma was New" is the title of stories already published, which the author told of her own young days. In "When Grandmamma was Fourteen" these stories are continued, and the reader sees old Richmond through the eyes of Molly Burwell, a fourteen-year-old girl.

Ben Pepper. By Margaret Sidney.

The "Pepper Books," of which there are already nine, are well known, and youthful readers will heartily welcome the tenth book in the series. Ben is a "quiet, steady-as-a-rock boy," and his splendid qualities, together with the many good times described, will make this story interesting to all boys and girls.

Dan Monroe. By W. O. Stoddard.

Dan Monroe was the drummer-boy of the Lexington militia, and his closest friend and companion was the fifer. These two boys are the heroes of Mr. Stoddard's story, into which he has introduced the Concord fight, the battle of Bunker Hill, and the arrival of Washington. A book of interest to boys.

The Runaway Donkey and Other Rhymes. By Emilie Poulsson.

Juvenile. It will, no doubt, add to the child's interest in these stories, to know that some of the characters are true to life and that many of them are true stories.

The Making of a Man. By Orison Swett Marden.

A series of talks to boys on such topics as Self-Honor, The Price of Success, The Man of Force, Courage at the Sticking Point, Moral Daring, and sixteen other subjects of a kindred nature.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Cathedrals of Northern Spain. By Charles Rudy.

This work, which is necessarily of an architectural and historical nature, is based on evolutionary principles and endeavours to demonstrate the motives of certain artistic phenomena. The author explains the general purpose of the book, in the hope that they who seek to determine which art phenomena are natural and which artificial, may "find some remarks or some observations in the following chapters to help them discover the real truth concerning the Spaniard's love, or his insensibility for architectural monuments, as well as his share in the erection of cathedrals, palaces, and castles." The cathedrals of over thirty towns are described. The volume is well illustrated.

The Art of the Venice Academy. By Mary Knight Potter.

Each room in the Royal Gallery of Fine Arts in Venice is treated here as a unit in itself. The order of the rooms considered has been chosen by the writer, in order to give "the best opportunity for some sort of a comprehensive view of the Venetian painting of the Renaissance." In order to give as much space and comment as possible to the painters themselves, the writer has, in many instances, barely outlined the lesser pictures, believing it desirable that the reader should gain some definite, if slight, idea of the style and ability of the more unimportant as well as the most noted painters. The volume is well illustrated.

Red Fox. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

This is a history of the life of a red fox from his babyhood, of his adventurous career in the "Ringwaak Wilds," and of his final triumph over the enemies of his kind. The hero fox, it is claimed, may be taken as fairly typical, both in his characteristics and his experiences. Fifty full-page drawings illustrate the book.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Opportunity of Congregationalism. By Washington Gladden, D.D.

An address delivered before various Congregational assemblies in 1904 and 1905, published in pamphlet form.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

American Jewish Year Book. 5666. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold.

A general record of Jewish activities in the United States from September 30, 1905, to September 19, 1906. The list of "Selected Hebraica and Judaica" have been omitted from this annual; in its place several new lists, all pertaining to America, have been included. There are also other changes.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Vortex. By Thomas McKean.

In order that he may obtain the money of Paul Trefusis's wife, who is

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rich, Father Lamian, a Jesuit priest, endeavours to convert Trefusis to the Catholic faith. He resorts to a deep-laid plot, in which the services of Elena Cantilena, a beautiful actress and model, are employed to carry out his evil scheme. His efforts are of no avail when Miss Martha Webster, a friend of Paul's wife, appears on the scene. The priest's sins find him out, and he is drawn in a tighter net than the one he has set to catch others.

Montaigne. By Edward Dowden.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of this magazine.

The Canterbury Pilgrimages. By H. Snowden Ward.

"The interest of the book centres around two great tragedies: the fall of Thomas the Archbishop, and the fall of the worship of Thomas the Martyr. These are bound up with a part of a still greater tragedy: the collapse of a grand religious movement, which, with all its human imperfections and shortcomings, had done a noble work for those who needed it most—the poor, the weak, the suffering." Mr. Ward's work is said to give general information not only concerning the pilgrimages, but of the manners and customs of that portion of mediæval history. The book is well supplied with illustrations and maps.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN

1. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Perdita and Other Poems. Bayne. (Cole.) $1.25.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. A Daughter of the South. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Peter's Mother. de la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Little Green Door. Bassett. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Penelope. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Image in the Sand. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie. Conrad. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Fool for Love. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) 75 cents.
4. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. A Daughter of the South. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA

1. The Vanguard. Gale. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Voyageur. Drummond. (Putnam.) $1.25.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) 1.50.
3. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Minerva's Manœuvres. Loomis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. Squire Phin. Day. (Barnes.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Flight of Georgiana. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Lewis and Clark. Lighton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 65 cents.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. From the West to the West. Duniway. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. At the Sign of the Fox. "Barbara." (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lodgings in Town. Henry. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Claims and Counterclaims. Goodwin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. A Servant of the Public. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Three Daughters of the Confederacy. Brady. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. Mrs. Tree's Will. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Life Worth Living. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25	177
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	166
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	155
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	100
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50	97
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	60

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We are made by our habits—largely by our food habits. Put brains into your eating. Do a little thinking on the food question and form habits that enable your stomach to build a strong and sturdy body.

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Whether you acquire "the Shredded Wheat habit" or not depends largely on how the biscuit is served. Try it for breakfast this way:

Heat the biscuit in an oven to restore crispness—don't burn—pour hot milk over it, dipping the milk over it until the shreds are swollen; then pour a little cream over the top of the biscuit.

There are numberless WAYS of eating it. Why you should eat it, how it is made, why it is the cleanest, purest and most nutritious cereal food made is another story and a longer one. We have told it in our beautifully illustrated new booklet, "*Shreds of Life*," which will be sent free for the asking. "*The Vital Question Cook Book*" is also sent free.

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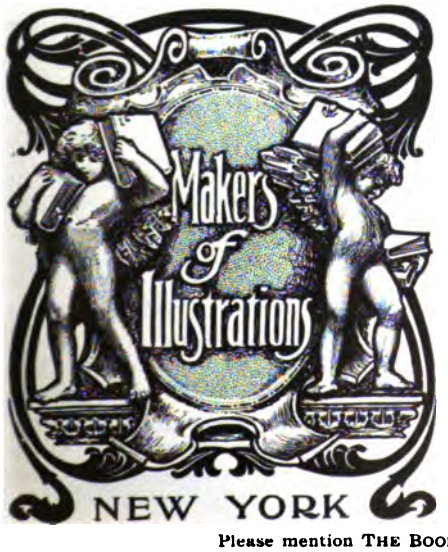
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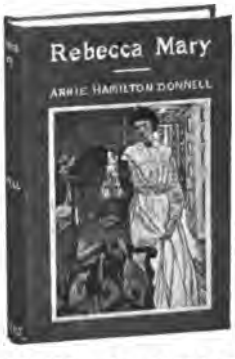
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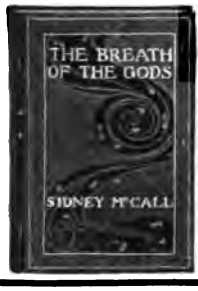
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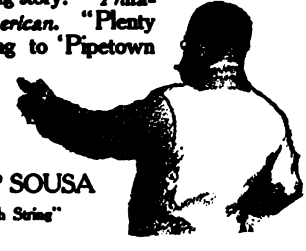
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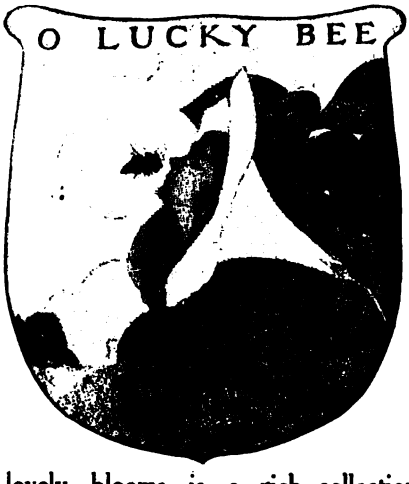
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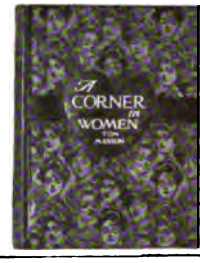


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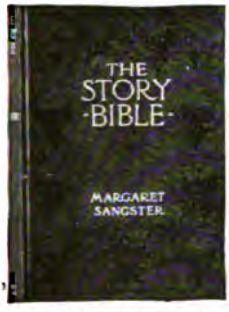
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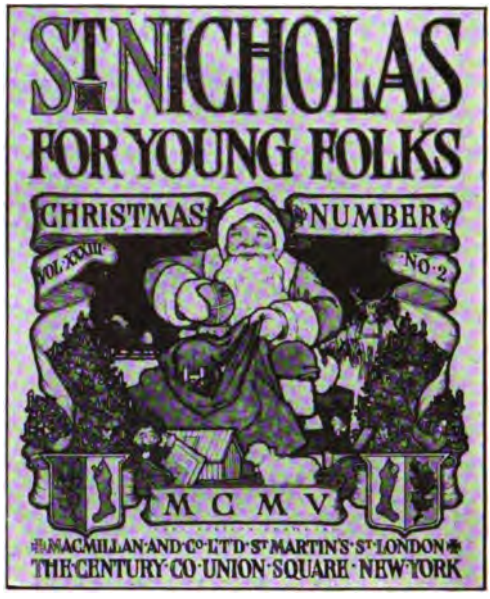
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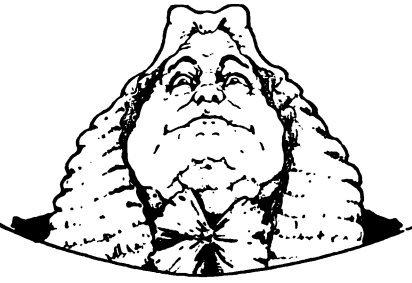
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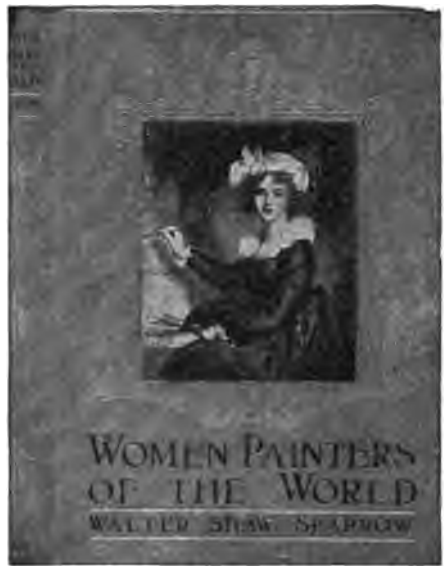
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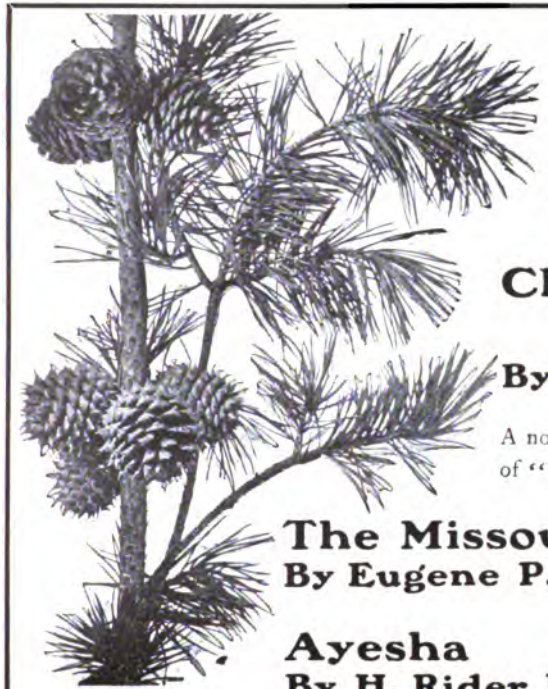
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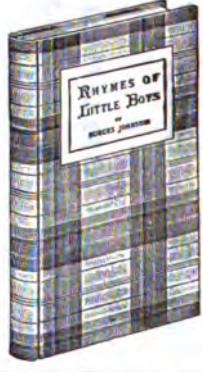
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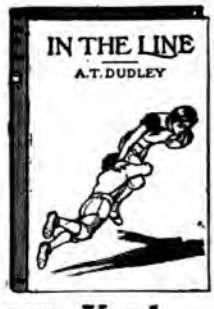
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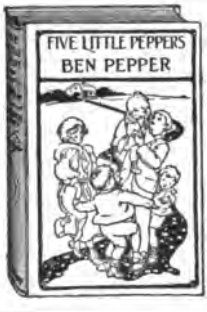
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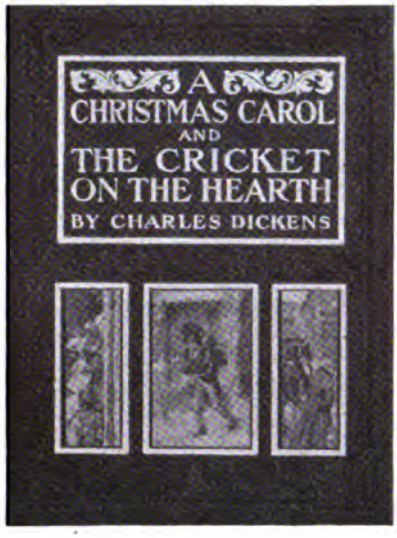
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There will be special articles on various phases of book publishing, such as:

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Famous Literary Clubs

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The title of the third article is in itself so suggestive that it needs little or no explanation. The secret service of to-day and of the days of the Spanish-American War is fully as interesting and exciting as was the secret service of the years of the War of Secession.

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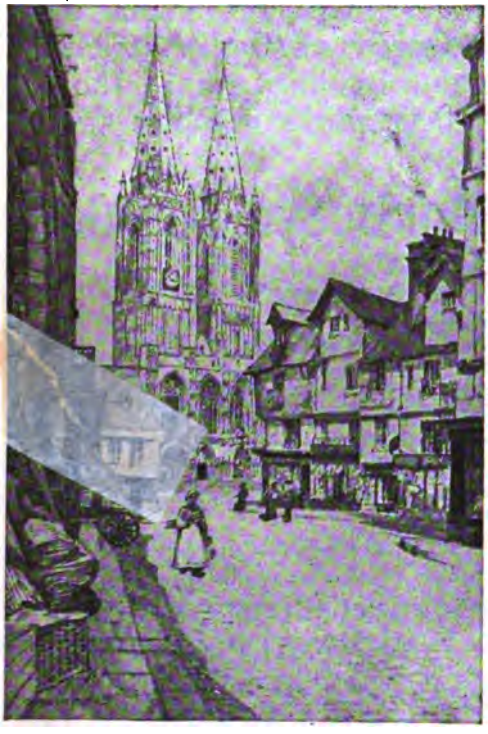
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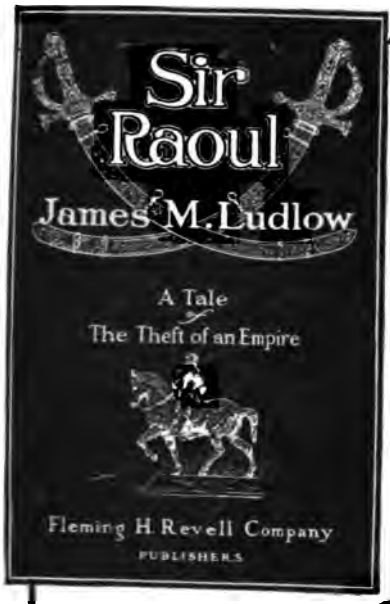
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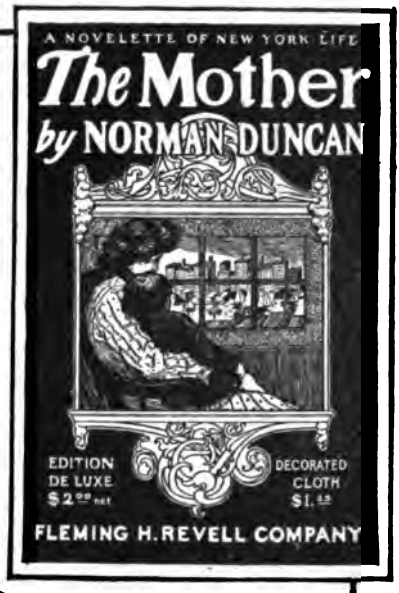
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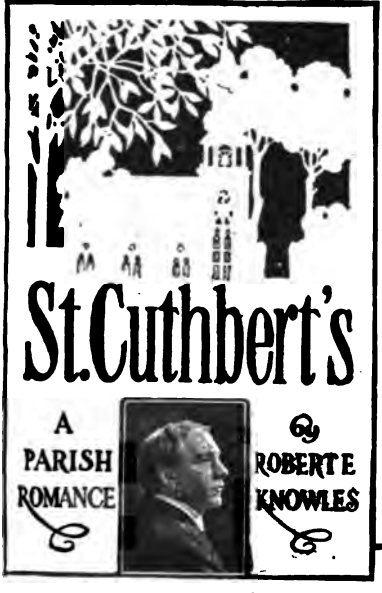
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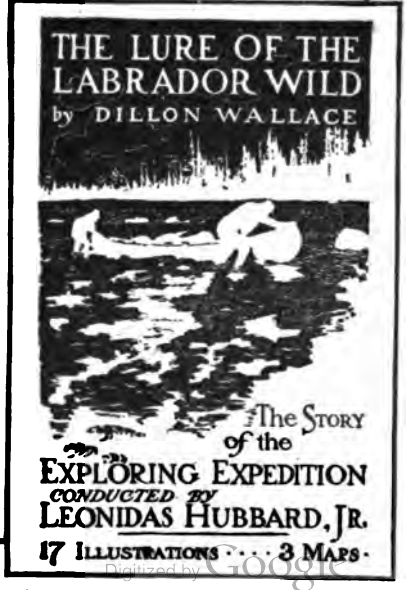
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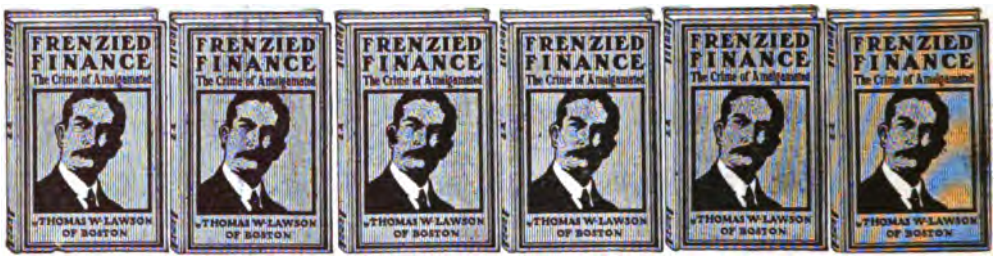
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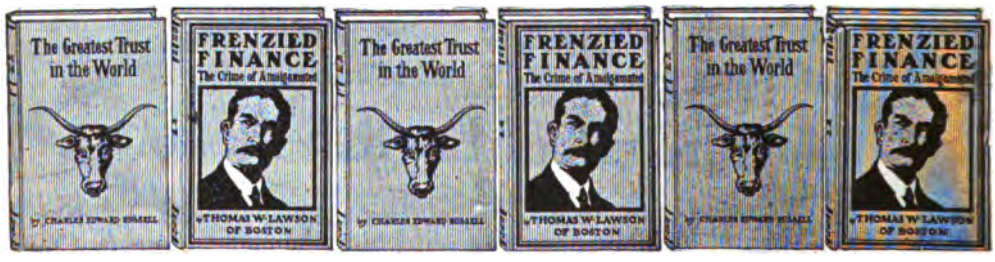


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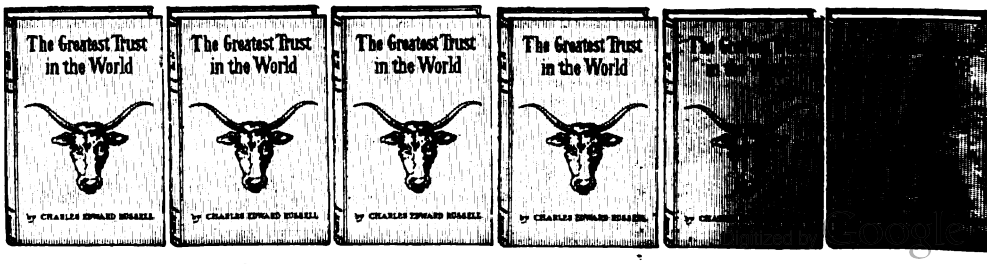
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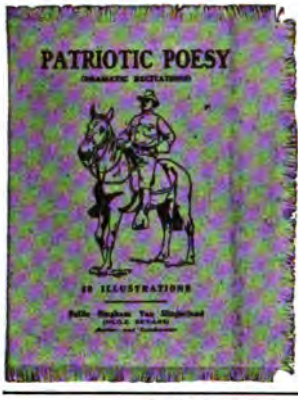
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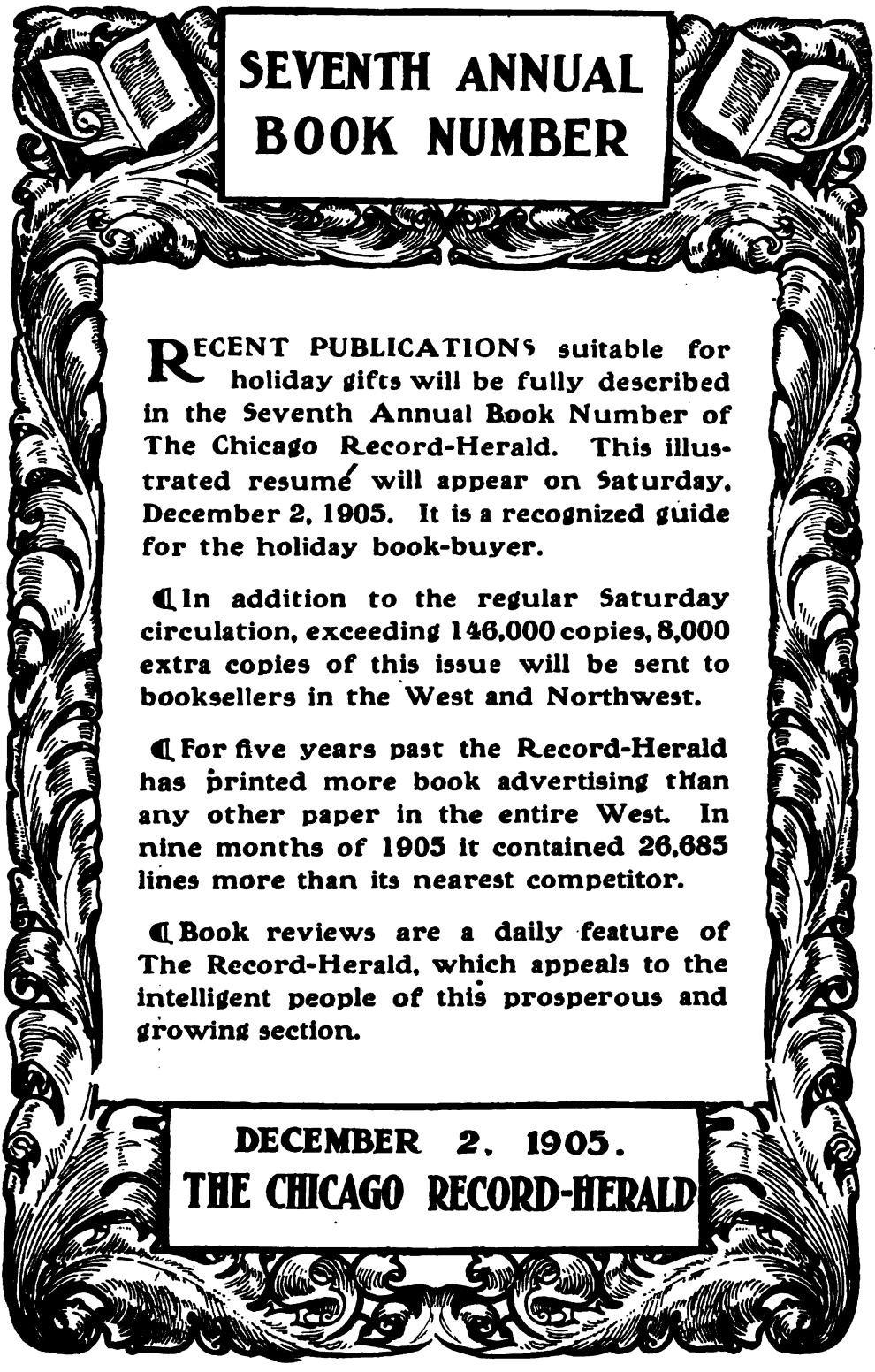
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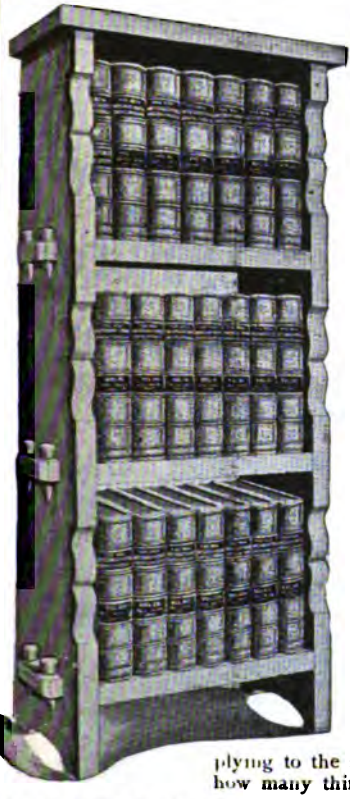
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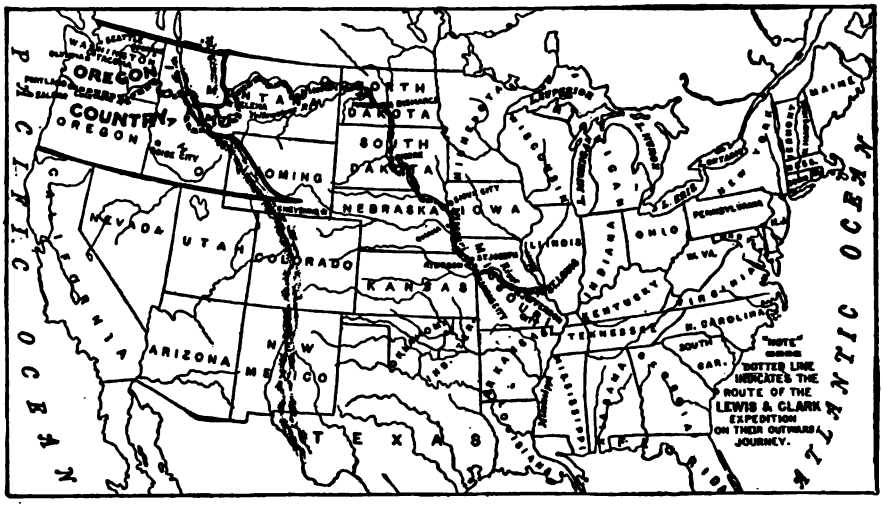


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interesting one, and is told by Dr. Thwaites in detail in the introduction. It is not necessary at this time to go into any argument for the book itself. Suffice it to say that the universal approbation with which it has been received wherever it has gone has proved beyond question the truth of the press statements in regard to it. We offer a few of their comments herewith:

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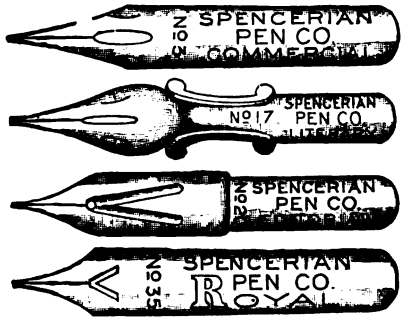
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"THE CURTAIN RISES ON MARY, THE PEASANT MOTHER, WATCHING OVER HER BABE"

See article "The Night of Wonders"

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

DECEMBER 1905

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Oscar Wilde on Browning.

The posthumously published book of Oscar Wilde (to be reviewed in the next issue) has led to a revival of interest in that brilliant though erratic personage. Some of his cleverly paradoxical sayings are being repeated, among them one which may have appeared in print before; but which, as it is new to us, may be new to many of our readers also. Wilde was one day present while a number of his friends were considering the literary merits of George Meredith and Browning. Wilde took no part in the discussion until, after a while, he was asked for his opinion.

"Ah, yes," said he, with a blandly judicial air. "There is Meredith. Now Meredith, you know, is a prose Browning,—and so is Browning!"

"With the Night Mail."

In some respects, Mr. Kipling's story "With the Night Mail," which appeared in the November *McClure's*, must be placed among his highest achievements. A good many of us like the old straightforward style best, preferring our Kipling undiluted by Henry James, yet despite the obscurity which makes any but the most careful reading inadequate, it is impossible to grudge the most outspoken admiration for the marvellous imagination and colouring of this tale of aerial travel in the year of grace 2025. It is doubtful if Kipling has anywhere ever surpassed the paragraph in which he describes how the passengers on the Night Mail see far below the outlines of the hospital airship, carrying its load of tuberculosis patients northward to a sanitarium near the Pole and hear, borne to their ears by the wind, the quavering voices uplifted in thanksgiving: *O ye winds of the Lord. Bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever!*

"The Lightning Conductor."

We want every one of our readers to see the following letter from Mr. C. N. Williamson, joint author of *The Lightning Conductor,* to which allusion was made in some paragraphs of the October BOOKMAN. This letter will be of distinct interest to every one of the thousands of Americans who have read and discussed the book in question. We wish to apologise to Mr. and Mrs. Williamson for anything appearing in the pages of THE BOOKMAN which may have produced a false impression regarding this interesting work.

CHÂLET DES PINS, CAP MARTIN (A.-M.), FRANCE, October 12, 1905.

GENTLEMEN: We have always thought so highly of THE BOOKMAN, and have been so pleased with one or two kindly notices of our work which have appeared in its pages, that it was doubly amazing to find in the October

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number the statement that *"The Lightning Conductor* was frankly and flatly the advertisement of a make of automobile, of an automobile tire, and of a toilet soap." You go on to add that a German firm of motor manufacturers brought a suit against us.

All these statements are false. There is not a shadow of foundation for any of them. My wife and I have received no money or remuneration in any shape from the Napier Company, or from any other manufacturer who by chance may have been mentioned in *The Lightning Conductor* or the other books which we have written. Nor have we been sued by any German firm. All these statements are fabrications.

The Napier car was mentioned in our book because it happened to be the car of the moment in England, having just been the victor in the Gordon Bennett Race; and no favour in return was ever asked or given, or would have been accepted. Neither my wife nor I have had any financial transactions of any kind, direct or indirect, with the Napier Company, or with a soap or tire company. No reputable authors in England would think of degrading their work in the way you suggest we have degraded ours; and it is exceedingly easy for us, if necessary, to prove that we have done nothing of the kind.

Such statements, made with apparent confidence in a paper like THE BOOKMAN, are cal-



MR. HENRY JAMES MR. HOWARD STURGIS
MRS. WHARTON

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CAP MARTIN

MY FRIEND THE CHAUFFEUR — MRS. WILLIAMSON

COLLABORATORS

DRAWING-ROOM — CHÂLET DES PINS

THE AUTHORS OF "THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR"

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JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Portrait by Miss Ben-Yusuf

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culated to do us a great deal of harm; and as we do not for a moment suppose that you would wish to injure us thus gratuitously and unjustly, I ask that you publish this letter in your next issue.

* * * * * *

Faithfully yours,
C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A London magazine says of William Travers Jerome, "There is no explosive element in his psychical make-up," and adds mysteriously that "if Bryan is two-pence coloured, then Jerome is a penny-plain personality," who might "reach the White House if only he could have two or three coats of psychological pigment, but as it is, he will never reach Albany." This is inscrutable, and no one would recognise Jerome from it, but it marks an earnest attempt at the journalism of "intimate touches."

"A Personal Study."

Fate, said Kipling in "A Conference of the Powers," never does things by halves. Only a few months ago we heard of a wild-eyed and irate author who was rushing madly from one London publishing house to another excitedly inquiring if any one knew anything or had heard anything of the whereabouts of his manuscript entitled *Lost, Strayed or Stolen.* Still more recently Fate's business was to look about for an author to be made the victim of the stealing of a story, and doing the work with unfortunate thoroughness, selected the man who first won general attention by the publication of a yarn entitled *The Stolen Story,* which along Park Row is still held to be the best tale ever written about the office of an American newspaper.

The Purloined Pages.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's misfortune, however, was not in the matter of *The Stolen Story* itself, which, by the way, has been dramatised and is, we understand, to be played in New York some time this winter, but concerns the novel upon which he has been working pretty steadily for the past two or three years. This novel was originally called *The Real World.* Then Mr. Robert Herrick's book came out under that title, and Mr. Williams changed the name of his manuscript to *His Share of the World.* Early last summer, when near the end of the first draft, Mr. Williams engaged as secretary an Englishman—whose name does not matter, since he has other names in other places—who professed to have been graduated from Oxford. From the very beginning the secretary insisted upon an ethical standard that was positively embarrassing. Whenever in the course of the narrative the hero did or said anything that was in any way too human he would shake his head sadly and remonstrate gently. That might be life, but it was not the ideal. Apart from this over-sensitiveness, however, he proved efficient and enthusiastic. One part of the novel in particular appealed to him. It would in itself, he said, make a remarkably good plot for a shorter story. That he was thoroughly sincere in expressing this opinion became evident when, one day, the manuscript of his favourite chapters disappeared, and likewise the appreciative secretary, with a hundred dollars more than was due him.

The situation in the purloined pages is something as follows: Two young men, in love with the same girl, are racing across the Atlantic to secure proxies for voting stock which will determine a fight to the finish between "big interests" in Wall Street. Neither is certain of the other's whereabouts. One is on the same steamer with the girl. Just as she is about to engage herself to him, the other—whom she really loves—interrupts with a Marconigram, which causes her to hesitate. Thereafter, in London and Paris each man is trying to discover the other's whereabouts and read his hand. The girl is trying to play fair with both, but every time she permits the unscrupulous rival to be with her she is keeping him from the work he has to do, and every time

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TROUBLE WITH THE SPARKER

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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HARVARD'S FOOTBALL ELEVEN OF 1909, UNDER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT OF HARVARD

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she repels the true lover she is helping him by turning him to the task that means so much to him.

During the past four or five years Mr. Williams has played so small a part in the affairs of "the Literary Shop" as to have raised frequently the question of whether he had not dropped out of it altogether. From time to time a fugitive article signed by him has appeared in one of the magazines, and two years ago were published *The Adventures of a Freshman* and *New York Sketches*. But a good deal more than this had been expected of the man who began with *The Stolen Story*. On Mr. Williams's part this apparent idleness was a matter of design. He came to the conclusion that it would be best to let five or six years go by before beginning to publish in earnest. Accordingly he left New York and settled down in Princeton, where he established the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, which he actively edited until 1903. The greater part of his working time that was not taken up in the conduct of the paper has been devoted to *His Share of the World*, which he considers his first serious effort. It will be finished some time this winter.

Popular Light Illustrations.

Several men of varied interests were sitting casually about a round table in a club reading-room. A casual remark à propos of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's announced intention of giving up a large revenue and a wide and appreciative audience in order to devote himself to more ambitious work, led to a discussion in general about illustrators and illustrations. Some phases of this discussion provoked us to make, quite informally, a canvass as to the one or two most effective light drawings that have appeared in the American press during the past twelve months—not the drawings best in execution, but those that, in an ephemeral way, made the most striking impression. The canvass was quite limited, yet the general agreement of the people who expressed opinions gave it

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considerable significance. Both of the drawings which we present appeared in the pages of *Life*. The one entitled "Trouble with the Sparker" was the choice of the majority of feminine judges, while "The Harvard Football Eleven of 1909—under President Roosevelt" was pronounced by most of the men consulted to be the best comic pictorial hit of the year. In connection with the last-named picture, reference should be made to the tradition that coloured men have been a considerable factor in football at Cambridge, and to the old story that once when the teams came on the field before a Yale-Harvard game, Carter, a famous Yale pitcher, refused to believe that the team wearing the crimson was the real Harvard eleven because the players were all white. It may be of interest to add that a good many of those whose opinions influenced the selection were Harvard men and that the Harvard verdict in favour of this picture was positively unanimous.

Sir Henry Irving.

The remarkable tribute which has been paid throughout Great Britain to the memory of Sir Henry Irving would be difficult of explanation if one were to think of him solely as an actor. We might be obliged to fall back upon the general theory that Britons have an instinctive admiration for mediocrity, especially in the arts. A nation that regards Händel as a great musician and Lord Leighton as a great painter might naturally be expected to acclaim Sir Henry Irving as an actor of the first rank, worthy of a place beside Garrick and Mrs. Siddons. But it is not necessary to suppose that it was to Irving the player that burial in Westminster Abbey was accorded. Few serious dramatic critics will claim for him the honours given to unquestioned genius. He had, to be sure, both temperament and personality, and with these he went far; but there were causes over which he had no control that prevented him from achieving supreme success. His peculiarities of manner, verging in later life upon the grotesque, were among these causes, while his faulty and often bizarre reading of his lines must be regarded as another. Mr. Dixey's once famous burlesque of him in *Adonis* was really not so much a burlesque as it was an extremely clever imitation—not, of course, of Irving at his best, but of Irving at his worst—and the imitation was so faithful that whoever saw it even once could never again find Irving emotionally impressive.

Perhaps the surest test of Irving's place as an actor lies in an honest answer to the question, "In what plays did he make himself best remembered?" And the reply must be "In *The Bells,* in *Louis XI.,* and in *The Lyons Mail.*" But no one of these plays is a great play. They are really melodramas, and the rôles which Irving sustained in them were character rôles. He was, in fact, a character actor, and was at his best only when his own personality was most completely disguised. So, out of all the Shakespearean parts which he enacted, he was greatest as Shylock, which again is a character part, and is thought by some to have been intended by Shakespeare to be partly comic, thereby following the traditions of the earlier plays from which *The Merchant of Venice* was derived. It was difficult indeed to take Irving seriously when he endeavoured to rise to the level of the heroic or the philosophic; and neither in *Macbeth,* on the one hand, nor in its antithetical complement, *Hamlet,* did he ever win more than a *succès d'estime.*

It is, then, not as an actor that he deserved the exceptional admiration which was given him. And though he was a really wonderful stage-manager, this fact could hardly be a sufficient title to the honour paid him. Rather must we ascribe them to the single-mindedness with which he laboured for a serious recognition of the actor's art as being in reality an art, to be studied and respected as any other form of art might be. This was a task of stupendous difficulty among the English—the least artistic of all the Western peoples; yet Irving succeeded in a large measure, and he won the sincere applause both of his own profession and of liberal-minded men and women throughout the English-speaking world.

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The November number of the *North American Review* contains an article on Irving written by Mr. L. F. Austin, whose death preceded Irving's by only a few months. Mr. Austin's association with the actor led to an odd incident. When Irving agreed to deliver an address before the students of Harvard University some years ago, he made use of the literary assistance of Mr. Austin in preparing the discourse. Irving was an uneducated man; and though he had plenty of ideas, his ability to give them definite and coherent form on paper was very limited. So he talked over with Mr. Austin the subject of his address, and the substance of it was written out and polished by the latter. In a very real sense, however, the address was Sir Henry's own. Afterwards, on returning to England, Mr. Austin had the singular disloyalty and bad taste to send a copy of the address to a friend, writing across the title-page the words, "With the compliments of the author."

❧

Twenty years ago, when Professor Brander Matthews was preparing his illustrated edition of Sheridan's comedies,



HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY AS JOSEPH SURFACE AND LADY TEAZLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

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The Rivals and *The School for Scandal,* now long out of print, he was able to include portraits of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour, of Jefferson as Bob Acres, of John Brougham as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, of John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle, and of Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface,—all of them the work either of Mr. E. A. Abbey or of the late C. S. Reinhart. But he had no satisfactory illustration of Lady Teazle or of Joseph Surface; so he engaged the late Fred Barnard to combine these two characters in a single drawing, for which Irving and Miss Terry kindly consented to sit, putting on the costumes which they had worn in the parts. Mr. Irving told Professor Brander Matthews that he and Miss Terry had never played these two parts together, although they had acted the characters with other performers; and he added that they never would play these two parts together, since he would undertake Sir Peter if he ever revived the comedy for Miss Terry.

There has been so much comment upon Mr. Bernard Shaw's alleged attack upon Sir Henry Irving in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, that we reprint a translation of the passages complained of:

"The great event in his life, which crowned it, was his being knighted. He was the first English actor whose social rank was, until then, thus officially stamped, and, what is still more characteristic, he himself had appealed to the Court to be knighted, by demanding, publicly and unmistakably, that he, as head of the London stage, should not be treated otherwise than the president of the Royal Academy, who in England is in the habit of being knighted. The appeal took place in a lecture given by Irving at the Royal Institution, nominally on a dramatic subject, but in reality on the claim of his profession and of himself to the official recognition of their work. Any other actor would have made himself a laughing-stock. Irving was knighted and apologies were even made for the omission hitherto, and delight was expressed at his willingness to accept a title which, later on, he did not so much as cause to be printed on the play-bills.

"His learning and knowledge in matters of art and literature were imaginary. He took care to have a following of authors, with Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, at their head, and the journalists who helped him to write his lectures and speeches behind, but he had no literary taste, and not the very slightest relations with the intellectual life of his time.

"Imagine a young man, his head full of venturesome schemes, shut up in a city office, who after leaving it, begins his career on the stage as a member of a company of players in a provincial town where the theatre, for the majority of the worthy citizens, is regarded as the gate to hell and where playing the piano on a Sunday is looked upon as blasphemy, and then let him, after he has technically made his profession his own in this manner, go for a few years from town to town and finally buy the "Burgtheater" and become its absolute and only manager and proprietor, with romantically inclined millionairesses placing large sums at his disposal for particularly costly representations, and you will have an idea of Irving's position in London."

Mrs. Bayard Taylor.

Mrs. Marie Hansen Taylor (Mrs. Bayard Taylor), whose memoirs, *On Two Continents,* was among the autumn books, is the daughter of Hansen, the noted mathematician and astronomer. As wife of the translator of *Faust* and United States Minister to Germany, and one of the foremost literary figures of his day, she enjoyed for many years a contact with leading men and women of the hour. Among her friends were the Brownings, Thackeray, George William Curtis, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, Swinburne, Bismarck and Grant. She is now nearly eighty years old and is living quietly at her old home in Gotha, Germany, where she first met Bayard Taylor.

A New Edition of Hugo.

For the fame of every man of commanding greatness, especially in the world of letters, the period that immediately follows his disappearance is usually most critical. Then it is that the public begins to distinguish the parts of his message that are of permanent value and to turn aside from the rest. Few are those to whom this law does not apply, and Victor Hugo seems to be one

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of the few. Twenty years have now elapsed since his death, and already three *éditions définitives* of his complete works have appeared, only to be succeeded and, very likely, superseded by a fourth, of which three volumes are now out. The success of these posthumous publications is undoubtedly due to the enormous mass of unpublished material found in Hugo's papers. Each time a new edition appears the public receives something new, and this something is often of the highest value. The characteristic feature of the new edition is that it contains in many cases the early form, the first jet of Hugo's ideas, together with the finished form finally given by him to the public. It is not quite an *editio variorum,* but it comes pretty near to being one. The editor, the old survivor of Romanticism, Paul Meurice, supplies a number of interesting notes. From one of them we



MRS. BAYARD TAYLOR

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VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE AT GUERNSEY

extract the following anecdote relating to the first publication of *Les Contemplations,* in 1856. Napoleon III. was then emperor and Victor Hugo an exile at Guernsey. His last volume of verse, *Les Châtiments,* had been published abroad, and its sale in France was forbidden. Would the government allow *Les Contemplations,* a collection of lyrics without any political bias, to appear? The question was doubtful. Suddenly Paul Meurice remembered that the official at the head of the Public Safety Department in the Ministry of the Interior, Collet-Meygret by name, had been a few years before, under the second Republic, a protégé of the Hugo family, and had been indebted to its influence for his first official position. So he went straight to him and asked for permission to have the book published. The reception was as cordial as could be desired and Collet-Meygret at once expressed a wish to be able to show to his former friends that he was not ungrateful. "The book has nothing to which the government may take exception?" he asked. "Nothing," was the answer. "Well, let me see the manuscript." To this Meurice demurred. To show his manuscript to an imperial "fonctionnaire" was more than Hugo could be asked to do. "Then I can do nothing," retorted Collet-Meygret. But as Meurice was about to step out of the room the Director of Public Safety ran after him: "No," he exclaimed; "it shall not be said that the Hugo family was refused by me in the first request that they had to proffer. You give me your word of honour that there is absolutely nothing about politics in the book?" "Yes," Meurice answered. "Well, go on and print it!" And to this interview was due the fact that the *Contemplations* was printed in France and not abroad. Later no difficulties were encountered for the publication of *La Légende des Siècles* and *Les Misérables,* but not until 1867 was the Théâtre Français allowed to revive one of Hugo's dramas. As for the new edition, it will be complete in forty volumes, and its publication will occupy four years. It is printed by the Imprimerie Nationale. When will the Public Printer at Washington give us anything to compare with it in literary interest?

Paul Kester, the dramatist, and Vaughan Kester, the novelist, recently purchased Augill Castle, in a picturesque section of Westmoreland County, England, and are to use it for a summer home. The castle has round towers,

Augill Castle.

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AUGILL CASTLE

lancet windows and a parapet, with high loopholes for cannon. It has also plenty of history and tradition clustering about it to make it interesting. The Kesters' American home for the last five or six years has been Woodlawn Mansion, Fairfax County, Virginia, famous for being the home of Nellie Custis. Before leaving New York, their home was in the curious, rambling structure on the Riverside Drive, known as "the Big White House."

A widely distributed appeal for a Jewish orphan asylum in Jerusalem is accompanied by an English translation, from which we may be pardoned for quoting the following passage not only for the sake of the charity but for the sake of the language:

English via Jerusalem.

MERCIFULL BRETHERN AND SISTERS!

As it is well known to you dear brethern the distress position of our orphans and parantless children in Jerusalem, who have no one to care for them quite solitary in the world, who are short in almost every thing, as food drink clothing and hospitality, or to have one to look after them to bring them up in maneliness and education so that they should be of some use in the world and a relief to themselves: Alas; their extrem position in explaining to your ignorathy is quite unpossible to subscribe for like vagabonds about the streets they may seem toiling, consequntly of not having any home we therefore took the much trodble to do the best we can, and we have rented a place for them where they are taken good care of, and supplied with food dirnk and clothing in their lodgings. but the setlehment containing of one large appartment only, and the noumber of the poor orphans being 200, in which place it is very unpossible to hold the amount for it is difficult to breath even which was under the controlum J. L. Diskni the Rabbi of Brisk, who rented the place and did the best he could for them to bring them up in education by the holy Torah and manliness; also thous who are not fitfull seemingly le education; proffesions is learned to them of all kinds, such as smiths joiners tailors shoe makers etc. also from all the residence of Palestine the orphans and parantless are sent to us so the amount is presently above 200 of orphans who cry in distress in their solitation and for which the weekly expense is 1500 fr.

But the most sorrow and difhcultys the dispossing a setlement of our own for the much trouble of removing every year to new places.

Time was when it was the custom to find huge amusement in certain features of the works of M. Eugène Sue. We confessed to a genuine liking for the thrills afforded by a perusal of *The Mysteries of Paris*, but some of its extravagances provoked us to positive

Apologies to Eugène Sue.

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laughter. There have always been slums in all great cities, and these slums have always bred misery and crime; but where, save in the riotous imagination of the romance writer, could one meet people bearing such picturesque nicknames as "the Ogress" and "the Slasher" and "the Slaughterer"? Some of the newspaper accounts in connection with the recent New York City election, however, have caused us to amend our ideas considerably, and to venture the opinion that an apology of some sort seems to be due M. Sue. A not altogether unbiassed organ assured us that the men chiefly employed by the gentleman to whom Mr. Jerome was wont to refer as "the barkeeper of Good Ground" were in the main murderers, bank burglars and so on down the list of crim-



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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inals to doormat thieves. Furthermore that they were members of organisations bearing such names as:

Five Points gang.
Monk Eastman gang.
Humpty Jackson gang.
Cherry Hill gang.
Paul Kelly gang.
"Blute's Guerrillas."
The "Why-Os."
"Razor" Riley's gang.
"Mike the Bites" mob.
The "Gas House" gang.
"Kid" Gorman's gang.
"Hell's Kitchen" gang.
"Ike" Fadinski's gang.
The "Biggy" Donovan gang.

One of these gangs, we were informed, had its headquarters in a saloon on the Bowery known as the "Tub of Blood." We cannot see that the most dark and thrilling chapters of *The Mysteries of Paris* have anything on this.

THE STAR

A star arose o'er Bethlehem, and many paused to see
The wondrous light flood hill and vale so full of mystery:
The shepherds bowed their heads in prayer, the wicked stopped to pray
For grace and pity on their souls, nor knew 'twas Christmas day.

A star arose o'er Bethlehem, each rock and hill and tree
Swam then in waves of amethyst, and far as one could see
The purple shades upon the hills, the gold of leaf and stem—
All this they saw with wondering eyes, nor knew it was for them.

A star arose o'er Bethlehem, O lost and weak and bound!
There is a promise in the words, a solace in the sound.
O turn thy face towards Judah's plain, its lowly manger see,
And know the star o'er Bethlehem is now a star for thee!

Ruth Sterry.



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THE NIGHT OF WONDERS

(A description of the Manger Plays given at Christmas time by the children of Dachau, Bavaria, under the direction of Alois Fleischmann.)



A SOFT snow was falling over the low red roofs and the cap-shaped church towers of Dachau, covering the village with Christmas whiteness. In a narrow street a child's face was pressed against the pane and two sad eyes looked out through the storm to the house across the way, where the needled boughs of a Christmas-tree were silhouetted against the drawn curtain. Now and again the curly head of a child danced by on the curtain, or a pair of tiny hands stretched up for a moment to light the candles, and each time the lump in the throat of the boy who stood looking out into the night grew larger, and at last the hot tears sprang to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. This year it needs must be that there was no Christmas-tree in his home, and his heart rebelled against being robbed of its birthright,—the joy of this season that belongs to every child born in Christian lands today. And the pain grew deeper and deeper, cutting more cruelly into his sensitive heart, until the next day, when, with his hand in his father's, he went out into the cold and stillness, followed the pathway down the village hillslope, and cut across the trackless fields to the woods. The storm had ceased, and the sunlight breaking through the clouds suddenly caught up tree after tree, changing their snow-decked branches into a blaze of iridescent colour. A hundred, a thousand, Christmas-trees stretched out before the boy's eyes, and the pain in his heart was stilled.

The boy grew up in the little village, spending long afternoons perched on the wall of the Hofgarten, looking down over the unbroken moor to where the two towers of the Munich Frauen-Kirche rise grey against the horizon; swimming the zigzag course of the Amper River; hunting ghosts at midnight in the old castle on the hill; and wandering off for days at a time into the woods, where he told his heart out to the trees, and wrote his first songs, which he sang only to the birds. There came the time when the music was laid before the master, Rheinburger; the years when each day found the boy before piano or organ for hours reaching into hours, and each night taking his place in the crowded ranks of the stehpläzer in concert hall or opera house, learning his Bach and Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms.

With the end of student days he went back to his home in Dachau to be the musical director and organist in the church of the little village, where spring and autumn, dawn and sunset, birth and death, were still miracles. The boy had grown to manhood, but much of the child lingered yet in his nature, and sent him tramping through the woods for the first spring wild flowers or skating at moonlight on the black ice of the forest pool. Thus it was that with the approach of Christmastide there came over him the memories of that night long ago, the dusk, the storm and the Christmas-tree across the way. The memory and the rebellion cost him sleep and long hours of dreaming, but finally from it was born the Kriepenspiele at Dachau—the Manger Plays for the children of this Bavarian village at Christmastide.

In the annals of the town in the tenth century it stands written that there was given yearly in Dachau a passion play, and perhaps it was but the reincarnation in Alois Fleischmann of this old dramatic spirit that led him to create his Manger Plays, and, quite unknown to himself, present them in the hall that stands now on the same spot where the Burger Theatre long since crumbled into ruins. This same dramatic spirit, Herr Fleischmann found, too, was dormant in the children of the village, and it is no small part of his genius that he has in no way sought to implant in his group of little players an outside polish, either of word or gesture, but rather to foster

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the instinct that he found awaiting his touch.

Three years ago he called together a group of the village children, and, feeling his way, worked out with them the dramatisation of a fairy tale. The delight pictured on their faces, the response of their spirit to his, set his imagination afire, and the approach of the next Christmas found him again with the boys and girls about him listening as he read them the story of an old Miracle Play from out the sixteenth century, and played them his music, into which he had woven the old hymn "Heilige Nacht."

How contagious is the joy of children! The story of their Kriepenspiel that they were to give at Christmas time spread through the village. It stirred the art colony that has found in Dachau the Barbizon of Bavaria. Rumours of it even reached as far as Munich. Thus it was that the third year, the composer, seeing ever higher than he could build, looked about and found others awaiting to help him. When, after much research, he selected as a third play a single Christmas legend by the Swedish writer Selma Lagerlöf, a Munich poet, Langheinrich, was ready to put it into dramatic form; two artists stood at hand to illustrate the text and help with costumes and scenery, and at all three performances of the play crowds came from Munich, until the road winding up the hill from the station was black with people, many of whom had to be turned from the door for lack of room in the hall.

A solemn hush fell over the crowd as the composer made his way through the orchestra to the conductor's desk. In no wise this year had he fettered his imagination, and the music of his prelude spoke a language incomprehensible to many of the simple villagers that were gathered there, but to one and all, in greater or less degree, it brought again the feeling of mystery and wonder that is dying out of Christmas to-day.

As the last notes of the prelude and chorus ceased, without in this night a voice calls anxiously, "Have mercy, open to me thy door. My wife has borne a child. I have no fire to keep them warm. They die of the cold. Give me but a spark from thy hearthstones!" And the chorus, humanity, calls again to ask the meaning of love and the meaning of mercy, while the heavenly voice replies that in this night he who will open his eyes and ears shall learn what is this new power that has come to redeem the world.

The curtain rises, and one slowly distinguishes in the dim light a herdsman wrapped in his uncombed sheepskin sleeping before his fire. Three shepherd boys, whose brown legs and arms needed little or no make-up, have come together to while away the long winter evening. The most rebellious sheep of the flock has been gathered into the fold, and the herdsman's heavy breathing assures the lads that they have the night and the field to themselves. One boy raises his flute to his lips and blows a few minor notes. Far across the moor answers another flute in the same plaintive key, and its voice awakens another more distant yet. Then, as the sound dies, we hear the boys talking together in the soft Bavarian dialect.

"I don't know what it is about this night that makes me feel so happy and yet so restless," muses one half aloud. "The moon is red as a northern light, and I can't go to sleep. Come, let us set up our marbles and give riddles. Three guesses right and the marbles are won."

Very simple and primitive are the riddles that follow, but they are given with such natural and apparent delight that the audience is quite captivated.

Nine little hares on a beechwood tree,
A hunter passes and shoots down three:
The number left now tell to me?

"Six, of course," scornfully answer the others. "Do you think we cannot count?"

"Ah, but you are wrong," is the answer, none the less scornful. "Three were left there. The six live ones ran away;" and peals of laughter break from the three throats.

In the midst of guessing the fourth riddle another shepherd lad comes running in through the darkness, his hand at his throat as he struggles for breath to explain his flight.

"Oh, give heed, lads. I have been running about here, there and everywhere from sheer fright."

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"ONE BOY RAISED HIS FLUTE AND BLEW A FEW MINOR NOTES"

See page 319



"CHILD ANGELS GUARDED THE MOTHER ON EITHER SIDE"

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His voice awakens the herdsman, who springs angrily to his feet. But the disturber of his peace soon assures him that it was not wanton mirth that has brought him here at this hour of the night, but a strange tale that he has to relate.

"We were lying at the fold on the borderland of the sloping meadow. The sheep were all asleep, their heads on one another's backs. Only the cry of an ewe lamb or the wind in the poplar-trees broke across the stillness, when suddenly Sultan began to bark. Moreover, we heard a voice in the village crying, 'I beg for mercy. Let me in. A child has been born to us and we have no fire. It dies of the cold.' What else was said we do not know, but no window went up and no door opened. Then the stranger came running across the fields and over the black thorn. The dogs were aroused, and stood before him with open mouths; but listen! they could not bite him. 'Praise God,' we said, 'the sheep lie between. He cannot reach us.' But give heed. No sooner had this thought flashed through our minds than we saw him coming over to us, stepping on the sheep's backs. They lay as still as if they were accustomed to the pressure of his feet.

"The full moon rose behind him as he stood there in our midst. Our faces were white as cheese and our knees trembled beneath us. But he said in a voice all kindness, 'Good shepherds, have you not a warm fire?' Then I took heart and replied, 'Ours is almost out, but there, over the way, by the great house, is the fire that burns the night through.' 'Then bring me there,' he begged, and thus I have done, although I would rather have done aught else in the world; but here the stranger is!"

The shepherds fall back as the stranger, clad in a rough mantle, and leaning heavily upon his staff, enters. Stretching out one hand towards the glowing fire, he begins in calm but earnest voice:

"Pardon me, shepherds. I am a poor carpenter, a stranger in these parts. Lend me a little fire. My wife has born a child, and I must have fire to warm them."

The herdsman's face has grown hard during this speech, and now he steps forward angrily. "Begging I could never abide. And I know you, too, you magician, player with fire. With me your arts shall not succeed!" And he hurls his long spear at the stranger.

But the spear rebounds upon itself and sinks to the ground. The herdsman steps back abashed as it falls at his feet. "What night of wonders didst thou bring with thee, stranger, that all bow before thee?" he stammers. "The savage dogs can only dumbly show their teeth, the ram, that cares only for its fodder, does not attack thee. A word from thy mouth silences the lads, and my trusty spear recoils from thy very glance. I am not afraid, and yet I shiver. Take as much as thou wishest from my fire," he adds scornfully, seeing there is no shovel nor tongs near by.

But the stranger unhesitatingly bends over the hearthstones, and taking a few of the live coals in his bare hands, wraps them beneath his mantle, and with a word of thanks turns to go, while the shepherds look from one to the other in amazement, crying, "See, the fire does not burn him!"

And the herdsman arrests the departing stranger, begging him to tell what power it is that can subdue both hatred and heat. "Tell me," he begs, "for I, too, would gladly give my heart to such a power."

The stranger's reply is simple. "I do not know. I am anxious for my wife and child. Farewell."

Still dazed, the herdsman turns to the boys. "Up, let us follow him and see if we can find the meaning to these wonders."

Softly sound the shepherd flutes as the curtain falls.

Again the orchestra plays, giving us the lonely beauty, the thousand voice, the treacherous ways, the manifold mysteries of a winter's night on the Dachau moor. In the midst of it a strange troop is seen coming down through the audience; a swarthy-faced little figure, clad in a turban bound with jewels and garments of Oriental splendour, comes on the stage surrounded by princely escort and speaks. "We are three princes from the East, led hither by a beautiful star, that ever guided our feet northwards, bidding us ever hasten, for a king was near the earth. Last night we slept in Munich, but now

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we stand on the cold moor, and our star has set. A moment before King Herod rode by and begged us to bear his greetings to the poor little naked child."

The other wisemen have come upon the stage, and now they ask together:

Thou little child king, livest thou far from here?
So still is the world shut in by snow.

And the second wiseman turns his face back again to the East, as he thinks of the sunlight on the palm-trees and the great ripening fruit of Paradise back in the homeland, while his heart rebels against the grey moor and the star now set that has led them on this idle quest. But the others chide him, for they see that the star has not set, but is just rising, and with its light they perceive another band approaching them. It is the stranger carrying home his coals of fire, followed by the shepherds.

The wisemen accost them. "We have come hither, led by a star, that told us that here, lost in the night, a king should be born. There on the hilltop we see a castle stands. Do you know if a king has been born there to-night?"

The herdsman shakes his head. "Nay, the old castle is empty. But I ask you to pardon me if I tarry no longer. The stranger here is in great haste. His little naked child is dying of cold on its mother's breast."

The first wiseman turns towards the stranger and speaks as if thinking aloud, "Did not Herod speak of such a poor, naked babe? Where is your little child? Could it be a king?"

With the same calm dignity that has always characterised the stranger, he replies:

"A king, sirs, such as you seek lies not on hay and straw, but on a bed of down, like King Solomon. And still my little baby's face is full of heavenly light, and round his little forehead shines a crown of glistening stars. And, as the light of heaven breaks o'er the village from yon star, so glows from out his eyes a wondrous light. Now mother and child await the fire I bring. We dwell within a cattle stall. The way is not so bad; follow me up the hill and through the quiet lane, that I can show you mother and child, forsaken by all the world."

The curtain falls, to rise again on Mary, the peasant mother, watching over her babe as it lies wrapped in its swaddling clothes on his little pallet of straw. A host of child angels guard the mother on either side, and before the baby kneels the stranger, the shepherds and the wisemen. The herdsman's voice breaks the silence as he presses forward beseeching the stranger to take his sheepskin coat to cover his little child.

"When my own little child died I killed his favourite lamb to avenge my grief," he continues, "and bound the skin against my aching heart. As I look at your little babe lying there in the cold my old pain awakes again. Wrap the child in this lambskin. But what vision is this?" The herdsman falls back, for as he spreads the coat over the child the hut becomes flooded with light, and there among the angels he perceives the smiling face of his own child, while with the song of the chorus the curtain falls.

The early grey twilight was falling over Dachau some three days later, and the young composer had closed his piano in despair and rushed down the stairs into the street. With the freedom from rehearsals and the excitement of the performances now outlived, he could see only the problems confronting future years and the failure ever to reach the border line of his ideal.

As he wandered down the hill's slope the school doors opened and a laughing, shouting crowd of boys tumbled out about him. In their midst he recognised three faces, swarthy yet, of the proud kings of Witschi, Wutschi and Sarkapaud, who had absolutely refused to return to their natural selves again. A score of caps came off as the little urchins noticed the passing figure wrapped in his long cape, and a smile broke over his solemn face as he responded with many a "Grüss dich Gott." His step grew elastic again, and he threw back his head to watch for the evening star just rising. The song that he had been trying in vain to catch all day sang itself calmly and sweetly within his ear. As he strolled along the familiar pathway to the woods, memory after memory flashed by. He saw him-

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self a boy again, his hand in his father's, and felt again that pain deep in his heart because he had no Christmas-tree, and then there welled up within him the music of his Kriepenspiel, born of this pain. He thought again of the children, the shepherd lads telling their riddles about the fire, and the dark-faced little princes coming across the moor. He saw again the little fellows who refused to have the black washed off their faces, and heard the voices of the children as they plead with him after the play to promise them a part next Christmas. And then his thoughts spanned the years to come, when these lads should be grown to manhood. He saw their faces heavy and stolid now, their shoulders bent, their hands hard and callous, as they went out to their work at sunrise and returned silent and weary at evening. And he saw them turning back to their boyhood again as he so often did to his, particularly at Christmastide; seeing again that dim room, hearing the music and the simple story of the Night of Wonders.

He paused for a moment as he stood before the forest pool looking down into its silent depths. A tiny pebble slipped from his fingers and fell into the dark water. He watched it sink, and then saw the circles rise upon the surface, one around the other, each one larger than the one before, until the last swelled and blended with the shadows of the pool, and then he knew again that a lifetime is but as the smallest inmost circle, and that only in the passing of generation into generation can one measure how his art has spanned the distance between human life and the boundaries of his ideal.

Maude Barrows Dutton.

AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

VI. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND



A YOUNG married American woman living in London was presented to Queen Victoria, who paid her a pretty personal compliment. A couple of hours later, at a tea at the American Embassy, a daughter of the Queen conveyed an intimation to the same American lady that she would soon be invited to Windsor Castle. This unusual incident was, naturally, much the talk of society in London, and I heard every particular, for I was at the time visiting the home of the young American woman and her husband. Some years later I worked the incident into a story, and it was pretty generally sneered at by reviewers as a silly example of a writer venturing into social places about which, of course, he could know nothing. I'm case-hardened against that sort of criticism, but I took notice of a polite personal letter from a college lecturer on literature, who wrote to me condemning the use of such a highly improbable invention. To him I explained. He was all right; he wrote and delivered a lecture on the inexpediency of the use of fact in fiction!

I've had lots of fun out of an assumption in certain places that I am Bowery-derived—an assumption which has aided some of my critics in knowing that I know nothing about polite people. I once made use, in a short story, of some adventures I shared with a couple of Harvard men while travelling in the Hawaiian Islands. This made one Harvard undergraduate so angry that he could not resist the call to rebuke me. That I should presume to speak of men and measures not of the Bowery made him sad, he said; but that I should attempt to tell what a Harvard man would do under any circumstance was a piece of impertinence he could not encounter without protest. His further remarks and advice conveyed the impression that Har-

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vard, as a social institution, depended much upon his sprightly resentment of such offending as mine. Not long after that I was a guest of Harvard Union, and inquired as to my correspondent, but no one could inform me. One took the trouble, however, to pursue his search as far as the records, and reported that there was, indeed, such a person there, but that he "was a mucker no one knew."

In my youth I reported for a newspaper a trial at law, famous throughout the mining States and Territories, which revealed that a mine swindle had been perpetrated through the "salting" of a bag of ore samples by an injection of a solution of gold. The cautious expert, who had personally broken down the samples of ore, had placed the bag containing them under his pillow at night, but the needle of the syringe had got there *tout de même*. Well, I used that incident in a magazine story not long ago, and promptly received a letter from a man whose letter-head acclaimed him to be a metallurgist and assayer, firmly informing me that such a trick was a chemical impossibility, and adding that I should shun such technicalities in fiction. One more story of this kind and then I'll tell what I'm driving at. In *Lees and Leaven* there is a deed to be recorded under circumstances related to the plot, and I told how it was done. From out of the West, where that part of the story lay, I received a number of letters protesting against my highly illegal procedure. I don't know about that, either, for I had asked a lawyer who attends to such matters for a number of important industrial corporations, and I had recorded the deed strictly in accordance with his advice.

Here, then, is the point: am I alone among writers in this matter of receiving letters condemning me for errors I have not committed? I set down these few cases, but I recall scores. I think that many such fault-finding letters have been rejected by some newspaper, and the writers send them to authors after failing to get them into print. They sound like "letters to the editor," and I wonder if other authors do not receive many more than they have admitted in this series of confessions. The man who approves is usually in a state of mind milder than that which moves him who disapproves, and the latter is the one who more often feels that the world will be better if he weeps forth his feelings from a fountain pen.

Harper's Weekly once turned over to me a letter from a Cincinnati lawyer scolding that excellent repository of Mr. Harvey's thoughts for printing a "Chimmie Fadden" sketch wherein, asserted the indignant letter writer, I had been guilty of absolute indecency in "Chimmie's" account of a night at the opera. In dismay I turned to the printed page and found that "Chimmie" had related, with some such reservations as one would make in telling the story to a child, the plot of *Faust!* That letter I answered, pointing out that the Faust story in some form had been able to maintain a respectable place in literature so long that my Bowdlerised edition did not deserve the scorn of even the righteous. But the letter writer was not satisfied; he saw a low purpose on my part in thrusting such a story before the pure eyes of Harpers' readers, who, he told me, were a different sort, morally, from the godless patrons of the opera.

I have had many, perhaps more than a just share, of letters of commendation; but, I repeat, those who dispraise have been very busy with my hide. The answer is obvious, of course, if one were asked to give a reason—I've got only what I deserve—yet I wonder if I am alone among authors in this respect.

A correspondence which came from every part of the country arose from my use, in the person of "Major Max," of the lines:

> Is it true, O Christ in heaven! that the wisest suffer most,
> That the strongest wander farthest and most hopelessly are lost,
> That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
> That the anguish of the singer lends its sweetness to the strain?

I would not dare to give an estimate of the number of letters I received asking the name of the author, what more verses, if any, there were, in what book the whole poem could be had, and similar questions. The *Sun*, in which that "Max" story first

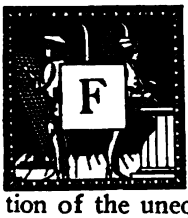
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appeared, found it expedient more than once, so many similar letters it received asking such information, to print replies in its answers to correspondents department.

What seems to me to be the most whimsical letter I ever received was from a New York merchant, asking if the copyright in my books prevented the use of a menu one of them contained. Being assured that my menus were free to all, he explained that he wanted to give a certain chef an order to duplicate a dinner I described in *Days Like These*, but that a painful experience he had had with the law prompted him to ask my consent before proceeding with his dinner *à la* Garnett.

THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS IN VEVEY

AUGUST, 1905.



EW of the numerous tourists who visit Switzerland fail to spend a few days on the shores of the lake of Geneva, in Vevey, in Clarens or in Montreux. To the fascination of the unequalled scenery are added the pleasures of innumerable literary reminiscences, from Rousseau and Byron down to Henry James. But this year the number of visitors to the little town of Vevey, the native place of Madame de Warens, Rousseau's great friend, and of the melancholy poet Henri Durand, was unusually great. All had made it a point not to miss an opportunity which hardly ever returns in a man's life, namely, to witness one of the most original, most picturesque and most artistic spectacles that can be imagined. At an average, the "Fête des Vignerons" can be seen each fifteenth or twentieth year, but the interval can also be longer; the last one had taken place in 1889, and the second last in 1865. This fact explains why comparatively little is known about it in the general public. Yet there are enough enthusiastic descriptions due to the pens of distinguished writers, such as Théophile Gautier's often-quoted essay in the *Moniteur Universel* of August, 1865, or Édouard Rod's chapter in his novel *La Haut*.* Of special interest for Americans is the extremely sympathetic account of the "fête" of 1833 by Fenimore Cooper in *The Headsman of Bern*. Every one who has in the slightest degree a sense of appreciation for the artistic and the picturesque, be he Swiss, or French, or American, carries away from Vevey an impression never to be forgotten.

*The same author has again taken up the subject in a scholarly article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June, 1905, where he offers a historic explanation of the fête.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FÊTE.

About four centuries ago—we do not know exactly, because the archives of the town were destroyed by fire in 1688—there was established in Vevey a society which to-day is known as the "Confrérie des Vignerons" (Guild of the Vinedressers). Their purpose was to encourage the cultivation of the soil, which consisted almost exclusively of vineyards. The title of "Abbé," given to the chief officer up to the present day, points, perhaps, to a completely ecclesiastical character of the organisation in its earlier days. Several times each year the vineyards were carefully visited and the labourers, according to their work, were either punished by fines or rewarded by prizes. Still to-day marks are given to each vinedresser twice a year, and after three years those who have earned the highest number of points are solemnly crowned. This ceremony is the origin of the present festivals.

They were very simple at first: a procession in town, followed by a banquet, which, as the statutes recommend, ought to be "modéré." In the eighteenth century, while all the other guilds disappear

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by and by, the "Confrérie des Vignerons" and its fêtes not only remain, but still gain in importance. The procession becomes more elaborate; among other things, they carry symbols of the society, a statue of Saint Urban, a Bacchus and a goddess of Charity—a queer association indeed. In 1747, a young butcher, disguised as a fair Ceres, addressed the vinedressers. The "Fête" of 1783 remained famous because as many as eight musicians were seen playing together for the procession and the dances. In 1798 the spectacle assumed the form which tradition has kept up ever since—namely, a succession of allegories and symbols representing the pleasures and hardships of the four seasons. The expenses that year seemed very heavy, but they were all covered with 3000 francs, or $600; in 1819 they amounted already to 16,000 francs, in 1833 to 27,000, in 1851 to 64,000, in 1865 to 144,000, in 1889 to 200,000, and in 1905 to 360,000. The number of "figurants" rises from 200, in 1798, to 1800, in 1905, and the seating capacity of the amphitheatre from 2000, in 1851, to 12,500, in 1905. The play of 1905 was given six times; it was the twenty-fifth since the organisation of the "Confrérie," about 350 years ago.

The "Fête" of 1905.

The composition of the play or of the lyric poem, however one may choose to call it, had been entrusted to the composer Gustave Doret, a native of Vevey, whose new opera, *Les Armaillis*, is now rehearsed for the next season in Paris (Théâtre National de l'Opéra Comique). The author of the libretto was a young Swiss playwright of great talent, René Morax; the brother of the latter, Jean Morax, a successful painter in Paris, was in charge of the costumes and decorations. The soloists were just as carefully picked out: one of them was the famous Mrs. Welti-Herzog from Zurich, now established in Berlin, and who took the part of the priestess of Ceres. All the other actors were of course people from Vevey or peasants of neighbouring villages.

Early in the morning, on the days of representation, throngs of people enter Vevey by special trains or steamers, while all the hotels and a great many private houses have been overfilled with guests the night before. A great animation prevails in the streets of the coquettishly decorated town. Everywhere you come across some of the "figurants" in their picturesque dresses, betaking themselves to the place of rendezvous of their respective groups: here a fair peasant girl in the national costume, there a shepherd with his hook, further some bacchant or some satyr, or a little girl in a pink Watteau costume, then again a big old lancer of the Swiss Corps, or a priestess of Pales—all are walking gaily, and delightfully conscious of the interest they arouse around them.

By and by the stream of visitors reaches the amphitheatre, a huge construction filling the whole "Place du Marché." It does not take long before all the seats are occupied by the thousands of people in gay attire, chatting and laughing. All the windows of surrounding houses also swarm with men, women and children; hosts of boys are seated astride on the top of the roofs and of the attic windows; there, on the left, a family has simply removed a large part of the tiles of the house, and about sixty heads are seen peeping through the wide opening.

Prompt at a quarter to eight the Corps of the Old Swiss soldiers, in their red uniforms, enter through the middle portal (see our pictures), marching proudly by the sound of the big drums and shrill fifers. Every one of those men has been carefully selected; they symbolise admirably well the stubborn defenders of the freedom of the little country against the powerful barons and tyrants of past centuries. They line up in two double rows facing each other, and present arms. And now, while the cannon is thundering, all the bells of the churches ringing joyously, and the drums beating and the fifers playing vigorously, solemnly the "Abbé" advances, followed by the whole "Confrérie" and by the crowned vinedressers. In passing by the flag, they all respectfully uncover their heads. The audience salutes and applauds frantically.

The Swiss guard has withdrawn towards the sides of the immense stage

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(200 x 300 feet). Five military bands start on a powerful triumphal march, and the four groups of Winter, Spring, Summer and Autumn enter at the same time by the three porticoes on the back. The whole procession of 1800 people moves slowly over the podium. The sight is an imposing one; it lasts about fifteen minutes. The chariots with Pales, Ceres and Bacchus take position back of the singers, as shown in our first picture. The choir "Invocation à l'Agriculture" follows:

O notre mère, éternelle et féconde,
Terre sacrée, au front grave et serein
Terre d'amour, qui berces dans le monde
Le rêve ardent de tout le genre humain
Entends nos chants. . . .

At this moment the "Abbé" makes a short speech preceding the distribution of rewards and the crowning of the vine-dressers. Then the festival itself begins.

The groups of the WINTER are left alone on the dancing floor; one picture follows upon the other, celebrating the works and the joys of the season during which nature is asleep. After the hunters with their dogs and their game come the woodcutters, whose song imitates the noise of the axe felling the trees. A group of old women spin their wheels, while men cut the laths which they are going to use in the spring in the vineyards; together they gaily discuss the time when they made love to each other. But here comes a funny little cart drawn by a horse; they are the people of the wedding. The guests are represented by boys and girls wearing the costumes of the twenty-two Swiss cantons. Most graceful and naïve is the old, popular "Valse of Lauterbach," which is represented in our second picture. The original song—in Swiss dialect—of the ploughman driving his oxen, and that, of great lyric inspiration, of the sowers, bring the first act of the play to an end.

Our attention is now attracted by the pretty, brown-haired goddess of SPRING, high upon her chariot of honour, drawn by four splendid oxen. The choir sings:

O Printemps, belle saison
D'amour et de floraison,
Ta jeunesse est éternelle. . . .

Our third picture shows one of the figures of the ballet danced by the girls of the Spring, in white mousseline garments and with garlands in their hands. Young shepherds passing with their flocks adorned with gay ribbons serve as an introduction to one of the prettiest numbers of the programme, the sweet old tune of Jean Jacques Rousseau in his opera "Le Devin du Village":

Allons danser sous les ormeaux,
Animez-vous jeunes fillettes,
Allons danser sous les ormaux,
Galants prenez vos chalumeaux. . . .

It is sung and danced by children, very prettily dressed as Watteau shepherds, the little boys in soft grey, the girls in pink. They act with all their hearts and earn a very decided success. The symphony of music and colours goes on with the gardeners—women in yellow, men in lilac costumes, the mowers and haymakers in blue, who perform a suggestive ballet with their scythes and rakes. Then again the procession of the Spring taking its departure.

SUMMER is approaching. White and blue in all its shades were the dominant colours in the tableaux of Spring. A warm and bright red, together with the golden yellow of the harvest crops, prevail here. The procession makes a splendid effect. The girls waiting upon the fair Ceres perform the rites of the sacrifices, singing:

Fais tressaillir la terre blonde
Sous ton baiser qui la féconde
O splendeur de l'été. . . .

The harvesters in white and red, the gleaners in a darker shade of red, almost purple, the threshers, pass in succession over the stage—too fast altogether, in the opinion of the spectators. A storm has broken out which caused them to interrupt their rejoicings. Soon, however, Ceres is smiling again over the earth. Then you hear the "jodels" of the cowboys; they appear as if they had just descended from the Alps, with their cattle bellowing, bleating and with the bells ringing joyously. The arrival of these men, who symbolise the life of the high

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mountains, the pride of Switzerland, arouses an immense enthusiasm. Amusing and picturesque are the dances of the mountaineers, the jousts of the Swiss wrestlers, and other scenes. But the *non plus ultra* of exultation is reached with the celebrated song "Le Ranz des Vaches," in dialect of Friburg, and of which it is said that no Swiss can hear it without weeping when he dwells in foreign countries. The soloist, Mr. Currat of Bulle, has been famous all over Switzerland and beyond her frontiers for many years for his remarkable way of rendering this old national air. Dressed like an "armailli" (cowboy) of Gruyère, he comes forward slowly, stops in the middle of the stage, draws his pipe from his mouth. An almost religious silence reigns over the assembly. Grave and solemn Currat begins. When he comes to the refrain, the bells of the cows ring with force and the other "armaillis" sing with him; after the second stanza the whole audience falls in. There are a few minutes of irresistible emotion. Our photograph represents the moment when Currat is just ready to sing. I should like to refer here to Fenimore Cooper's description of this unique scene as it struck him in 1833.

We are allowed a moment to get over this great impression while the "troupes" of the Summer withdraw. Not long, however, and now we are to witness the principal part of the play; AUTUMN, the time of great rejoicing, has come. Man has been particularly blessed in his labour in the season of fruits and grapes; his heart is full of gratitude; he forgets for a while the sorrows and hardships of life.

Descends Bacchus, au fracas des cymbales
La lèvre en fleur et le regard brillant.
Fais ruisseler en cascades vermeilles
Le sang d'Octobre aux cuves des pressoirs
* * * * *
Fais resplendir les rêves de l'ivresse
Et donne-nous l'oubli de la douleur.

The songs of the choir and of the priest of Bacchus are interrupted by the most original Dance of the Canephores, with their baskets full of fruits and of the dead leaves. The latter are represented by a great number of girls waving over their heads pieces of cloth which have exactly the shades of the dead foliage, from the bright red to the brown, yellow and grey. As if they were driven by a strong wind, they run and turn around the Canephores, who in the meantime dance in the middle of the stage at a slow and dignified pace. The circle of the leaves grows smaller and smaller until finally they all lay down at the feet of the Canephores.

Then again, as in the preceding seasons, popular songs and ballets of varied types celebrate the labours of the Autumn and the gay time of the vintage. (One ought to read over in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* the description of the vintage in Vevey, in order to understand well the play.) Suddenly a shrill call of the cymbals, and the stage is invaded by bacchants and satyrs; the girls are dressed in a dazzling saffron yellow, while the boys wear tigerskins like Bacchus and brandish tyrses. The extremely lively and difficult step of the bacchanal had been conscientiously drilled; an artistic order in the disorder prevails all through.

Evohé!
* * *
Ivres de vin
Les faunes rient
Et leur furie
M'a plus de frein
* * *
Evohé!

The play is over. All the eighteen hundred "figurants" gather once more, and together, with the five bands, they sing a final hymn in honour of Labour.

Travail fécond, ô travail de la Terre,
Nous célébrons ton salutaire effort.
Par toi, labeur, tous les hommes sont frères.
Tu réjouis les cœurs d'un peuple fort. . . .

What cannot be rendered in an account like this, even with pictures, is the incomparable beauty of the colour combinations on the stage. Every scene is a treat to the eye such as one very seldom gets. Jean Morax is truly a remarkable artist. French people are not easy to

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FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY

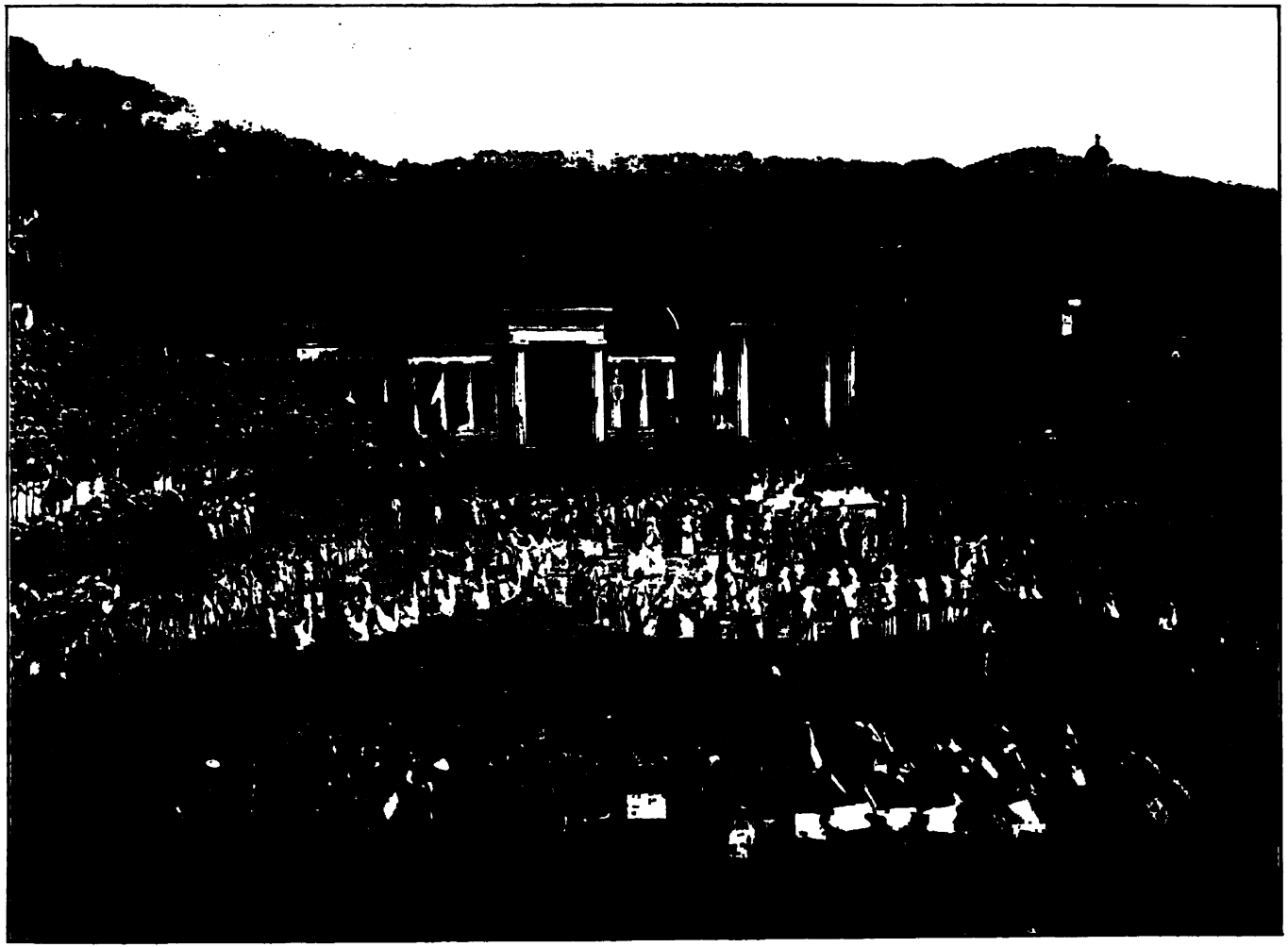
I. The introductory "Invocation à l'Agriculture," sung by the chorists of all the groups together



FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY

II. The Valse of Lauterbach, the dance at the wedding scene

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FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY

III. Ballet of the Girls of Spring. The Soloist, Madame Troyon-Biaesi, as High Priestess of Palés, is standing alone on the right foreground.

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FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY

IV. The procession of the Spring, leaving the stage

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please in matters of art, but the praise was unanimous in all their magazines and papers. Not one detail in this long succession of pictures had been left to chance, not one gesture that would shock the most exacting. Now this thoroughly artistic note ought surely not to be regretted; nothing can be too artistic. And yet one can understand also the feeling expressed by some people who had attended both festivals in 1889 and in 1905, to the effect that the latter was perhaps too "Parisian." The true value and sense and beauty of the "Fête des Vignerons" lies in its national and popular character; and though there is by no means an incompatibility between a national play and an artistic play, there is just a possibility that the popular character might one day be displaced by an element which is less fundamental in this particular case. The fear of those people, however, will appear vain to a close observer. Let me only quote two facts illustrating the spirit of the organisers. In 1889 an offer of one million (exactly five times as much as the preparation of the whole "Fête" had cost) was made by an impressario to repeat the play in Paris—and refused. Another time a rich American who had been kept from attending the play on a certain day offered 500,000 francs if they would consent to repeat it the next day. Again the request was not granted.

Of course, such things as a "Fête des Vignerons" are possible only in a small country. Elsewhere the risks would be too great. Just think of a Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt taking an active part in a national play in America, and after the play agreeing to parade on foot for about two or three miles in a procession through the streets of a city. This is done in Switzerland without the slightest danger of impairing the dignity even of the first magistrate of the country. In 1889, in fact, the one who took the part of the "Abbé" was a former president of the Swiss Confederation; this year he was a National Senator and a member of the High Council of the Canton de Vaud. Besides those high dignitaries, the humblest peasant child may claim his part in the festival. One need only look through an opera-glass; it is easy to recognise at a glance some fine, aristocratic face next to a man or a woman with brown skin and marks of hard daily labour. Every one is anxious to contribute his share; one quotes the examples of a father with his six sons, a mother with two sons and three daughters, and so on. A relation of the "Fête" of 1865 shows in another way how this was really the feast of all the people; the neighbouring towns of Vevey, we are told, were so totally deserted that men had to be posted on the roads watching and allowing no one to pass except on a watchword. The civil, and even the military and religious authorities, always respected and took into consideration these national manifestations as something sound and good. The Cabinet of Switzerland, together with the members of the two Chambers, usually attend the first representation, and the Diplomatic Corps considers it an obligation to attend also and to express in a speech (made generally by the French Ambassador) their appreciation of the great spectacle. In 1833 some political troubles in Switzerland necessitated a call of troops on the very eve of the Fête des Vignerons; but a number of performers, who had to march, were authorised to send friends in their stead, and only when the festival was over they went themselves to relieve their substitutes. It is the custom also with the Catholic bishop of Lausanne and Geneva to dispense the people of the shores of the lake of Geneva from fasting during the days of the Fête; they understand that there is no objection to doing this in favour of the "Confrérie," which has chosen, as its motto *Ora et labora* (Pray and Work).

* * * * *

On the evening of the day of the representation, the writer was going by boat from Vevey to Lausanne. The steamer was crowded. At the prow, a group of young people was standing, the girls in gay toilet, the boys wearing the pretty little white cap which distinguishes the members of a famous Swiss students' organisation. They were chatting together, no doubt discussing the play which they had seen together, for, after a while, librettos were taken from the pockets, and they began to sing one of the

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FÊTE DES VIGNERONS, VEVEY
V. M. Currat singing "le Ranz des Vaches"

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most striking airs in it. And just as the "Ranz des Vaches" in the morning had been re-echoed by the whole audience, now again all over the boat one voice after the other fell in, until the hundreds and hundreds of passengers were sending to the skies a spontaneous hymn of happiness and joy. The most popular of the national tunes of Switzerland were started also, until the time for landing stopped them. Those songs, in the calm and bright evening, with the glorious sunset reflected on the Alps and on the lake of Rousseau and Byron, were such a beautiful and at the same time such a natural end to the day, that surely no one who had the good fortune to be there will ever forget it. How well it told of the happiness of this small but free country; at the very moment when the nations around them were entangled in serious diplomatic troubles, talking of war, they celebrated the great festival of peace, of love, of labour and of gratitude to God. *Albert Schinz.*

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XII.—THE ELECTION OF 1896



AS the time for holding the national conventions drew near, both the Republican and the Democratic parties were in a state of feverish anxiety. The free-silver agitation had divided both; and no one could with confidence predict the effect of this division upon either of them. Yet the Republicans were seemingly in a far better position than the Democrats. The latter, now that President Cleveland's guidance had been practically repudiated, were without any leadership whatever. There had as yet arisen no strong, dominant personality such as could compel obedience to his will. The Pennoyers and Waites and Tillmans had often a numerous local following; but they were not of the stuff which goes into the making of national leaders. On the other hand, whatever differences of opinion might divide the Republicans on questions of policy, there was among them no lack of experienced and able party chiefs to arouse strong popular enthusiasm. Of these, the two who received the most earnest support as candidates for the Presidential nomination were Mr. Thomas B. Reed of Maine and Mr. William McKinley of Ohio.

Mr. Reed's energetic and almost revolutionary course as Speaker of the House* had made him a very conspicuous and striking figure. His forceful personality, his intellectual acumen, his iron will, and his effectiveness as a debater gave him a definite title to the highest political preferment. He was known to be fairly conservative in his financial views, and he was, therefore, acceptable to the Republicans of New England and the Middle States. But this very fact militated against his candidacy with the party as a whole, and especially with the party managers. In view of the intense sectional feeling which was then influencing the West, the nomination of a New England candidate seemed to many to be politically inexpedient. Furthermore, precisely in proportion to the definiteness of Mr. Reed's financial views was his availability as a harmoniser generally questioned. What was sought by the

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, pp. 157, 158.

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shrewdest politicians in the party was a candidate who should come from a Western State, who was identified with some other issue than the money question, whose record would neither alarm the gold men nor exasperate the "friends of silver," and who was personally liked by representatives of every faction. Such an individual was Mr. McKinley, who seemed to be an almost ideal leader from the standpoint of "availability." In his behalf, moreover, there were enlisted forces, the extent and power of which were not generally recognised in the early months of 1896, but which were soon to prove quite irresistible.

Mr. McKinley was a kindly personage of winning manners and unblemished character. He had served in the army during the Civil War; and had afterwards acquired a wide experience of practical politics and of politicians, as a member of Congress. During that time he had been a strong protectionist; and the high tariff act which bore his name and which became law in 1890, made him known all over the civilised world. This measure had, in fact, led to his own political defeat for re-election to the House in the same year, and had caused the Republican disaster of 1892;* yet in view of Democratic incompetence and the failure of President Cleveland's tariff policy, there had now come about a strong reaction, which was favourable to high protective duties. But it was Mr. McKinley's past and present attitude toward the financial question which made him seem especially well fitted to succeed in 1896. In the early years of his congressional career, he had been emphatically numbered

*See THE BOOKMAN for July.



WILLIAM MC KINLEY

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among the "friends of silver." He had voted for the Bland-Allison Bill on its first passage through the House, and he had again voted to enact that measure in disregard of the veto of President Hayes. Later, in many public speeches, he had defended the freer use of silver. At the same time, his utterances were far from radical, and he had recently appeared rather to advocate bimetallism through an international agreement, than to approve the policy of letting the United



MARCUS A. HANNA

States attempt the dangerous experiment alone.* Therefore, Mr. McKinley, while not antagonising the silver wing of his own party, was regarded as "a safe man" by the gold monometallists. His own desire, if nominated, was to relegate the financial question to an inconspicuous place in the campaign, and to fight the battle once more upon the issue of the tariff.

During four of the years of his absence from Congress, Mr. McKinley had been Governor of Ohio, to which office he was elected in 1891. As Governor, he had in some respects exposed himself to serious criticism. During the second year of his term, he had become deeply involved in debt, through endorsing the notes of a personal and political friend. Owing sums which amounted in the aggregate to more than $100,000, and having only the modest salary of his office with which to meet the obligation, his position was one of great embarrassment. In these straits, he accepted gifts and loans from several wealthy friends, whose names were variously given, and who rescued the Governor from bankruptcy and secured his lasting friendship. A little later, men began to censure Governor McKinley for his very marked unwillingness to favour any legislative action that interfered with the great corporate interests of the towns and cities. The State of Ohio was in financial difficulties from insufficiency of revenue. That the street railways had never paid an adequate tax upon their earnings was a notorious fact. Yet all legislative attempts to make them yield a reasonable sum to the State's exchequer were received so coldly by the Governor as to prevent their passage. On the other hand, a bill to extend the franchises of these companies from twenty-five to ninety-nine years received his countenance; and the persons engaged in the promotion of the measure were permitted to use Governor McKinley's executive offices as their headquarters. Special favours were granted to railway corporations, one of which secured from the State a piece of public property for a sum amounting to only one-half of the official valuation. Very grave scandals were exposed in connection with the penal and charitable institutions of Ohio. Governor McKinley's opponents cited these and other circumstances of a like

*In a speech delivered at Niles, Ohio, on August 22, 1891, during his canvass for the governorship, Mr. McKinley had said:

"I do not want gold at a premium. I do not want silver at a discount. I want both metals side by side, equal in purchasing power and in legal-tender quality, equal in power to performing the functions of money with which to do business and to move the commerce of the United States. To tell me that the free and unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, in the absence of co-operation on the part of other commercial nations, will not bring gold to a premium, is to deny all history and the weight of all financial experience. The very instant that you have opened up our mints to the silver of the world, independent of international action, that very instant, or in a brief time at best, you have sent gold to a premium, you have put it in great measure into disuse, and we are remitted to the single standard, that of silver alone. We have deprived ourselves of the use of both metals."

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character as the basis for a charge of neglect of duty, if not of actual collusion with persons whose interests were in serious conflict with the interests of the State. The financial favours which he had received from wealthy men were significantly mentioned in connection with his alleged unwillingness to interfere with these same men and their friends, as corporation officers.*

The implications involved in the recital of these facts, so far as they concerned Mr. McKinley, were, in the main, unjust. The Governor of Ohio has no veto power, and therefore can exercise no direct control over proposed legislation. Many of the abuses brought to light during the years from 1891 to 1895 were of earlier origin and were in no way directly connected with the functions of the State Executive. Moreover, Governor McKinley's personal character was known to be above reproach. At the same time, his official attitude was undoubtedly marked by a certain passivity with regard to the occurrences already mentioned, which afforded at least a negative support to the measures upon which hostile criticism was so freely lavished. Mr. McKinley entertained a respect amounting almost to reverence for the opinions of a majority. His political course was always directed by an anxious desire to be in harmony with the leaders of his party. He was not at all the type of statesman who is to be found at the head of a forlorn hope. He shaped his conduct, and to a great extent his opinions, by what he thought to be the wishes and the welfare of his immediate supporters. Being under great personal obligations to a number of men who were rapidly acquiring political power in his State, a sense of gratitude no less than a shrewd perception of expediency led him to accept their aid and to find in them his closest friends and chosen monitors. Among them was a comparatively new comer in the field of politics, whose fame, such as it was, still remained wholly local, though within a few months it was to be almost as widely trumpeted as Governor McKinley's own. The personality and character of this man deserve a somewhat careful study. He is rightly to be regarded less as an individual than as a very accurate exemplification of new and powerful forces which for many years had been acquiring strength, but which now for the first time emerged from a half-obscurity, and revealed themselves to the entire nation as laying claim to an almost despotic dominance.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna, or Mark Hanna, as men usually spoke of him, was a native of Ohio, the son of a prosperous wholesale grocer. From his father he inherited keen business instincts and a guiding motive which some have called ambition and others greed. His early training successfully directed all his exceptional energies towards one definite end—to get and to keep. He was soon known as a bold and active trader, who fought his commercial rivals without giving or asking quarter, and without caring whether the means he used were fair or foul so long as he came forth a winner in the struggle. His activities were multifarious, and his energy inexhaustible. He dealt in coal and oil and iron and stone, he chartered ships, he manufactured stoves, he bought mining shares and he established banks. He even added a newspaper and a theatre to his possessions. There was, in short, no conceivable enterprise or speculation upon which Hanna would refuse to enter, if only he saw in it the prospect of sufficient gain. Business with him was warfare, and it was warfare *à outrance*. In his commercial strife he presented an analogue, not to the duellist nor even to the champion of the prize-ring, both of whom are subject to a rigorous code, but rather to the savage rough-and-tumble fighter who bites and gouges when body blows are found to be of no avail. Moral considerations did not enter into his scheme of life. He was a pure materialist, respecting nothing but superior force, and his sole gospel was the gospel of success. Having no purely intellectual diversions, he long regarded the fierce pursuit of money as both an occupation and a thrilling game. Only by chance did he discover that there was an even keener pleasure to be found in a still greater game, whereof the winner

*A detailed summary of the attacks then current upon Mr. McKinley can be found in a pamphlet entitled "McKinley's Record," published at the office of the *Evening Post* (New York, 1896).

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might lay his grasp upon political power. This knowledge came to Mr. Hanna after he had tried to add a system of street railways to his already complicated interests, and had found that the grant of franchises depended on the favour of the politicians. And so Mr. Hanna, purely in the way of business, acquired aldermen and local legislatures, just as he had previously secured clerks and managers and agents for his other enterprises. He felt no scruples as to the means which he employed. Here, again, his one criterion was success. He was at least no hypocrite. He professed no creed save that which he was daily practising. He was often brutal, but he was wholly frank in his brutality. A striking instance of this frankness was afforded in a letter which he wrote in 1890. In that year, the Attorney-General of Ohio, Mr. David K. Watson, had brought suit against the Standard Oil Company for the dissolution of its trust agreement.* Hanna had relations with the Rockefellers which induced him to interfere with the progress of the suit. Accordingly he wrote to the Attorney-General a personal note, in which occurred this memorable sentence:

"You have been in politics long enough to know that no man in public life owes the public anything."†

Such was the cynical view which Mr. Hanna always took of politics, both national and local; and in practice he lived up to the full measure of its implications. He got control of the political machine in the city of Cleveland. A majority of the councilmen were his agents. The mayor was his creature. The other officials of the city were obedient to him and to his friends. It was not long before the legislature of the State had felt the power of the peculiar influences which Hanna exercised; and in 1891, it was Hanna more than any other individual, who, having espoused the cause of Mr. McKinley in the hour of his congressional defeat, had made him Governor of Ohio.

But here one must in fairness take into consideration the more personal side of this interesting character, since otherwise the man as a whole will not be rightly understood. Hanna, though utterly devoid of even the most rudimentary morality where "business" was concerned, had still a nature that was able to attract and win the liking of his associates. He was intensely human, though his humanity was that of the primeval man. Big and strong and coarse, he had the primitive instincts developed almost in excess. He was frankly appetitive, robustly esurient—a mass of mighty longings and unconcealed desires. It was said of him that every want of his became at once a lust, to be sated greedily and at the very moment of its birth. Not all the lusts of the flesh, however, mastered him. In his family relations and as a husband and a father, his life was irreproachable; yet in the wider sense of the word, one may apply to him the striking phrase of a recent English novelist, and say that he was as sensual as a mutton chop. He lusted after wealth and got it. He lusted after power and he got that also. And all through his life, his minor appetites were forever making themselves felt and seen. But he was so wholly natural with regard to them, his desires were so openly avowed and his enjoyment in their gratification was so hearty and spontaneous, as to induce in those who knew him a genuine cordiality. The simplicity and even homeliness of his tastes, while they often amused, were on the whole attractive. When he was at the height of his career, and had at his command every luxury that wealth could give, he used to boast of but one thing, and that was of a superior kind of corned-beef hash, of which he said his cook alone possessed the recipe; and whenever he wished to pay the highest possible compliment to a friend, he sent him an invitation to a breakfast at which this corned-beef hash was served. Such things as this tickled the fancy of his associates, and most men found it hard to think much ill of one who could talk with boyish glee of a treat so innocently plebeian. His younger acquaintances used to speak of him as

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, pp. 46, 47.

†Tarbell, *History of the Standard Oil Company*, ii., pp. 142-148 (New York, 1904). For the use subsequently made of this letter by Mr. Hanna's political opponents, see the New York *World* for August 11, 1897, and succeeding issues.

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"Uncle Mark;" and this familiar title affords a clue to the sort of affectionate familiarity which he inspired. Hanna was, in fact, of the earth, earthy; but there was something of the wholesomeness of the earth about him, and a stock of manliness as well. He spoke out the thing he really thought. If he was displeased, he grunted and swore. But he could be generous, and he was afraid of no man. Mr. Lincoln Steffens tells the story of how Hanna once undertook to make a political speech to a crowd of Welshmen who had no mind to listen to him. Every sentence that he spoke was interrupted by their jeers, until Hanna's blood grew hot.

"There's a lot of American in me," he shouted. "There's some Scotch. Somewheres way back there's Irish blood. But by G—, there's no Welsh! If there was, I'd go down there and lick the whole lot of you!"

This, says Mr. Steffens, won the Welshmen; and they cheered Mark Hanna and listened to him willingly while he finished what he had to say.*

One of the most marked of Hanna's attractively human qualities was the warmth of his personal friendships. When he hated, he hated with all the strength of his masculinity; but he also set no bounds to the ardour of his likings. This coarse-fibred man had something of the gentleness of a woman where friendship was concerned, and also something of the unrestraint of a child. When his confidence had been fully won, his cynicism and the hardness of his character seemed to disappear. Singularly lacking in complexity, in private life his emotions were as little controlled as were his appetites in public matters. At the success of a friend, he would caper clumsily. Over the bereavement of a friend, he would blubber like a schoolboy. He had no reverence for any one; but he did possess an unusual capacity for affection, and there can be no doubt that for Mr. McKinley his affection was sincere and that it did him honour. Between the two there existed what it is no exaggeration to call a genuine fondness. Psychologically this is to be explained as based upon the attraction of opposites, for no two men could have been more unlike. Curiously contrasted, indeed, were McKinley's suavity and Hanna's bluntness, McKinley's caution and Hanna's courage, McKinley's vacillation and Hanna's almost insolent tenacity of purpose. McKinley respected all of life's conventions. Hanna hooted at them. McKinley believed that the will of the majority was the will of God. Hanna was sure that majorities could be manufactured, and that their will was only the reflection of the far stronger will of the few able men who play upon the motives of human passion and self-interest. It is probable that McKinley never really understood Mark Hanna; but there can be no question that Hanna rightly understood McKinley, and that he admired in him those qualities of which he was himself completely destitute. At the close of the St. Louis Convention, speaking to a newspaper correspondent, Hanna burst out with the enthusiastic exclamation, "I love McKinley! He is the best man I ever knew." We may be sure that these words and the feeling back of them were entirely sincere.*

The close and intimate friendship between the two men had most important political results. Their personal liking for each other was strengthened by the consonance of their ambitions. Mr. McKinley desired to be President of the United States; Mr. Hanna had set his heart upon becoming one of the two Senators from Ohio. In fighting the battle for his friend, Hanna was opening up a path to the fulfilment of his own long-cherished hope. So successful had he shown himself in making Mr. McKinley twice Governor, so keenly practical had been his management of men and of affairs, so vast were the resources which he had at his command, and so undoubted was his loyalty, that to him Mr. McKinley's political fortunes were unreservedly entrusted in this crucial year of 1896. Whatever the chief Republican aspirant for the Presidency did or said or wrote, was done or said or written only after the approval of Mark Hanna had been given to it. Few knew this

*See a paper by Mr. Steffens entitled "Ohio: a Tale of Two Cities," in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1905.

*Report in New York *Tribune*, June 21, 1896.

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at the time; but it began to be understood as the months wore on, though even then, and for a long while afterwards, the full significance of the fact was only half appreciated. What it really meant was that behind the candidacy of a most amiable, dignified, and upright gentleman there was advancing into a place of almost unlimited power and opportunity a dominant influence which was seriously to modify the character of American public life. Here, in fact, one sees the initial appearance of what came to be known as "the business man" in the highest sphere of national politics. For it was as a "business man" that Hanna always spoke of himself. Politics with him were an adjunct to his "business;" and the esoteric interests of "business" such as his were for a while to direct the course of American history. Before this time, in the United States as in all other nations of the first rank, men of wealth had often gained political power, and it was frequently their wealth which had enabled them to do so. But in general, and with most of them, wealth was the means, and political office the end. Again, as has been already shown in the course of this narrative, wealth had been often wrongly and unscrupulously used for the furtherance of political ambition. But in 1896 a novel phenomenon was exhibited, the result of many causes, all of which, however, had tended towards one result. Now for the first time, a party, if such it can be called, had arisen which was not devoted to any definite political principles at all, but rather to the furtherance of interests that were commercial and financial. This party, though not recognised as a party, was neither Democratic nor Republican, but was the party of wealth—consolidated, highly organised, directed by men of rare ability, and using political power no longer as an end, but as a means, its real object being the private advantage of moneyed men, the safeguarding of corporations from legal interference and control, and the exploitation of official influence for the benefit of individuals who were unknown to public life. All this was implied in the mention of "the business man in politics." The business man in politics was the capitalist who needed political favours or protection in his "business;" and whether he were nominally a Republican or a Democrat, his allegiance to either party counted as nothing when compared with the sympathetic solidarity of interest which bound him to all other men of the same class. The representatives of wealth—manufacturers, bankers, mine-owners, railway managers, and heads of great financial institutions in general—had by this time come to constitute what was in reality another party which did not, indeed, appear to be such, which had no name, and which did not hold conventions and openly nominate candidates of its own, but which loomed large behind the two older parties, endeavouring to play off one against the other, and to use indifferently the machinery of each for the esoteric welfare of consolidated wealth. The most far-sighted of the men who gave, as it were, the *mot d'ordre* to this formidable association, had perceived with dread a growing tendency among the American people to expect from the Federal Government, rather than from the States, that redress for many a wrong, which only far-reaching centralised power could give. The particularism of earlier years was disappearing. The old-time doctrine of States Rights was fast losing its hold upon the American people. Republican rule and the arguments of the Protectionists had gradually fostered a belief that if the Government at Washington was to be the creator of prosperity, so must it also be the fountain-head of justice. Many events of the preceding decade had stimulated and enhanced the intensity of this feeling, but perhaps the most significant of all was the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, the debates over which had revealed the immense powers conferred by the clause in the Constitution permitting the Government to regulate commerce between the States. The particular act in question had as yet imposed no serious check upon the operations of the various Trusts; but the principle which it had established was pregnant with possibilities of disaster to those corporations which had successfully defied the common law and had found it easy to control the legislative action of individual States. A shiver must have passed

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through many a directorate when Congress actually set upon the statute-books even an imperfect law invoking so great a power against the lawlessness of wealth. President Cleveland's vigorous assault upon the overprotection of special industries must likewise have made a deep impression. That one attack had practically failed; yet another might succeed. On the whole, the temper of the times and a steady drift towards something like State Socialism were becoming plain to many, and to none more so than to those persons who now came to the surface of affairs, bearing the euphemistic name of "business men in politics." In was because Mr. Hanna was a perfect type of the class which has been here described, that his personality and his character assume so much importance. It was an unerring instinct which led the cartoonists and caricaturists in the press to draw his likeness and let it symbolise predaceous capital. And just as Mr. Hanna had formerly got control of the city government of Cleveland in order to secure franchises for his street-railways, so now both he and his associates began a vigorous campaign for the control of the national administration, because it, too, had become essential to the future safety of their "business." The very audacity of their scheme almost excites one's admiration; nor did it necessarily imply the presence of corruption in its grosser forms. Theirs was a far more scientific game, as it was also a far bolder one, than that of the old-time purchasers of legislation. Those who played it kept, for the most part within the letter of the law. The persons with whom they had to do were no longer the cheaply venal creatures to whom money bribes could be safely offered. Men of reputation and honour must be influenced and used through what were apparently legitimate rewards. But the effect upon American life, both public and private, of the entrance of this new caste or party was deplorable, in that it meant the enervation of civic morality and the exaltation of social ideals that were debasing.

During the early months of 1896, Mr. Hanna as the chief McKinley manager, undertook a very difficult rôle. The Republicans in the Eastern States were almost solidly in favour of maintaining the gold standard and of establishing it by law. In most of the Western States, on the other hand, the party was honeycombed by what was styled the "silver heresy." The money question was forcing its way insistently to the front and demanding a solution. Neither element of the party must be repelled. A majority of delegates from both sections of the country must cast their votes for Mr. McKinley in order to secure his nomination and make his election possible. Mr. Hanna's management was masterly, and revealed a rare genius for political strategy. Above and beyond his already well-known shrewdness, courage and resourcefulness, he now exhibited a rare discretion and a diplomatic taciturnity, which few had ever thought this rough, impulsive person to possess. The story of how Mr. Hanna brought about the nomination of McKinley has never yet been fully told. His course, at the time, was utterly misunderstood. A reading of the contemporary newspapers will serve to show that even the surface facts were ludicrously misrepresented. The narrative that is now to be set forth is that which Mr. Hanna himself was afterwards wont to tell in private conversation; and it is in complete accord with all the circumstances which are matters of both personal and public record.

Mr. Hanna was himself a thorough believer in the gold standard. Furthermore, he intended that the Republican Convention should make an unequivocal declaration in favour of such a standard. But for the time he kept his purpose to himself and bent his energies to the single task of securing delegates favourable to McKinley. The Western States were his chief concern. New England was practically a negligible quantity and was in any case practically committed to the support of Mr. Speaker Reed. The greatest of the Middle States, New York and Pennsylvania, had candidates of their own, who stood no chance of nomination, but whose appearance in the field would at the outset neutralise the influence of those States in the Convention. The West and South were, therefore, the object of Mr. Hanna's immediate solicitude.

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Both sections had a leaning towards the doctrine of free silver; and, hence, Mr. McKinley must be represented for awhile as a genuine "friend of silver." Yet this point must not be too strongly pressed, and the currency question must be treated as one of subsidiary interest and importance. Such is a brief outline of the situation as it appeared to Mr. Hanna; and his able campaign was conducted in accordance with its exigencies. As early as January of 1896 the Republican newspapers throughout the country began to display a remarkable enthusiasm for Mr. McKinley's nomination,—not, however, because of his past or present attitude toward the money question, but because he was the exponent of high tariff duties and easy times. The lean years of the Cleveland administration were explained as wholly due to the repeal of the McKinley Act of 1890. Voters have short memories, and they had long since forgotten that the Treasury deficits, the lowered wages, and the shutting down of mills and factories had begun during Mr. Harrison's Presidency. All that they were permitted to remember was the fact that now at least 3,000,000 men were out of work, and that a Democratic President had been in office for three years. The days of Harrison were lauded as an era of abundance; and the election of McKinley on the tariff issue was declared to be the only way of bringing back that glorious period. The old cry of "Bill McKinley and the McKinley Bill!" was supplemented by the new and taking catchword, "McKinley and the Full Dinner-Pail!" Someone described the Ohio statesman as "the advance agent of prosperity," and this phrase went from mouth to mouth and was caught up by the newspapers. Never was a press campaign more skilfully conducted. It seemed to reflect a spontaneous demand for the nomination of Mr. McKinley in the great Republican strongholds. Yet the silver question would not down, but everywhere distracted men's attention from the tariff cry. The gold men in the East and the silver men in the West were equally clamorous to know just where the "advance agent of prosperity" himself stood. When the Ohio State Convention met on March 11th, its pronouncement on the financial issue was eagerly awaited; for surely Mr. McKinley's own State might be expected to give the watchword to his party throughout the land. But Mr. Hanna was too shrewd to show his hand just yet; and so the Convention adopted that sort of Delphic utterance which the vocabulary of American politics expressively denominates a "straddle." The State platform said: "We contend for honest money; for a currency of gold, silver, and paper. . . that shall be as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honour." To that end, the Ohio Republicans favoured "bimetallism," and demanded the use of "both gold and silver as standard money."

Of course, this declaration under all its sounding phrases was ambiguous to a degree. Everybody—Democrats, Republicans and Populists—desired "honest money;" they were all agreed that "gold, silver and paper" ought to constitute the currency of the United States. But as to what was "honest money," and as to what were to be the relative values of the "gold, silver and paper," opinions were everywhere as widely divergent as those of President Cleveland and "Coin" Harvey. The effect of this Ohio declaration was, on the whole, however, just what Mr. Hanna had intended. It left things precisely where they were in the West, and enabled the McKinley agents to explain their candidate's opinions in whatever way was most likely to please their auditors in each section. As for Mr. McKinley himself, he remained at his home in Canton, refusing with much dignity to be interviewed, but making from time to time a brief address on the subject of the tariff. In New England, and above all in New York, this reticence excited both alarm and indignation. Was Mr. McKinley still a silver man at heart as he had been in 1878, when he voted for the Bland-Allison Bill, and as he had seemed to be when later he reproached President Cleveland for having "struck down silver"? Many and vehement were the demands that he come out frankly and say just what he thought about the most vital issue of the day. Mr. Hanna and his associates treated this demand as though it were impertinent and almost in-

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sulting. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio said with a show of solemn indignation:

"No man's friends have a right to call upon him to foreshadow the party's platform. . . . Major McKinley will respond to the platform, but he will not dictate what the platform shall be."*

Perhaps through the minds of some of the anxious Republicans who read these words, there may have flitted a recollection of Mr. Cleveland's blunt letter to the Reform Club in 1892,† when he spoke out just what he thought, even though he felt that in doing so he was forfeiting the Presidency. Their fears, at any rate, led them to work hard for delegations favourable to the gold standard. Early in June, it was evident that Mr. Hanna had in all probability secured a majority in support of McKinley's nomination, while it was also probable that the silver men would be outvoted. Twenty-two Republican State conventions had, in fact, pronounced openly against the free coinage of silver. Yet it still seemed possible that the National Convention in St. Louis would repeat the Ohio "straddle," and thus continue the traditional policy of evasion and equivocation.

The Convention met on June 16th, with little show of genuine enthusiasm among the delegates.‡ Even before the formal opening, the money question had dwarfed all other topics of discussion. There were rumours of dissension and threats of actual voting. Senator Platt of New York openly attacked Mr. McKinley for his secretiveness and "duplicity," and spoke of withdrawing from the Convention if it failed to make a specific declaration for the gold standard. The New York delegation, of which Mr. Platt was chairman, passed resolutions condemning the free coinage of silver. On the other hand, Senator Teller, who headed the Colorado delegation, made it plain that if a gold "plank" were adopted, he and his followers would secede. The delegations from the Western mining States were equally emphatic. Mr. Hanna had secured most of the Southern delegates for his candidate, but some were still in doubt. One of the Texan delegates received by every mail post-cards on which large and vivid characters in red admonished him: "If you vote for McKinley you need not come back to Dallas!"* The New England representatives still warmly urged the claims of Mr. Reed, whose foremost champion was Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. The New York delegates were favourable to the candidacy of Mr. Levi P. Morton, who had been Vice-president during the Harrison administration. Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania showed how completely he was master of his own State by the fact that the Pennsylvania delegates were pledged to give him at least a complimentary vote. The Iowa delegation had been directed to put Senator Allison in nomination. Thus, when the first session of the Convention began, under the temporary chairmanship of Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, all was confusion, and rumours of every sort were rife.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hanna was solidifying the strength of the McKinley forces and hourly adding to their numbers. In his pocket he had a draft of the "money plank" which he meant to have the Convention finally adopt, and it was explicitly and unequivocally in favour of the gold standard. He had shown it to Mr. McKinley, who had approved it and who had himself prepared the draft of a tariff plank. But not even yet was Mr. Hanna ready to declare himself. He meant to manœuvre in such a way as to make his final move appear to be a concession, in return for which he could ask a substantial equivalent. In other words, he was to receive a reward for doing the very thing that he had all along intended to accomplish. The Committee on Resolutions found it difficult to reach an agreement as to the financial declaration to be made. Senator Teller, who was a member of that Committee, held out for a free silver plank, and his colleagues were slow to antagonise him. Mr. Hanna let them discuss the question for nearly two days, during which time the business of the Convention was at a standstill, the members listening to speechmaking, to the arguments of woman suffragists, and to patriotic music. On the first day, the ses-

*Interview in the New York *Times*, May 18, 1896.

†See THE BOOKMAN for July, p. 481.

‡New York *Tribune*, June 16 and 17, 1896.

*New York *Tribune*, June 16, 1896.

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sion lasted for little more than an hour. The wildest stories were circulated regarding the coming action of the Platform Committee. This delay and the resulting rumours seriously alarmed the advocates of gold. They feared lest in the end some sort of compromise might be made. Finally, several of the most influential of their number decided to take the bull by the horns. They went to Mr. Hanna's rooms in the hotel where he was staying, and delivered a sort of ultimatum. They demanded that he accept a gold-standard plank for the platform, or else they would carry the fight to the floor of the Convention and thus precipitate an open conflict between themselves and the supporters of Mr. McKinley. They gave Mr. Hanna just an hour in which to accede to their demand.* That wily leader must have smiled grimly as they left him to reflect upon the threat which they had made. They had quite unconsciously played his game and victory was now assured. Needless to say, in less than the prescribed hour Mr. Hanna announced himself to be a gold man; and the plank which he had brought with him to St. Louis was incorporated in the platform to be reported. Apparently he had yielded under strong compulsion; and the gentlemen who had seemingly forced their will upon him now thought of him with that kindliness which generous victors feel towards a vanquished foe.†

And so it came to pass that on June 18th the platform was read to the Convention by Senator Foraker. It described the Cleveland administration as responsible for "a record of unparalleled incapacity, dishonour, and disaster." It renewed Republican allegiance to "the policy of protection as the bulwark of American industrial independence and the foundation of American development and prosperity." "Protection and Reciprocity are twin measures of Republican policy and go hand in hand. Democratic rule has recklessly struck down both, and both must be re-established." It declared for a "firm, vigorous and dignified" foreign policy; for American control of the Hawaiian Islands; for the purchase of the Danish West Indies; and for the construction, operation and ownership of a Nicaraguan canal by the United States. The Monroe Doctrine was reaffirmed, and American intervention in Cuba was mentioned with approval. "We favour the continued enlargement of the navy, and a complete system of harbour and sea-coast defences."

Amid breathless silence, the part of the platform relating to the money question was read out:

"The Republican Party is unreservedly for sound money. . . . We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote; and until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold; and we favour all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

*McClure, *Our Presidents*, p. 366 (New York, 1905). Colonel McClure tells this as of his own personal knowledge.

†The credit of having forced the gold plank upon the Convention has been claimed by many persons—especially by Senator Platt, by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and by Mr. Edward Lauterbach of New York; but there is no reason for thinking that Mr. Hanna's own statement regarding the matter is inaccurate. What influences may have operated upon Mr. Hanna himself earlier in the year, it is difficult to say. There exists a strong belief that he decided in favour of an explicit declaration for gold because of the insistence of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, the editor and publisher of the Chicago *Record-Herald* (then the *Times-Herald*). Mr. Kohlsaat had long been an intimate friend of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna, and it is certain that he very strongly urged the insertion of the gold plank in the St. Louis platform. There is no good reason for thinking that Messrs. Platt and Lodge played any important part in the episode. Mr. Hanna speaking of them, soon after the Convention, said: "I do not desire to detract from the efforts made by these gentlemen for the cause of sound money, but I do wish to state most emphatically that the plank defining the party's position was advocated by Western men, drawn up by Western men, and approved by me before any man from the East reached St. Louis. The plank as finally approved by me went to the Convention without Eastern interference or suggestion."

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No sooner had the platform been reported to the Convention, than Senator Teller of Colorado rose and offered a substitute for its gold-standard declaration. Mr. Teller's substitute was one which he had tried in vain to induce the Committee to adopt. It declared that "the Republican Party favours the use of both gold and silver as equal standard money;" and it pledged the party to secure "the free, unrestricted and independent coinage of gold and silver" in the mints of the United States "at a ratio of 16 parts of silver to 1 of gold."

This embodied the extreme demand of the free-silver men and it was certain to be rejected. Many delegates might have favoured the device of a "straddle," as a measure of expediency; but Senator Teller had forced the monetary issue in a way which admitted of no compromise. In support of his substitute he spoke with intense feeling, his voice often faltering, and tears of unaffected emotion in his eyes. For him it was a solemn moment. He had been a Republican all his life, and to part with his old associates was unspeakably bitter.

"When the Republican Party was organised, I was there. It has never had a national candidate since it was organised that my voice has not been raised in his support. It has never had a great principle enunciated in its platform that has not had my approbation until now. With its distinguished leaders I have been in close communion and close friendship. I have shared in its honours and in its few defeats and disasters. Do you think that we can sever our connection with a party like this unless it be a matter of duty—a duty, not to our respective States only, but a duty to all the people of this great land?"

The Convention respected Mr. Teller's emotion and listened to his address in sympathetic silence. But when the roll was called, his substitute was rejected by a vote of 818 to 105, and the platform as reported from the Committee was adopted by a vote of 812 to 110. Those delegates who were in full accord with Mr. Teller then rose and left the convention hall. They were only thirty-four in number, yet among them were four Senators of the United States and two members of the House of Representatives.* The Convention then proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency. The nominating speeches were beneath the level of even Convention oratory, and neither Senator Foraker's oration in behalf of Mr. McKinley, nor Senator Lodge's in support of Mr. Reed, nor Mr. Depew's for Mr. Morton, showed any great rhetorical ability. The result was already known to all, even before the delegates had been polled. A test of Mr. McKinley's strength as against the united opposition had previously been made upon a question of sustaining the Committee on Credentials, and the vote showed the Ohio candidate to have a large majority (545 to 359). This was vastly increased when the Convention voted directly on the nomination. Mr. McKinley received 661 votes; Mr. Reed, 84; Senator Quay, 61; Mr. Morton, 58; and Senator Allison, 35. The choice of Mr. McKinley was then made unanimous amid the first genuine enthusiasm that had been shown. The cheering was vociferous and prolonged; and it reached



GARRET A. HOBART

*The four senators were Messrs. Teller (Colorado), Dubois (Idaho), Cannon (Utah), and Pettigrew (South Dakota). The States represented in the secession were Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Montana and South Dakota.

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a climax when a delegate raised upon the point of a flag-staff a cocked hat such as one associates with the appearance of Napoleon. It was a harmless whim on the part of Mr. McKinley to fancy that he bore a certain physical resemblance to the victor of Marengo; and a knowledge of this lent vigour to the cheering which greeted the Napoleonic emblem. Unsympathetic Democrats noted that the nomination had been made on June 18th, the date of the battle of Waterloo; and they professed to see in the coincidence an omen of disaster to the Republican Napoleon.

For the Vice-Presidency, the Convention nominated on the first ballot Mr. Garret A. Hobart, a wealthy lawyer and man of affairs, whose home was in New Jersey.

Mr. McKinley's nomination was well received by Republicans throughout the country; and the explicit utterance in favour of the gold standard appeased the capitalists and business men who had previously opposed him as a trimmer. But his selection on a gold platform had also the effect of consolidating the advocates of silver and of making the election turn inevitably upon the financial question. Even before this the Democratic Party in the West and South had become practically a free-silver party. The conventions of thirty States had passed resolutions approving the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Only ten States had declared for the maintenance of the gold standard. The convention of one State alone (Florida) had ignored the money issue altogether. It was so plain that the approaching National Convention of the Democratic Party would be controlled by the free-silver men, that many conservative Democrats (or "Cleveland Democrats," as they were called) were at first inclined to take no part in the Convention's councils, but to break openly with their party in advance of its assemblage. From this course, however, they were dissuaded by President Cleveland himself, who, on June 16th, caused a letter to be published which may be considered his last official utterance as the head of the Democratic Party. In it his faith in the ultimate good sense of the people was still apparent. His tone was still both confident and courageous. A National Convention, wrote he, is a gathering for conference and reflection. No Democrat should refuse to take part in it from sheer faint-heartedness or with the belief that its conclusions are predetermined. On the contrary, every one should do all within his power to guide its deliberations to wise and salutary ends. "A cause worth fighting for is worth fighting for to the end."

This spirited summons rallied the conservative leaders of the party; and when the Convention met at Chicago on July 7th, both factions were fully represented there. But as soon as the delegates began to arrive, it was plain that only a miracle of management could stem the tide that had set in for free silver. As Mr. Richard P. Bland expressed it in a published interview, the Democracy of the West were convinced that "the gold standard meant bankruptcy," and that the Convention would declare for the "free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 and d—n the consequences!"* A correspondent of the New York *World*, which was the organ of the Cleveland Democrats, described the situation in Chicago very accurately in these words: "The Silverites will be invincible if united and harmonious; but they have neither machine nor boss. The opportunity is here; the man is lacking."

Such was, indeed, the case. There were present men who in former years had exercised almost dictatorial power in Democratic conventions; but they were now swept aside unheeded, or made to feel that they were distrusted and disliked. Senator Hill, Mr. Whitney and ex-Governor Flower of New York were there, and so were ex-Governor W. E. Russell of Massachusetts and Mr. Bragg of Wisconsin; yet they were lost in the swirling mob that marched and shouted and sang without leadership or any definite purpose save a desire to "smash things" and to shake off the domination of the East. Fanatics like Altgeld and Tillman rode the crest of this human deluge, and their wild talk harmonised with the reckless mood of

*Interview in New York *World*, July 1, 1896.

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those who listened to them eagerly. One finds it interesting to speculate upon the feelings with which Senator Gorman of Maryland must have watched the strange scenes that were taking place on the eve of this Convention of his party. At the Convention of 1892, he had been an honoured leader. The cause for which he then contended had triumphed at the polls. A Democratic President and a Democratic Congress had sought to keep their pledges to the nation by wise and moderate counsels, by the remission of unjust taxation, and by shaking off the grasp of the money power. But Mr. Gorman and those who acted with him had turned that great victory to naught. They had humiliated their chosen leader, and made the professions of their party seem dishonest and ridiculous. But in doing this, they had sown the wind, and they were now blasted by the whirlwind of political retribution. Who in all this vociferous multitude cared for what Mr. Gorman and his associates wished or thought? The most uncouth of all the delegates from a mining camp was here of more importance than the smooth Senator from Maryland, who, having by his machinations sapped the strength of the conservative Democracy, had thus unbarred the flood-gates of a furious torrent which was already far beyond control.

How completely the great majority of the delegates had cast away their old allegiances was made evident when the Convention first assembled on July 7th, in a vast structure, styled the Coliseum, under whose spreading roof of glass and iron fifteen thousand human beings were crowded together in the heat of a summer sun. The National Committee was still controlled by the conservative element of the party; and this Committee now presented to the Convention the name of Senator Hill of New York as its selection for the temporary chairmanship. Both usage and etiquette required that their choice should be ratified by the delegates as a matter of ordinary courtesy. But not even for a temporary office would the majority accept an Eastern man who was also an opponent of free silver. A debate remarkable for its bitterness at once began: and in opposition to Mr. Hill, Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, an ardent silver advocate, was put in nomination, and was elected to the temporary chairmanship by the decisive vote of 556 to 349. A preliminary test of strength had now been made; and from this moment the silver men were exultantly aware of their supremacy. An eye-witness of the scene thus noted its significance: "The sceptre of political power has passed from the strong, certain hands of the East to the feverish, headstrong mob of the West and South."* During the debate, a delegate had casually spoken the name of President Cleveland. Many of the spectators at once rose to their feet and cheered; but it was an ominous circumstance that not a single delegate joined in the cheering, even those from New York remaining silent in their places. Mr. Altgeld, on the other hand, was greeted with yells of unrestrained delight.



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN

Having won this victory, and having listened to an address by Senator Daniel, the Convention adjourned until the following day. When it reassembled on the morning of July 8th, it was plain that the silver faction meant to use its power to the full. By a sweeping majority the representation of each Territory was aug-

*New York *World*, July 8, 1896.

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mented from two members to six. The delegation from Nebraska, which was pledged to support the gold standard, was unseated, and a contesting delegation of silver men, with Mr. William J. Bryan at its head, was admitted to the Convention. Four gold delegates from Michigan were rejected, and four silver delegates were substituted in their places, thus giving to the silver faction, under the unit rule, the entire vote of Michigan. Having made these changes, all of which greatly increased the strength of the majority, Senator S. M. White of California was made the permanent President of the Convention.

On July 9th, the Committee on Resolutions reported a platform devoted almost wholly to the money question, which was declared to be "paramount to all others at this time." The platform, after denouncing the demonetisation of silver as being the cause of the prevalent financial distress, went on to say:

"We are unalterably opposed to monometallism, which has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy, and its adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. . . . We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private; and we favour such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetisation of any kind of legal-tender money by private contract."

The resolutions were made to condemn "the issuing of interest-bearing bonds of the United States in time of peace and . . . the trafficking with banking syndicates"; and to denounce "arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs," and especially "government by injunction," which was described as "a new and highly dangerous form of oppression, by which Federal judges become at once legislators, judges and executioners." "Life tenure in the public service" was also disapproved in favour of appointments for fixed terms of office. The Monroe Doctrine was reaffirmed; sympathy was expressed for the people of Cuba in their struggle for independence; and an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission was demanded, together with such "control of railroads as will protect the people from robbery and oppression."

It will be noted that, contrary to all usage, this platform as reported by the majority contained no word of approbation for President Cleveland. More than that, it condemned every important policy with which he had been identified. It was, indeed, precisely what those who wrote it meant that it should be—a repudiation of him and of his administration. A minority of the Committee, however, presented a protest to the Convention signed by sixteen members representing sixteen different States.* These gentlemen pronounced some of the declarations in the platform, as reported by the majority of the Committee, to be "wholly unnecessary." Others were called "ill-considered and ambiguously phrased," while still others were "extreme and revolutionary." The minority, therefore, offered in place of the free silver declaration, a substitute to the effect that any attempt on the part of the United States alone to establish free silver coinage would both imperil the national finances and retard or prevent the success of international bimetallism. "It would place this country at once upon a silver basis, impair contracts, disturb business, diminish the purchasing power of the wages of labour, and inflict irreparable evil upon our nation's commerce and industry." Finally, the minority offered the following resolution as an amendment to the majority's report:

"We commend the honesty, economy, courage and fidelity of the present Democratic national administration."

Both reports were now before the Convention, and the climax of the struggle had been reached. At once Senator Tillman leaped to the platform. To him the minority report, with its praise of President Cleveland, was like a red rag to a

*Among the signers of the protest were Senator Hill of New York, Mr. Vilas of Wisconsin, Mr. Gray of Delaware, and Messrs. Lynde Harrison, C. V. Holman, John E. Russell, John Prentiss Poe, William R. Steele, Robert E. Wright and Charles D. Rogers.

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bull. He fronted the multitude, dark and savage-featured, his face flushed, his hair unkempt, "the incarnation of the mob, vengeful and defiant." There was a strange gleam in his one eye. When he began to speak his fury soon rose to a fierce crescendo. He paced the platform like a madman, clenching his fists, hissing out his words, tossing his hands high above his head, and snapping his jaws together.* So completely had his passion mastered him, that much of what he said was unintelligible; but those who heard him gathered that he was denouncing Mr. Cleveland as "a tool of Wall Street," a tyrant, and one who richly deserved to be impeached and driven from his high office. Oddly enough, the vehemence of Mr. Tillman defeated its own object. Intense as was the feeling of the multitude to which he spoke, such raving did not touch its sympathies. Though applause was given to him by many, in his violence he had overshot the mark. Senator Hill, who spoke in behalf of the minority report, failed in another way to meet the mood of the vast audience. His face was ashen white and his manner glacial. Mr. Hill entirely lacked the oratorical temperament. Wholly unimpassioned at all times, the emotion of those about him seemed to make him colder and still more unbending. "I am a Democrat," he began, "but I am not a revolutionist." Then he proceeded with a discourse that was wholly argumentative, an appeal to reason, which, if pronounced before a purely deliberative body, might well have carried conviction in its words. But it was no deliberative body that he now addressed, but a surging mass of men frantic with excitement, upon whom mere argument was thrown away. He might as well have spoken to a cyclone; and when he took his seat, he knew that he had failed. Mr. Vilas of Wisconsin and Mr. Russell of Massachusetts, who followed and supported Mr. Hill, were no less ineffectual. Weakness of voice, an evident consciousness of coming defeat, and an unpopular cause, all combined to make their efforts unavailing.

Until now there had spoken no man to whom that riotous assembly would listen with respect. But at this moment there appeared upon the platform Mr. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, who came forward to reply to the three preceding speakers. As he faced the twenty thousand yelling, cursing, shouting men before him, they felt at once that indescribable, magnetic thrill which beasts and men alike experience in the presence of a master. Serene and self-possessed, and with a smile upon his lips, he faced the roaring multitude with a splendid consciousness of power. Before a single word had been uttered by him, the pandemonium sank to an inarticulate murmur, and when he began to speak, even this was hushed to the profoundest silence. A mellow, penetrating voice that reached, apparently without the slightest effort, to the farthermost recesses of that enormous hall, gave utterance to a brief exordium:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I should be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened, if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armour of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defence of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

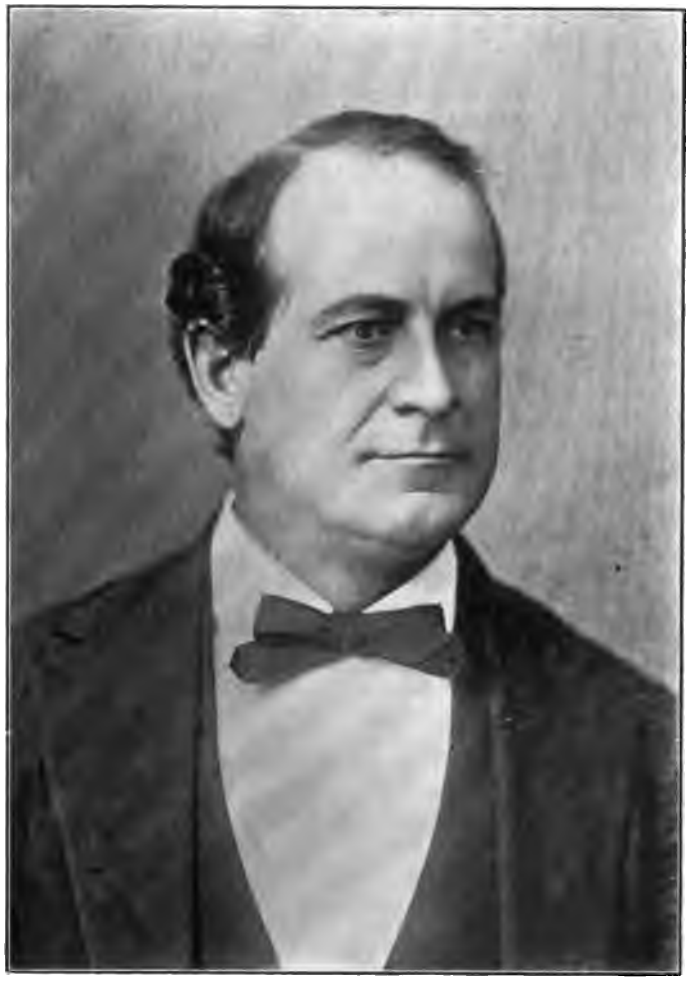
Mr. Bryan had in these three sentences already won his auditors. The repose and graceful dignity of his manner, the courteous reference to his opponents, and the perfect clearness and simplicity of his language, riveted the attention of every man and woman in the convention hall. As he continued, it was with increasing earnestness and power. He spoke briefly of the issue which was there to be determined. He held it to be an issue based upon a vital principle,—the right of the majority to rule and to have its firm convictions embodied in the declaration of the party.

"It is not a question of persons; it is a question of principle; and it is not with gladness that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed upon the other side. . . . When you [turning to the gold delegates] come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

*Report in New York *World*, July 10, 1896.

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"We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer. The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis. The merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who, by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country, creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain. The miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men."



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Mr. Bryan's delivery of this passage was remarkable for its effectiveness. He spoke with the utmost deliberation, so that every word was driven home to each hearer's consciousness, and yet with an ever-increasing force which found fit ex-

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pression in the wonderful harmony and power of his voice. His sentences rang out, now with an accent of superb disdain, and now with the stirring challenge of a bugle call.

"We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defence of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded. We have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!"

As Mr. Bryan pronounced these spirited words, the great hall seemed to rock and sway with the fierce energy of the shout that ascended from twenty thousand throats. When he flung out the sentence "We defy them!" the leaderless Democracy of the West was leaderless no more. In that very moment, and in that burst of wild applause, it was acclaiming its new chief.

"You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favour of the gold standard. We reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country. . . .

"We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and to substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? I call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this Convention to-day and who tell us that we ought to declare in favour of international bimetallism—thereby declaring that the gold standard is wrong and that the principle of bimetallism is better—these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, and were then telling us that we could not legislate two metals together, even with the aid of all the world. If the gold standard is a good thing, we ought to declare in favour of its retention and not in favour of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing, why should we wait until other nations are willing to help us to let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight. We are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. . . .

"It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors when but three millions in number had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation. Shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the labouring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

The scene enacted in the Convention, as Mr. Bryan finished speaking, was indescribable. Throughout the latter part of his address, a crash of applause had followed every sentence; but now the tumult was like that of a great sea thundering against the dykes. Twenty thousand men and women went mad with an irresistible enthusiasm. This orator had met their mood to the very full. He had found magic words for the feeling which they had been unable to express. And so he had played at will upon their very heart-strings, until the full tide of their emotion was let loose in one tumultuous shout which seemed to have no end. When order was partially restored, the substitute resolutions offered by Senator Hill were rejected with cries

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of derision, as were two other amendments afterwards proposed by him; and then the free-silver platform was adopted by a vote of 628 to 301. Having taken this action, the delegates, exhausted by the day's exciting scenes, adjourned until the following afternoon.

Over night, the question of the candidate to be nominated was earnestly discussed. It was evident that Mr. Bryan had suddenly leaped into a prominence which made him a formidable competitor for the highest honours. Before his address, no one had thought of him as a presidential candidate. Mr. Bland of Missouri, who



JOHN M. PALMER

was popularly styled "the Father of Free Silver," possessed the largest following. But now there were many who believed that their true leader had been revealed to them in Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bland was able and experienced: but he lacked the fire and the genius for command which the young Nebraskan had so strikingly exhibited. Hence, when the Convention reassembled, and proceeded to the selection of a candidate, although the first ballot showed Mr. Bland to have received 235 votes, Mr. Bryan came next with 119, the number necessary to a choice being 502. Thirteen other gentlemen* received scattering votes. On the second and third ballots, both Mr. Bland's and Mr. Bryan's following was increased; but on the fourth, Mr. Bryan led with 280 votes to 241 for Mr. Bland. When the roll was called for the fifth time, Mr. Bryan lacked only 12 votes of a nomination, and at once 78 delegates changed their votes from other candidates to him, thereby making him the choice of the Convention. Subsequently, Mr. Arthur Sewall, a wealthy ship-builder of Maine, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency.*

The action of the Convention was received in the West with immense enthusiasm, in the South with doubtful approbation, and in the East with anger and dismay. Over the offices of some Democratic newspapers, flags were hoisted at half-mast. Many journals expressed strong disapproval.† Not a few openly avowed their purpose of supporting the Republican candidates. The Western silver men were described by these papers as being really Populists who had stolen the name of Democrats. The gold delegates, returning from the scene of their defeat, set themselves to stimulate this feeling, where they did not take refuge in significant silence. "Are you still a Democrat?" an intimate friend asked of Senator Hill. "Yes," replied the Senator; "I am a Democrat still;" adding after a significant pause—"very still." Naturally, the Republicans rejoiced at these evidences of Democratic dissension. It appeared for a few days as though a victory over Mr. Bryan might be won almost

*Among them were Senators Hill, Turpie, Tillman and Teller; Mr. Boies of Iowa, Mr. Russell of Massachusetts, Vice-president Stevenson, Mr. Blackburn of Kentucky and Mr. Pennoyer of Oregon. Of the gold delegates, 178 refused to take part in this ballot; and 162 abstained from voting further.

*Five ballots were taken before Mr. Sewall was chosen, his chief competitors being Mr. J. C. Sibley, Mr. J. R. McLean (Ohio), Mr. G. F. Williams (Massachusetts) and Mr. Bland. More than 250 gold delegates refused to take part in the balloting for a vice-presidential candidate.

†The following comments in the New York *World* of July 11th are sufficiently characteristic of conservative Democratic sentiment at the time:

"Lunacy having dictated the platform, it was perhaps natural that hysteria should evolve the candidate. . . . There is no doubt as to the result of the election, except as to the size of McKinley's popular and electoral majority."

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without a struggle. But very soon this view was seen to be erroneous, and Mr. McKinley's managers perceived with genuine alarm that the contest was to be one of the fiercest ever fought in American political history. For though in New England and New York, Mr. Bryan was certain to lose many votes, this loss would be offset by the thousands of votes which would be given him by the "Silver Republicans" and by the Populists in the Western States. On July 22d, these two parties held conventions in St. Louis, and each of them nominated Mr. Bryan for the Presidency, though the Populist Convention substituted the name of Mr. Thomas E. Watson of Georgia for that of Mr. Sewall as its candidate for the Vice-Presidency.* Already a section of the Prohibition Party, known as the "broad gaugers," had adopted a platform favouring the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. It was plain, therefore, that Mr. Bryan would receive a very heavy vote from sources outside the pale of the regular Democracy. Moreover, as time went on, many conservative Democrats who had earnestly opposed the silver movement were still so far affected by their sentiments of party loyalty as to prefer any Democratic candidate to a Republican. It was for the purpose of drawing the votes of these men away from Mr. Bryan that the gold Democrats summoned a convention which met at Indianapolis† on September 2d, and, adopting the name of "National Democratic Party," nominated for the Presidency General John M. Palmer of Illinois, and for the Vice-Presidency General Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky. This Convention, to which forty-one States and three Territories sent delegates, adopted a platform condemning "the Populist Conventions of Chicago and St. Louis," urging the maintenance of the gold standard, and highly commending "the fidelity, patriotism, and courage" of President Cleveland in fulfilling "his great public trust," in maintaining "civil order and the enforcement of the laws," and in upholding "the credit and honour of the nation."*

The Democratic nominations were no sooner made than the whole country perceived the supreme issue of the campaign to be the silver question. Even Mr. McKinley ceased to discourse upon the tariff, and addressed his visiting delegations on the one subject of the currency. The Republicans took up the cry of "sound money," and made that the party slogan. Active canvassing began at an unprecedentedly early date. There was no interval of rest and apathy. Mr. Bryan himself forced the fighting, and made the first aggressive move by journeying in August to New York City in order that he might receive the formal notice of his nomination in the Madison Square Garden. As he expressed it, in a phrase that was much criticised at the time, he wished first to present his cause "in the heart of what now seems to be the enemy's country."† His intention created a genuine panic among the Republicans. Although in their public prints they had sneered at Mr. Bryan's oratorical powers, although they had derisively dubbed him "the Boy Orator of the Platte," and although they had absurdly described the famous peroration of his Convention speech as "blasphemous," they were secretly afraid lest his eloquence should produce the same effect in New York as it had in Chicago. But Mr. Bryan himself knew better. He was wise enough to understand that the conditions in Chicago could not possibly be reproduced in New York. He was aware that public expectation had been worked up to so extravagant a pitch that were he Demosthenes and Cicero in one, he must inevitably fail to satisfy it. He therefore very sensibly declined to attempt what would have been impossible—in other words, he refused to compete against himself. When he appeared before the immense audience in New York, he read a very carefully prepared address, well reasoned, temperate, and plausible, but with no attempt at eloquence whatever. His opponents at once

*Those Populists who opposed a direct alliance with the Democratic Party were styled "Middle-of-the-road men."

†Governor Roswell P. Flower of New York was temporary chairman of the Convention, and Senator Caffery of Louisiana its permanent president.

*See Hopkins, *Political Parties in the United States* (New York, 1900).

†Speech at Lincoln, Nebraska, August 8th. See Bryan, *The First Battle*, p. 300 (Chicago, 1897).

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set up a howl of derision, and even many of his own supporters were for the moment much chagrined. Nevertheless, he had acted wisely, and he had followed an excellent precedent; for Mr. Lincoln, when he first came to New York after receiving the Republican nomination in 1860, had also read his speech and had declined to trust to his gift of improvising. But the circumstances of the meeting at the Madison Square Garden were undoubtedly unfortunate for Mr. Bryan. The night was one of intense midsummer heat. The sweltering audience was kept waiting in extreme discomfort. The notification speech of Governor W. J. Stone of Missouri was inexcusably long, while Mr. Bryan himself spoke for nearly two whole hours. A feeling of relief was experienced by the Republicans when they found that their formidable adversary had at least performed no miracle of eloquence in "the enemy's country."

But Mr. Bryan gave them no cause to relax their efforts to defeat him. With astonishing energy, he planned and carried out four long journeys through the country, speaking at every place of importance in the doubtful States. On a single one of these progresses, he travelled more than twelve thousand miles, and was everywhere received by enormous gatherings and with intense enthusiasm. The funds for his campaign were scanty. All the financial interests of the country were arrayed against him. His managers had no great sums to lavish in subsidising newspapers, in circulating documents, in hiring bands, and in decorating whole cities with political banners. Mr. Bryan, in fact, fought single-handed against the party of wealth; yet almost alone, he made his foes strain every nerve to compass his defeat. It was estimated* that not less than 5,000,000 persons heard him speak, and among them there were few who showed him anything that savoured of discourtesy. Almost the only exception was found in an incident at New Haven, where the students of Yale University interrupted his address with yells for McKinley and jeers for Mr. Bryan and his cause. But this was an exceptional incident and one which only the New York *Sun* had the hardihood to defend. It would, indeed, have been very difficult for any fair-minded person, after hearing Mr. Bryan, to feel aught but a sincere personal respect for him. The tone of all his speeches was admirable. He dealt with principles alone and not with persons. Although showered with abuse by the Republican and Gold Democratic newspapers, he never condescended to reply in kind; and for his chief political adversary he had only words of courteous consideration. Speaking in the town of Canton, Mr. McKinley's home, he said—and the sentences were very characteristic of his manliness:

"I am glad to meet the people of this city, the home of my distinguished opponent, and I am also glad in their presence to testify to his high character and great personal worth. I shall be satisfied if, as an individual, I may be able to stand beside him in public esteem. . . . I tell my neighbours at home that I shall bear them no ill-will if they believe that my opponent should be elected; and I have so high an opinion of my opponent that I know he will say to his townsmen here that every one should be free to make his ballot represent a freeman's will, although it may result in keeping your distinguished citizen among you as a neighbour still."

Very different from this was the treatment accorded Mr. Bryan by his adversaries. They could find nothing in his private life to censure; but they circulated absurd and wholly baseless stories, besides misrepresenting the whole tenor of his political teaching. They professed to believe that he had once been a strolling actor; they denounced him as an anarchist and an enemy of public order. Some phrases in the Democratic platform relating to the income tax decision were so garbled as to make it appear that Mr. Bryan desired to abolish or discredit the Supreme Court. Thousands of men, women and children were led to think of Mr. Bryan as the incarnation of riot, revolution and ruin. Some of the bitterest of the attacks upon him were made by the organs of the gold-standard Democracy. Thus, after Mr. Bryan had delivered an address at Louisville, the *Courier-Journal*

*By Mr. R. F. Rose of the Associated Press. See Bryan, *op. cit.*, p. 618.

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of that city, edited by Mr. Henry Watterson, said of him:

"Mr. William J. Bryan has come to Kentucky, and Kentuckians have taken his measure. He is a boy orator. He is a dishonest dodger. He is a daring adventurer. He is a political fakir. He is not of the material of which the people of the United States have ever made a President, nor is he even of the material of which any party has ever before made a candidate."

Popular preachers harangued their congregations on the despicable character and the evil purposes of Mr. Bryan. In Brooklyn, the Rev. Cortlandt Myers, in a sermon, said of the Chicago platform: "That platform was made in hell!"* The Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst in New York spoke of the silver movement as inimical to credit, and an attempt, "deliberate and hot-blooded, to destroy what little of it still remains. I dare, in God's pulpit, to brand such attempts as accursed and treasonable!"† Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., cried aloud to a New York congregation that Mr. Bryan was "a mouthing, slobbering demagogue whose patriotism is all in his jaw-bone!"‡ From these citations it will be seen that the violence of language which in the Populist orators had so amused the people of the East, was now fully matched by the ranting of the gold men. Even some of the Catholic clergy were induced to speak in opposition to Mr. Bryan's cause, though of course they did so in terms of moderation and decorum. Governor Culberson of Texas had written to Prince Bismarck a letter asking for an expression of opinion as to the merits of bimetallism as against gold monometallism. The ex-Chancellor replied from Friedrichsruhe, under date of August 24, 1896, to the effect that he had always personally had a preference for bimetallism, "without considering myself infallible over against experts on the subject." He added:

"The United States are commercially freer in their movements than any single one of the European nations; and if North America should find it compatible with its interests to take an independent step in the direction of bimetallism, I do believe it would have an appreciable influence upon the establishment of an international agreement and the conjunction of the European States."

The silver orators made much of this letter, and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul took occasion to refer to it in a statement which he made in answer to a request from a number of prominent merchants and bankers. The Archbishop wrote:

"Herr von Bismarck counselled the United States to go ahead and make the experiment all alone. Yes, and some Americans quote his advice as an authority. The sly old fox would, indeed, be pleased to see America make the experiment and go to the bottom of the sea."*

It was not, however, upon newspaper discussion, or platform oratory, or the influence of the clergy that the Republican managers placed their main reliance. The whole vast machinery of commerce, of business and of finance was set in motion to create a general impression that Mr. Bryan's success would mean disaster to every section of the American people. As the month of November drew near, capitalists resorted to the very effective device of giving large orders to manufacturers, on condition that these orders were to be executed only in case of Mr. McKinley's election. In this way notice was served upon the artisans that if they voted for Mr. Bryan they would be voting to deprive themselves of work. The great insurance companies of New York and New England, which held mortgages upon farms in the Western States, notified the mortgageors that, if Mr. McKinley were elected, the mortgages would be extended for a period of five years at a low rate of interest. At the end of the week preceding the election, many employers of labour, in paying off their workmen, gave them notice that they could not return to

*September 13, 1896. Report in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

†September 27, 1896. Report in New York *Tribune*.

‡October 4, 1896. Report in New York *World*.

*Letter of October 2, 1896. See the leading journals of that date.

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work in the event of Mr. Bryan's success.* The city banks brought to bear upon their country correspondents such powerful pressure as they could readily exercise; and these correspondents transmitted that pressure to their depositors. In fact, the myriad influences which Mr. Hanna understood so well were all directed with astonishing effectiveness to the single end of defeating Mr. Bryan at any cost. These means were doubtless more certain in their operation than the mere use of money; yet money, too, was spent with a profusion hitherto unknown even in American political campaigns. A member of the Republican Committee subsequently admitted that the campaign expenses of his party in 1896 amounted to not less than $25,000 a day from August 1st until the eve of the election. This money came from capitalists and business men in general, and even from fiduciary institutions.†

Yet the result of an election so bitterly contested as was that of 1896 can scarcely be decided by the use of money or by influences more insidious and no less discreditable. How did the cause for which Mr. Bryan so brilliantly contended commend itself to the sober judgment of intelligent Americans? In what way did the majority of these men sum up their verdict at the close of the campaign? Let us run over the main contentions of the silver party and then endeavour to point out alike their weakness and their strength. Until 1873, either gold and silver bullion could be taken by any one to the mints of the United States to be coined into standard dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1 (exactly 15.988 to 1). By 1873, however, the immense production of silver had cheapened the market value of that metal, so that the old ratio of coinage was no longer an exact one. The price of silver was continually falling and fluctuating; and hence, as early as 1870, President Grant's Secretary of the Treasury had drafted a bill to demonetise the silver dollar and establishing the single gold standard for the United States. This bill was passed by the Senate in 1871, and two years later, in 1873, it was passed by both Houses and became law. It had been before Congress for nearly three years, and it had met with scarcely any opposition. Presently, the world's annual production of gold diminished so that the value of the gold dollar appreciated, while the supply of that metal shrank in proportion to the growth of the population, thus causing what some described as a "contraction of the circulating medium." This brought several results to pass. Prices, being measured in terms of gold, continually fell, while debts contracted under the other system were now payable in dollars of a greater intrinsic value than before. It soon began to be asserted that the Act of 1873 had been passed by a conspiracy of the capitalists, who had smuggled it through Congress by craft and stealth. It was spoken of as "the crime of 1873," and was cited as an example of the wickedness of the financiers. Of course, the facts as just given show that the charge was false. In one of the later debates in the Senate, Mr. Stewart of Nevada, after violently denouncing the "crime of 1873," was put to confusion by Senator Sherman, who showed by the record that Mr. Stewart had himself both spoken and voted for the "crime." In fact, all the Senators from California, Oregon and Nevada had supported the demonetising Act.

Nevertheless, it had unquestionably worked a hardship to the debtor class throughout the country, just as did the resumption of specie payments in 1879.* Yet this hardship was in reality due to natural causes—to a decrease in the world's gold supply. What Mr. Bryan proposed to do, was to expand the currency by opening the mints once more to free silver coinage at the old ratio. He believed that this

*See, for example, the news columns of the Wilmington (Delaware) *News* for November 3, 1896; and a letter published by an acute observer of American conditions, in the *St. James Gazette* (London), November 6, 1896.

†Some light was thrown upon the sources of this fund when, in October, 1905, the investigations of a committee of the New York Legislature brought out the fact that Mr. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, had ordered the sum of $50,000 paid to the Republican National Committee, and this without the knowledge or consent of his board of directors or of his financial committee. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of the same city contributed, in the same secret way, the sum of $15,000.

*See THE BOOKMAN for July, p. 478.

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would at once increase the volume of money in circulation, raise prices, and perform an act of simple justice to the debtor class. That is, he believed that an act of legislation could at once effectually correct an inequitable condition which was the result of purely natural causes. That he was perfectly right in his diagnosis of the financial situation few will now deny. But that his proposed remedy was perilous in the extreme remains the opinion of the ablest students of financial problems. The dangers which it seemed to threaten finally rallied to the support of Mr. McKinley, that mass of thoughtful citizens who in effect always hold the balance of political power. Mr. Bryan's definition of a debtor class was, in fact, too limited to be convincing. His thought was mainly of the farmers of the West who had mortgaged their lands to Eastern creditors. But the true debtor class was a much larger one than this. To it in reality belonged every person who had deposited his savings in a bank, or who had taken out a policy of life insurance, or who had made any small investment as a provision against old age or illness. These persons dreaded the possibility of receiving in place of their hard-earned money some form of depreciated currency; and they did not draw any fine distinction between the so-called "fiat paper money" of the old Greenback Party and the fiat silver money of the new Democracy. And so, in the end, the prudence, or caution, or timidity of this large class turned the scale against the party of free silver.*

The excitement which marked this whole extraordinary contest increased in its intensity until the very end. An imposing demonstration in New York City signalised the close of the campaign on the Saturday before election day. More than 150,000 voters marched up Broadway, under a forest of flags and vivid decorations, which covered nearly every building on the way. Thousands of them were men who had never, perhaps, taken part in a political parade before. Lawyers, merchants, clergymen, bankers, university professors, authors—all marched shoulder to shoulder, cheering lustily for "sound money" and incidentally for the Republican candidates. The demonstration had no great political significance, for New York was known to be safely Republican; yet the outpouring was one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most impressive incidents in a contest that was full of life and colour.

The election was unexpectedly decisive. Before midnight on November 3d, it was known that Mr. Bryan had been defeated and that he would receive in the Electoral College only 176 votes to 271 for Mr. McKinley. He had carried all the Southern States except West Virginia; and had also received the votes of Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, while California and Kentucky had each given him one electoral vote. But the solid opposition of the East, the Northwest and the Middle West had overborne his loyal following in the more thinly settled mining States.* Yet Mr. Bryan had given the Republican Party a shock of extreme severity. The extent of its fright may be measured by the ferocity with which its newspaper organs referred to Mr. Bryan even after the election. The following passage from the New York *Tribune* is sufficiently illustrative to deserve citation:

"The thing was conceived in iniquity and was brought forth in sin. It had its origin in a malicious conspiracy against the honour and integrity of the nation. It gained such monstrous growth as it enjoyed from an assiduous culture of the basest passions of the least worthy members of the community. It has been defeated and destroyed because right is right and God is God. Its nominal head was worthy of the cause. Nominal, because the wretched, rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued

*For a brief criticism of both the gold and the silver arguments from the standpoint of one who accepted neither as convincing, see Fonda, *Honest Money*, ch. viii. (New York, 1895).

*In the popular vote, Mr. McKinley received 7,111,607 votes, and Mr. Bryan, 6,509,052,—a majority for Mr. McKinley of 602,555. General Palmer, the candidate of the Gold Democrats, received 134,645 votes.

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hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist, and other desperadoes of that stripe. But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was,—willing and eager. Not one of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments. He goes down with the cause, and must abide with it in the history of infamy. He had less provocation than Benedict Arnold, less intellectual force than Aaron Burr, less manliness and courage than Jefferson Davis. He was the rival of them all in deliberate wickedness, and treason to the Republic. His name belongs with theirs, neither the most brilliant nor the most hateful in the list. Good riddance to it all, to conspiracy and conspirators, and to the foul menace of repudiation and anarchy against the honour and life of the Republic."

Mr. Bryan himself set an example of dignity and generous feeling which his newspaper assailants might well have tried to emulate. No sooner was the result of the election a certainty than he telegraphed to his successful rival a message of cordial congratulation, to which Mr. McKinley at once replied in terms of equal courtesy and personal good will.

Thus ended the most eventful political struggle which the people of the United States had witnessed since that which ended in the first election of Abraham Lincoln. Looking back upon it with a true perception of its significance, one finds in it the temporary failure of a noble cause through a faulty adaptation of means to end. For the underlying issue was not that of the money question at all. The money question, in fact, served only to obscure the underlying issue and to postpone its ultimate decision. The people of the West, and in fact the people of the whole country, were suffering from the innumerable abuses which the lawlessness of corporate wealth had brought upon them. Unwisely they sought a remedy through an attempt to establish an unsound economic principle. The result was their defeat, and for a time the defeat of the cause for which they were contending. The way to deliverance was not to be opened to them through the door of the national finances. Mr. Bryan resembled a champion who rushes forth to meet a powerful antagonist, and who has armed himself with a sword of which the blade is flawed. At the very crisis of the combat, his weapon was shattered in his grasp, and the victory was given to his adversary.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. A History of Egypt
II. The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians
III. Primitive Art in Egypt

Of these three works,* the first and the third are of exceptional interest to students of Egyptology. The book by Petrie, in particular, may be said to be almost a model of a presentative history as distinguished from a philosophical one. The keynote of the whole is given by the author himself when he says: "Facts are what we alone consider in this history, without giving weight to the opinions that may have been based on those facts." Such a plan indeed is the only one that can logically be pursued in writing the history of a country whose records, like those of India, must be drawn mainly from royal inscriptions, rich though the literature and the art may be in revealing the thought and the life of the people. The present volume is the third in a series of six, of which the first three, treating of the history of Egypt from the first dynasty to the fall of the native Pharaohs, have been writ-

*A History of Egypt from the XIXth to the XXXth Dynasties. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. By Georg Steindorff. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Primitive Art in Egypt. By Jean Capart. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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ten by Professor Petrie, while Ptolemaic Egypt is to be entrusted to Professor Mahaffy, Roman Egypt to Professor Milne, and Arabic Egypt to Professor Stanley Lane Poole. The volume under consideration deals with the period of the decline of the Pharaohs. There are, indeed, great names, such as Sety I., Ramessu II., and Ramessu III., but the glories of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties are gradually lost in a medley of internecine quarrels, soon to be submerged beneath the flood of foreign invaders. This epoch, however, is of special interest to the student of the Bible. A song of triumph dating from the reign of Merenptah (1234-14 B. C.) gives the only mention of the Jews thus far known to exist on Egyptian monuments: "The people of Israel is laid waste—their crops are not, Kharu (Palestine) has become as a widow by Egypt." This silence regarding the Jews in Egypt renders it somewhat doubtful whether they were really as important in the land of Egypt as their inveterate megalomania has led them to suppose. The value of the work is distinctly enhanced by the complete lists of monuments and officials prefixed to the account of each individual reign.

An equal mead of praise cannot be bestowed on Professor Steindorff's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.* This book contains a series of five lectures delivered in the spring of 1904 as the fifth course of "The American Lectures on the History of Religions." To compare it with Wiedemann's *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians* would be, perhaps, unfair, in view of the different conditions under which the two books were written, but when the American series is placed side by side with the "Hibbert Lectures" of England, the contrast is by no means to the advantage of the former. It would be impossible to gain anything like a clear idea of individual Egyptian deities from Steindorff's book, which is, perhaps necessarily, sketchy and somewhat superficial. The first chapter deals with the religion in the earliest period, and a clear distinction is drawn between the popular faith and the hieraticism which was later grafted upon it. In those early times there was no uniform Egyptian religion, but as among the Sabæans, Phœnicians, and other Semites, each locality had its special "lord" or "lady." The Egyptian religion seems to have been originally a nature-cult, reverence being paid to stones, trees, pillars, and, most of all, animals. In such a mixture of animism and totemism there is nothing specifically Egyptian, for similar religious phenomena may be found in the cults of the Semites, Greeks and Alaskans. In Egypt, however, the retention of the totem-god, even in the fully developed period of the religion, was somewhat unusual, as when Thot bore the head of an ibis, or Bast that of a cat. A similar survival may be traced in the worship of the Apis-bull, perhaps a deity of fertility. Nature-worship, on the other hand, is seen in the reverence paid to Horus as the sun-god. The latter deity, under the name of Re-Horus, was, indeed, elevated to the rank of supreme deity by Amenophis IV., who called the god Aton the "solar disc." This was the single heresy of the Egyptian religion, and its speedy suppression by the successors of Amenophis speaks volumes for the power of the priesthood. Interesting chapters are also devoted by the author to the Egyptian views of the future life, to their temples and ceremonies, and to external influences on the Egyptian cult. Thus the Apis-cult survived in the Israelitic calf-worship, but Steindorff's view that the Judæo-Christian concept of the resurrection of the body is Egyptian in origin seems scarcely probable. This teaching is generally regarded as post-exilic, and is more plausibly supposed to be borrowed from Persia.

Of far wider interest is the work of Jean Capart on *Primitive Art in Egypt,* for it appeals, with its wealth of illustration and its sober judgment, to all who concern themselves in any wise with the civilisation of primitive man. The most important chapters are those on personal adornment, ornamental and decorative art, and sculpture and painting. Throughout the book the author manifests a thorough knowledge of ethnology, especially of the African. Particularly wise is his emphasis on the fact that primitive "art" is utilitarian in origin, herein following the example of

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Deniker and Grosse. The customs of painting the body and of tattooing, common throughout the primitive world, were followed among the early Egyptians; and various forms of stone implements, adorned, like many other objects, with forms of animals often extremely conventionalised, were used in the pre-Pharaonic period. Striking, too, is the existence of "alphabetiform" signs, a circumstance which may render necessary a revision of some of the current views of the origin of the alphabet. The various forms of personal adornment and of pottery are discussed in detail and fully illustrated with a wealth of example. A word of praise should be said for the admirable work of the translator of the book, Miss Griffith, so that her version reads like a bit of original English. Early Egyptian civilisation was African, overlaid by the culture of Semites, who probably entered the Delta by way of Arabia. The author's conclusion may best be summed up in his own words: "Egyptian art, as it is revealed to us at the commencement of the fourth dynasty, appears to be composed of various elements. Primitive art, which had its birth in the north of Africa and developed during the course of centuries, was only to a small extent affected by foreign influences (Ægean and Anu?). . . . The second element is the art of the Pharaonic Egyptians, of which the earliest stages of evolution still completely evade us. When it reaches Egypt it is thoroughly fixed, and serves to express religious conceptions of advanced development, which survive in Egypt, with only very slight modifications, until the close of the Pharaonic period."

L. H. G.

IV

James Huneker's "Visionaries."*

Partisans of the "safe and sane" policy in fiction will not view with joy the publication of Mr. James Huneker's new volume of short stories. For justification of their displeasure—and, perhaps, of the delight of certain readers with different tastes—there is conveniently at hand the single word "morbid." It is the commonest slurring designation of an original author who has the impudence to write what he thinks and feels. Mr. Huneker, indeed, has himself borne the stigma before this. The memory is still fresh of an earlier volume of stories: a book of "Melomaniacs," in which were set forth with sardonic exactitude certain life-size portraits of the unrestrained artistic temperament. The "Visionaries" of the new book are of the same breed as the music-mad creatures of the old—people with obsessions, slaves of ideas, victims of strange outcroppings of bizarre passions. And these are dangerous people to put into fiction. The army of readers who always quarrel with an artist for not doing what he never intended to do are ready with their "Morbid! Unwholesome! Why doesn't he write real stories?"—that is, two-by-four stories, not seven-by-nine.

There is, perhaps, some excuse for this attitude towards an author so un-American as Mr. Huneker. He is Celtic in his wit, his high spirits, his occasional bravado, his inconsequence; in his literary faiths, his artistic ideals, he is French—never more so than in *Visionaries*. The motto of the book is French; it is dedicated to a Frenchman—*"mon cher maître,* Remy de Gourmont;" many of the characters and most of the ideas are French; above all, the type of the stories is distinctly Gallic. Mr. Huneker deliberately uses fiction as a vehicle for conveying ideas. It is not the English way. It is the French, and more particularly the modern French, way, of which Anatole France is the supreme exponent. There is character in plenty in these stories, thoughtfully conceived, brilliantly realised; but created with a purpose which is almost always explicit. There is none of the photographic reproduction, the apparently haphazard selection of the realist. The man who writes thus is more philosopher or critic than reporter.

Mr. Huneker is indeed prodigal of ideas; his is a brain restlessly active, erupting suggestive speculations. He is something more than ultra-modern in his attitude; a neo-romanticist, capable of throwing out the most revolutionary opinions with a laugh at their absurdity.

*Visionaries. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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Back of his intimate and individual style the man is rather inscrutable. It would be dangerous to label his speculations as convictions. A sceptic, he is tremendously under the influence of Catholicism. "The Third Kingdom," an amazing scenario of the world-drama, makes Christianity the fruit of cold-blooded scheming by the arch impostor of history. Yet in "An Iron Fan" he comes back to the irresistible dominion of the Christian religion: "The Galilean is our Master." He is fecund of bizarre suggestions and prophecies: that perfume is the art of the future; that pyrotechny is the art of the future; that lunatics are your only sane men; that the anti-Christ is to come; that the duel of the sexes is eternal; that in years to come the Japanese will give us our great pianists.

The habitual reader of American magazines may well ask what all these theories and speculations, æsthetic, theological, metaphysical, are doing in a volume of short stories. Mr. Huneker's definition of fiction is evidently a broad one, and he pours into the familiar mould metal that is commonly cast elsewhere. Yet it would be unfair to imply that he cannot tell a story without a text. There are tales in this book as innocent of purpose or problem as the veriest magazine trifle. But they are fantastic affairs, French again in imaginative quality; exuberant fancies of a man who loves to write, who creates dazzling shapes and colours of human life and tosses them off carelessly as soap-bubbles. They are disappointing as soap-bubbles, too; they soar and gleam for a moment and end in nothing. Yet these fantastic tales approach nearer to our every-day standards of good fiction than the more serious studies, and they contain some of the best writing Mr. Huneker has ever done. There is genuine human pathos in the single-minded devotion of the waiter in "The Purse of Aholibah," in which the imagery of Swinburne's fine poem is audaciously paralleled. In "A Mock Sun," the study of the poet-egotist—Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio rolled into one—could not be better. "The Haunted Harpsichord" is boisterously effective burlesque, "The Enchanted Yodler" whimsical humour. Sometimes the effect evaporates in an excess of sheer fantasy. "The Tune of Time" is madness run riot, and the *dénouement* of "The Tragic Wall" rings false. Yet there is a fascination in their wild eccentricity that draws you on in spite of your judgment.

In face of all the keen enjoyment one derives from the reading of such a stimulating and original book, there remains a residuum of disappointment to be accounted for. Perhaps it is that Mr. Huneker, with all his skill in evoking moods, misses the obvious dramatic note. It is here that he falls behind his master, Anatole France. A heartier, more robust imagination, a more flexible and picturesque style, a greater nervous and propulsive force back of his ideas—all these are in his favour. But he knows not the refinement, the subtle irony of the Frenchman, nor his skill in indicating the development of a motive. His fine gift of expression is pictorial. He can represent a soul-state often with unerring accuracy and acumen; but his personages do not progress under our eyes. To adapt a phrase of the day, his is the "static" short story. Whether this is an inherent limitation of his talent or an incident of his deliberate choice of subject and form, it is not the time to say. The question will be put to the test should he ever attempt a novel. But with every limitation of Mr. Huneker's creative faculty recognised and even exaggerated, the conviction remains that his is an artistic individuality of rare potency and of welcome value to American letters.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V

Katherine Cecil Thurston's "The Gambler"*

Reading *The Gambler*, one is charmed by the haunting familiarity of the faces, that at the same time have individual traits of their own. So the first part of the book is *Middlemarch* with an Irish setting. Here again is the old, ineffectual antiquarian, not quite so selfish as Casaubon and with distinctly better manners. Like Casaubon, he is married to a girl thirty years his junior, and in the

*The Gambler. By Katharine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

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first imperious glow of youth that makes age, as age, distasteful—only here the sacrifice is prompted by a dead father's obligations. A little later the scene is shifted, and the young wife meets her Lord Steyne. And what a subtle bit of character drawing is this later Lord Steyne, from his scented milk bath in the morning and the costly perfume of his clothes, to his cold eyes that narrow with desire, and his lips that leave a lingering chill on the hand they kiss! Then comes the virtuous hero—why do "lady novelists" make masculine virtue so unattractive?—and he is nothing but a slight reflex of Jacob Delafield in *Lady Rose's Daughter*, not more of a prig, for that would be beyond human possibility, but with the same pervasive atmosphere of moral rectitude, quite the same inflexible, self-sufficing, wooden virtue. Finally, appears the little *dea ex machina*, who is perfect as only a sweet Irish girl can be perfect, and who averts inevitable disaster and brings all to a happy ending, after the time-honoured fashion of Greek comedy.

The chief merits of the book lie, it seems to us, in the Irish setting of the first part, where the mystical "untouched" aspect of land and sea, the peculiar fascination of place and people breathe from the pages; and second, the occasional touches that show a grasp of situation almost careless in its complete mastery—for example, the way the dog Mick is brought into the three crises of the heroine's life. His first appearance explains the fifteen-year-old girl so thoroughly that one is tempted to quote it. James Milbanke, the elderly archæologist, has gone down to the southeast coast of Ireland to explore some ancient ruins near Corrigmore. He has been entertained the night before by an old college friend, Dennis Asshlin, and has had sufficient opportunity to judge of the degeneration in Asshlin, brought about by hard drinking and by gambling. At ten in the morning there is to be a race between Clodagh, the elder of Asshlin's two daughters, and her cousin Larry, and Milbanke is chosen umpire. In his excitement—for there really is "a shred or two of frail humanity in him"—Milbanke drops his handkerchief as the two near his mound, Clodagh's mare shies the least bit, and in that lost second Larry's cob dashes past her and wins the race. But Clodagh will not have the race called off, and goes towards the house, followed by Milbanke:

> His crossing of the fields was measured and methodical, and he had barely come within sight of the arched gateway of the yard when Clodagh reappeared—this time on foot. The tail of her habit was tucked under one arm, and the struggling form of an Irish terrier was held firmly under the other.
>
> She came straight forward in his direction, and reaching him, would have passed on without speaking. But he halted in front of her.
>
> "Miss Clodagh," he said, "you are hurt and disappointed."
>
> Clodagh averted her eyes.
>
> "I'm not," she said, shortly.
>
> "But I see that you are."
>
> "No, I'm not."
>
> "Miss Clodagh, you are. Can't I do something?"
>
> Then at last she looked at him. Her cheeks were burning and her eyes were brimming with tears that only pride held back.
>
> "It isn't the old race," she said, defiantly. "It's—it's Mick." Two tears suddenly welled over and dropped on the red head of the dog, who responded with an adoring look from his beautiful eyes and a wild attempt to lick her face.
>
> "Oh, I've had him since he was six weeks old," she cried impulsively. "I've reared him and trained him myself. He knows every word I say."
>
> Milbanke suddenly looked relieved.
>
> "Is that all?" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Is that all? We'll soon put that right. Keep your dog. I'll settle matters with your cousin." He glanced back across the fields to where Larry was walking the cob to and fro.
>
> But Clodagh's face expressed intense surprise.
>
> "But you don't understand," she said. "Mick was the stake. 'Twas a fair race and Larry won. Mick is—is Larry's now."
>
> He laughed a little.
>
> "Oh, nonsense! You raced for fun!"
>
> "Yes, for the best fun we could get," she said seriously. "That's why we staked what we cared most about. Don't you understand?"
>
> For the moment her grief was merged in

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unaffected surprise at his lack of comprehension. . . .

But Milbanke was staring at her interestedly. The scene at the breakfast-table, and with it Asshlin's offended pride and ridiculous dignity, had risen before him with her soft, surprised tone, her wide incredulous gaze. With total unconsciousness she was voicing the sentiments of her race. An Asshlin might neglect everything else in the world, but his debts of honour were sacred things.

He looked more closely at the pretty, distressed face, at the brimming eyes and resolutely set lips.

"And simply because you staked him," he said, "you intend to lose the dog?"

Clodagh caught her breath and a fresh tear fell on Mick's head; then with a defiant lifting of the chin she started forward across the field.

" 'Twas a fair race," she said in an unsteady voice.

Three years later, Mick reappears. Dennis Asshlin has been killed by a fall from his horse and has left his penniless children to Milbanke's care. With the infinite tact of her race, Hannah, the old serving-woman of the Asshlins, puts the idea of marrying Clodagh into Milbanke's mind. At first Clodagh is simply horrified; then the knowledge of her entire dependence upon Milbanke, broken to her as usual none too gently, by relatives, nerves her to make the sacrifice. There is never any illusion. She loves all that is "young, strong and beautiful, and Milbanke is old, pathetically old—and well preserved." As they are being driven to the station after their marriage, Larry brings Mick to her for a wedding present.

"While the horses covered a quarter of a mile she sat without movement or speech. But at last, lifting his great adoring eyes to her face, Mick ventures to touch her hand with a warm, reminding tongue. The gentle appeal of the action—the hundred memories it evoked—was instantaneous and supreme. In a sudden, irrepressible tide, her grief, her uncertainty of the future, her homesickness inundated her soul. With a quick gesture she flung away both pride and restraint, and hiding her face against the dog's rough coat, cried as if she had been a child."

The next few chapters find Clodagh in Italy. But Mrs. Thurston's Italy is hard and unconvincing, quite devoid of the intimate charm of her Ireland. And the reckless, unscrupulous, pleasure-loving set to which the heroine is now introduced is much more displeasing than it is meant to be, for its central figure, Lady Frances Hope, speaks continually of people's "social position." It is here that Clodagh meets the insidious Lord Deerehurst and is scolded by Sir Walter Gore, the Galahad of that disreputable crew. In good time, too, Milbanke dies, and his charming widow returns to England and her old associates, after turning other people's heads and emptying her own purse at Monte Carlo. The gambling instinct in her blood has asserted itself; and, like a true Asshlin, her enjoyment of a game is proportional to her losses—and she always loses. But her sincerity is never open to question until after she becomes engaged, in spite of all the machinations of Lady Frances, to Walter Gore. Her financial straits, which one understands and sympathises with, have led her, at an ill-advised moment, to borrow a thousand pounds from Lord Deerehurst, and he, like the old reprobate he is, follows up his advantage in every possible way. The author makes it quite clear that Clodagh had no notion of what that advantage would be, but Gore had said to her at the time of their engagement, "Not one of these people is anything to you—in any way?" And she had answered, "Not one of them is anything to me—in any way." Even if this could be condoned, on the ground that, as a very clever woman once said, "Men, like children, ought to be told, not what they want to know, but what they *should* know," Clodagh's subsequent actions, surely, cannot. We are asked to believe that she was deeply and truly in love with Gore—"There was, of course, her daily letter from Gore—the most precious thing in her existence—and there was also her daily letter to him. But even a woman in love cannot read and write—or even dream—all day, and in the intervals of idleness there invariably seemed to be—Deerehurst." Now we don't wish to be unreasonable. Clodagh could not be rude to Lord Deerehurst,

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for she had no means of paying him until her half-yearly income arrived; but she very evidently enjoyed seeing him, enjoyed riding with him, and all the while she was telling Gore that *he* was "the only person in the world," that "no one else existed," and it is simply impossible to think that she meant it.

The end came, as it must inevitably come, through the kind offices of Lady Frances, and Gore sent a letter to Clodagh, beginning abruptly without any address (why should a man be obliged to leave off the address?), and breaking their engagement in words whose hardness and cruelty matched the slight of the omitted address. This letter found Clodagh back in Ireland, and its effect would have been most disastrous had not Nance, the little sister who was so sweet and wise and dear, told Gore the whole truth and got him to send a telegram recalling the letter. Clodagh had gone to the edge of the rock, where her father had met his death six years before, and had closed her eyes for the final plunge, when the telegram—and Mick—brought her back to life and happiness.

We cannot refrain, in closing, from saying a word about the illustrations, which seem the unkindest that ever were made for a book. Besides being so inappropriate that they might have been cut out of the "society page" of a Sunday newspaper, they are awkward and ugly to the last degree. In one of them a woman is holding a cigarette as though it were a large salt-cellar, while another is, apparently, preparing to leap over a chair. In a second, which is meant to represent Lord Deerehurst pressing the cheque for a thousand pounds upon Clodagh, a man is bending forward with a piece of cake in his hand, while a woman seated in front of him is openly winking at a third person just outside the picture. In another a woman is running full tilt into a closed door, with her scarf streaming from under her arm like a fat umbrella, and so with all the rest. If *The Gambler,* which is a better book than *The Masquerader,* shall prove to be less popular, we shall personally ascribe the fact to the very unfortunate illustrations that misrepresent the text.

R. W. Kemp.

VI

Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth."

The House of Mirth is the title which Mrs. Wharton has affixed to the most intense tragedy of recent years. A girl in New York society—a girl still, in spite of twenty-nine years, with all the vitality, spirit, charm that belong rightly to that title—begins to be very conscious that a time is near at hand when she must do something besides enjoy life as it comes. She is without parents, practically without money, and without any interests except the momentary occupations of the world she lives in. Naturally, marriage is the obvious thing, and two marriages are possible: one with money and one with a man. Not quite hard enough to pursue the first indomitably, she is not quite brave enough to abandon herself to the other. In a doubtful middle state, she allows herself to take only the step that seems necessary at the moment. The story shows inexorably what happened to her.

Why her fate should appear tragic save to herself may be a question. We have here no wreck of obvious possibilities and hopes, except of a meaner sort. Miss Lily Bart was not one of the stronger spirits of the world. She did not have the passions and interests of an artistic nature; she did not have the perceptions of intense vitality that go with a spiritual nature. Momentarily she was impressed by Selden's conception of the republic of the spirit as well as by the intrinsic power of Gerty Farish's young women's clubs. Still, she never saw clearly any better path while she slipped down the worse. She was, one might imagine, one of the useless ones of this world, and her fate, one might say, was no more tragic than the death of a butterfly; indeed, not so much so.

She did have, however, a very true and noble feeling, though blind enough, almost subconscious, without moral strength. Under favouring circumstances, with a different education and environment, she could have done great things. As it was, living in the limited world of New York, her possibilities went for nothing. But it is by this fine, distin-

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guished temperament that the unhappy girl appeals to us more strongly than many of stronger mould. For it certainly is a tragedy when anything so rare and beautiful finds itself forced to mere denial of impossibilities. And it is Mrs. Wharton's great achievement, in a book where all is fine, that she makes us see and sympathise with the true distinction in a woman who on the surface has little else than beauty and charm.

The spectacle of this tragedy is presented upon a sordid stage. In spite of all the gold possessed by everybody but Miss Bart, it is not a brilliant world, and in spite of the cheerful name which Mrs. Wharton's irony attaches, it is not a cheerful one. Nobody except the heroine holds our interest or respect. Of Miss Bart's particular friends, Gus Trenor was a lout as well as a glutton, and his wife was a cold-hearted manager. George Dorset was a forlorn hypochondriac and his wife an implacable maniac. Rosedale had good things about him, but not enough to make him a pleasant friend. Mrs. Peniston was an insufferable example of brownstone-front respectability. And so on with the rest, all presented, of course, with the utmost happiness and sureness. Even the two good people are no real exceptions. Gertrude Farish was a good woman, worthy of respect and love. But Mrs. Wharton is so absorbed in her heroine's standpoint, or, rather, wishes us to be, that she has little but flouts for her. And as for Mr. Selden, it is chiefly by being informed of the fact that we know him to be that wondrous combination, an intelligent worldling.

There were once heard—may be heard to-day—complaints from such as dislike "such a combination of low-toned commonplaceness." Why should Mrs. Wharton "find it worth while continually to describe the belittling qualities and frailties of human nature instead of using her talent to give the world some uplifting picture of moral effort"? Why, indeed? Why is not comedy greater than tragedy? Why is not Prospero or Portia greater than Hamlet? That is certainly an interesting question, which we may properly refer to the æsthetic psychologist. Why, however, our complainant may continue, if one must be so deadly serious—why not relieve the scene a bit, if only for contrast? Is there no one interesting in the best society of New York? Perhaps there is, but perhaps, also, the Miss Barts do not know it. As for Lily, her heart has to be hardened, or, rather, her eyes have to be shut, lest she see, feel and be saved. It is a legitimate enough literary convention. You must combine these things so as to show the essentials: you cannot present the whole world.

There are books that do it: is not *The Newcomes* as tragic in feeling and as severe in arraignment? Probably it is. Probably, also, Mrs. Wharton is quite unable to keep her eye on her patient and her finger on her pulse and at the same time be charmed and delighted at the predominant joy and humour and beauty of human nature. Until she can do so, she should not be pronounced the greatest novelist of recent times. Pending her arrival at that modest eminence, we may be grateful that Mrs. Wharton accomplishes with apparent ease the most difficult part of her task.

For that she certainly does. Some time since it was said by a master of a very different kind of fiction that "it is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood." Observation, analysis, logic: these processes, probably, Mrs. Wharton has employed rather more than Stevenson would have done. But whatever Mrs. Wharton may have done herself, these intellectual operations are not obvious in her book. "In anything fit to be called by the name of reading," continues the same authority, "the process should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought." That is a very exact description of a mental state that many will probably experience on reading *The House of Mirth*. It is not observation, analysis, logic; it is real humanity, if not the whole of it, and that is something likely to hold our interest and absorb our attention. After perhaps a slight repulsion at first, one is attracted to the unhappy butterfly, and follows her

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flutterings with a growing feeling, to which the last few pages come with a suave and necessary relief.

And after that, what then? one may ask. Suppose you are voluptuously absorbed, that your mind sees stars, that you cannot sleep? Is that all one can say? Is there no moral teaching? No problem? No message? No criticism of life? There is not, very fortunately, any one of these things. There is nothing that needs to be discussed or talked about, or answered. There is simply the impression of poignant tragedy, the pity and awe with which one becomes silent.

E. E. Hale, Jr.

VII

Robert Barr's "The Speculations of John Steele"*

The Speculations of John Steele belongs to the modern school of business novel of which the stories of Messrs. Merwin and Webster and Mr. Robert Herrick are fair examples and for which the railroad and the Stock Exchange furnish the heroes. These are novels of the West, their scene is Chicago, their theme the making of money, and their atmosphere one of such hurry and bustle as to make New York seem like a country town in comparison. Insomuch as they deal with money-making, these books are alike; but there the resemblance ceases, for while *Calumet K.* is a record of achievement, of something added to the world's possessions, *The Speculations of John Steele* is merely a chronicle of money lost or won by gambling, passing from the pocket of one man to that of another without benefiting any one on its way. A well-known author has called the speculator the pirate of commerce, and Mr. Barr's book is a story of adventures as interesting as those of Captain Kidd, for it has been reserved for America to surround the business of money-getting with the varied incidents that make a book of this type as thrilling as a novel of adventure and lifts the hustle of commercial life into the domain of romance.

John Steele is a type, not a character, and he is a fair example of that class of hustler which may be called typically American, in that no other country produces it. Starting, as have most of the successful men in this country, as a poor boy, he owes his first promotion to a quickness of decision which averts a collision at the lonely shanty where he is station-agent and general factotum. Inheriting some money from an uncle who had made it by judicious investments, John Steele, the author tells us, "began to wonder if he, too, had inherited this seventh sense of money-making which has produced those bulky, unearned fortunes for which America is celebrated or notorious."

His legacy enables him to test his suspected abilities, and he begins a series of speculations, in following which the reader shares in the excitement attending that form of diversion. Sometimes Steele is fortunate, sometimes he is not, but in all his transactions he displays a fertility of resource, a courage and decision that are only defeated when they are pitted against unlimited money and entire unscrupulousness. These forces are united in Peter Berington, whose personality more than suggests the most remarkable figure in the business life of our country to-day. Mr. Barr describes him as "the greatest financial brain the world had hitherto produced—the modern embodiment of Mammon. In early life there had occurred to him the obvious proposition that if any one man could control the manufacture and sale of some simple article in universal use, he would secure a fortune greater than that of all the monarchs on earth put together. Peter Berington chose soap as his medium, and the world-renowned trust called Amalgamated Soap has been the outcome. His methods were as simple as his products. He offered what he considered a fair price to a rival for his business, and if that rival refused, Peter crushed him by a competition the other could not withstand. . . . Berington's air-tight monopoly finally produced an annual income in excess of the fortune any man on earth possessed twenty-five years ago. . . . The few who knew him in private life described him as a quiet, timorous man, apparently without

*The Speculations of John Steele. By Robert Barr. New York: The F. A. Stokes Company.

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opinions of his own, who was withal deeply religious. Yet all the histories printed of him never contained the record of any man who had defeated him."

This is the man whom Steele thwarts in his transactions in wheat, and who now pursues him with a relentless, never-slackening desire for revenge.

This is the weakest point in the book. It is necessary for the interest of the story that Steele should be pitted against some malignant and powerful enemy, but whether such a tremendous combination as the Soap Trust would consider it worth while to buy a railroad for the purpose of ruining a man who had interfered with one of its schemes, is open to question, and that it would try to lure a man to his death is still more doubtful. But it is a question of degree, not of kind, and the author may be right.

Mr. Barr takes no stand as to the ethics of speculation. His only aim is to show what possibilities it offers, and the fact that John Steele is ultimately ruined through the actions of the Soap Trust shows how well he knows the slight chance one man has against a combination backed by unlimited resources.

The Speculations of John Steele is sure to interest women in spite of its dealing chiefly with men and their affairs and its almost entire lack of sentiment. It is not until the last chapter that the author awakes to a sense of his responsibilities and describes a tumultuous wooing which recalls the climax of Mr. Harry Wilson's *The Spenders,* and leads us to believe that Chicago is as energetic in her love-making as in her business methods.

It is characteristic of this class of novel that all its action takes place in the public eye. The scene shifts from office-buildings to railway stations and from thence to Pullman cars, but there is hardly the suggestion of a home in the book. There is not a dull page in the story. It moves on to a happy ending and the situations are so well handled that the reader's attention is held from the beginning to the end, while as he reads he begins to understand why the mere pursuit of unearned wealth in this country is so absorbing.

Mary K. Ford.

VIII

Mr. Hough's "Heart's Desire."*

When you have read Mr. Hough's book you will be sure to be looking for "Heart's Desire" the next time you go through the far West country. And you will be sure you will know it when you see it. Not so much by the look of the valley, or of the hills about it, or of the scattered adobe houses with earthen roofs which line the arroyo, as by the "feel" of the place, by the spirit of unworldliness which it breathes. But it is not likely you will have the good luck to chance upon it. Where you go almost any one else can go as easily, and does go, and so your place, if it ever was "Heart's Desire," is that no longer. For it was because no one, or almost no one except the people of the place itself, knew it that "Heart's Desire" was what it was. Mr. Hough himself was there once; if he wasn't, then he must know some place very like it. Perhaps he is the Learned Counsel of the story. At any rate, he makes us see it through the eyes of one who loves it.

So much for the place. As for its people, you know them and like them from the start, and that ought to be enough. If it isn't, and you ask impertinent questions as to whether they are "the real thing" in cowboys, all I can say is that Mr. Hough is not telling a story of cow punching, but *the* story of "Heart's Desire" and of how Eve came to it.

By the way, there are two Eves, and the reader is surprised, after a good deal has been done to prepare the way for the first one—the "Littlest Girl," who promises a whole story in herself—to have her married out of hand to the rollicking, impetuous Curly with his crop of red hair and his easy confidence in himself. But then you begin to learn things about Dan Anderson, and instinctively you apprehend that his is to be the real story. Anderson is of Princeton College, and he is in "Heart's Desire" because, as he puts it, there is there "no life, no trouble, no woman." Hearing this, you say to yourself, "He means *the* woman," and you

*Heart's Desire. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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are prepared for the coming of Constance Ellsworth. She arrives with her father, who has money, and who plans a railroad which shall link "Heart's Desire" with the rest of the world. This last is the ostensible reason of his coming. Whatever private reason Miss Ellsworth has for her visit the reader is entitled to know only as he turns the pages of the book. That this other reason, however, is a potent one and quite sufficient to bring about what follows will not generally be questioned.

And yet I find myself wishing that the second Eve did not come into the story at all, and that "Heart's Desire" might have been to the very end the "Heart's Desire" of the first chapter, and that Curly, and Doc, and McKinney, and Tom Osby with his graphophone, and the Littlest Girl and the twins made up the book by themselves. There is so much more about them which I am sure Mr. Hough knows, though he does not tell it, and what he has told is just enough to whet the appetite.

But to blame a book for what it is not is unreasonable, and just now to ask for a Western story, particularly a story in which there are cowboys, and then to object to the introduction of a pretty girl from the East who has education and fashionable clothes and a heart, is heretical. So to those who would not be satisfied without a Constance and the complicating factor of Porter Barkley, "rival," I shall only say that Mr. Hough has made these last characters do what is expected of them and do it sufficiently well to pass muster. Personally, I like the book for something quite apart from its "plot" or its "love story." I like it for its bits of description and for the talk among its people, which immediately put one on a footing with real men; which make the hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers plain to the eye; which make one a participant in the trial of Curly for shooting the pig; which make one a witness to that remarkable race in which a cross-eyed horse, owing to the ministrations of an osteopath and the ingenious device of its owners, all but wins the prize. Mr. Hough's anecdotes are, many of them, racy of the soil, and if they interrupt the flow of the narrative, they do so very pleasantly. For this same quality no quarrel may be had because some of these anecdotes seem a bit irrelevant—if we except the extraordinary recital of the adventures of the King of Gee-Whiz, which is entirely gratuitous and wholly inexplicable.

The author of *The Girl at the Half Way House* will probably not repeat with his present book the popular success of *The Mississippi Bubble*—it is not the same sort of thing at all—but in many ways I like *Heart's Desire* better.

Churchill Williams.

IX

Gertrude Atherton's "The Travelling Thirds."*

The chief impression gleaned from Mrs. Atherton's *The Travelling Thirds* is the fresh proof therein afforded of the fearful and wonderful phrases now exhibited in the popular stories of the day. Writing seems to be developing into the quest of the weirdest rather than the best word; and we judge it is held to be an indication of mediocrity to employ any "common or garden" expression on the premises. As for allowing a noun to appear in public unchaperoned by some sort of an adjective, however incompetent, that would be frankly shabby and indecorous. Or, rather, is it not the adjective that it is a delight to honour, while the noun trudges obscurely at its heels?

Since Thackeray's solemn assertions to the contrary, there has come to be so pronounced a literary snobbishness abroad in the land that we need no longer try to look the other way. And those of us whose modest little conversational violets have been ruthlessly mowed down by automatic rhetorical machines in human guise, or who have had their literary standards curtly snubbed on some bumptious page, cannot help resenting these apparently groundless assumptions. It is cold comfort to reflect that snobbishness presupposes a grievous lack of humour, or that the author failed to note, as we did, the funny side of things. Yet we are sure that had it been so in this in-

*The Travelling Thirds. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

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stance, Mrs. Atherton would never have told us that the heroine "moved her head slowly on the long column of her throat," and not expect us at once to be reminded of a china Mandarin, nodding industriously in some Celestial's shop. There is also the peculiar thought that "her claim to distinction was in her grooming, her beauty mien," etc. We do not think any one in real life, anywhere, could refer even once to a person's "beauty mien" and not be laughed at, or relate how, "after they had rambled in silence for an hour," some one of the party "emerged from her centres" without being taken seriously in hand by the family. Why not be as genuine in a book? Mrs. Atherton endows her heroine with the rare faculty of seeing colour in the atmosphere, but we doubt if that would suffice, in her own case, to explain what we hope is an equally rare phenomenon, and that we shall not often be invited to consider what she terms "a rich, brown silence," as we would a gravy, or run the risk of being daubed by some one's "pale-blue gaze." To have feet, any feet, even immortal feet, "boyishly asunder," rather than apart, also strikes us as pretentious, since they are not treading the realm of poetry on the heels of *Paradise Lost*. There are still, thank heaven, a few prosy old words that can be used again and again without half as much risk of cheapness as such upstart expressions give. While, speaking of the ridge of Montserrat in Spain, Mrs. Atherton asserts fiercely, "Nature would seem to have spat it out through gnashing teeth"—a bilious setting for the legend of the Holy Grail, to say the least.

The Travelling Thirds are Mr. Lyman T. Moulton, an American literary prig, and his wife, two daughters, a second cousin named Catalina, and later, an English guardsman, who falls in love with the cousin when she has "emerged" from those "centres," before alluded to, and ceased to remind us—and possibly him—of the china Mandarin. She is, notwithstanding these peculiarities, and a mouth resembling a perfect Indian bow—easily accounted for by an Indian ancestress—an attractive young person, and the adventures of herself and party, resulting from the purchase of third-class tickets in Spain, are decidedly picturesque. We rather wonder at Catalina's having only to don a fresh shirtwaist to create an immense sensation, and at another girl's getting several paragraphs simply because her belt happens to make good connections in the back. Both have gone without saying so long among Americans as to make only the exceptions as conspicuous as this tailor-made pair. Yet Mrs. Atherton tricks her women out for the most part in seedy blouses, and never takes a fresh toilet after a dusty ride as a matter of course. As for Lydia's "little waist-bag," the shopping world spurned it so long ago as to make it a positive anachronism in a story of to-day.

In Mr. Lyman, Mrs. Atherton neatly ridicules "a beacon-light of American literature"—one of those ready-made thinkers whose palatable platitudes are eagerly swallowed whole by dependent minds. His daughter Jane, also, is "third-rate, and tries to conceal the fact from herself and others by an affectation of such of the literary galaxy as make the least appeal to the popular taste." Mrs. Atherton discusses the education of American women as well, and incidentally points a moral, if she cannot be said always to adorn her tale.

G. W. A.



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THE LOVE INTEREST AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



OF all the stereotyped, cant phrases of the uninspired reviewer, there is none more fatuous, more banale, more exasperating in its superfluity than that of the Love Interest of a novel. The words themselves are innocent enough, on the surface, reasonable, even commendable. We all of us share the weakness of the Shakespearean gentleman, whom Anatole France commends, for books that are well bound, and that speak of love. But it is the way in which the phrase is used, the thought which prompts it, that renders it unpalatable. Not a week passes that you do not run across it somewhere, in publishers' advertisements, in perfunctory notices, even in the closing paragraph of an otherwise adequate review, "there is also a Love Interest running through the volume which rivets the attention." And in nine cases out of ten the real signification of the words is simply this: that the writer of that paragraph has suddenly realised that the central thought of the novel under discussion does not concern a proposal, a courtship, a series of lovers' quarrels. It may be something bigger and more vital, something that has interested him to the exclusion of the sentimental side of the story; but will it, he asks himself, interest that wider public that cares less for big, vital issues than it does for *Dolly Dialogues?* And so, in conclusion, he dips his pen once more in his inkstand and writes, as a sop to that particular public, "There is also a Love Interest running through the volume which rivets the attention."

It is worth noting that love is practically the only human passion that is thus singled out for special emphasis, even in publishers' advertisements. One is never told that there is also an engrossing Hate Interest, or Envy Interest, or Revenge Interest, or Money Interest. It is not that these motifs are rare in fiction, but simply that they are not thought of as separate interests; they are part and parcel of the common interest of the volume as a whole, one and inseparable. For that matter, no one ever hears of the separate Love Interest in any of the world's really great fiction. Whoever tried to tell us that there was also a Love Interest running through *Hamlet,* or the *Divine Comedy,* or through the *Iliad?* Ophelia and Beatrice and Helen are the golden threads that help to keep the lustre of those old word-tapestries undimmed; but they are woven into the very warp and woof of the fabric. Their union is too close and vital ever to be expressed by any "also."

The truth is that the phrase Love Interest almost always implies something radically wrong either with the book or with the reviewer; possibly with both. Either the book lacks unity or the reviewer has failed to take the right point of view, from which its unity would become apparent. The modern public has been taught to expect a love story in every novel; yet the rule is not absolute. Strong fiction has sometimes been written without the presence of a woman from cover to cover — take Conrad's *Children of the Sea* as a case in point. But if there is to be a love *motif,* it must go to the very heart of the book. It cannot be sprinkled on afterwards, like the salt the cook forgot in the baking. The chief interest of any episode, whether in fiction or in real life, is its relative interest, like that of a bit of coloured stone in a mosaic—the effect of its colour in a particular position, the part it plays in regard to the picture as a whole. A human emotion, good or bad, is not bounded by the four walls of a room, or hung up like your hat and coat when you come home from business. It goes with you, throughout the twenty-four hours, waking and sleeping; it influences your temper and your appetite; it colours the things you say by day, the dreams you have by night. Perhaps

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your ruling passion to-day is avarice, greed, the quest of the golden fleece. You bring it home with you at night; it makes you dull, taciturn, absent-minded; it sows the seeds of discord in the family circle. Or again, you are under the weight of a hopeless love, a gnawing jealousy; for all your strength of will, you cannot shut out your troubles during business hours; there is a face that comes between you and the letters you are trying to write; there are stinging swarms of doubts that rise between you and these business problems which demand undivided attention. Half the human interest of a man's struggle for place in the world at large is the effect that such a struggle has upon his character, his home, the few who are near and dear to him. Half the interest of a man's most intimate joys and griefs is the manner in which they react upon his relations with the outside world. And the novelist who pictures only one of these sides and neglects the other has given us only half the truth.

It is easy for someone, in reply, to quote glibly, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," a pleasant diversion that must wait till after business hours. With some men that may be true, although it is a wilful distortion of the poet's meaning. If love is a thing apart from the routine of life, then man himself is a thing apart while it lasts. Dudu, Haidee, Donna Julia, are only agreeable episodes in the life of "our ancient friend" Don Juan, yet he, too, becomes a thing apart while the episodes endure. And even were it otherwise, even if we had a hero to whom womankind was only the toys and playthings of idle hours, who could set sex on the one side and business on the other, distinct as light from darkness, still it would be the task of the novelist to keep before us the memory of the woman whom his hero forgets, each morning as the house door slams behind him; to make us carry her image with us, as we follow him downtown and witness the part he plays in the big game of finance or of politics; and by thus keeping alive our own interest in the woman, make us better understand the coldness, the absorption, the selfishness of the man. One of the features which goes far towards making Robert Herrick's *Memoirs of an American Citizen* the strongest book he has ever written is the fine art by which he keeps us from ever losing sight, for any length of time, of the sensitive, high-minded wife whom the big, unscrupulous Chicago packer put out of his own mind as systematically as he disregarded her wishes, and yet whose disapproval of his business methods was the secret grievance that rankled persistently, destroying his pleasure in his success.

By all means let us recognise that fiction, the best sort of fiction, has a Love Interest in it, but let us cease speaking as though it were a thing apart from the life of the story itself. The books that drag in a romance or a flirtation that has no structural significance, but is merely so much padding, under the mistaken notion that it will help to sell the volume, are inevitably weakened by the process. The world has yet to hear of a single reader gained for *David Harum* by the inadequate little love affair embroidered around it, like so much imitation lace around a piece of fine old homespun. And as for the forced introduction of a woman into the rugged pages of Jack London's *Sea Wolf*, one of the very few books strong enough to dispense altogether with the problems of sex, it needs no great gift of prophecy to foresee that the stain of that blunder will grow darker, instead of fading, with each succeeding year.

"The Ballingtons."

Among the novels of the month, there is one which stands out rather notably, not only because it serves as a timely illustration of much that has just been said, but because also it shows a care, a thoroughness, a sympathetic comprehension of life not often encountered in the work of a newcomer in fiction — *The Ballingtons*, by Frances Squire. It is one of those deliberate, sincere books that seem to say to you, from the opening page, "If you have not the leisure and the patience to become thoroughly acquainted with these plain, average, genuine lives here recorded; if you do not feel enough interest in them to look beneath the surface of the quiet

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sphere they move in, and understand the broad significance of their trials and temptations, the human appeal of their courage and achievements, then this book is not for you, nor for those like you." Broadly stated, the central thought concerns the institution of marriage in relation to some of its most puzzling issues — the problem of a wife's right to independence of thought and action; her right to a separate conscience and a separate pocket-book. The name of the book means nothing; it might just as well have been called *The Sidneys,* for the Ballingtons are of scarcely more social importance in the small college town of Winston than the Sidneys are in the neighbouring village of Kent: and Agnes Sidney lays the substructure for the whole story, when she makes the blunder of marrying Ferdinand Ballington, instead of his cousin, Donald. If she had married Donald, she would have had a husband who would think of her before he thought of himself, and whose greatest pleasure would have been to be of service to her widowed mother, her crippled aunt, her shiftless, poverty-stricken brother-in-law. Ferdinand, whom she marries from a mistaken notion that she loves him, is the one overdrawn figure in the story, a man of almost incredible selfishness; a born money winner, who with all his wealth will not allow his wife a single dollar, without requiring her to render as strict an account of it as any hired office clerk. Agnes must submit, month after month, year after year, to live in joyless luxury, and see those who are nearest and dearest to her suffering, slaving, starving, for need of a tithe of the money so lavishly spent all around her, the money that she herself is powerless to spend as she likes, to the extent of a single dollar. There are many other figures in *The Ballingtons,* single as well as married lives, cleverly chosen and logically developed, to shed interesting side lights upon the central problem. But what gives the book its uncommon distinction is the sense that you get everywhere in it of the far-reaching effect of human passions; the sense of how love and sorrow, cruelty and unkindness, even such a negative quality as indifference, extend their silent influence to every hour of the day, every relation of life; above all an abiding sense of the impossibility of happiness in marriage that lacks the first great requisite, mutual understanding and sympathy.

"The Deluge."

With similar confidence, it may be said that David Graham Phillips has done his strongest piece of work, up to the present time, in his new volume, *The Deluge.* Unlike *The Ballingtons,* this is not a book which requires leisure and patience to read—if you once open it, it almost reads itself. It is the fashion nowadays for the Self-made Man in fiction to tell his story in the first person; and that is what Matthew Blacklock does in *The Deluge,* in his own easy, breezy vernacular, that is reminiscent of the days when he began life shining shoes, and before he ever dreamed that his enemies would one day call him "the biggest bucket-shop gambler in the world." *The Deluge* is not a novel of bucket-shops, but it is one of the few strong, vivid pictures of a war to the death between the great powers of finance; a reign of chaos in the business world, banks and trust companies going down like so many card houses; pandemonium broken loose in Wall Street. And all because Matt Blacklock, with the arrogance of youth, not only dares to thwart the plans of older, craftier brains than his, but unwittingly offends in an even deadlier way, by seeking for his wife the woman whom his smoothest, wariest, most dangerous opponent secretly loves. Matt Blacklock is not a ladies' man; he is not a man to shine in a drawing-room; he makes you think, first of all, of a big, strong, proud-tempered bull, that is liable to lower its head and rush, and then things around him will begin to break. Once in a while, he wants something very badly, and when he wants anything in that way, he ends by getting it. When he met Anita Ellersly, he wanted her in just that way. But Anita had all those elusive, indefinable qualities that Matt Blacklock knew too little about to realise his own deficiencies — the qualities that accompany birth and breeding. Matt had just one thing that Anita lacked,

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and that was money; and her parents, for all their Knickerbocker ancestry, are only too ready to sell her. He knows that he can force her into a marriage, even though she hates and despises him for forcing her. His confidence in his own powers is so great, that he never once doubts that he will be able to change that hatred into love. But during the months that follow, his clear, shrewd brain is less alert than usual; a woman's face haunts him in his Wall Street office, looks up at him from the ribbon in the ticker, blinds him to the familiar rules of the great game he is playing. That is why, when the big crash comes, he narrowly escapes being borne down in the general ruin. As already said, it is an uncommonly readable story of the more breezy type, and its chief merit lies in the cleverness with which the pulse of the stock market and the beat of the human heart are made to blend and harmonise.

"Fair Margaret."

During the twenty years and more that Mr. Marion Crawford has been producing his uniformly popular novels, he has shifted his setting to one city after another of Europe, Asia and America—but he never has departed from his first conception of a novel as primarily a love story. The theory and the technique of story telling he has reduced to a very fine point indeed, and that is why he often dares attempt scenes and incidents of such glaring improbability that in less skilful hands they would develop into very broad farce. There are two or three such scenes in his latest volume, *Fair Margaret*—scenes that only Mr. Crawford's persuasive touch and unblushing insistence upon specific details forces us to accept as real. Nevertheless, since his Saracinesca trilogy he has produced no novel which approaches *Fair Margaret* in point of careful workmanship, none in which the characters are all so clearly drawn, so individualised, or so enjoyable; none that was so evidently as great a pleasure to the author himself to write about as for us to read. The atmosphere is Paris, on the fringe of the musical and operatic world. We meet Margaret Donne just at the critical hour when she is to learn from the great Madame Bonanni whether she has a fortune in her voice or not. If there were nothing else in this book than the portrait of this big-hearted, Junoesque, voluble French woman, who has been a great soprano for thirty years, and a vulgar peasant all her life, it would still be one of the books that Mr. Crawford might justly be very proud of. But there is more in the book, a good deal more. There is many a delicious glimpse of the life behind the scenes, on the operatic stage; there are memorable types, such as Schreiermeyer, the manager, who knows that he has found a bonanza in Margaret's voice; Lushington, the critic, who would gladly give his life to keep her off the stage, but for reasons closely connected with the central plot, feels that he is not quite good enough for her to marry; Logotheti, the Greek capitalist, with the instincts of a Turk about women, who cares not at all whether he is good enough for her, but means to have her one way or another, marriage being an unimportant detail; and a score of minor characters that give life and reality to the setting. The book really ends before Margaret's début, and we must wait for the sequel promised in the closing paragraph before we may learn whether she scores the triumph that she hopes for, and which, if either, of her lovers she finally accepts.

"A Yellow Journalist."

There are just a few writers who have succeeded in reducing to paper the atmosphere of a newspaper office, and since the appearance of *A Yellow Journalist*, Miriam Michelson must be numbered among them. Rhoda Massey does not tell us that she is the star reporter on the *News*—she does not need to. She does tell us that her great rival is Ted Thompson of the *Times-Record*, against whom it is the one ambition of her life to score a beat—and before the close of her first adventure we have shrewdly guessed that her interest in Ted Thompson is something more than professional and something different from platonic. It was good judgment on the author's part not to insist too strongly upon this mild little romance of the city room.

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What the reader will care for, first of all, is the stories themselves — stories that take her across country with a murderer, in an open buggy, with a lynching party in full pursuit; that make her masquerade as a Chinese slave girl in Chy Fong's restaurant; that tell how she secured a verbatim report of the Senate's secret session that the whole State was wild to see; and a dozen other escapades equally audacious, equally preposterous, yet told with a self-assurance that gives the mental palate the sensation of a new and savoury condiment. The placid little romance with Ted Thompson was needed to give the separate stories a certain cohesion and unity; but the stories themselves are not love stories and their interest is independent of anything approaching sentiment.

"The Reckoning."

In the decline of the historical novel, the great advantage that has resulted is that whereas a few years ago every writer must have his fling at that much-abused type of fiction, at present no one attempts it unless firmly convinced that his talent runs in that direction and in no other. Robert Chambers is one of the few who seem justified in such a belief; and his stories of the revolutionary period in particular show a care in historic detail that put them in a different class from the rank and file of colonial novels. *The Reckoning* is the closing volume of the series that began with *Cardigan* and *The Maid-at-Arms*. The opening chapters picture New York under British occupation, with such a scrupulous insistence on details of topography, dress and social usage, that it almost gives the illusion of looking through a collection of old-time coloured prints. The later portions draw freely for their interest upon the mystic rites of the Iroquois Indians, the rites of the Wolf-Clan, among the Oneidas, the Mohawks, the Cayugas, the various tribes who made up the Great League. But when we turn from the careful setting, the ingeniously idealised redskin, the equally ingenious realism of colonial New York,—the story itself has the unblushing romanticism, the stereotyped extravagance of its class. Carus Renault is a spy in Washington's service, residing with Sir Peter Colville at Wall Street and Broadway. It is here he meets Elsin Gray, the dainty Canadienne loyalist, whom he loves at first sight, in the facile manner of romanticism, and who consents to flee with him, after the briefest possible sort of acquaintance, although she knows he is a spy, and she herself is secretly married to his personal enemy, the notorious Captain Butler, whose Rangers are a synonym for cruelty. It is good realism where a man carries the memory of the woman he loves into the thick of the strife; but this does not satisfy your romanticist. He is not happy until he has the lady herself in boots and spurs, galloping boldly beside her lover, through pathless forests, with arrows and tomahawks threatening from behind every tree that they pass. Such is the substance of at least a third part of *The Reckoning*. Indeed, it leaves you with a sense of puzzled doubt just where erudition ceases and the dime novel begins.

"The Edge of Circumstance."

There is no uncertainty about such a book as *The Edge of Circumstance*, by Edward Noble. It is first and foremost a man's novel; it will never by any chance be accused of having a love interest; and although it contains in some measure the sort of tense excitement that one associates with the dime novel, it can never by any mistake be classed as such, because it is so obviously genuine—there is the ring of truth in every snapping spar, in every loosening rivet, in every boisterous wave that threatens to send that ill-omened ship, the *Schweinigel*, to the bottom. To the bottom her owners devoutly hope she will go; indeed, they have insured her with that end in view. But Shirwill, the captain, and M'Grabbut, the engineer, have a prejudice against drowning, if they can avoid it, not to speak of a desire to pay off a long-treasured grudge against their employers. Deserted by their crew, with the ship hopelessly disabled, they find and rescue another vessel in mid-ocean, with the help of which they tow their own craft back to England, and crown their audacity by entering a claim

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for salvage. How they accomplish all this, it is only fair to leave for the author to tell in his own way, pausing only to add with confidence that it is a very good way indeed, for it makes you smell the unforgettable odour of the brine, it makes you hear the singing of the wind and the rush of waves, it makes you feel the churning of a heavy sea, with a clearness, a force, and a fidelity unmatched by any writer of sea tales to-day, unless it be Joseph Conrad himself. The man who could write a book like this, so tense with pent-up vitality, deserves to be kept in view with a carefully watchful eye.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

BALLADE OF THE AVERAGE READER

I try to touch the public taste,
 For thus I earn my daily bread.
I try to write what folks will paste
 In scrap books after I am dead.
 By Public Craving I am led.
(I' sooth, a most despotic leader)
 Yet, though I write for Tom and Ned,
I've never seen an average reader.

The Editor is good and chaste,
 But says: [Above the public's head;
This is *too* good; 'twill go to waste.
 Write something commonplacer.—ED.]
 Write for the average reader, fed
By pre-digested near-food's feeder,
 But though my high ideals have fled,
I've never *seen* an average reader.

How many lines have been erased!
 How many fancies have been shed!
How many failures might be traced
 To this—this average-reader-dread!
 I've seen an average single bed;
I've seen an average garden-weeder;
 I've seen an average cotton thread—
I've *never* seen an average *reader*.

L'ENVOI.

Most read of readers, if you've read
 The works of any old succeeder,
You know that he, too, must have said:
 "I've never seen an Average Reader."

Franklin P. Adams.

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A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER VII



E had intended the night before to leave Rome early in the morning, and might have done so but for our guest, who was to decorate the trunk. We had enriched the servants, put on our goggles, cranked the car and attracted a goodly crowd before we discovered that the artist was missing. Then Paola remembered that he had gone out to buy a cap, so there was nothing to do but wait, a performance which dampens the enthusiasm of departure, is lacking in all dramatic details and uses up gasoline. When he finally came he had to be reintroduced to us, for there was very little of our original guest remaining. The cap seemed to do it.

The artist said it was a very good cap, particularly as it could be turned into a number of different things, not rabbits or scrambled eggs or anything that savoured of the conjurer's art, but it could vary with the weather, having a number of flapping effects at the side, to be used in case of hail, snow, sun and wind. He had not just got the hang of the thing, he said, and upon consulting the printed directions, he found that he was starting out with the ear muffs on, but he was so pleased when John tied them into a Psyche knot in the back that we hadn't the heart to be cross. One of the remarkable traits of the genus painter is his simple confidence. It appeals to one's vanity, at the same time that it irritates one to rebellion when we see him getting the best of it.

John had been mildly surprised at my inviting the artist for this trunk ride, and of course I didn't say a word to him about Mrs. Baring's muscle. Now that the morning had come, it didn't seem so serious a thing, and here I was cutting off my nose to spite my face, and delaying the gathering of material for my divorce in the most petty manner; for even a painter with his mind only on purple cows and thick blue atmosphere would observe from the trunk if John hit me or used cruel and abusive language.

In the midst of the muscular episode at the picnic it flashed across me that this was the true beginning to my diary, but on maturer reflection I decided to make no entry. We had agreed that the grounds were to be my husband's extreme cruelty, and it was fair to him that I should not enlarge my territory, divorcely speaking; besides, I would never let that Minerva Club know that John could possibly care for any other woman. No, not if he kissed her in my very teeth.

Still, I felt quite businesslike when we started; the green diary was sticking out, and everything was conducive to a good record before the day was over. I said that to John, meaningly, and he agreed with me, only he meant the run—that is, I think he meant the run.

"Yes, it will be a record to be proud of," enthused John.

"I mean a record for the green book." I dwelt upon the words.

"Well, so do I," he asserted. Sometimes I can't make John out.

However, I determined that I would not let the artist know how perfectly unwelcome he was, and I stepped on John's toe as he was telling our guest that we had taken out the tonneau just to avoid the possibility of lugging any one along. After we passed beyond the Porto del Popolo, with no one to see him sitting up there like a drooping tiger, he was rather a useful companion—kept the dust off us splendidly, and displayed an ignorance about the machine that gave my own knowledge a peculiar lustre,

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Our road for the next two hundred miles lay over the famous Via Flaminia. We had chosen it with care, not only because it was a wonderful road, but because it carried us through a country not greatly travelled, yet comprising all the various characteristics of an Italian landscape, and we had never been into Etruria, Umbria or the Marche that lay along the Adriatic Sea. Historically it was most interesting, and, as John told Douglas Warwick, very good "going" besides. The Douglas Warwick thought it ought to be just as good coming, and then his hat blew off.

After that it is not necessary to say that we were going down hill and getting the power to fly up the next rather steep grade on the high speed. Hats always blow off going down hill with an ascent ahead of one, and if there are no hats to blow off there is a team of oxen blocking the path at the foot, although should they by any chance fail to greet one at the foot of the hill, then they will be waiting near the summit of the next one, so that he has to go into the low speed or run the chance of being ditched.

There is one difference between the cart in the middle of the road in America and the cart over here. In Italy it is blocking the road because the driver doesn't think, and in our country it is blocking the road because he does think. Either way it makes our angry passions rise, and since John couldn't say anything to Douglas Warwick when he came back with his cap, he said some perfectly shocking things to the next driver of an ox team, and though it was in English, the man understood perfectly. Swearing need never be in Volapük.

The hat and cap game of the small boy with one parent is not known beyond Rome, evidently a growth of the Appian Way, but the lizards are most daring; whole parties lie in wait and dash directly under the wheels, and they all scream with laughter (lizard laughter) if one of them is run over, which makes no difference to the lizard at all, only he is called "It" for the rest of the day, and has to buy flies all around. I never felt the true significance of the riddle, "Why does the hen cross the road?" as I have in this country, and it is the greatest riddle in the world, since it will be forever unsolved. I can understand the whimsy of lame ducks recklessly spending their time on the highway. It is a perverted passion akin to that of the deaf man who walks upon the railroad track, but the intuition that sends a mother of eighteen across the path of a speeding devil-engine is a thing for philosophers who sit in tubs to settle.

We had intended to stop at Castelnuovo en route to Civita Castellana, where we would lunch, and we thought we had done so until leaving the farmhouse, which we took for the outskirts of the town. Then we saw the city on the side of a hill, and so far out of our way that we decided to continue on our straight path. We had some difficulty leaving the farmhouse, as Douglas Warwick decided to sketch it, and it was then that his true nature asserted itself. Although he was a guest, although the food at the next place was starred in the Baedeker, although we were ready for it, and had reached the peevish stage which is Delsarte for hunger, still that artist would not stir. The truth was nothing to him. "Directly," he would cry cheerily; "one more shadow," lying like fury. "It's going to be very nice—you'll like it yourself, Ward."

"Not unless I can eat it," snapped back the host.

"It represents food eventually, you know," returned the worker. And John got under the car and told the driving shaft if he ever gave an ice cream soda for hen scratches like that, may he eat his hat. John always wants to eat his hat when he gets savage. He was probably a goat in some past state, but had we stayed away from food much longer we would both have eaten the artist's, ear muffs and all.

It was good spaghetti at Civita Castellana, quite the best we had ever devoured, and we watched eagerly to see if the painter enjoyed it also. We knew if this was an eating day we might reach Narni by early afternoon, but should he be lost in reflection, then the divine afflatus was upon him and he would sketch where he listeth if he had to puncture a tire to stay us. He ate little and called the string-beans turnips, which we observed with a sink-

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ing heart. Later John and I met in a corner and decided to declare the town a vicious place and most filthy.

"Better take a little rest," said John to him kindly, "while I get the car ready." But not that artistic grasshopper.

"No rest like congenial work, Ward," he exclaimed, picking up his kit. "There is a fine fortress here, built by Alexander VI., a most immoral Pope, but with excellent ideas on architecture. Must be some good in a man who leaves these monuments behind."

John glared at me.

"I think it has been quite modernised," I gasped, sitting on the guide book.

"Fact," hurries in John. "Colonial porches, Queen Anne windows and all that sort of thing, you know.

"Well, only one way to settle it," said our smiling guest. "Coming too, Mrs. Ward?" And I did, and kept off the children, that he might work in peace. Wonderful drawing power, these artists!

"Possibly Lucretia Borgia herself has stopped in this old fortress," he imparted, after we had seated ourselves on the northern rampart. "Her father, the Pope, married her to Giovanni Sforza of Pesaro, and she must have passed over this road many times in going to Rome. Then, later, she followed the Via Flaminia to Ferrara escorted by a splendid cavalcade to meet her third husband, one of the Este family."

I was a little shocked, because even the Minerva Club, with its broad policy, never alludes to Alexander VI. and his daughter. I intimated as much, delicately, of course.

"There never has been any proof that Lucretia was a monster," retorted the Douglas Warwick quite warmly, as though he knew the lady and had taken tea with her. "From all I can learn, she was simply a weak, passive woman. Her brother, Cæsar Borgia, was a horrible fiend. Aided by his father, he deposed all the petty rulers of the Umbrian cities, through which you will pass, and reigned fiercely in their places. The old Pope was a beast with but two traits worthy of a human creature. He was gentleness itself with his children and, crowning virtue, he built fine strongholds."

"Oh, well," I replied stiffly, "if you judge a man's moral worth by his architectural ability—No," I added hastily, as he was about to interrupt, "the Borgia are not a family I think it proper to discuss."

He quite snorted with anger, but I felt it was time to stop him. One can never tell what an artist is going to say, painting from the nude so much. Besides, he was extremely well posted, and, on the whole, I preferred him in the motor car, ignorantly asking me about carbureters.

There were hills from that time on—the foothills of the Apennines—and there was a beautiful landscape of well-farmed valleys and dark-scarred rock showing many traces of Etrurian tombs, bits of Roman ruins and frequent columns bearing the crossed keys and mitre of past Popes. The artist said it was a mute story of the Invaders—rude heathen, great warriors, and Holy Church; but it was the crossed keys and papal mitre that turned me cold.

By the time we had reached Ortricoli the sky was clouded, which for lack of shadow rescued us from any attempt to have it immortalised on paper, but gave our companion an opportunity of arranging his cap for rain, although John assured him that, lacking a canopy, such a thing was impossible.

"Still, if you had a canopy and it did rain you would use it, wouldn't you?" persisted Douglas Warwick.

John begrudgingly admitted the possibility.

"Well, that's the way I feel about the cap. I paid extra for this waterproof attachment, and I ought to use it."

John kicked his beloved machine in the front hub and we went at the cap. The directions said "with a few deft twists" the inside of the headgear, which was lined with rubber, could be transposed into a most satisfactory protection for the heaviest storms, but the very suggestion that we must work deftly seemed to turn our fingers into thumbs, and the results were various. It seemed to please the artist, who likened it to modelling in clay, and was most enthusiastic over the prairie dog I evolved. John suggested that we leave it as a prairie dog, since it was certainly at its best in that form, but our guest stuck to his task, and finally got

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away, wearing a sort of vacuum cap, used generally for the propagation of hair. The sun came out immediately, although there had been rain on the road we were travelling, making the hills dangerously slippery, and here is told of the Dropping of the Sprag.

The sprag had been an afterthought, and had been sent on from the factory at John's request in case we should find ourselves obliged to change from the high to the low speed on some steep hill, and in that second of transmission give the car a chance of slipping back. There was a brake, of course, but even I could see that it is a stupid thing to stop a car and try to send it forward, too, so the sprag was ordered, and occasioned a good deal of levity in autoing circles. It was heavy and forked, and it had caused us trouble at first by getting caught in the apron. From Formia to Rome we had carried it at our feet on the floor of the car, and there it lay quite contented, but when we left Rome it had been very sternly put in place, and being less afraid of motor cars, it sat tight on its stout wire pulley until the hill was reached.

I say *the* hill, for while we may pass over—indeed, skip over—many higher ones, surely we will never find one that will so suddenly slap us in the face. John Bunyan's Christian, had he been autoing along the stony way, would have called it "The Stumbling Hill for Proud Motors." It slyly lay in wait for us around the corner of another hill more mild which we had been rolling up on the high speed. It was slimy with wet clay, its precipitous sides were woefully unguarded by walls, and it was a grade of twenty per cent. Before John had a chance to change into the low speed we were half way up the hill. Then the engine laboured, and as John turned the lever into the neutral the rear wheel slipped in the mud, skidded towards the exposed cliff and the car started backwards. The brake was as the hand of a little child.

"Drop the sprag," said John, and though it was new to me, I slipped the ring to which the wire was attached from off the hook. There was a clank, there was a scraping sound in the gravel, a bump, a slight lifting up of the car, and we were still. Then with snorting engine we climbed the hill again.

"I think," said Douglas Warwick, when we had reached the top, "that something hit your Girlie." But John and I only smiled, and both had cognac when we reached the Hotel of The Angel.

I don't know which angel has been so honoured, but we were very near all of them in our perch at Narni, and our windows gave upon the depths to which an angel or a human might fall if either leaned over too far. The town itself was a delightful one of crooked streets, with an ugly old castle way up aloft, which, like the fortress of Alexander, is used as a prison. What would they do in Italy for prisons and barracks if it wasn't for old castles? I don't object to these uses particularly, but when they turn a stronghold with a lovely moat around it into a post-office, I am aggravated to the point of never buying a stamp.

John was very happy in Narni. His sprag and his engine had worked beautifully, and the owner of the stable, the *rimessa,* as it is called here, where The Means was kept, had locked the door and presented him with the key. It was as big as the key of the Bastile, and quite as old. There was no place for it except to be carried in the hand. As a result it was a dozen times left at the *caffé* and in the little shops, and some one would come running to the hotel with it. If I lost track of John for an instant the villagers would ask if the *signora* was looking for the *signor* of the key, and if he was not in any of the dark ways he would surely be found in the stable or locking or unlocking the door with the air of a landed proprietor.

This absorption led us into a difficulty before the night was over—or was it the fault of the artist? He had accompanied us in a random fashion on our walks, breaking away suddenly every now and then to squint at a building, an act which terrorised the children, who made horns with their fingers to keep off his evil eye, so it was not surprising when bedtime came to find him missing; but John, in fear that he had wandered over the cliff, started on what he called a still hunt. It developed into a hunt that was about as quiet as that old play of *The Still Alarm,*

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in which everybody just "hallers" all the time.

It was John falling up and down the staircase streets coupled with the awful things he said that broke the silences at the beginning of the hunt. The few lights had been extinguished, and I never knew a moon to shine so "fitfully" before. It would lure us into a corner that seemed quite bright, and then, suddenly "fitting," leave us there to find our way out. Twice I bumped into John and screamed "Burglar! Burglar!" as one naturally does in such an instance, before he could stop me, and it irritated him. He said no one would know what I meant if I cried "Burglar" anyway, and pondering over that in the dark, the thought became dreadful. We might be murdered in any one of the corners, and not a soul would come to our call for help, although John with his dying breath would probably Italianise his speech and faintly ask for "helperia."

In consequence I refused to go into any more dark ways, not that I place any value on my life, but the cutthroats would probably take my rings also, and I am perfectly devoted to my ruby. Indeed, I was so fearful, as we felt our way back to the *piazza,* that I took it off for safekeeping. Then John jolted me again, and of course I dropped it. Carrying the ring doubled up in my hand seemed an excellent safeguard until it fell, and then I knew by my great reluctance to tell John about it that I had been doing a foolish thing. I had some thought of marking the spot by dropping my handkerchief and sending one of the hotel servants with a lantern to hunt for them both. The "I Shot an Arrow" song suggested it, but John heard the tinkle, and stopping, asked me if I could have lost anything.

"Could I?" I repeated cautiously. "I suppose I could. I lost three side combs last week, and my Aunt Jane is always losing things."

"Suppose you take an inventory," suggested John.

"Wouldn't that be a waste of time?" I replied. "I've a good many things on, but only one thing is dropped. Let us strike matches and look, first for what is lost and afterwards at what is left." You see I wasn't going to confess unless I had to.

John said it made him uncomfortable to be so in the dark, and I urged the matches again, whereat he grumbled out something about "not meaning that, but what's the use. There's no good explaining to a woman," which I overlooked, being large spirited by nature, and began examining the cobbles. In an incredibly short time, as is always the case when a man strikes a match and holds it to the ground, the street swarmed with people. I don't know where they came from. They were not around when we needed them, and they all began hunting with us in a vague way, quite ready to accept whatever the search yielded. One man, however, was braver, and asked John for what he was seeking. I had feared this, yet dumbly hoped for it, mindful of the recent slur upon my sex, for it embarrassed John, not knowing himself what he was seeking, and he stammered and simpered, and jerked out something airily about "just looking for a friend."

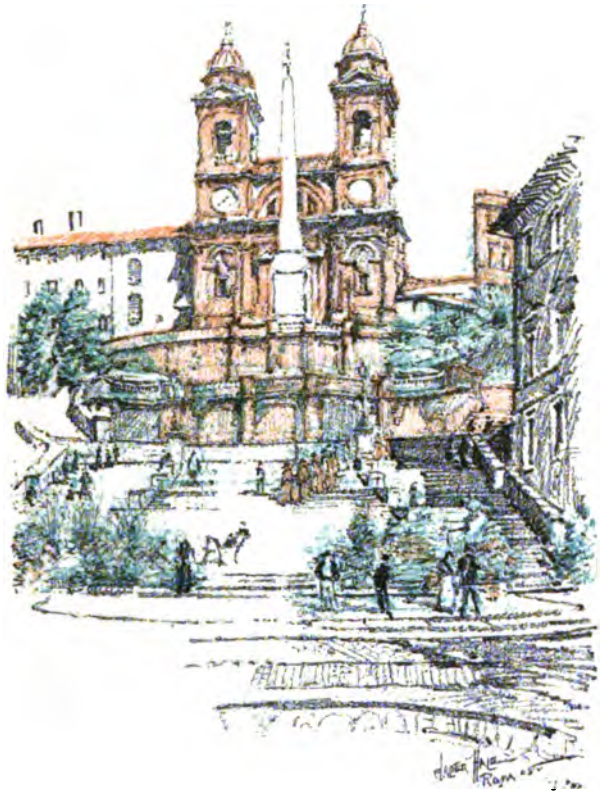
This statement created a great deal of ill-concealed merriment, and when I found the ring he started to prove to that "aggregation of Allobrogi" that he had a friend and a lost friend, and if he couldn't find him by striking matches, he would see what the power of the human voice could do. Then began his walking through the wide street of the Priory, making horrible the quiet of the night by loud halloas and cries of "Douglas Warwick," and sometimes other expressions not dignified, but quite as impressive to the inhabitants of Narni, who, following in our wake, little wotted the import of his words.

"Come out, you shine!" bellowed John as he reached the *piazza.* "Answer, doggone you!" "I suppose you think you're cute!" he launched successively, and lashed himself into further vituperation.

I aided a little. "Mr. Warwick, are you killed?" I called three times distinctly, and the third time I was quite sure I had a reply. It was way off, but as I told John, it was more than he had received with all of his abuse.

"That's the only way to get at him," he answered wildly. "If I'll insult him, he'll have to come out to fight me. He's

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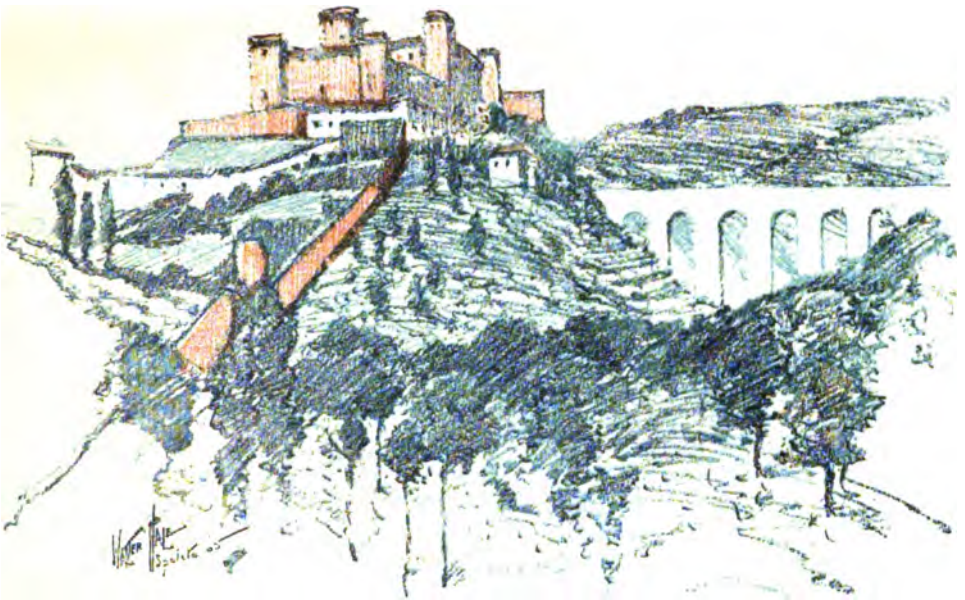


ROME

"In the Piazza di Spagna—the lure of the strangers"

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SPOLETO, FROM THE VINEYARDS

"It sat on a hill, clothed to the throat in vineyards"

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NARNI

"The wide street of the Priory"

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CIVITA CASTELLANA

"Possibly Lucrezia Borgia herself stopped in this old fortress"

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skulking somewhere studying shadows. Oh, yes," continuing with raised voice, "I know your kind, you low, miserable hound; come on out!"

I never saw John so disgracefully annoyed, and his fractiousness increased when I pointed out that there was no use calling upon a man when you gave him no time to answer. Just before he reached the frothing stage two *carabinieri* appeared (they always go in pairs, one protecting the other) and demanded an explanation. Their comment was disconcerting to John, but full of delightful suggestiveness to the people.

"We saw the *signor,* yes, but going into the stable with yourself. That is the last that has been heard of him," and they mouthed the words like a tiger licking his chops, while a stir went through the crowd.

John was hurt, but calm. He offered the hospitality of his stable to the officers, to the town. He produced the large key; he himself would go with them; he himself would make side bets on the way with any "sportman" in the village that the stable housed only the auto. He himself would eat his hat should the Douglas Warwick be found therein.

I am glad for the letter of credit that John's bets were not taken. The artist was found at a small window in the haymow, whither he had climbed unnoticed by John to study sunset effects in the valley. He was very much alive, but not angry. This was a disappointment to the *carabinieri* and the people. Next to a dead artist an angry one would have been most welcome. The crowd dispersed, but the guard lingered. They would accept two francs from the shouting gentleman for their trouble? Yes, and many thanks. They would drink to the health of the *signora.* They would wish the strangers *buon riposo.* The incident was closed.

The angels brought good repose indeed, although towards morning a train of cars rattled along at the foot of the ravine six hundred feet below, and a little later I heard the sound of a horn with the rush of an automobile as it entered the village; the motor seemed the more natural manner of transportation, for this was the first suggestion of the iron monster since we had entered Italy, and I turned in my bed, joyfully conscious that travelling in the grey dawn was to us a matter of choice, not schedule; but as I turned, joyfully, I did not know that it was Mrs. Baring who had so chosen.

CHAPTER VIII

John and the artist called Mrs. Baring's appearance "a delightful surprise," and I kissed her warmly, but there is no such thing as a delightful surprise or even a pleasant one. Nothing in life that can happen before one has time to reach for a powder puff can be classed as an occasion for enjoyment. It is not restful. Mrs. Baring is not restful—good, but wearing.

Miss Grey probably feels as I do. At *dejeuner* she was reading up on Civita Castellana, twenty miles back. She says that is the worst feature of autoing: one keeps outrunning the guide, and she often finds she has passed two days before the place she has just reached in her "authority." She had determined not to stick her head out while in Narni. "I have read about the place," picking up the book; "'it is a very picturesque town with an extensive View, but its streets are dirty.' You see, I can get dirty streets at home, and we had the View all along the way."

"Yes," spoke Mrs. Baring (flashing), "there were quantities of the article, but no matter how fast we went, we could never catch up with it. Wasn't it peculiar?"

"Extremely sad," assented Douglas Warwick, not getting the gist of the expression, but noting the regret in her voice.

"It's the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, I guess," said John, "and it sure is a pot of gold to an inn keeper. This angelic host—no irreverence, Peggy; I mean host of The Angel—breakfasts us on the balcony of his ancestors, feeds our eyes with the Valley of the Nar and our stomachs with a bad omelette, takes excellent toll for same, and attributes his star in Baedeker to the cuisine. And it's nothing but ether, several uninterrupted miles of it, with a few rocks at the other end that keeps us from throwing him over the precipice."

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"There is no such thing as a bad omelette in Italy," I practically expostulated. It's a sad blow to all those striving to become good housewives to witness an omelette puffing itself up in a spider that is never washed from one year's end to the other. Of course, just wiping it out with paper is the secret of the success, but less *soufflé* and more soap would be welcome to me. You see, I'm a member of the Daughters of Hygiene back in New York."

"Isn't this frivolous talk for those who are at the portal of Umbria?" asked Mrs. Baring, bored because she didn't belong.

I didn't like that. It was a direct slur on my choice of conversational topics, and I looked at John for support. He rose, not to any height, but still rose.

"Oh, I don't know," he made answer; "I think we Americans might lecture very profitably to our Italian friends as we run through their towns. 'How to Know a Bathtub When You See One' would be instructive, and a short talk from the back of the motor on 'Germ-Proof Homes' ought to reach the young housekeepers. I'll polish up the idea to-night in Spoleto."

"I wouldn't do much meddling with customs in Spoleto if I were you, Ward," said the painter. "They have some fifteen centuries of fighters back of them, and one of the barbarian rulers, a Swabian, styling himself as the enemy of God, of pity and of mercy, set an example which was cheerfully emulated by his people."

"They stopped fighting long enough to build an aqueduct," interposed Miss Grey, looking up from her book. "It's the highest in the world—three hundred feet, and seven hundred feet long. I do hope we can see it."

"I don't see how we can avoid it very well if your measurements are correct," John replied.

"No, I suppose not," she made answer. "It is not so easy with the cathedral, however, for my book says 'the cathedral can be seen from the station,' yet makes no other mention of it, and probably we don't come in that way. That's one of the advantages of travelling by rail," she added despondently. "My guide always tells me what can be seen from the depot."

"It was probably written for Americans 'doing' Europe," said John.

"But don't talk of Spoleto until you have seen Terni," interfered the artist. "There are falls, you know. Wonderful studies in colour. You'll stop over, Mrs. Ward?"

"Why talk of either town until we finish with Narni?" It was Mrs. Baring's turn to arrange our plans. "Then to-morrow we'll drive right through to Foligno."

John actually hesitated, when we had bought all our souvenir postals, and there wasn't a thing to keep us! But I moved back my chair, and giving him a dreadful look, ordered down the luggage. "We will spend the night in Spoleto," was my only answer. It annoyed John. He has a terrible fear that some day, some time, some one may "run" him for a few steps, and when I endeavoured to start the engine to accelerate matters he pushed me!—pushed me with all Narni looking on, and Mrs. Baring talking middle distances with the artist not ten feet away. He was quite white with rage, it seemed, and muttered something very distinctly about breaking my arm if I did that again. Fortunately I never fail to catch the import of a mutter; it is always worth the straining of the ears, but this terrible threat was more than I had ever dreamed of gathering, and I sat down on a stone—quickly.

Here was real material for my diary—glaring truth, vulgar truth. Item: "John pushed me!" And later, "Threatens to break my arm. Is there no succour near?" I could see just how it would look on the page, the lines slanting up, after the peculiar fashion of my chirography, that shows so plainly "benevolence, cheery spirit and inclination to morbidness." It ought to have been a glowing moment, but it wasn't, and when John told me, as we rolled out of the city, of the funny way crank handles have of flying back and breaking the arms of the inexperienced unless they are grabbed away most unceremoniously, I blew my nose hard, then laughed because the sun was shining, and sang all of the first act of *The Schoolgirl!* It was such a pleasant day.

Though discouraged as a starter of engines, I occupy several other posts of

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honour, which are not entirely sinecures. I am the Dropper of the Sprag, the Official Timekeeper, the Watchdog of the Odometer, and of late the Royal Pathfinder. As Dropper of the Sprag I must display some knowledge of grades—accuracy is not a requirement; but as Watchdog of the Odometer I must register in my little book always, always, the number of miles we have gone each day, even if I have to slip back into the stable when John isn't around to find out. I am a little forgetful, and John is fussy about miles.

As Official Timekeeper one might expect the same exactness. One might think John would demand it, but he doesn't. He pretends and thinks he does, and this is called the Automobile Conscience. It is the most India rubbery of all consciences, with the exception of that of the habitual fisherman. Once it hurt me to see this leniency in the matter of time developing in John. Now I have dulled myself to it as a true wife should, and am the fiercest champion of the Two Watch Scheme. Of course, we have never openly admitted knowing that my watch runs fast and that John's runs slow, so when we start I take the time, and upon arrival John gives it to me from his watch, and we are both so happy over the fine run we have made through the mountains that we never think to compare our chronometers with the big clocks in the towers that are so disgustingly numerous, and when their bells begin striking the hour at twenty minutes of four, we pretend it is a fire and look for the engines.

As Royal Pathfinder the qualifications of a scholar and the sagacious nose of a hunting dog are not enough to give one more than an ordinary bowing acquaintance with these little guide books. John said had he watched his chart, he would have been ready for that hill on the other side of Narni, and now I must follow these guides that are made for cyclers through Italy, and are of the greatest service to all roadsters—at least he said they were of service. As for myself, I would take chances with the peasantry along the way as nodding sign posts. The only difficulty with the country people in their desire to be amiable, they will say "yes" to almost any question, or often the true import of the query hurled at them from our speeding car does not penetrate until we have gone around a curve. Even so, we have had to retrace but one mile of road, and that through an old dame whom we discovered on the way back had palsy, and waggled her head affirmatively to anything we asked. However, all in good time. When one has learned to motor with the spine relaxed, he knows the joy of the road, and when he has learned to feel that the path is right through an occult sense, he is part of the road itself, and the life of the vagabond is his.

As the Royal Pathfinder I do not follow a map. It blows out of one's hands, and one does not dare tell one's husband until the car is down the hill, and then it is too far to go back. These guides consist of a combination of letters strung along on a page like any other reading matter in a book, the letters representing turnings, obstacles, conditions of the road, various objects at the left or right, the number of hairs in your head, and the age of Ann. When one has mastered these *abbreviazioni,* it is time to go home, and when the home is America, it keeps the foreigner very busy with the guide in one hand and the dictionary in the other. For example, should he find in the front of the book that b.d.p. means *bivio destra per,* while grateful that he is advancing, he has to rustle around with a dictionary to know what *bivio destra per* could happen to be in English. By that time b.d.p. is way back at the right and *al* b.s.p.p. *Rocca San Zenone,* with two roads to choose from, is upon him. Following the "convenient little guide" along the Via Flaminia was particularly difficult, for the creature who compiled it came down from the north, whereas we were travelling up from the south, so that all the pig-styes which I was delighted to pick out on the right side of the road were really the churches on the left side, but as John said, the Roman roads are not hard to mistake, and the book is very good for distances and grades.

Grades are very exciting! There is a view of all the hills in the book, and had I seen the steeps we had to go up before I left America, I should have spent my summer at Nantucket Island in the sand.

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John says it is only a side view of the hills, and that while it may appear steep, we must take into consideration that the road winds back and forth. This seems practical, for we all know that we cannot judge of the length of a woman's mouth if her picture is a profile, except that it is sure to be large *since* the picture is a profile. I once thought that going over a mountain must be a steeper climb than going over a hill, but now I have learned that the emperors who built roads wished to carry their armies as easily over the high altitudes as over the lesser ones, and since time or expense was not an item for consideration in those days, they twisted the path in and out and around the mountains on a grade seldom over ten per cent.

Like most things in life, a hill is never as bad when we get to it as it is from a distance, a philosophic truism which should be classed along with the "road that has no turning" and the "bridge that is not to be crossed until it is reached" as Axioms for Anxious Axles. But the pictures of the hills in my Pathfinder were enough to quake the stoutest roadster, the long ones being the most fearful, for they are often divided into two or three parts. We will be sailing up the road in our car, having just recognised t.l.c. (*uffici telegrafici con orario completo et stazione carabinieri.* In God's language, all night telegraph office and lockup) with the summit of the hill ahead, when the profile in my book reaches the margin and plunges us into space. After that there is no enjoyment for me until I see with my own eyes that the other half of the mountain is still there, although once the shock is over I find it in the plan at the foot of the preceding page. We had a rehearsal when we reached Terni, and there I found that it was not right to read the groups of letters backwards too, and having learned this, I could decipher the meaning of the symbols so well that before we reached Spoleto John had invested me with a number of imaginary orders for proficiency, all beautifully jewelled.

Italian towns are like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead. When they are good, they are very, very good, but when they are bad they are like Terni. Terni was a town with an attraction—falls, very splendid ones, Baedeker says, four miles from the town. It was a depressing moment for us. We knew that we should go; the artist said so and the cab drivers, the latter even offering to take us there, and there were seven official guides who would enjoy the ride and point out mulberry-trees on the way.

As usual, the spirit of opposition that has kept us out of all the show places in Europe rose up and possessed us, and when we found a whole wall of the Albergo Europa's courtyard displaying a painting of the turbulent waters, we gave a glad cry of admiration, as though the genuine article rose before us. John pantomimed stepping hurriedly from a carriage, and rushed towards the beautiful scene, then, ever the perfect gentleman, he returned to me, for I was somewhat hampered by a trained gown of rich brocade, and half carried me over the rocky dell towards the booming cataract. We commented to the servants of the Hotel Europa, who had gathered curiously about us, on the moisture of the spray that threw its sparkling dewdrops upon us, and my husband, with loving care, covered the long plumes on my hat with his exquisite handkerchief (through which the gasoline had been strained).

A goodly crowd had now gathered, but this did not surprise us, for the beautiful sight was well worth a visit, and, loath to leave the place, we ordered from the waiters vermouth and selzer to be served directly in front of the largest fall. The servants of the hotel, who by this time, with the Italian appreciation of all mimicry, had apportioned to us only that mild place among lunatics to which we really belong, received our order gravely. Then, after some whispered delay, while John's thirst was rapidly developing, returned empty handed and solemnly went through the pantomime of serving the beverage.

The principal actors in the audience roared with delight. The sum of thirty-eight cents was circulated among the audience, and the real mixture was produced by the lesser lights of the drama. Truly, it is a poor Italian town which lacks both architecture and artists.

If Terni was a plain, Spoleto was a peak, the zenith of one's ambition and

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the acme of delight. It sat on a hill clothed to the throat in vineyards, and built houses leaning out at right angles over the valley. If one were to look from the windows on the under side, he would surely fall on his neighbour below; but to atone for such waywardness, there was a main street comparatively level and flagged with great square blocks. It is necessary to have a street like this in all the Italian towns, that the little iron tables on the sidewalk belonging to the *caffés* can get a purchase without putting one of their iron feet in the lap of the guest; and when we drive through these thoroughfares towards evening, with the smiling people picking up their tables to make way for us, an escort of little boys hurrahing behind, and a hand organ reeling out a march ahead, we are just as near greatness as we ever shall be.

In Spoleto we had not only a big motor car to live up to, but the Hotel Lucini, and a bedroom of the Hotel Lucini and the chairs of the bedroom of the Hotel Lucini. When John had backed the auto for two blocks up a narrow street into a stable (our democratic Means taking it as gracefully as though King Vittorio Emmanuele himself were dismissing it from his presence) and approached our room, I called to him. "Act as though you were used to it," was my warning, and John, entering, and finding me sitting in an ancient throne chair, threw himself on a *quattro cento fauteil,* yawned, and nodding to the maid in attendance, remarked that this was indeed reminiscent of his far-away home. While we had been allotted the best chamber, as befitted a motor-car king, the treasures of the house were not all contained in the spare room. The place was a museum of old china, paintings and carvings, left about with a faith in the honesty of man that tempted one to teach the proprietor the lesson learned only by experience.

I was so impressed with the trappings of my hostelry that nothing less aristocratic than the search for coats-of-arms would tempt me out into the narrow ways. There I would go about, craning my neck to get a view of the escutcheons that hung over the doors, so eager that all the Spoletese, to whom arms were most ordinary matters, thought I had made some interesting discovery, and followed me down the hill with their necks stretched in imitation of mine. If there was anything unusual in the emblem of a Pope, with the quarterings of some history-maker of Umbria glowering down over the door of the shoemaker or the cheesemonger, then the *signora* came from a mad country that knew nothing of the sweets of republicanism and of the mingling of rich and poor.

They are not far from the right. A Scotchman has recently written a delightful book on America, and called it *The Land of Contrasts.* I grant him all but the title. It is here where the poor live at the portals of the rich, where the hospitals rise in the midst of squalor, the churches in the midst of sin, where the freedom of the servant towards you is equalled only by his attitude of respect, where animals are tormented and children go unpunished, where the gentlest acts of courtesy in the *caffé* of the middle class are only less astounding than the filthiness of the table manners. An ancient palace of perfect proportions will stand by the side of a new mansion hideous in its architecture; the treasures of my dear Hotel Lucini are placed in rooms papered in glaring patterns and made more dreadful by cheap wall pockets and the calenders of insurance companies.

On all sides the lovely and the leprous, the grim and the gay, go hand in hand, and since it is Italy, John and I would not have it otherwise; while I am admiring what he calls "a fine wad" of armorial bearings, he is talking to the family of the concierge, who are standing around a table in a gorgeous court, fishing out frizzled octopi with their fingers, munching their dry bread and drinking the wine which is one of our luxuries.

One needs the sunny attitude of these people to remind the stranger how agreeably they have survived the tyranny of early centuries. There is nothing left but the carven stone emblems to prove them once a people ground to the dust in the effort to support the great warring families, and while guide-book erudition has long been alien to us, a knowledge of the histories of Etruria, Umbria, the Marche and much of the province of Emilia is well worth knowing. Only a student can

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appreciate the erratic landscape of Umbrian painters, until one has seen himself the tender slopes, the abrupt hills, the castles on the peaks and the snake-like roads. And this is not to be enjoyed from car windows.

The famous majolica of the various cities is not understood until we are familiar with the warring factions depicted, and can recognise the arms of the families who encouraged the art; the Trinci of Foligno, the Montefeltro of Urbino, the Sforza of Pesaro, the Malatesta of Rimini, the Bentivoglio of Bologna; they are everywhere, and above them, hideous, all conquering, the crossed keys and the mitre of the church.

I hope all this doesn't sound stilted. I spent a good deal of time over it, because I think of reading several chapters of my tour to the Minerva Club when I am All Alone. I want to show them that with Freedom comes wisdom, so that's why I get a little high flown in my language now and then. Just thinking of the Minerva Club seems to develop my style along oratorical lines. When I think of John I get quite common again, all of this proving that I must be about my diary or I shall soon become as ordinary as he is.

Whenever he and I are absolutely overcome by the gloom of past Italian history, we go into the level flagged street, which is always named after King Humbert or Garibaldi or one of the very new heroes. Nothing can be newer than these heroes except the street itself, but always Italian in character, never Kokomo, Indiana, or Jackson, Michigan. In Spoleto John found one thing he considered newer even than this street—found it in the *caffé*—and that was a really pretty woman, Italian, and, to adopt our East Side Polish dialect, a "stylisher." Women in Italy are rarely lacking in good looks; they average much better than we do, but when they are beautiful, and "stylishers" besides, they are rooted in carriages, and never get out until within their courtyards, when the gorgeous bewanded porter shuts the gates, so that for all we know it may be quite true that the "Queen of Spain *has* no legs."

It did John a great deal of good to see a very pretty woman in a shirt-waist suit standing on two very nice French-heeled feet. It was "Art for Art's Sake" with him, he said, and while I knew it was nothing of the sort, I thought if he could be distracted from that giraffe, Mrs. Baring, I wasn't the narrow kind of a wife to prevent his admiring her. I did, too, and so did every one else in the *caffé*, and when she said *"complimenti"* to the patrons, and went out with an elderly griffin, John and I rose as one man and followed her. She led us over hill and dale, and finally disappeared through a chink in the wall, or seemingly so, and, as John remarked mysteriously, proving she was a fairy just as he had thought from the first—not a flesh and blood "stylisher" after all. Still, I endeavoured to keep up his enthusiasm in the effort to dispel old illusions. "Quite the best looking woman I have seen in Italy, John." This over coffee in the little garden.

"Yes," replied John absently; "always excepting you—and Mrs. Baring."

At this reference to the huge shadow that was darkening my life, I didn't start or break my coffee cup or do anything dramatic, but I made a resolve, a deep one and a good one, of course; no resolves can be bad, the word is onomatopœic. This one was to flee from that Nemesis on our track if I had to keep the throttle open with my life's blood. It's generally done with the foot, so my agitation may be understood.

* * * * *

When I registered that vow last night in Spoleto I little knew what avail would be my heart's blood upon the throttle, if John's foot was there, too, or what a relentless foot it was, and how deaf to my entreaties. And as I sit in my room at Foligno, with the rain splashing against the window pane, I wonder if surely this is not the worst that can happen to me. Perhaps some day this will be only a mild little thing that was needed to form my character. I thought one formed characters at clubs—never in a hotel bedroom in Foligno. But I keep learning and learning.

It was such a pleasant day in Spoleto. *Musica* in the morning under our windows, an accordeon, a guitar and a woman who watched for the money. I

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kept throwing them down pennies at the end of each piece, just as they would be going round the corner. Then they would laugh and come back and play again. The children don't dance on the pavements here as they do in New York, and when I danced round my big room all the neighbourhood stood outside of the windows and kept time with their heads, the little ones crying, *"ancora, ancora, signorina,"* the *signorina* to flatter me as though I were a young girl.

So I danced all the old-fashioned dances, the bon ton and the racquet, and gave them a taste of the two-step besides, which they loved. Even John stopped figuring up his gasoline expense list and whistled with them, and it occurred to me with just half a chance I could make him forget all about the pretty Italian and Mrs. Baring and even the motor car; and while it meant a very delicate manipulation of the plans for my future good, and might possibly conflict a little with gathering the evidence for my divorce, still it would be very nice to have more power, even if I didn't have as much muscle as large, tall women.

John, of course, was not to know of this fight for his soul, for that is what the struggle will mean—no petty jealousy, although a great wave of pain comes over me now and then, a sick feeling around my heart, and later an awful desire to break all the furniture in the room—just break it to be breaking. I never felt anything like it before, and I think it must be Strength of Purpose.

I don't know why one small lie can make so much trouble when I am sure I've told worse ones, and nothing has happened at all, especially since this was for John's soul. He was sleeping when it happened, before dinner in Spoleto; I was in the garden, and I heard that whirring sound of Mrs. Baring's Dago. It's always noisier than ours, but to-day it was much noisier, and the engine laboured as it came up to the hotel. Miss Grey was looking nervous, but I didn't feel sorry for anybody but myself and for John, who would soon be in the toils again.

Here she was choo-chooing into my Eden, and we weren't to meet until Foligno, as she perfectly understood. She simply couldn't keep away from John, and it made me so furious that I slipped down and whispered to the porter to tell her we had left. I heard her exclaim in disappointment, and then go on towards Foligno. I didn't hear what she had said, because I was hiding behind a sixth century sarcophagus. I don't know why, only I remembered as I did so that I always hid when I was a little girl and told a fib. I thought I was getting away from God.

I met the porter an hour afterwards, and he said the *grande signora* had found that her cylinder oil had been stolen from her tool chest at Narni, and that she had hoped to borrow some from us. However, she had decided to go on to Foligno and run the chance of overheated bearings. I was terribly frightened, and gave the man two francs to keep him quiet. Then I tried to induce John to get away early, but he wanted the run after dinner with his searchlight going, and was perfectly obdurate. He's very fond of his searchlight, and would use it as a bedroom candle if he could, so there was nothing for it but wait, and I wasn't altogether happy. It seemed so strange that one had to be underhand when struggling for a soul.

The ride through the dusk would have been delightful but for a storm that, canopy or no canopy, could not wait until we got to Foligno, since, as it rumbled out, it had given us fair warning. John didn't seem to mind. He pretends to like rain, but I was wet, and miserable in my heart, and while he wasn't very solicitous for me, he kept hoping all the time that Mrs. Baring was safely sheltered.

"She's a woman, after all, you know, if she does run her own car. She'll be wet to the skin. It's too bad. She ought to have a man to look after her. She—Why, what's the matter, Peggy?" For I had jerked the searchlight from the side of the road to the path ahead and held it there with a steady hand. Again he asked the question, but I did not answer him, and he drove on in our narrow streak of light, little knowing that back on the highway, half concealed in a nook of the road, lay Mrs. Baring's disabled motor car, with Mrs. Baring working over it.

There is no use attempting to recount

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all of the thoughts that pass through a woman's mind when she is angry, afraid and conscience-stricken, but after two hours at the hotel, with John foaming around for Mrs. Baring's safety, I took hold of the back of a chair, with my eyes glued on the floor, and began a sort of prepared speech. I didn't know I had been preparing it until I started. Then it all sounded familiar, as though I had repeated it many times before.

"If you want to know where Mrs. Baring is," I said, "you will find her back on the road near the Temple of Clitumnus with that female companion of hers, working on the car. Her cylinder oil had been stolen at Narni, and they stopped on the way through Spoleto to ask if you had gone. I sent word you had."

If John had believed me I never would have forgiven him, although it was hard to go over it all again. When the truth came to him, every bit of it, my lying as well as Mrs. Baring with the breakdown, he didn't wait for leggings or oilskins, but grabbed his cap and started for the door. I stepped in front of it.

"Say something, John!" I cried. He didn't touch me—just looked.

"There isn't a creature so mean and small who travels the road who will not help a fellow in distress. There isn't a woman of the class you draw away from who would hit one of her kind when down." And John thrust open the door.

"John, I'm sorry—I'm sorry, John," but the door had slammed.

CHAPTER IX

I suppose all husbands and wives are the same. Of a sudden one of them finds that the other is a poor, miserable thing, and the poor, miserable thing, who had known about herself all along, but was trying to keep it a secret, thinks that now the end has come, and there will be no more peace and happiness in her life. She stays awake all night over it, thinking how strange their attitude will be towards each other when they sit opposite at breakfast, and she comes into the room trembling terribly, and there the other person, the strong, good one, is stirring his coffee, and he says, "Well, what shall we do to-day?" Then the poor, miserable one, ready for heroics, says instead, "Anything at all, John," or whatever his name is, of course, and stirs her coffee too.

From that time they go on to all intents and purposes the same as ever, but in his heart he must loathe her, and the poor, miserable one knows that she must behave herself and be very loving to him in order to blot out from his mind the ugly memory of the night before. And she must keep it up forever and forever—or for days, anyway.

So I determined to do so, although I felt a little sorry for myself when I realised that I must go through life misunderstood, for nobody can save a man's soul and tell him about it, too. There's nothing at all romantic about that. Besides, he would laugh. If Mrs. Baring ever heard of it I should die of shame. I'd rather have her think I told that lie just to spite her. But I'd rather above all things that she would never know anything about it, and I don't think she will. When the two cars came into the town about midnight, John having oiled her engine on the road, he came to my door and asked if I were asleep.

"John, of course not," I quavered. "I——"

"Don't say anything more," he broke in. "I don't pretend to understand womenkind. The fact remains that you did it. I just want to tell you that Mrs. Baring thinks the servant in Spoleto misunderstood her, and that I heard the truth about her breakdown from a clout whom she had dispatched to Foligno for assistance, but who has probably strayed to some wayside tavern. She said she had tried to attract our attention when we passed, but we were gone too quickly. I thank the Lord I was able to get you out of it so easily." Then he went into his room.

So I continued meek all the morning, and poked about with the Douglas Warwick, who had arrived on an early train and was sketching like mad. Foligno has a beautiful square and some handsome palaces, and, as always, enough *Italiani* about to make the world gay. I like to go into the churches through these towns; not being great show places, there are no

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sacristans to swoop down and drive you from altar to altar, and no beggars to hold you up for doing the same to the leather curtains at the door.

There is a fine High Altar in the cathedral, with the bees of the Roman Barberini family decorating it. I don't know whether in imitating the altar in St. Peter's they have copied the emblem too, or whether the Barberini, having some honey to secure, sent a few bronze bees to Foligno to assist their scheme. The bronze on the altar at St. Peter's they stole from the Pantheon, with beelike energy converting all within their reach to their own purposes, and, like every family who gave munificently in those centuries, placarded the offerings with their arms. It would seem they had very little faith in the Creator's memory, that they must keep continually jogging it with the sight of their armorial bearings for the sake of future blessedness, or else, lacking newspapers, it may have been the natural desire of mankind to see his name in print.

With no beggars about to enrich, I left a small offering in the shape of four *soldi* in the hand of a ragged little urchin who lay asleep by the side of a very dangerous looking stone beast at the church door. The beast was going to attack me at first, as he said the little boy had no home to speak of, and he had taken him under his carven paw, but on seeing the four cents he smiled, as well as a beast could smile who had lost one-half his head, and roared a little, so that the boy woke up, with the most stupid delight on his face when he saw the four coppers.

He immediately taxed his stone friend with giving it, but his protector said no, he was part of the church, and always had to turn over anything he could secure towards its support. Then he waved his stone tail at the artist and me, since he couldn't wink very well, having lost both his eyes, while I made frantic signs for him not to tell, and he was a "*buono* sportman," for he kept mute. Without further reflection the little boy flew to the cook shop, under whose portal we were standing, and bought a large casserole of *pasta* to prove that the money was real, but instead of three cents, the usual price, it cost but one of the strange *soldi*, which proved, as the *signora* of the shop told him (she had witnessed the scene and could wink with the best of them), that the pennies must have come from Domeneddio Himself. So the ragged little boy stood up and made the sign of the cross over his dish, after which he and the stone beast ate the spaghetti in outrageous fashion. And that reminded me to remind the artist that we were an hour late for luncheon.

John said he would like to write a book on "What I Didn't See in Foligno." What he did see was the wood yard where the machines were kept. The little garage was occupied when we arrived by a strange-looking phaeton motor with a seat for a tiger and a canopy, but no front tire at all. Of course, of the three I should take a tire any day. All the works were under the seat, musty and ill kept, and the whole thing was so gloomy in appearance that we were not surprised to hear that the owner had gone to Rome, ostensibly to get a new tire, but we knew never to return.

John and Mrs. Baring agreed that even a mild eight horse-power phaeton would rebel with such lack of care, and that the wise motorist treats his engine well, for it can be a good friend and a dangerous enemy.

"Take a horse," said John, crawling joyfully around his car with the oil can, "and let it go uncurried and unrubbed for a month, fed at irregular intervals and watered when you've got the time, and you'll find it can do about one-half the work that it did under good treatment. Now the same thing holds good with a car, and, moreover, like a horse, it's got to be petted and humoured a little. I've loved this engine ever since it struggled a hundred and twenty miles from Naples with a leaky valve as painful as a dislocated shoulder, settling down every now and then for a rest, but picking up courage after a little nursing and going at it again. I tell you when I see what it has been doing these last few days, now that it's well, I feel like taking off my hat to it."

This is known as Motor Love, and as I think John was on the verge of tears, I ripped off his rubber gloves, also Mrs. Baring's, and drove them in to luncheon.

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When that woman is around her car in the stable yard I like her. It's when she's flashing her teeth and urging us to change our route because it is "so nice" for us all to be together that I want to cry out something perfectly unladylike, such as "Oh, thunder!" and walk out of the room. But as I said, my pride will prevent my letting her know how I feel, and I keep telling myself how kind she is to Miss Grey, and patient with Douglas Warwick, who is more helpless than I, and it also comes to me that there must be something very fine in her nature or John wouldn't like her so much. This thought, however, immediately fills me with such alarm that I hurry to forget all about it, or the strange desire again sweeps over me to break the furniture.

We had an accident outside of Foligno. I more than wish it hadn't happened, for it brought to me so vividly the courtesy of the road, which I had disregarded. We were going around a curve on the level when we were brought face to face with a heavy cart which was in the middle of the road, though gallantly striving to make way for us, but it moved too slowly, and John turned out for it, at the same time striking a bit of slippery going. The rear wheels skidded, made a three-quarters revolution and slipped back heavily into a ditch. The mud was up to the hubs, and it seemed that nothing but a derrick would get our big auto out.

The carter got off his wagon and uttering weird cries, summoned men from all directions, although the country had seemed quite unpeopled. Little children came racing down the road, old dames popped their heads through the hedges, and the incident was immediately converted into an occasion for enjoyment. I had not squealed nor tried to get out, and John had said "Good Girl!" under his breath, nor would the men allow me to descend into the mud of the road, and lacking the usual to do over the situation, put their shoulders to the rear wheels, and with a concerted "Ah-aah!" like the honk of a wild goose, lifted the car out, then stood sweating before us, smiling fondly at their muscles.

After this the miracle of miracles happened, for one and all they refused the handful of change John offered them. Comrades of the road were we and they, and when the money had been given to the children for a *festa,* they were doubly pleased, and extolled the kindness of their excellencies.

"Make the most of it, Peggy!" said John when we were again under way, with only mud to tell the tale. "You'll not be *'Excellenza'* in little old America with or without a motor car." So I sat up very straight, graciously distributing bows to our friends along the road. It was through these Apennines that John was advised to carry a revolver, but I thought it too dangerous a weapon to have around unless he kept it unloaded, and John said he didn't believe in bluff.

"It's only about once in a man's life when he will need a gun," he said, "and then he needs it bad. On the other occasions, if I was found with one in my possession, it would do me more harm than good. I think my faithful sprag will answer all purposes." And John beamed fondly on his improvised knucks.

We saw nothing more savage than pigs to shoot on our way from Foligno to Rimini, and those were clasped round their waists as we passed by little pig girls, who were fearful for their charges. The wild things were flowers, and the masses of mountain beyond Gubbio, and the dangers of the road were being remedied by pleasant-looking highwaymen working where the rains had loosened the mountain walls. Once we were attacked. A great rock from a quarry above us rolled down directly in the centre of our path. The cry of the men at work came too late, and we passed over it, slightly tearing the apron and merely scratching the axles.

"I always wanted to know how much clearance we had under there," said John coolly, just like a hero in a play. And I adored him from the front row of our motor.

There is no lovelier country in the world than the province of Umbria, and with Mrs. Baring one day behind us, my husband close by, an extra tin of gasoline on the side and the engine taking most of the hills on the high speed, my cup of happiness was running over. The only blight was the diary in the basket, that

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John is so insistent upon my having out. He calls it "the green book," which shows some consideration, but to me it is the Doomsday Volume, and I have grown to hate it. Perhaps, oh, surely, even after our divorce John will take me out for a spin now and then. I sometimes think I just can't give up this automobile!

We went through Nocera, and at Gualdo deserted our Via Flaminia for half a day, and drove on to Gubbio that we might spend the night in the most mediæval town of Italy. It lies at the foot of the Apennines, and is the open door to the Calvo Pass, which leads through the mountains to the other side. Isolated, forgotten by the world, it is like a hideous, crooked old woman. I was surprised to find children laughing in the tortuous streets. Towering over it is the great Palazzo dei Consoli, not as though it were part of the poor people who lived below, but frowning down at them, emblematic of the power of the nobles over the towns they owned. Yet Gubbio had its great painters, its school of art and famous potteries, just as all these dead little places had through which we pass, and I know I shall take a personal interest in these treasures when again I see them in the galleries. (*Note:* Above to be read at meeting of Minerva Club.)

The Thespian art is still encouraged in Gubbio. The porter of the Albergo San Marco, who refused to take any notice of us or our luggage until he could find his ancient gold-braided cap, told us before we had taken our rooms that there was a play that evening. He evidently feared we might go on unless inducements were held out, and after the dinner we might have considered it had not the Calvo Pass presented double difficulties in the night.

The crone who waited on us had said the Pass was too high for *automobili,* and we ourselves had read that heavy carriages did not go over it, but with the morning light we feared nothing, and John told her smilingly in his own tongue that she was absolutely brainless, the truth was not in her, and that her appearance would be greatly improved if she possessed a few teeth. She was an old, unsuspecting crone, and cried *Si, si, signore,"* to all he said, which meant a whole franc when we left as compensation.

A small boy escorted us to the theatre, and I suggested that he receive a carriage check and call for us at eleven, for nothing but Hop-o'-My-Thumb bread crumbs could ever get us back through the narrow, empty, winding streets, lighted only by occasional oil lamps, and down which the wind blew mournfully; but John was for adventure, and dismissed him with four cents imbursement.

We took our seats in the *poltrone.* I think now it means the poltroons, for we saw at a glance we had not done the right thing. Although they were the best seats to be bought, and red velvet besides, the real people, the *noblesse* of the city, sat in the three tiers of minute boxes that ran around the auditorium, while the commoners stood at the back, rolled on the benches or lolled on the red velvets that constituted the orchestra. Immediately our arrival in the city as motorists lost its prestige; had we been as rich as Crœsus and eaten automobiles we could not be seriously considered after sitting among the poltroons. John wanted to get a box and turn our coats wrong side out to deceive them into thinking we were an entirely different couple, but by this time the power of the drama had taken hold of me and I would not move.

Perhaps I should not say it was the performers on the stage that held me fascinated—there were three at the time—but rather a fourth voice that spoke unceasingly, which I at first took to be some noisy person on the red velvets, and glared at them all. Then I thought the play might be a spirit one, *Ibsen's Ghosts,* perhaps, with a new interpretation, and I endeavoured to trace the spirit actor who had such a very long part.

He was under none of the chairs, nor behind the handsome escretoire as it was painted on the back drop, but I finally found him cunningly hidden under half a shell which came out from the footlights with its back to us, and then I knew he was the prompter. These creatures are the curse of the Continental theatre and a relic of barbarism, toned down and dulled into quiet in the big city theatres, but in Gubbio the one voice that was never

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still, never modulated. I am sure he must have once been an actor himself, for, as the plot thickened, he leaned out of his cubby-hole that rose about two feet above the stage and gesticulated as he read. I could see his hands waving wildly. His work was not appreciated by the Gubbiates, and when his voice rose until it drowned that of the performers, he was roundly hissed by the audience, just as though he were a villain *en coquille*. Now and then the leading woman would hiss at him, too, which rather marred her rendition of the tender passages, and on one occasion she stopped altogether with a wonderful shrug, which said, "Play the part. Play it all yourself. I am only the leading lady. I cannot act. Oh, no; you are the *artisto* of this company. What? You arrest yourself? Ah, *grazie tante!* Perhaps I may continue!"

As for the acting, it was so much better in grade than little country companies at home, that my heart went out to them, and my admiration for their quiet art was extended to their indifference to scenery. Barring a back drop, there was no setting—the frames of doors only at the right and left of the stage serving for exits; the sides were quite exposed, and John made a bet with me that one of the company, in some absent-minded moment, would walk through the wall before the play was over—which bet he lost.

We left at 11.30. There was still another act and an afterpiece to come, but John wished to give himself time to get lost and to be found again. Had I felt that getting lost with John would have cut us off permanently from a certain pursuing motor-car I should not have encouraged the brigand, who, at 12.15, picked us out on a bridge that we had crossed ten times, and gently led us home. But no, it will take a much more complex skein of streets than those of Gubbio to save us from the skein of Mrs. Baring's Knitting.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell.

When the fairies bestowed gifts upon the infant in a Bloomsbury lodging-house and upon a certain princeling, they paid homage to the future heroine and hero of this tale. It is the story of Vivien's downfall in the great city of London, of her struggle for existence and, finally, of her happy marriage to the prince.

Twisted Eglantine. By H. B. Marriott-Watson.

In this story Mr. Watson has endeavoured to portray the man beneath the feathers and gay adornment of what is known as the "Beau" of over a century ago. The principals in the romance are Sir Piers Blakiston, known as "Beau Blakiston;" Barbara Galloway, whom he meets in a small town to which he has been driven in a severe storm while crossing from the Isle of Wight to the mainland; and Gilbert Faversham, Barbara's country lover.

The Wild Irishman. By T. W. H. Crosland.

Mr. Crosland has here given the Irish very much the same treatment that the Scotch received in his "The Unspeakable Scot." The superstition, journalism, letters, commerce, and criminality of the Irish are among the subjects of discussion.

A Yellow Journalist. By Miriam Michelson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Carlyles. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

The scenes of this tale of love and adventure are laid in Richmond, just prior to Lee's surrender. The chief figures in the story are Monimia Carlyle, a young daughter of the South; Launcelot Carlyle, to whom Monimia is engaged, although she does not love him; Donald Lyndsay, a young Union officer who unwittingly steals the heart of the heroine; and Cecil Dare, who passes herself off as Launcelot's wife when she is discovered hiding as a spy.

At the Emperor's Wish. By Oscar King Davis.

This tale of New Japan shows plainly the reverence in which the people hold their Emperor. The principal figures in

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the love story are the son of a low-born banker and the daughter of a Samurai. The hero proves himself a hero and is rewarded with the hand of the girl in marriage.

The Game and the Candle. By Frances Davidge.

This novel is said to portray New York types and society. Richard Faxon and Emily Blair are two important characters, as is also Pinkle Gibbs. Richard loves and marries Pinkle, although he is dependent upon Emily. When Pinkle elopes with another man she breaks her husband's heart, as well as his pride. He eventually loves Emily, but certain obstacles for a long time prevent their marriage. The climax is aided by Casimir Driscoll, the clubman and philosopher, and the end of the story sees all its characters happy.

The Staircase of Surprise. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

A Chinese Princess is the heroine of this tale of the Russo-Japanese War. The hero, a young Englishman, falls in love with the Princess in a mission-school in China. Their marriage is declared invalid, owing to the omission of a few words in the ceremony. The husband is imprisoned by his wife's uncle in order that she may marry a Japanese count. The scenes are changed to Washington. Here the Englishman finds his mother and an American heiress whom she has selected as her son's future wife.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker.

A new holiday edition of a well-known novel illustrated with eight full-page pictures in colour.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.

A special holiday edition of Kipling's poems appropriately illustrated. The marginal decorations and printing are in green ink.

The Young Man and the World. By Albert J. Beveridge.

"While addressed more directly to young men, these papers were yet written for men on both sides the hill and on the crest thereof. I would draw maturity and youth closer together." There are twelve articles, the first of which gives the book its name. Some of the other papers discuss The Old Home, The New Home, The Young Lawyer and His Beginnings, Public Speaking, The Young Man and the Pulpit, Great Things Yet to be Done, etc.

Duke of Devil-May-Care. By Harris Dickson.

The Duke is a Southern planter; "Devil-May-Care" is the name given to his plantation. The ancestors of the girl with whom he falls in love have for generations been enemies to his house. She refuses his offer of marriage. Complicating and exciting events follow, in which the hero is thought to have killed a man in a quarrel and is suspected of having kidnapped the heroine's aunt when she was ill with yellow fever. The conclusion sees the mysteries cleared up.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Next Awakening. By Josiah Strong.

The Times and Young Men. By Josiah Strong.

A paper-covered edition of the last two works which have come from the pen of Mr. Strong.

The Poet, Miss Kate and I. By Margaret P. Montague.

An idyl of the mountains in which humour, nature and love are interwoven. The poet is a lawyer and poet, who goes from New York to the mountains of West Virginia to die; "I" is a girl whom he meets and who makes life worth struggling for; Miss Kate is the faithful mare which the girl rides. The book is decorated and is illustrated in colour and in black and white.

The Appreciation of Pictures. By Russell Sturgis.

The fourth volume in the "Popular Art" series. It is supplementary to the author's previous works on architecture and sculpture. The book is written from the standpoint of the enthusiastic lover of pictures, and contains seventy-three illustrations.

Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts. By Ralph Adams Cram.

The titles of the ten papers in this collection are: The Genius of Japanese Art, The Early Architecture of Japan, The Later Architecture of Japan, Temples and Shrines, Temple Gardens, Domestic Interiors, The Minor Arts, A Colour Print of Yeizan, A Note on Japanese Sculpture, and The Future of Japanese Art. The volume is well illustrated.

A Christmas Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth. By Charles Dickens.

Grotesqueness in the interpretation of Dickens has been abandoned in these stories for a more human portrayal of his characters by Mr. Williams. There are ten illustrations in line and in colour.

When You Were a Boy. By Edwin L. Sabin.

The joys and miseries which usually attend the normal small boy are recounted in a way intended to carry the reader back to childhood days. The

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fifty characteristic illustrations which Mr. Frederic Dorr Steele have made for the book enhance its interest.

Romances of Old France. By Richard Le Gallienne.

This companion volume to the author's "Old Love Stories Retold," published last year, tells again the famous Troubadour romances and the tales of tradition and chivalry. King Florus and the Fair Jehane, Amis and Amile, Aucassin and Nicolete, and The History of Over Sea are the titles of four of the seven stories. The book is well decorated and illustrated.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Business of Life Insurance. By Miles Menander Dawson.

In this volume it is intended to "speak plainly and fairly for the benefit of the policyholders and also in the belief that his words may be of use to those connected professionally with the business of life insurance." The author is the actuary of the New York Legislative Committee for the Investigation of Life Insurance.

Lodgings in Town. By Arthur Henry.

The author's experiences while seeking an ideal mode of existence are told in three volumes, of which this is the last; "An Island Cabin" and "The House in the Woods" being the first two books in the trilogy. Several phases of life in New York City, with its joys and sorrows, successes and failures, hopes and disappointments, are portrayed. Sixteen full-page illustrations enhance the value of the book.

The Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett.

Mr. Crockett's latest book is said to be written in the vein of his well-known "The Lilac Sunbonnet." It is a story of the Covenanters, and the scenes are laid during the closing days of the reign of Stuart II. There is a lively romance between Ivie Rysland, the daughter of a captain under Stuart, and Raith Ellison, the renegade son of a Cameronian. Many thrilling experiences are encountered, and the fortunes of the hero and heroine are involved, but happiness is theirs at the end of the story.

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day.

Palermo, Maine, is the setting for this novel of "Down East." Squire Phin is a philosophical character who straightens out the tangles and preserves a state of equilibrium in the community. The Squire's brother Hime figures prominently in the story. Pathos and humour are both portrayed and a romance runs through the book.

Brentano's:

The Irrational Knot. By G. Bernard Shaw.

Although a large part of this book was contributed to magazines a quarter of a century ago, it has been rewritten and is practically new. The marriage question is the theme of the story, the principals being an electrical engineer, who is as mechanical in his thought and living as the machines upon which he works; his wife, a woman more beautiful than intellectual; and a "gentleman-cad-of-leisure," with whom the wife elopes.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

A Brother of Christ. By Ingram Crockett.

A tale of Western Kentucky. An earnest worker among the eccentric Christadelphians is the "brother of Christ" and the hero. The story tells how he gradually breaks loose from the narrowness of this sect and comes into fuller light. It is also a love story, in which two women—one a coquette, the other a noble girl—are prominent figures. There is a villain who has his share in the tale.

Persons and Places. By Joel Benton.

A glance at the chapter titles of this book gives a good idea of its nature. Among them are: Emerson: As I Saw Him, Some of Thoreau's Peculiarities, With Matthew Arnold, A Little Bit About Boston, The Personality of Horace Greeley, Some American Humourists, etc. The volume is illustrated with ten reproductions from original photos and prints.

Adirondack Murray. By Harry V. Radford.

A monograph on the life and work of the late William Henry Harrison Murray, familiarly known as "Adirondack Murray." The volume contains ten illustrations.

The Century Company:

Jules of the Great Heart. By Lawrence Mott.

Jules Verbaux, the hero, is a French-Canadian trapper and is looked upon as an outlaw by the Hudson Bay Company. The exciting adventures which he encounters form the basis of the story.

The Wheat Princess. By Jean Webster.

The cornering of the wheat market by Marcia Copley's father while she is living in luxury among a people who are almost starving for bread, is the background of this tale. An important part of the story deals with Marcia's lovers.

Plain Mary Smith. By Henry Wallace Phillips.

The hero of many short stories makes his first appearance as the principal char-

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acter in a book. Red Saunders describes his wild adventures in his own way. Plain Mary Smith, the heroine, is plain in name only. The affection which these two people have for each other is in no way romantic; Red's greatest ambition is to bring Mary and Arthur Saxton, her lover, together. The hero is described as a good-natured, muscular, overgrown boy, full of deviltry, sentiment and love of fun.

With the Empress Dowager. By Katharine A. Carl.

An extended visit of eleven months at the Chinese Court, at which time Miss Carl was painting portraits of the Empress Dowager, is followed by this volume. The work describes the personal appearance and characteristics of the Empress Dowager, of the Emperor, and of the ladies of the court; the summer and winter palaces, the social customs, religious rites and other interesting subjects. The author has illustrated the book.

Revolutionary Stories. Retold from St. Nicholas.

Our Holidays. Retold from St. Nicholas.

Civil War Stories. Retold from St. Nicholas.

Colonial Stories. Retold from St. Nicholas.

These four volumes contain stories of the history and development of our country told in such a way as to be of interest to children. The titles are explanatory of the nature of each book. The volumes are well illustrated.

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Mrs. Browning.

Washington.

The Chimes. By Charles Dickens.

Three additions to the "Thumb-Nail" series. The first contains not only the sonnets, but six lyrics from the pen of Mrs. Browning, and three poems by Robert Browning. Richard Watson Gilder has written the introduction. In the second volume there is a character sketch of Washington, Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States; his address to the officers, in March, 1773; his circulating letter addressed to the governors of all the States on disbanding the army; his farewell address to the armies of the United States; his inaugural address to both Houses of Congress; and an unfinished portrait of Washington. Dickens's story "The Chimes" is well known. The books are issued uniformly and are bound in embossed leather, designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

Washington and the West. By Archer B. Hurlbert.

"Being George Washington's Diary of September, 1784. Kept during his journey into the Ohio Basin in the interest of a commercial union between the Great Lakes and the Potomac River." This work portrays Washington's position towards one of the great national policies of the early Republic, expansion and internal improvements. The volume contains a frontispiece and four maps.

How to Study Pictures. By Charles H. Caffin.

The aim of this book is "to give a fairly comprehenisve bird's-eye view of the whole field of painting, sufficient, if study must stop there, to enable recognition of the landmarks of the subject; but offering, if further study in detail is possible, a convenient groundwork for investigation." The author has given a series of comparisons of paintings and painters from Cimabue to Monet, with historical and biographical summaries and appreciations of the painters' motives and methods. The work is illustrated with over fifty reproductions of noted pictures.

The Long Day—The Story of a New York Working Girl, as Told by Herself.

A pen picture of the experiences of a country girl who came to New York to obtain a livelihood. The reader forms the acquaintance of some of the characters met by the heroine, many of whom are very interesting. The story is said to be true and to vividly portray the unfortunate, underpaid, overworked working girl.

The Northerner. By Norah Davis.

Southern prejudice against the capital and enterprise of the North and the question of race are brought out in this story. "The Northerner" is a capitalist who purchases the street railway and lighting plant in an Alabama town, in the belief that Northern energy and money will succeed where Southern management has resulted in failure. He is obliged to fight against the prejudice of almost the entire town, including the girl with whom he is very much in love. It is left to the reader to find out whether he meets with success or failure.

Versailles and the Court under Louis XIV. By James Eugene Farmer.

This work begins with the inception of the plans for the palace and the laying out of the grounds. The volume is divided into four parts, the first of which is entirely devoted to descriptions of this palace; the second part continues these descriptions, gives the meaning of Versailles, etc.; the King—his daily life, work, character, appearance and etiquette—is the subject of Part III.; and Part IV. portrays the Court. The work is well illustrated.

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Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Greatness in Literature. By William P. Trent.

The main object of this collection of eight literary papers is to discuss certain topics with any reader, but particularly with one who is interested in problems that confront the critic and teacher of literature. In addition to the title paper, some of the subjects are: A Word for the Smaller Authors and for Popular Judgment; The Aims and Methods of Literary Study, Criticism and Faith, Teaching Literature, etc.

Famous American Authors. By Sarah K. Bolton.

An illustrated edition of what may be called The New England School. The authors with whom the work deals are Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell. The twenty-five illustrations include portraits, pictures of birthplaces, homes, and familiar scenes.

The Family on Wheels. Adapted from the French by J. MacDonald Oxley.

The family of children with whom this story deals are orphans and they carry on the mountebank business of their father in France. They own a van, a faithful horse, a dog, and an elephant. They travel from one town to another and give performances. The story is illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.

The Latin Poets. By Nathan Haskell Dole.

An anthology. "This collection of translations begins with Plautus and ends with Lucan. It presents generous selections from all the greatest poets of Rome. . . . It gives a faithful notion of the richness of the legacy which Old Rome bequeathed to mankind." Among the poets from whose works selections are taken are Ennius, Afer, Carus, Catullus, Maro, Flaccus, Propertius, Naso, Seneca, Martialis, etc.

The Loves of Great Composers. By Gustav Kobbé.

In this volume, the title of which explains its nature, it is said that many new facts are given, and old errors corrected. The romances include those of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and Wagner. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations in tint.

Rhymes of Little Boys. By Burges Johnson.

In a bright plaid gingham cover are rhymes with such titles as "Goin' Barefoot," "Bein' Sick," "Gettin' Well," "Superstishus," "Ketchin' Rides," "Pirates' Cave," and a number of others of a kindred nature, which aim to interest small boys. Many of the verses are in the language of a boy; some are addressed to boys.

The Melody of God's Love. By Oliver Huckel.

"A beautiful interpretation of the Twenty-third Psalm, in the spirit of song; the praise and devotion taking the form of separate melodies, just as the original singer might have conceived them." The psalm is divided into three strains, each of which is at once distinct and a part of the other.

Business Philosophy. By Benjamin F. Cobb.

A volume of practical suggestions to the business man, to the employer and employee. Among the topics discussed are System, The Office, Collections, Loafers, Buying, How to Treat Employees, Kickers, Trading Stamps, The Age Limit, Advertising, Labour Unions, The Credit System, Letter-writing, Executive Ability Necessary, etc.

Lohengrin. By Richard Wagner.

The story of Wagner's drama is here retold in English, in the form of blank verse. It is said to portray the whole story and to vividly interpret the stage scenes. The translation has been made by Oliver Huckel.

The Happy Life. By Charles W. Eliot.

A new edition printed in two colours. The Moral Purpose of the Unwise, Lower and Higher Pleasures, Family Love, Pleasure in Bodily Exertion, The Pleasure of Reading, etc., are some of the titles of chapters.

Beaufort Chums. By Edwin L. Sabin.

The scenes of this story for boys and about boys are on the Mississippi River. Ned and Hal, and Bob, the dog, are the principal characters.

Stories from Wagner. By J. Walker McSpadden.

A direct story is woven from each of the legends and dramas of the operas of Wagner. The intervals between the librettos of the operas are filled with continuous narrative, thus giving a view of all the operas in their just relation to each other. The volume is illustrated.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Edenindia. By J. P. Armour.

A tale of adventure in which is portrayed a kingdom governed by "the applied selection of all that was best in the social systems of the world at the time of its founding." A young man, disappointed in love, goes to sleep in a balloon which is kept tethered on the lawn of a relative's home. The rope breaks and he is taken far over the seas and becomes an officer of state in an isolated place called Edenindia. The

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story narrates his experiences while living in this place, which he eventually leaves to return to America, accompanied by his royal wife.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Mystery of June 13th. By Melvin L. Severy.

The plot of this new detective story by the author of "The Darrow Enigma" concerns the murder of a young native chief in New Zealand. The scenes travel from New Zealand to Venice, Washington, New York and Jersey City. Mysteries within mysteries are interwoven into the tale, and the reader has no better solution of the problem to offer than has George Maitland, the detective. The Kinneys have made six full-page illustrations for the book.

Ancient Legends of Roman History. By Ettore Pais.

The chapters of this work were originally delivered as lectures before various American institutions. They treat of "those very early Roman legends which formed the substratum of the later political and social development." Dubious points, such as the age of the Black Stone of the Forum and the Origins of Rome, are discussed; and new explanations are furnished of such primitive legends as those of Acca Larentia, of the Horatii, of Servius Tullius, and others. The volume contains a number of illustrations.

The Great Word. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A study of the phases and aspects of love—practical, poetic and mystical—is here presented by Mr. Mabie. The uses, meaning, manner of growth, the fruitfulness and prophetic quality of love are commented upon. The volume is uniform with the previous works of this author.

Old-Fashioned Flowers. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

A collection of four outdoor studies, the first of which gives the book its title. The titles of the others are: News of Spring, Field Flowers, Chrysanthemums. The volume contains six illustrations in colour.

The True Story of Humpty Dumpty. By Anna Alice Chapin.

The story of Humpty Dumpty and how he was rescued by three mortal children in Make Believe Land is here told for children. The decorations and illustrations in colour are by Ethel Franklin Betts.

Maud. By Alfred Tennyson.

An illustrated holiday edition of a well-known poem. The illustrations and decorations, which are in colour, are made by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong.

"Howdy, Honey, Howdy." By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A collection of poems in negro dialect. In its holiday dress the volume contains several reproductions from photographs. The marginal decorations are in colour.

Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.

This autobiography of a well-known novelist is here presented to the public in an edition which is uniform in size and binding with his novels. A portrait of Mr. Trollope appears as the frontispiece.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Chronicles of the Little Tot. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

These verses are arranged under five sub-heads: The Cradlers, The Creepers, The Cruisers, The Climbers, and In Remembrance. The first four are titles given to different poems in which the child is the theme—from a wee baby until he is about eight years of age. Under the last heading are included verses in memory of little lives enjoyed but for a short time. The volume is illustrated with full-page pictures in colour.

What God Hath (Not) Joined. By Orr Kenyon.

The divorce question is the theme of this story. The wife of a young minister becomes infatuated with a new faith and her husband divorces her to marry another woman. Judge Koons, a prominent character in the story, brings to light a number of Biblical texts to prove that those whom God hath not joined in heart are already asunder, although a legal mistake of matrimony may have been made.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Myths Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie.

This selection of the classic myths of all times for young people is issued uniformly with the "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know," also edited by Mr. Mabie. Among these are reprints from Hawthorne's stories, from Norse tales, from Charles Kingsley, and others. Blanche Ostertag has made the decorations and illustrations for the book.

Sons o' Men. By G. B. Lancaster.

The scenes of these twenty-two tales are laid in New Zealand, and they are told in the dialect of sheep and cattle drivers. The stories portray the life of the drovers and the manners and cus-

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toms of the Maoris. Among the titles are: Mates, Sand of the Desert, Among Men, A Little Matter of Law, In the Down-Country, Such a Girlie, etc.

Old Lim Jucklin. By Opie Read.

"Old Lim Jucklin," who is called the village oracle, is described as being between David Harum and Old Gorgon Graham. Seated upon barrels in the country store, on horseblocks, or by the side of his own fire, he gives his little talks on various subjects: Politics, religion, books, gambling, women, reformers, first love, horse trader, and numerous other topics of general interest.

Life and Religion: An Aftermath from the Writings of the Right Honourable Professor Max Müller. By His Wife.

This volume is said to contain the essence of Max Müller's published and unpublished work on the two subjects of "Life" and "Religion." The themes of the various chapters and extracts are: The Art of Life, The Beautiful, The Bible, Death, Christianity, Doubts, Faith, Life, Love, Mind or Thought, The Soul, Truth, etc.

Eaton and Mains:

Christianity and Socialism. By Washington Gladden.

A series of five lectures given before the students of Drew Theological Seminary in January, 1905. The subjects are: The Sermon on the Mount as the Basis of Social Reconstruction, Labour Wars, The Programme of Socialism, The True Socialism, Lights and Shadows of Municipal Reform.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Verses for Jock and Joan. By Helen Hay. Pictures by Charlotte Harding.

Juvenile. These verses upon many subjects are told by the children themselves. There are elaborate marginal decorations and six full-page illustrations.

More Adventures of the Happy Heart Family. By Virginia Gerson.

The children who found the Happy Heart Family so fascinating last year will be glad to hear more about them in this new book. The volume is well illustrated in colour and in tint.

The Fusser's Book. Rules by Anna Archbald and Georgiana Jones. Pictures by Florence Wyman.

A new and enlarged edition with new illustrations and new "rules of etiquette for beaux and fussers."

More Misrepresentative Men. By Harry Graham.

Some of the misrepresentative men about whom the author has written the satirical verse included in this volume are Robert Burns, William Waldorf Astor, Alton B. Parker, Euclid, Andrew Carnegie, Sherlock Holmes, etc. Malcolm Strauss has drawn a caricature of each person attacked.

Drawings. By A. B. Frost. With an Introduction by Joel Chandler Harris and Verse by Wallace Irwin.

About forty large-sized drawings are here included. Among them are The Last Match, The Sick Cow, The Duffer, A Bad Spill, An Unwelcome Visitor, Circus Day, Politics at the Corner, The Deacons, If the Old Men Will Play Golf, etc. The contributors to this volume and their work are well known. The volume presents a handsome appearance.

An Eye for an Eye. By Clarence S. Darrow.

Doomed to die the following day for taking the life of another, the murderer spends his last night in telling the story of his crime to a friend who visits him at the prison.

Henry Frowde:

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb.

Issued in the "Oxford" edition. Sixteen illustrations enhance the interest of the book.

Grimm's Popular Stories.

A reprint of the first English edition. The volume contains twenty-two illustrations by George Cruikshank.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Volume I.

A new edition in two volumes. It is printed on thin paper and contains a reproduction of an engraving of a portrait of Samuel Johnson as the frontispiece.

Aristotle's Politics. Translated by B. Jowett.

Mr. H. W. C. Davis has supplied the introduction, analysis and index to this work. In "Politics" Aristotle "treats of the State as one of the chief means through which the individual attains to happiness. The object of the *Politics* is both practical and speculative. . . . The *Politics* should probably be regarded as an unfinished work." It should be treated as a collection of arguments and theories rather than as an artistically constructed piece of literature.

The Works of Lucian. Four volumes. Translated by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler.

These four volumes are complete, with the exception of about fifteen pieces, which have been omitted for the sake of accurateness or by way of expurgation, and of a few words and phrases which have been cut out. There are

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notes which explain the allusions to persons, an alphabetical index, an extended introduction and nearly seventy "works of Lucian."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Successful Men of To-day and What They Say of Success. By Wilbur F. Crafts.

This work, which is based on facts and opinions gathered by letters and personal interviews from five hundred prominent men, is issued in a newly revised and enlarged edition. "While this book includes true success in business as well as in other lines of action, it is partly a protest against the commercialism that counts success and wealth as synonomous, regardless of the fact that many win their wealth by merchandise in 'the body and souls of men.'"

The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer. By Frank H. Vizetelly.

This volume gives directions to authors as to the manner of preparing copy and correcting proofs, and contains suggestions concerning the submission of manuscripts for publication. "The purpose of this book is to point out the manner in which manuscripts should be prepared so as to reduce to a minimum the cost of authors' corrections."

The Grafton Press:

Milton Blairlee and the Green Mountain Boys. By Willard Goss Davenport.

A story of the New Hampshire Grants, designed to interest boys. While searching for his parents, from whom he was separated by the Indians, the young hero meets Ethan Allen and joins his famous band. Fanny Knights Ide has made the illustrations.

Motor Goose Rhymes for Motor Ganders. By Herman Lee Meader.

These rhymes of fun and nonsense, in which the automobile takes the most prominent part, have the jingle of the "A B C" book and of "Mother Goose." The characteristic illustrations by "Pal" add much to the humour of the book.

Political X-Rays. By Leslie Chase.

A number of prominent persons and events are here discussed in a series of letters addressed to "The Editor of the Herald." Among the subjects of discussion are Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. McKinley, The Spanish War, Political Conditions in the United States, Mr. Richard Croker, Admiral Dewey, The Dreyfus Case, Queen Victoria, etc.

Arizona Sketches. By J. A. Munk.

Fourteen sketches describing the country and life of Arizona. The following chapter-titles give a clear idea of the scope of the work: A Romantic Land, The Open Range, Ranch Life, The Round-up, A Model Ranch, Some Desert Plants, Hooker's Hot Springs, Cañon Echoes, The Meteorite Mountain, The Cliff Dwellers, The Moqui Indians, and A Fine Climate. The volume is profusely illustrated.

Fifty and One Tales of Modern Fairyland. By F. Strange Kolle.

These tales, which are said to be without the usual characteristics of bloodshed, love or revenge, are new. Among the fifty-one stories are: The Wonderful Bundle of Shoes, Johnny Few-Clothes, Little Star Curious, The Tobacco Imp, Greedy Jet, Minnie's Magic Mirror, The Quarrelsome Knives, The Red Gobolink, The Runaway Balloon, etc. Illustrated by Flora Sheffield.

The Guarantee Publishing Company:

Cupid, the Devil's Stoker. By Nellie Bingham van Slingerland.

A romance of heredity in Argentina and old Spain. There are eighteen illustrations by Charles Dalton Cathcart.

Hana. A Daughter of Japan. By Gensai Murai.

Patriotic Poesy. By Nellie Bingham van Slingerland.

This unique volume, covered in cloth, contains poems on such subjects as: Liberty Bell, 1776, Bryan, Fort Moultrie, The President's Own, The Rough Riders, etc. There are eighteen illustrations in the book.

The Tale of Akoya. By Gensai Murai.

Harper and Brothers:

For the Mikado. By Kirk Munroe.

Two boys, a Japanese and an American, are the heroes of this tale. Their thrilling adventures and narrow escapes during the recent war between the Russians and Japanese make an exciting story for boys.

London Films. By William Dean Howells.

The literary result of Mr. Howells's recent visit in England, New York and London are humorously contrasted, and there are talks about the weather, streets, noises, churches, parks, 'buses, slums and children of London; of life outdoors in Rotten Row, Piccadilly and Hyde Park; and of the people and their manner of dress. The work is well illustrated.

Pleasant Fragments of Childhood. Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory. Verses by Burges Johnson.

In the language of the little martyr himself, the trying experiences of the first baby are here told. His mouth is opened to the widest extent by each relative in turn when he gets his first tooth, the first lock of hair is curled with a curling-iron, he is in danger of being

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scalded to death by too warm a bath, etc. Characteristic drawings and decorations enhance the humour and interest of the book.

Pole Baker. By Will N. Harben.

The hero of Mr. Harben's latest story, which is also about Georgia and its people, previously made his appearance in "Abner Daniel." The humorous philosopher is a great meddler, but his interference always works good to the persons concerned. It is through Pole Baker's intervention that the romance between a village merchant and a charming young girl reaches a happy climax.

Caroline of Courtlandt Street. By Weymer Jay Mills.

A romance of old New York. Because her mother is an actress, Caroline is not recognised by her father's aristocratic family. She conceives a plan by which her relatives, who live in London, extricate her from poverty and assist her in satisfying her ambition to go on the stage. The volume is decorated and contains six full-page illustrations in colour. It presents a very pleasing appearance.

A History of Our Own Times. Volumes IV. and V. By Justin McCarthy.

These two volumes conclude Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." The object of these volumes is, first, to give an account of all important public events occurring in or to the British Empire during the years between Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and the Accession of King Edward VII.; and second, to include a retrospect of the changes of importance which the reign of Queen Victoria saw in the public life, the literature, art and science of that period.

With Flashlight and Rifle. By C. G. Schillings.

Dr. Schillings, with one hundred assistants, recently spent a year and a half in tropical Africa in the study of the life of wild animals. This volume is the result. One of the chief features of the book is the reproduction of a large number of photographs which, by various contrivances and flashlights, the author was able to take at long range at night, when the animals were in their natural surroundings. The habits and life of these wild creatures are also described. Dr. Henry Zick has made the translation from the German.

The Travelling Thirds. By Gertrude Atherton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Wee Winkles and Wideawake. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

"A story for little folks who are just beginning to read for themselves." A little girl and her brother are the tiny characters, whose various experiences are based on incidents that occur in the daily life of the average child. The illustrations are by Mary Theresa Hart.

The Line of Love. By James Branch Cabell.

The theme of the seven stories of the Middle Ages included in this volume is love and romance, and their setting is in France and England. The titles include The Episode Called Adhelmar at Puysange, The Episode Called Love-Letters of Falstaff, The Episode Called "Sweet Adelais," The Episode Called in Necessity's Mortar, etc. The volume is well illustrated in colour and is decorated with marginal designs.

Mrs. Raffles. By John Kendrick Bangs.

The adventures of the well-known fictitious character of "Raffles" are here parodied. The volume contains twelve "adventures" of Mrs. Raffles, the widow of the cracksman. The heroine establishes herself in Newport, moves in high society, and with the assistance of Bunny, the butler, accumulates a fortune from her victims.

Editorial Wild Oats. By Mark Twain.

Six sketches of Mark Twain's youthful experiences in journalistic work, told in the humorous style of the author, are contained in this book. The illustrations add to the interest of the stories.

American Diplomacy: Its Spirit and Achievements. By John Bassett Moore.

The object of this work is "to give, not a chronological narrative of international transactions, but rather an exposition of the principles by which they were guided in order that the distinctive purposes of American diplomacy may be understood and its meaning and influence appreciated."

The Reconstruction of Religious Belief. By W. H. Mallock.

In this volume the author shows that "the more science points to a monistic conclusion, the more it thrusts us into some region outside itself in which an intellectual solution of the contradiction between scientific and religious principles must be found."

Henry Holt and Company

The Wizards of Ryetown. By A. Constance Smedley and L. A. Talbot.

An old-fashioned fairy story. The characters include Lavender, the little Princess, a malicious witch, and a splendid Prince. The scenes of the tale are laid in the fairy cities of Ryetown and Barleyborough. The volume contains fifty illustrations by Angusine Macgregor.

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The Peter Newell Mother Goose. By Carolyn S. Bailey. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

The old rhymes are here reproduced in connection with their veracious history. Such well-known characters as Dame Trot, Jack Horner, Little Bo-Peep, Wee Willie Winkle, etc., are the chief figures in these stories. The twenty-one full-page illustrations add much to the interest of the book.

English Essays. Selected and edited by Walter C. Bronson.

This book "is intended for use with college classes in introductory courses in literature; and the chief purpose of it is to cultivate in the undergraduate a liking for good English prose, and to give him some knowledge of English thought as it has found expression in English essays of the last three hundred years, by putting into his hands a not too bulky collection of interesting texts by some of the greater essayists from Bacon to Stevenson.

The Professor's Legacy. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

When the beautiful, young German girl marries her stern English husband, she does so out of pique, but she learns to love him. These two, with the Englishman's sister, who has a passion for music and animals, and her German lover, are the people about whom Mrs. Sidgwick has woven her story.

Extinct Animals. By E. Ray Lankester.

This volume is a corrected shorthand report of a course of lectures adapted to a juvenile audience given by Mr. Lankester at the Royal Institution, London. Its purpose is to excite in young people an interest in the study of extinct animals. The work contains over two hundred illustrations.

The Devil is an Ass. By Ben Johnson.

The twenty-ninth volume to be issued in the series of "Yale Studies in English," bound in paper. Dr. William Savage Johnson has edited the work, written the introduction and furnished it with notes and a glossary.

John Lane Company:

Euphranor. By Edward Fitzgerald.

This dialogue on Youth is the fifteenth volume in the "New Pocket Library" series. It is reprinted in the edition of 1851. Mr. Frederic Chapman has written an appreciative preface.

The Poems of William Watson. Two volumes.

This two-volume edition of Mr. Watson's works includes a larger number of poems than the volume recently published. The first volume contains Elegiac Poems, Odes and Lyrics, Miscellaneous Poems, and Narrative Poems; in the second volume are Miscellaneous Sonnets on Public Affairs, Epigrams and Early Poems.

The Singing of the Future. By David Ffrangcon-Davies.

"This book is meant not only for singers, but for all who are interested and concerned in the subject of speech or song—preachers, readers, pleaders, lecturers, reciters (with or without music) and actors—all of whom do their best work when they employ their best selves upon the best products of the best poets, dramatists and musicians. Our book deals also with the subject of daily speech, which is, in truth, the foundation of all artistic and, in the good sense, utilitarian utterance."

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Golliwogg's Fox-Hunt. By Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton.

Juvenile. The story of this fox hunt is told in verse. The thirty full-page colour illustrations and smaller ones in tint are humorous and add much to the interest of the story.

Starvecrow Farm. By Stanley J. Weyman.

A story of the Lake District in England, in 1819—a time when the working classes, impoverished by the long struggle against Napoleon, were discontented and rebellious. The heroine, who knows the whereabouts of her former lover, is compelled to endure many hardships and adventures with the chaplain of her suitor as her only protector. The romance contains an elopement, which is attended by unusual results: the girl marries the man from whom she is fleeing, not her companion; there is, also, imprisonment for the hero, the abduction of a child, and threatened murder for the heroine.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

A Modern Symposium. By G. Lowes Dickinson.

Reserved for future notice.

The Work of Our Hands. By H. A. Mitchell Keays.

The morals of business life and the responsibility of riches are portrayed in this novel. It is the story of a young woman, brought up in religious surroundings, who endeavours to make her husband, who is a millionaire, realise that wealth should be a means of aid to the poor—not a source of injury.

Told by Uncle Remus. By Joel Chandler Harris.

These new stories of the old plantation are told by Uncle Remus to the "little boy's little boy." "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" continue to take a

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prominent part in the tales. Characteristic illustrations enhance the interest of the book.

The Torch. By George Edward Woodberry.

Eight lectures on race power in literature delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1903. The titles of the lectures are: Man and the Race, The Language of All the World, The Titan Myth (in two parts), Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley.

The Mysterious Stranger and Other Cartoons. By John T. McCutcheon.

The historical importance of the period surrounded by these cartoons is responsible for their reproduction in book form. This selection of about one hundred and fifty drawings give a humorous, satirical record of the history of the United States for the last three or four years. Among the subjects of the cartoons are President Roosevelt, the Presidential campaign, the Russo-Japanese War, St. Louis Fair, holidays, episodes of boy and girl life, etc.

The Macmillan Company:

Yolanda. By Charles Major.

This is the story of a Prince and a maid of Burgundy. Mr. Major tells in his own way how Maximilian, Count of Hapsburg, is taken to the court of Burgundy by his tutor, a nobleman of the house of Pitti. Here he is to win in marriage the Princess Mary, with whom he has already exchanged some sentimental tokens. The poverty of the Hapsburgs and wealth of the Burgundians make this a very difficult affair, and the young count is obliged to overthrow many obstacles before he wins out in the end.

Whitewashing Julia. By Henry Arthur Jones.

An original comedy in three acts and an epilogue by the author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence."

The City. By Arthur Upson.

The title poem in this collection is a drama in four acts. The remainder of the volume is occupied with "Octaves in an Oxford Garden" and sonnets on various themes.

An Island in the Air. By Ernest Ingersoll.

While this story is designed to interest young people, it is also intended to instruct them. It relates the experiences of a party on their way to California a half century ago. The young people are separated from their elders, become marooned on a desert island, and are obliged to fight Indians and wild beasts, but they come out successful.

Sir Thomas Browne. By Edmund Gosse.

Issued in the "English Men of Letters" series. A good idea of the way in which this biography is handled may be had by glancing at the table of contents: Early Years: 1605-1641, "Religio Medici," The "Vulgar Errors," "Urn-Burial" and "The Garden of Cyrus"—1658, Last Years: 1659-1682, Posthumous Writings—Personal Characteristics, Language and Influence.

Tales of the Fish Patrol. By Jack London.

The experiences of the author when he was sixteen during a year of service with the Fish Commission are here narrated. The titles of the tales are: White and Yellow, The King of the Greeks, A Raid on the Oyster Pirates, The Siege of the "Lancashire Queen," Charley's Coup, Demetrios Contos, and Yellow Handkerchief. Georg Varian has made the seven illustrations which are reproduced in half-tone.

Government Regulation of Railway Rates. By Hugo R. Meyer.

In this volume Professor Meyer has made a comparison of the foreign policy of equality of charges for equal services, and the policy of charging pursued in America. It presents a study of the experience of the United States, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Australia.

Heart's Desire. By Emerson Hough.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Alcestis and Other Poems. By Sara King Wiley.

The themes of the first two poems in this collections of eight are taken from the plots of Euripides. Others are upon Age, Spring, Winds, The Clock, The Mocking Bird, etc.

Some Ethical Gains through Legislation. By Florence Kelley.

The four divisions of this book "discuss the gain achieved in legislation, and also that remaining to be achieved, in the particular right named in the title." The divisions are: The Right to Childhood, The Right to Leisure, The Purchaser's Right to Knowledge, The Right of Women to Vote.

The Mighty Pen Publishing Company:

Nursery Jingles. By Cornelia T. Gaffney.

The initial volume to be published by this company is intended for very young children. There are a number of illustrations, and the jingles are surrounded by appropriate marginal decorations, the work of Ida P. Nichols. Blue and white are the colours used in illustrations and binding.

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Moffat, Yard and Company:

Stork's Nest. By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

The "Storks" are two villains who coin counterfeit money in a weird house, to which a mystery is attached. Northern Missouri is the setting for the story. The heroine is a plucky child whose desire it is to become "a Person."

The Story Bible. By Margaret Sangster.

In this volume the author's aim has been "so to tell again the tales from Holy Writ familiar through the centuries, that our children of to-day may read and love them." Each story has been separated from surrounding passages in order that it may stand out by itself. The stories are arranged in Biblical sequence and are told so simply as to be readily understood by all. The volume contains twelve full-page coloured illustrations.

The Ugly Duckling. By Hans Christian Andersen.

A centenary edition of a famous story. There are a number of full-page illustrations in black and white and in colour by M. H. Squire.

The Orange Judd Company:

The Promise of Life. By Herbert Myrick.

The purpose of life and the attainment of high ideals in connection with it would seem to be the general theme of this volume. Some of the thoughts emphasised are: activity, truth, enjoyment, love, responsibility, etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Life of Charles Lamb. Volume I. By E. V. Lucas.

The biographer has endeavoured to include in this work a large amount of new material which has been brought to light after the previous biographies of Charles and Mary Lamb were written. He has also aimed to keep the story of these two lives confined to their own words. The first volume extends to the year 1817, when Charles Lamb was thirty-eight years of age. The work is well illustrated, there being over thirty illustrations in this volume.

Portraits of the Eighteenth Century. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve.

These historic and literary portraits include sketches of Duchesse du Maine, Madame de Staël-Delaunay, Le Sage, Montesquieu, Adrienne le Couvreur, Voltaire, Marquise du Deffand, Earl of Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Madame Geoffrin, The Abbé Barthélemy and Louis XV. Katharine P. Wormeley has made the translation. There are over a dozen illustrations.

The Life of Goethe. Volume I. By Albert Bielschowsky.

This is the first volume in a series of three on the life of Goethe, to which work Albert Bielschowsky is said to have devoted practically all of his life. The period covered by this book is from 1749-1788—from Goethe's birth to his return from Italy. The work, which is well illustrated, has been translated by William A. Cooper.

What to Have for Breakfast. By Olive Green.

The first volume in the "Homemaker" series. It contains breakfast menus for every day in the year, as well as recipes for many of the articles mentioned in the menus. The book is bound in gingham.

The Companionship of Books and Other Papers. By Frederic Rowland Marvin.

This collection of essays covers a wide range of subjects, some of which are Modern Builders of Air-Castles, The Catholicity of Culture, Forgotten American Poets, Heroes of Humble Life, Art and Life, Dust to Dust, Success, The Resources of Nature, etc.

Our Best Society.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

A World Without a Child. By Coulson Kernahan.

In this "story for women and men" there is said to be a picture of life in Anglo-Saxon cities where the race-suicide theory is carried to its logical outcome.

Modern India. By William Eleroy Curtis.

The series of letters which Mr. Curtis wrote for a newspaper while in India, in 1903-04, are here given to the public in one volume. The author is said to have given information upon almost every subject concerning this country which is desired by the student or prospective visitor. He includes sketches of the system of government, gives the figures of the population from the standpoints of provinces, religion and race; records the number of miles of railway in operation and under construction; sketches the history of Buddhism, the caste system among the Hindus, the Mogul Empire, and the mutiny; describes Bombay, railway service in India, the conduct and policy of Lord Curzon; and gives statistics, data, and a great deal of other information concerning England's possession in the East. The volume contains thirty-two illustrations.

The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion. By Charles Cuthbert Hall.

These six lectures, known as the "Cole

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Lectures," delivered before Vanderbilt University, are an attempt to interpret contemporary religious conditions. The titles are: The Church and the Christianisation of the World, The Bearing of Sectarian Movements upon the Christianisation of the World, The Recovery of the Apostolic Theology, The Saviour of the World, The Construction Office of Biblical Criticism, and The Larger Church of Christ.

Egypt, Burma and British Malaysia. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Like Mr. Curtis's book on India, the material for this volume was gathered while touring the countries of which it treats. It is said to contain the most recent information available. Under Egypt, the author describes its principal cities, its government, the pyramids and the Sphinx, its courts, commerce, education, society, rivers, etc.; under Burma is described the cities of Rangoon and Mandalay, the Buddhists, the kings, and the rivers and railroads; the British East Indies, the city of Hong Kong, and the salaries of the official in the East are dealt with under the title of "British Malaysia." The volume is well illustrated.

Sir Raoul. By James M. Ludlow.

The sub-title, "A tale of the theft of an empire," is explanatory of the general theme of this book. The story is based upon the plot of the crusade of the thirteenth century, which was turned from its purpose to conquer the Moslems, in order that they might capture the city of Constantinople. There is a romantic side to the story as well as historical, in which is told the love-story of Sir Raoul and Lady Renée.

The Makers of English Fiction. By W. J. Dawson.

This volume consists of a series of criticisms on English fiction and the persons who wrote it. Dr. Dawson has analysed, classified and criticised the men or women who have, by their writings, influenced fictitious literature. Beginning with Defoe, the author includes, among others, Jane Austen, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Kingsley, Reade, Hardy and Stevenson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Queens of the French Stage. By H. Noel Williams.

The "Queens of the French Stage" described in this volume, imported by Messrs. Scribner's Sons, are: The Wife of Molière, Marie de Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mlle. de Camargo, Justine Favart and Mlle. Clairon. The work is well illustrated.

The Spirit of Christmas. By Henry van Dyke.

This small volume contains a dream story entitled "The Christmas Angel;" a short essay on "Christmas-Giving and Christmas-Living;" a little sermon on "Keeping Christmas;" and two Christmas prayers, one for "The Home" and one for "Lonely Folks."

Jungle Trails and Jungle People. By Caspar Whitney.

In this volume the author tells some of his experiences in a recent hunting journey in parts of India, Siam, Burma, and Sumatra. There are descriptions of hunts for elephants, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, buffaloes, tigers and wild boars; of the travels necessary to reach the hunting territory; and of the people in this part of the Orient. The book is copiously illustrated.

A Satire Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

These selections are said to be compiled from the best satirical verses ever published. There are verses from Aristophanes, Horace, Villon, Shakespeare, Dryden, Browning, Kipling and many others.

Constable. By M. Sturge Henderson.

The aim of this book, which is an importation, is to present the "actions and interest of the artist as vividly as is compatible with a strict chronological arrangement." In addition to the biography, the work deals with the Lucas mezzotints, Constable's lectures, his characteristics, and his influence on landscape painting. About forty illustrations are included in the book.

Pisanello. By G. F. Hill.

Pisanello is included in the "Library of Art" series on account of his importance as a medallist, although he is also dealt with from the standpoint of a painter. The volume, which contains about seventy-five illustrations, is imported.

The Children of the Night. By Edwin Arlington Robinson.

A collection of ballades, sonnets and other verse on various themes.

Charlotte Brontë. By Clement K. Shorter.

This addition to the series of "Literary Lives" is said to contain information, much of it gleaned from letters by the novelist herself, not known at the time Mrs. Gaskell wrote the biography of Charlotte Brontë. There are chapters devoted to her father, mother, sisters, brother, birthplace and to her life and works. The volume is well illustrated.

The City. The Hope of Democracy. By Frederic C. Howe.

"An attempt at the Economic Interpretation of the City. It holds that the

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corruption, the indifference, the incompetence of the official and the apathy of the citizen, the disparity of wealth, the poverty, vice, crime, and disease, are due to causes economic and industrial. They are traceable to our institutions, rather than to the depravity of human nature. Their correction is not a matter of education or of the penal code. It is a matter of industrial democracy. The incidental conditions are personal and ethical. Whether we adopt the personal or the economic interpretation will determine our attitude towards the problems of modern city life." The foregoing quotation from the preface gives the general trend of this book.

A Thief in the Night. By E. W. Hornung.

Ten further adventures of A. J. Raffles, the cricketer and cracksman. The first adventure is the title story. Others are: The Chest of Silver, The Rest Cure, A Bad Night, The Criminologists' Club, The Spoils of Sacrilege, The Raffles Relics, etc. The tales are illustrated in black and white.

The Deep Sea's Toil. By James B. Connolly.

A collection of eight new tales of the sea. The titles are: Patsie Oddie's Black Night, The Wicked Celestine, The Sail Carriers, The Truth of the Oliver Cromwell, Strategy and Seamanship, Dory-Mates, The Salving of the Bark Fuller, and On Georges Shoals. There are several full-page illustrations in the book by W. F. Aylward and H. Reuterdahl.

Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The hunting and ranch life experiences of Mr. Roosevelt are told in this work, which is dedicated to John Burroughs. Some of the titles of the eleven chapters are: With the Cougar Hounds, A Colorado Bear Hunt, Wolf-Coursing, A Shot at a Mountain Sheep, The Whitetail Deer, etc. The book contains a photogravure portrait of the author and forty-eight illustrations.

The House of Mirth. By Edith Wharton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Visionaries. By James Huneker.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Essays in Application. By Henry van Dyke.

In these essays the author aims to "touch on certain points in education, in politics, in literature, in religion, in the conduct of life, from the standpoint of one who wishes to be guided in everyday judgments and affairs by a sane idealism." Some of the titles are: Is the World Growing Better, The Powers That Be, Christianity and Current Literature, Property and Theft, The School of Life, etc.

Our Neighbours. By Charles Dana Gibson.

This tenth collection of drawings is said to be the last work of its kind which will appear from Mr. Gibson's pen. Society, politics, love, business and various other phases of life are portrayed in the cartoons. Like previous volumes, with which this is uniform, the book is bound in white and lettered in black.

The Wood Fire in No. 3. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

A collection of short stories told in Sandy MacWhirter's studio to the company of artists who sat by the fire and smoked every night. The illustrations in colour, by Alonzo Kimball, are eight in number.

The Story of the Champions of the Round Table. By Howard Pyle.

A companion volume to "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights." The work is divided into three books, each part containing the history of one of the Court's great men. The first book tells the story of Launcelot, the second of Sir Tristram, and the third of Sir Percival. There are thirty full-page illustrations.

The Mayor of Troy. By Quiller-Couch.

Solomon Hymen, a former mayor of Troy, in Cornwall, comes back to his native town ten years after his supposed death. He visits the hospital built and endowed by the terms of his own will, sees the portrait bust of himself, and listens to an old servant recite his deeds and good qualities to visitors and exhibit a horn book and marble that he used to possess when a boy. The story is said to be told in the serio-humorous style characteristic of the author.

The Voyage of the "Discovery." Two volumes. By Captain Robert F. Scott.

These two large volumes narrate the experiences undergone by Captain Scott and his companions during recent explorations into the Arctic regions. The explorers face many hardships and their journey is attended by great danger, but the observations made by Captain Scott are said to be more accurate than his predecessors. There are nearly three hundred illustrations, twelve of which are in colour, as well as several maps.

Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Weir of Hermiston. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Merry Men and Dr. Jekyll. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

In the South Seas. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Across the Plains. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

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The Ebb-Tide. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Amateur Emigrant. The Silverado Squatters. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Essays of Travel and in The Art of Writing. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

These eight volumes complete the biographical edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. The first book mentioned is autobiographical; the second and third volumes are collections of short stories; the fourth gives an account of experiences and observations in the Marquesas, Paumotus and Gilbert islands during two cruises; the fifth is a series of leaves from the notebook of an emigrant between New York and San Francisco, with other memories and essays; the sixth is described as a trio and quartet; the seventh volume contains short sketches on emigrants and squatters; and the last work is composed of various literary papers and essays of travel not found in the regular trade edition of this writer's works.

Renascence Portraits. By Paul van Dyke.

"This book tries to illustrate the Renascence by describing three men who were affected by it, and who were all living at the same time in Italy, England and Germany." The author has chosen Pietro Aretino, Thomas Cromwell and Maximilian I., respectively, as being most typical of their time.

Sa'Zada Tales. By W. A. Fraser.

These animal tales differ from most others inasmuch as these are told by the animals themselves, being invited to do so in the presence of all the other animals by Sa'Zada, the keeper. Among the story-tellers are the leopard, white-eared elephant, wolf, coyote, tiger, monkey, buffalo, camel, wild boar, jackal, etc. The work is well supplied with illustrations.

Stitt Publishing Company:

The Strange Story of the Quillmores.

A mystery tale in which a murder figures prominently. The volume contains several full-page illustrations.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Fern Allies. By Willard N. Clute.

One of the purposes of this book is to simplify the identification of a species of plant life which the novice finds confusing. The authors have endeavoured to illustrate and represent every specie correctly. The drawings, which are fifteen in number, have been made from typical specimens by Ida Martin Clute, and the text describes anew each species from authentic specimens. The plants discussed are found in North America, north of Mexico.

The Speculations of John Steele. By Robert Barr.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Francis D. Tandy Company:

The Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln.

This small volume contains a short autobiography of Abraham Lincoln, written in June, 1860, at the request of a friend to use in preparing a popular campaign biography in the election of that year. There are also sketches written to Artist Hicks and Jesse W. Fell, the speech delivered by Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, June 16, 1858, and a short article on his writings.

A. Wessels Company:

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century, 1875-1900. Edited by Charles Welsh.

With this volume the series upon the Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century is brought to a close. The work contains descriptions of sixteen battles, told by Angus Evan Abbott, Major Arthur Griffiths, C. Stein, Archibald Forbes, Max Pemberton, Charles Lowe and A. Hilliard Atteridge. Among the battles described are the Afghan War, Boer War of 1881, Port Arthur, 1894, Soudan, Manila, San Juan Hill, etc. The book contains twelve illustrations.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by van Dyck.

Robert Browning's poem and the numerous full-page and text illustrations in colour by van Dyck combine to make an attractive holiday book.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

A Picture Gallery of Souls. By Ira I. Sterner.

A collection of sonnets and short poems on various themes. The subheads are as follows: Introduction to the Public, Sinners and Society, Sorrow and Joy, Lessons from History, Philosophical Poems, and Toil and Genius.

Bound and Free. By Hugh Mann.

Two dramas—the second and third in a series of ten "Sketches from Life." The author feels that in publishing this series he is "faintly heralding the oncoming of three phases of emancipation to the human race, definitely prognostical in social evolution. These phases are Labour Emancipation, Sex Emancipation, and Art Emancipation.

Tristram and Isoult. By Martha W. Austin.

In this dramatic poem the Mallorean conception of King Mark, which portrays him as a base, crafty, false-hearted

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and scheming coward, has been used. It is this portrayal of Mark which distinguishes the poem from the story followed in the German legend.

Samson Marrying. By Edwin T. Whiffen.

Samson Marrying, Samson at Timnah, Samson Hybristes, and Samson Blinded are the titles of the four dramatic poems of which this book is composed. A synopsis of each poem is given as its preface.

The Fall of Tollan. By James Edward Routh, Jr.

A story told in verse.

Alfred Bartlett:

A Calendar of Prayers. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Calendar of Inspiration.

The Beatitudes Calendar. By R. Anning Bell.

The first two of these calendars are decorated and lettered in black, red and white — Patience, Self-Forgetfulness, Separation, Family, Grace, Friends, Gratitude, etc., are among the subjects of the twelve prayers by Mr. Stevenson; the second contains twenty-seven inspiring thoughts from great minds; the third is decorated in black and white. There are five large illustrations of religious subjects.

Dana Estes and Company:

Tommy Joyce and Tommy Joy. By Harriet Cheever.

The friendship of Tommy Joyce and Tommy Joy was formed on the tugboat *Peggy Lane*. The first Tommy had run away from wealthy parents and an indulgent home; the second Tommy, who made his living in the streets, was very grateful for the use of a bunk on the *Peggy Lane*. A story of interest to boys. Bertha G. Davidson has made the illustrations.

Plucky Jo. By Edward S. Ellis.

The reader, especially if a boy, will find Jo Hepburn a very interesting character from the time when he is first introduced as a freckled, good-natured lad, twelve years of age, through his course at Princeton, for which university he wins the baseball championship, up to his entry upon a business life. Grit, daring and success are all portrayed in the story.

The Music Lovers' Treasury. Edited by Helen Philbrook Patten.

A volume composed of poems addressed to composers or written about musical instruments or upon the general themes of music. The book presents an attractive appearance and contains over thirty illustrations.

Chatterbox, 1905.

This annual juvenile, founded by J. Erskine Clarke, contains stories and sketches similar to the previous volumes. There are over two hundred full-page illustrations, six of which are in colour.

The Brass-Bound Box. By Evelyn Raymond.

A story primarily intended for girls, although it is said to interest boys, too, and those adults who can remember their young days. The principal characters are a lively young heroine, a noble but mischievous boy, and a lovable old lady. The story includes both mystery and adventure. There are eight illustrations in the book.

Mary 'n' Mary. By Edith Francis Foster.

This story will appeal more forcibly to little girls. One Mary is poor and the other Mary is rich, but both are lovable children and the best of friends. The volume is well illustrated.

Josie Bean: Flat Street. By Harriet A. Cheever.

The young heroine of this story, by her own efforts, rises above the poverty and obscurity with which she is surrounded, becomes a prominent artist, and makes many friends. Diantha W. Horne has made the illustrations.

Mr. Penwiper's Fairy Godmother. By Amy Woods.

Juvenile. Mary Gray is the little heroine, and it was after Mr. Penwiper's automobile struck Mary, making her a cripple for a long time, that their friendship began. The volume is illustrated.

The Old Monday Farm. By Louise R. Baker.

Boys will be interested in reading Charley Swan's experiences while runing "the old Monday farm," purchased by Charley's father. Fishing, hunting, raising crops, haying and lumbering were some of the opportunities offered by this tract of two hundred and ten acres. The book is illustrated.

The Everett Press:

Letters to Beany. By Henry A. Shute.

These "Letters to Beany" and the "Love-Letters of Plupy Shute" are written in the same style as Judge Shute's former books, "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Sequil," etc.

Ginn and Company:

Northern Trails. By William J. Long.

The wild life of Labrador and Newfoundland are portrayed in this work. It deals with the animals and fishes in this section of the country, around which the author has woven pleasing stories. Mr. Long declares that "every smallest

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incident recorded here is as true as careful and accurate observation can make it." One chapter deals with the grey wolves, others with the wild goose, the fox, the whale, the bear, the salmon, etc. The volume is well supplied with full-page illustrations and marginal decorations, drawn by Charles Copeland.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Story of Noah's Ark. Told and Pictured by E. Boyd Smith.

Twenty-six full-page coloured pictures and as many verses tell the story of Noah and the Ark. The book is designed to amuse both young and old. Noah is described in many humorous situations: he had strikes while building the ship, was much handicapped by the cats catching the mice, the dogs chasing the cats, and by the seasickness, homesickness and dissensions among the animals and people.

Paradise. By Alice Brown.

Pathos and humour are intermingled in this tale, the scenes of which are laid in New England. The principal characters are Barbara, who has escaped from her former guardian—a travelling conjuror; Malory Dick, the young man who, when about to marry Barbara, is confronted by a former unworthy sweetheart; Lindy, the former sweetheart; Nick, a good, honest countryman who loves Barbara and wants to marry her; Uncle Jotham, who is afflicted daily with a new disease; and Uncle Timmie, who has for forty years done everything he disliked to do for the good of his soul hereafter.

The Romance of the Milky Way. By Lafcadio Hearn.

These seven studies and stories are said to be the literary remains of the late Lafcadio Hearn. The initial story gives the book its title. Others are: Goblin Poetry, "Ultimate Questions," The Mirror Maiden, The Story of Itō Norisuké, Stranger Than Fiction, and A Letter from Japan.

Cicero in Maine. By Martha Baker Dunn.

The initial essay in this collection of nine gives the book its title. The other topics discussed are: A Plea for the Shiftless Reader, The Meditations of an Ex-School-Committee Woman, Piazza Philosophy, The Browning Tonic, The Book and the Place, Concerning Temperance and Judgment to Come, Book-Dusting Time, and Education.

The Green Shay. By George S. Wasson.

The "green shay," which is a small sailing-boat, plays an active part in this tale of the Maine coast and of its retired fishermen. The main story has two themes: one is of love and romance, the other portrays the struggles of a young minister among his parish. The book is said to point out the necessity for moral help among the people who have no regard for the lobster law and the prohibitory law.

Her Letter. By Bret Harte.

A new holiday edition of Bret Harte's well-known poems illustrated in colour and tint by Arthur I. Keller.

Lonely O'Malley. By Arthur Stringer.

The story of "Lonely's" career will interest both young and old. He is the kind of boy who knows how to make many things, and who is continually getting into all kinds of scrapes, to the amusement of the reader, but to the dismay of his townsmen. Characteristic drawings illustrate the book.

James Russell Lowell. By Ferris Greenslet.

An attempt to present in one volume a comprehensive view of the life of Lowell and a consistent interpretation of his work. Extracts from the poet's correspondence tell a great deal of his story. Six illustrations add to the interest of the book.

In the Land of the Gods. By Alice Mabel Bacon.

This collection of ten stories portray some of the popular beliefs and superstitions of Japan. In three of the tales the fox superstition is the main theme. Some of the titles are: The Favour of Hachiman, At the Shrine of Fudō, The Blue Flame, Kitsuné Yashiki, The Buyer of Amé, etc.

The Question of Our Speech. By Henry James.

The first of these two lectures gives the book its title. In it Mr. James criticised the press, the public schools, and other institutions which "help to keep our speech untidy and slovenly." The second lecture is upon "The Lesson of Balzac."

The Red Chief. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

A story of the massacre of Cherry Valley and of Brant's deeds in the year 1778. The plot deals with the experiences of the scattered people on the frontiers of New York after Burgoyne's surrender and St. Leger's retreat, and is said to be true to history.

Lee and Shepard:

Helen Grant at Aldred House. By Amanda M. Douglas.

This is the third volume in the "Helen Grant" series. Helen Grant, the heroine, has returned to Aldred House. She is true to her friends and is fond of study. The climax of the story is reached when she makes her decision between a college education and the prof-

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fered loves of more than one. Illustrated by Amy Brooks.

The Fort in the Wilderness. By Edward Stratemeyer.

An additional volume in the "Colonial" series. This tale, while complete in itself, is a continuance of the previous one in the series, "On the Trail of Pontiac." It is a story of the soldier boys of the Indian trails. A. B. Shute has made the illustrations.

Dave Porter at Oak Hall. By Edward Stratemeyer.

This is a complete story in itself, but is the first volume to be issued under the general title of "Dave Porter" series. The author's aim in this story is to present to boys and girls a correct picture of boarding-school life in America as it appears to-day. Illustrated by Harold Matthews Brett.

My Little Lady-in-Waiting. By Louise E. Catlin.

This story for girls tells how Nellie Ross, left an orphan in the tenement-house district of New York, is received into court life in Germany at the age of fourteen. E. Pollak has made the illustrations.

Cordelia's Pathway Out. By Edna A. Foster.

Although a complete story in itself, many of the characters in the author's former book, "Hortense," have been continued in this tale, which is intended for girls. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood.

The Children of Bedford Court. By Grace le Baron.

The third volume in the "Janet" series. Roy Fitzpatrick, the hero, is shown as a little boy playing with his toy generals, as a newsboy wearing his little flag, which he causes to be respected, and as a soldier in the Spanish-American War. Amy Brooks is the illustrator.

The Gregory Guards. By Emma Lee Benedict.

A book for boys. A boys' club is formed among six boys who have been taken from New York to pass the summer with a tutor and his pupil, a young man of wealth to whom has been entrusted a fund to help boys. A former newsboy takes a prominent part in the story, so do the others. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill.

The Boy Pathfinder. By Wm. C. Sprague.

A story of the Oregon trail, issued in the "Making of Our Nation" series. Boys will be interested to know that the hero is a real character, George Shannon, and that he was the only member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition who was not of mature age. Illustrated by A. B. Shute.

The Scarlet Patch. By Mary E. G. Brush.

This is the story of a patriotic boy in the Mohawk Valley. The "scarlet patch" was the badge of a Tory organisation. It is a tale of adventure in which a faithful Indian is an important character. George W. Picknell has made the illustrations.

The Joys of Friendship. By Mary Allette Ayer.

These short selections from the various works of well-known authors are classified under the general titles of The Love of Friendship, The Companionship of Friendship, The Sympathy of Friendship, The Influence of Friendship, The Immortality of Friendship, and The Divine Friendship.

Little, Brown and Company:

Sea Power in Its Relations to the War of 1812. Two volumes. By Captain A. T. Mahan.

"Captain Mahan presents in a series of vivid pictures the stirring events of the war, the points of single ship fights and squadron actions, giving due attention to the strategic interest of campaigns on the land and the diplomacy of the time." The volumes are provided with photogravure frontispieces, maps, battle-plans and twenty-three full-page illustrations.

The Joy That No Man Taketh from You. By Lilian Whiting.

This small volume "discusses the problem as to whether, after all, here and now in our human life the joy that the world cannot give nor take away may not be achieved by the soul."

A Man of the World. By Annie Payson Call.

Liberality of heart and breadth of mind from a knowledge of universal human principles are implied in the conception of a man of the world which the author of this volume has taken.

The True Story of Paul Revere. By Charles Ferris Gettemy.

"A short, concise and unbiased record of the career of one of the most interesting and picturesque characters of the Revolutionary era." It also throws light on certain minor points in local revolutionary history not generally known. His midnight ride, his arrest and court-martial, and his public services are some of the things dealt with. The volume is well illustrated.

The Ward of the Sewing-Circle. By Edna Edwards Wylie.

Johnny, who is the principal character in this story, is an orphan. He has been

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adopted by the Smithville sewing-circle; the members taking turns in caring for him, for periods of two months each. The tale is both humorous and pathetic, and has its climax in a bit of romance.

Two in Italy. By Maud Howe.

This volume is supplementary to "Roma Beata," which came from the pen of the same author last year. The studies of Italy and Italian life are given in the form of a dialogue. These sketches are upon such topics as: Anacrap', The Inn of Paradise, Buona Fortuna, The Castello, In Old Poland, The Hermit of Pietro Anzieri, etc. Maud Howe's husband, John Elliott, has made six full-page illustrations for the book.

French Pathfinders in North America. By William Henry Johnson.

The author makes no claim at originality, but has endeavoured to "outline the story of the great French explorers in such simply, direct fashion as might attract young readers." It tells the adventures of such men as Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin, etc. There are seven full-page illustrations in the book.

The Divining Rod. By Francis N. Thorpe.

A story of the pioneer days of the Pennsylvania oil fields. The tale revolves on the unscrupulous methods of accumulating wealth and on the merging of small concerns by larger ones. A romance runs through the book.

The Race of the Swift. By Edwin Carlile Litsey.

These seven animal tales take their title from the first in the collection, which tells how a mother fox struggled to keep herself and little ones alive. The other stories concern a hawk, a coon dog, a sheep dog, a grey wolf, a wild cat and a raccoon. The volume is illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.

Amy in Acadia. By Helen Leah Reed.

This story for girls is the first volume of a second series of the "Brenda" books. The experiences of Amy and her friends in the romantic region of Clare among the descendants of the exiled Acadians are narrated in a simple, entertaining manner.

The Boy Captive in Canada. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

The second story in the "Old Deerfield" series and a sequel to "The Boy Captive in Old Deerfield." The tale narrates the experiences of Stephen Williams while in captivity with the Indians in Northern Vermont and in Canada. It also tells how he is redeemed and returned to his home. A good book for boys.

The Indian Dispossessed. By Seth K. Humphrey.

Mr. Humphrey brings the dealings of the United States Government with the Reservation Indian up to the present time. "The author's account of governmental oppression and ill-faith, and of successive removals of the Indians from their homes to regions unattractive to white settlers, and of the confiscation of Indian property, are supported by extracts from official records." The volume contains sixteen full-page illustrations from photographs.

Select Poems of Robert Browning. Edited by A. J. George.

In selecting these poems, "an attempt has been made to reveal the principles which formed the mind and fashioned the art of this great teacher in his happiest moments and highest ideals." The selections are arranged in chronological order and are accompanied with biographical and literary notes. A portrait of Browning is the frontispiece.

Lynette and the Congressman. By Mary Farley Sanborn.

The scenes of this love-story are laid in Washington, the hero is a Congressman from the West, and the heroine is a Virginian. The tale has a Southern flavour and a touch of political life. Lynette's sunny temperament and accent add to the charm of the story.

Under the Lilacs. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Jack and Jill. By Louisa M. Alcott.

Two additional volumes in the illustrated edition of Miss Alcott's works. Eight full-page pictures are contained in each book.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Dolly's Double. By Ethel Wood.

A story about Dolly and Isabelle, who look so much alike that it is hard to distinguish one from the other. The tale, which is illustrated, is intended for young children.

Laura in the Mountains. By Henrietta R. Eliot.

A sequel to "Laura's Holidays." An illustrated story for children about eight years of age.

American Heroes and Heroines. By Pauline Carrington Bouvé.

Nineteen sketches of men and women whom history has made famous are included in this volume. Among the persons discussed are: Father Marquette, Anne Hutchinson, John Paul Jones, Molly Pitcher, Nathan Hale, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, etc. The volume is illustrated.

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Lothrop Publishing Company:

Italy: Her People and Their Story. By Augusta Hale Gifford.

A popular history of the beginning, rise, development and progress of Italy from the time of Romulus to that of Victor Emanuel III. The book is divided into two parts: Part I. deals with the early history of this country, while the second part, devoted to modern Italy, contains much information gathered by the author from original sources during foreign residence. The work is well illustrated from portraits and famous writings.

Handbook of United States Political History. Compiled by Malcolm Townsend.

In this volume there is said to be compiled and presented "every important event in the political development of the United States, exhibiting the origin, process and completion of the standard National laws." The volume is well illustrated.

L. C. Page and Company:

China. Two volumes. By Charles Denby.

An addition to the "Travel Lovers' Library." These volumes contain the observations, reminiscences and conclusions of the late Colonel Denby, American Minister to China from 1885 to 1898. Additional chapters, which bring the work up to the present time, have been added by Mr. Denby's son. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

The Art of the National Gallery. By Julia de W. Addison.

The general purpose of this work is to serve as a guide-book to the paintings in the London gallery of art. The author has described the various schools and painters in their chronological order, thus coinciding with the arrangement of the paintings in the National Gallery. The period discussed covers the ground from the early art in Italy to the British painters in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The volume is well illustrated by reproductions of many of the pictures.

The Poetry of Life. By Bliss Carman.

This volume of essays is published uniformly with the author's "The Kinship of Nature" and "The Friendship of Art." The essays are upon such subjects as: The Purpose of Poetry, How to Judge Poetry, The Poet of Modern Life, The Defence of Poetry, The Reward of Poetry, Distaste for Poetry, etc.

The Pilgrim Press:

Hobby Camp. By Frank H. Sweet.

A story of camp life, in which a tame bear is one of the principal characters. Adventure and romance are woven into the tale. There are several full-page illustrations in the book.

St. Abigail of the Pines. By William A. Knight.

A story of the shore and the sea at the time when whaling was the chief industry of the New England coast. It is also a love-story, in which a great wrong is done and deeply repented.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Where Copper Was King. By James North Wright.

The early days of the Calumet and Hecla mine are described in this novel by Mr. Wright, who was formerly the superintendent of this famous mine. The characters of the story are real people who were prominent in the pioneer days of the copper-mining industry on Lake Superior. A romance runs through the book.

Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare. By Isaac Hull Platt.

The author makes no attempt in this volume to give a synopsis of the pro-Bacon argument; he merely presents certain facts coming under his observation, with mention, when he deemed it necessary, of correlated facts observed by others.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Sir Galahad of New France. By William Henry Johnson.

In what is said to be a setting true to the facts of history, Mr. Johnson has brought out a love-story with an Indian girl as the heroine. It is a tale of the French and Spanish colonies prior to the arrival of the English in America.

The House of Merrilees. By Archibald Marshall.

This romance of the lake district of England is said to have its charm in its portrayal of "family life, and of manly, honest, clean living youngsters." A mystery is woven into the tale. Several full-page illustrations adorn the book.

Back to Arcady. By Frank Waller Allen.

In this idyl of Kentucky a lovable old bachelor tells the romance of his ward, who is the daughter of the woman he loved. His own love-story is interwoven into the tale. The typography of the book deserves special mention.

A Child's Garden of Verses and Underwoods. By R. L. Stevenson.

A new edition of well-known verse by Robert Louis Stevenson. It is well bound and convenient in size.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

T. S. Denison:

Catchy Comic Dialogues. By Marie Irish.

"Original humorous dialogues suitable for all kinds of entertainments."

A Bundle of Burnt-Cork Comedy. By Harry L. Newton.

"Original cross-fire conversations, gags, retorts, minstrel monologues and stump speeches."

Children's Comic Dialogues. By Marie Irish.

"A collection of humorous dialogues for little folks, particularly adapted for school entertainments."

Laird and Lee:

Driftwood. By Melanie Alice Weil.

A volume of verse and prose, including a two-act comedy, "The House Next Door." The themes of the poems cover a wide range of subjects.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Making the Most of Ourselves. By Calvin Dill Wilson.

The fifty short essays in this collection are particularly addressed to young people. Among the titles are: The Value of Accurate Language, Young Men's Hours, Right Choice of Books, Women's Thought-Currents, Education by Association, Profane and Vulgar Speech, The Charming Art of Listening Well, Out of the Mouths of Women, Hyper-Sensitiveness, etc.

A Sword of the Old Frontier. By Randall Parrish.

"Being a plain account of sundry adventures befalling Chevalier Raoul de Coubert, one time captain in the Huzzars of Languedoc, during the year 1763." The plot of the romance deals with de Coubert's endeavours to carry a message to Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, thereby fulfilling the mission entrusted to him by the commandant. Black Peter, the half-breed spy, brings much trouble to de Coubert, and matters are greatly complicated by two English girls, but with the aid of Jack Cassidy and circumstances which prove favourable, the hero wins in the end. F. C. Yohn has made four full-page illustrations for the book.

The Adventures of Tommy Postoffice. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

The hero of this story for young people is a kitten, who came to Hartford one morning in a mail-bag. Tommy has many escapades, learns many pleasing tricks, and proves his ability as a matchmaker. The story is said to be true. There are a number of characteristic illustrations.

Ben Blair. By Will Lillibridge.

The story of a plainsman. Born with a shadow over his life, Ben Blair, the cowboy, fights a manly fight for success in life and love, and wins. Strength and gentleness are said to be combined in the hero. The story is a mixture of love, adventure and fighting, and gives a vivid picture of Western life.

The Life of Queen Elizabeth. By Agnes Strickland.

This edition has been abridged and newly edited by Ida A. Taylor. It is supplied with notes and a chronological table. A photograph of Queen Elizabeth is the frontispiece. An addition to the "Library of Standard Biographies."

The Life of Sir Walter Scott. By John Gibson Lockhart.

J. M. Sloan has abridged and edited this volume, which is issued in "The Library of Standard Biographies." It contains notes and a chronological table. Walter Scott's portrait is the frontispiece.

Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell.

An addition to "The Library of Standard Biographies," edited and abridged by Edgar Sanderson. It is supplied with notes, a chronological table, a portrait of Cromwell, and a selection from his letters and speeches.

The Life of Robert Burns. By John Gibson Lockhart.

This volume is published in "The Library of Standard Biographies" and is edited by J. M. Sloan. Thomas Carlyle's review essay has been added to the work, which is supplied with notes and a portrait of Burns.

Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards.

A series of papers concerning almost every phase of home life in France. The discussion includes such subjects as Social Usages, Housekeeping, The Baby, The Boy, The Girl, Brides and Bridegrooms, Wives and Mothers, The Single Lady, The Domestic Help, The Country Doctor, The Protestant Pastor, The Young Business Lady, The Family Counsel, Characteristics, and many others. Twenty illustrations from photographs and famous paintings illustrate the book.

Arts and Crafts of Old Japan. By Stewart Dick.

"Intended not for the collector or the connoisseur, but merely for those who require an introduction to a field of art hitherto little explored, but which will well repay further study." The chapter titles are: Painting, Colour, Printing, Sculpture and Carving, Metal Work, Keramics, Lacquer, Landscape Garden-

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ing and the Arrangement of Flowers. The volume is well illustrated.

The Little Dauphin. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann by George P. Upton.

Maria Theresa. Translated from the German of W. D. von Horn by George P. Upton.

Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Schrader by George P. Upton.

Johann Sebastian Bach. Translated from the German of Ludwig Ziemssen by George P. Upton.

These four books, which are illustrated, are issued in the series of "Life Stories for Young People." The translator has written a preface to each volume and has told the stories in language easily understood by the youthful reader. The books are uniformly bound.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

William M. Bains:

California Wild Flowers. By Elisabeth Hallowell Saunders.

A collection of twelve reproductions of wild flowers common in California. Each flower is printed on a separate unbound sheet and is given in its natural colour. A description accompanies each flower. All are enclosed in a three-leafed folder.

The Broadbent Press:

The Emerson Treasury. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

A Treasury of Love. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

A Russell Lowell Treasury. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

A Treasury of Consolation. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

These four brochures belong to the series of "The Broadbent Treasuries of the Poets." They are bound in decorated paper covers and present a pleasing appearance.

H. W. Fisher and Company:

Old Lamps and New. By Edward Willard Watson.

The first selection gives this collection of verse its title. The poems are upon various themes—life, death, love, music, time, nature, and many others. The volume includes the poetical cantata "By Gaza's Gate."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Fields of France. By Madame Mary Duclaux.

This is said to be "a charming description of the French country made famous by history, especially of Brittany and other picturesque neighbourhoods of the present Republic." It is divided into the following parts: A Farm in the Cantal, A Manor in Touraine, The French Peasant, The Forests of the Oise, A Little Tour in Provence, How the Poor Lived in the Fourteenth Century, and The Mediæval Country House. Twenty illustrations in colour by W. B. MacDougall add to an otherwise attractive book.

Primitive Art in Egypt. By Jean Capart.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

An Orchard Princess. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The chief characters in this pretty little story are the "Orchard Princess," whose real name is given near the end of the book as Prudence Lynde; Miles Fallon, a novelist who is very much in love with the Princess; Hunter Brough, an artist friend whom Miles is visiting; and Bistre, "a ferocious-looking white bulldog." The volume is elaborately bound and decorated and James Montgomery Flagg has made the illustrations —some in colour and some in black and white.

Saddle and Song.

This is said to be "an anthology of the best verse about the horse by the most widely known writers in the English language, besides many poems which should be just as well known." The collection includes about thirty-six selections of verse from the pens of such writers as Browning, Byron, Scott, Kipling, Longfellow, Quiller-Couch, etc. There are eight full-page illustrations in the book.

Miss Cherry Blossom of Tôkyô. By John Luther Long.

A special holiday edition of a well-known novel. On each page there is a Japanese picture printed in the tints of Japan, while the full-page illustrations in colour and tints are nine in number.

S. Burns Weston:

A Study of the Divine Comedy of Dante. By Walter L. Sheldon.

These four lectures, issued in pamphlet form, are intended for those who have never read Dante's poem, but wish to know something about it. The titles of the four lectures are: The Man and the Age, The Hell, Purgatory, and The Paradise.

The John C. Winston Company:

Deerfoot on the Prairies. By Edward S. Ellis.

The second volume in the "New Deerfoot" series for boys. Here is told the story of the Indian hunter on a long

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and dangerous voyage from Ohio to the Pacific coast, in company with two young friends and a guide.

Deerfoot in the Forest. By Edward S. Ellis.

The first volume to be issued in the "New Deerfoot" series. The book is based on facts in history which occurred during the Lewis and Clarke Expeditions. The rescue of two boys from the Indians by Deerfoot, a Christianised savage, and their adventurous journey home is the plot of the story. J. Steeple Davis has illustrated the book.

Russia. Two volumes. By Théophile Gautier.

The prominence which Russia occupies in the current events gives timeliness to this work. The history of this country, her artistic works, her great men, her experiences in previous wars and her recent conflict with the Japanese are described by M. Gautier and by "other distinguished French travellers and writers of note." The translation from the French has been made by Florence MacIntyre Tyson, who has added a chapter upon the struggle for supremacy in the Orient. Fifty photogravures illustrate the volumes. The typography of the work deserves special mention.

The United States a Christian Nation. By David J. Brewer.

Three lectures—The United States a Christian Nation, Our Duty as Citizens, The Promise and the Possibility of the Future—delivered to the students of Haverford College.

AKRON, OHIO

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Frances and the Irrepressibles at Buena Vista Farm. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

The many amusements of a party of children, seven boys and seven girls, at a farmhouse one summer are told in such a way as to interest half-grown children. The half-tone illustrations are numerous and deserve special mention.

A Chronicle of Christmas. By Jeannette Grace Watson.

Some of the old-time customs, with explanations of various Christmas legends and their origin, are issued in holiday attire. There are also several appropriate poems.

Sweeter Still Than This. By Adah Louise Sutton.

Thirteen love poems issued for the holidays. There are tinted marginal decorations, ornaments and several full-page half-tones.

Ole Ann. By Jeannette Grace Watson.

Ten stories of negro life in the South at the time when the people were obliged to depend upon themselves for a living. The first story gives the book its title, others are: Monon, Polly, After Freedom Came, Pauliny, From the Kingdom o' Calloway, etc. The volume is illustrated.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Cuyahoga Telephone Company:

Telephone Investments and Others. By Frederick S. Dickson.

In this pamphlet the author compares the telephone with various other forms of investment offered to the American public.

CLINTON, N. Y.

George William Browning:

A Southern Flight. By Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard.

This collection of about forty lyrics on Southern themes takes its title from the initial poem.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Everyday Etiquette. By Marion Harland.

The title of this book is self-explanatory. It deals with cards, calls, correspondence, weddings, débuts, neighbours and allowances; and gives advice concerning etiquette at home, in public, in sport, for girls, of church, etc.

Choosing a Career. By Orison Swett Marden.

The first part of this work deals with the things to be considered relative to the choosing of one's life work. Some of the chapters discuss the influence upon a career of parents and environments, others are upon such subjects as Stumbling into an Occupation, Health in Its Relation to Vocation, Belittling Occupations, A Career which Leads to Aspiration, etc. The second part gives suggestions as to possible careers. These apply to both men and women and include almost every line of work.

Radiant Motherhood. By Margaret E. Sangster.

"A friendly message to mothers, to those who believe in the life simple and the life beautiful, to those who think this is a good world to live in, and would fain bring up their children to adorn it." The scope of the book may be seen from the following selection of chapter-titles: The Maternal Attitude,

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Baby Days, As the Children Grow, Mothers and Manners, A Mother's Conversation, Mothers by Adoption, The Grandmother, Love for the Mother, etc.

Letters of Labour and Love. By Samuel M. Jones.

A series of letters written, with no thought of publication, to the men who worked in the machine shops of Mr. Jones. The themes of the letters include Brotherhood and Sisterhood, Service Brings Its Own Reward, The Aristocracy of Labour, Harmony the Lesson of Life, Vacations, Fellowship, Politics, Patriotism, The Practical Side, and a number of others of a kindred nature.

Riley Songs o' Cheer. By James Whitcomb Riley.

What are said to be the favourite poems of gladness, content and consolation, by Mr. Riley, are included in this volume, which is uniform with "Farm-Rhymes," "Child-Rhymes," etc. Mr. Will Vawter has made nearly one hundred illustrations for the book.

Hearts' Haven. By Katharine Evans Blake.

The scenes of this story are laid in a small village among the Pennsylvania hills. The predominating motive is love—the love of a man for a maid and the love of a mother for her child. The illustrations are in colour.

The Deluge. By David Graham Phillips.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Jos. M. Anderson:

"San Quentin Days." By Jos. M. Anderson.

Written behind the walls of San Quentin, these poems are said to be the "heart beats through the long, dark hours of prison gloom" of the author.

Clémence de la Baere:

Fables and Symbols. By Clémence de la Baere.

A collection of nineteen bits of "truth and humour for old and young" told in fable and parable style, issued in pamphlet form.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder and Company:

An Alphabet of History. Words by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Pictures by Ellsworth Young.

Such well-known persons as Alexander, Brutus, Diogenes, Omar, Villon, Xantippe, Zenobia, etc., are humorously portrayed in this volume, which is designed to amuse.

Good Things and Graces. By Isabel Goodhue.

This little booklet contains thirty ethical recipes for delicacies and for the "plain foods" of life. A glance at the index shows some of these things to be Game Pie, Johnny Cake, Gold Cake, Lady Fingers, Summer Salad, Angel's Food, Irish Stew, etc. An idea of the general character of the book may be had from the following recipe of Lady Fingers: "Composed of equal parts of gracious kindnesses, dainty appearances, skilful achievements, soothing touches." The work is marginally decorated and presents an artistic appearance.

Love. Compiled by Paul Elder.

A mosaic essay issued uniformly with the other volumes of the series of "Mosaic Essays" on "Nature," "Happiness," "Friendship," and "Success." A reproduction of A. Toulmouche's "Mother and Child" is the frontispiece.

The Blue Monday Book. Compiled and arranged by Jennie Day Haines.

For every Monday in the year there is a page in this little book. The three quotations on each page are said to be specific remedies for these "blue-letter days." The book is bound and decorated in blue.

Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man. Compiled and arranged by Jennie Day Haines.

In arranging the quotations for this volume, the themes of which are equally divided between Man and Woman, the compiler has sought to find something in common between the sexes, as well as to draw comparisons.

Psychological Year-Book. Second series. Gathered by Janet Young.

"Quotations showing the laws, the ways, the means, the methods, for gaining lasting health, happiness, peace and prosperity." The book is bound within heavy paper covers.

Womanhood in Art. By Phebe Estelle Spalding.

An interpretation of a few of the best-known ideal conceptions of womanhood in art. The subjects dealt with are Venus de Milo, Eve, Mona Lisa, Beatrice Cenci, Madonna of the Chair, and Sistine Madonna. Six full-page reproductions of these paintings illustrate the volume.

101 Entrées. Compiled by May E. Southworth.

A book of entrée recipes. Oysters, fish, meat, vegetables, game, fowl, mushrooms, eggs, cheese and sweets are the classifications into which they are divided.

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Teddy Sunbeam. By Charlotte Grace Sperry.

Nineteen little fables for little housekeepers. Teddy Sunbeam, who is an impersonation of the sun, figures prominently in each story. There are many characteristic illustrations in the book.

The Menehunes. By Emily Foster Day.

The story of the Menehunes—a mysterious little people of the rocks in Hawaii—their adventures with the fisherman and how they built the canoe is told in this small volume. The illustrations are by Spencer Wright.

A Chorus of Leaves. By C. G. Blanden.

A collection of short poems on various themes.

Admonitions. Compiled by Agness Greene Foster.

A small paper-covered brochure containing eleven Mosaics. Some of the titles are: Be True, Be Happy, Be Frank, Be Calm, Be Content, Don't Worry, etc.

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom. By Childe Harold.

A collection of epigrammatic verses amply provided with characteristic illustrations.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. T. Newcomb:

For the Railroads. By H. T. Newcomb.

The object of this brochure is "to place before the people of the United States some of the principal facts and arguments which demonstrate the gains that result to all producers and consumers from the free action of commercial forces in shipping and transportation, and the losses that result from unwise statutory restrictions."

LONDON, ENGLAND

Elliott Stock:

The Art and Craft of the Author. By C. E. Heisch.

This volume contains practical hints upon literary work. It does not deal with the technicalities of English composition, but discusses from various standpoints the two needs of an author: something to say, and the skill to say it.

T. Fisher Unwin:

Saints in Society. By Margaret Bailie-Saunders.

The foreman in a London printing-house, a man zealous in the reforming of society and religion, is the hero of this story; his wife, a selfish and slovenly woman, is the heroine. The rapid progress of his advancement eventually ends in his ruin and death, while the struggle which his wife makes to advance with him results in a transformation for good no less complete.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Starvecrow Farm. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. The Irrational Knot. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Tree's Will. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Perdita and Other Poems. Bayne. (Cole.) $1.25.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Pole Baker. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Social Secretary. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Autobiography of Andrew D. White. White. (Century.) $7.50.
6. Peter's Mother. de la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Servant of the Public. Hope. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Plain Mary Smith. Phillips. (Century.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Tales of the Road. Crewdson. (Thompson & Thomas.) $1.50.
5. A Woodcarver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Castle del Monte. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Young Man and the World. Beveridge. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Pipetown Sandy. Sousa. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50 .

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Wizard's Daughter. Graham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Arizona Sketches. Munk. (Grafton Press.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. An Orchard Princess. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
5. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Ballingtons. Squire. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Heart's Haven. Blake. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. St. Cuthbert's. Knowles. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Vanguard. Gale. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Log of a Water Wagon. Taylor. (Caldwell.) 75 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Daughter of the South. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Sabina. Martin. (Century.) $1.25.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Minerva's Manœuvers. Loomis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Squire Phin. Day. (Barnes.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.50.

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1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Paradise. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Ancient Grudge. Pier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Ayesha. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Warner. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Stingaree. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Giants. Older. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50
6. The Log of a Water Wagon. Taylor. (Caldwell.) 75 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Boss of Little Arcady. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

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2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Trident and the Net. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Social Secretary. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Heart's Desire. Hough. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Ayesha. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

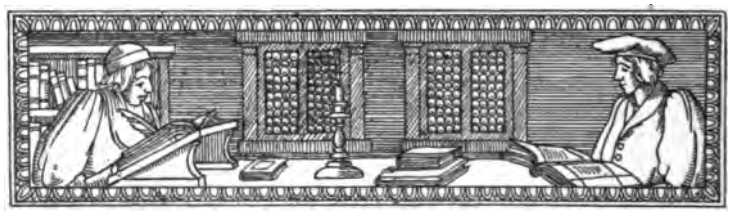
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	279
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	258
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	144
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25	134
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	105
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	96



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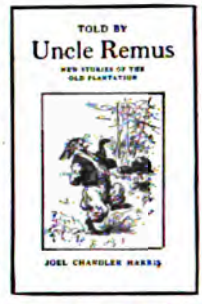
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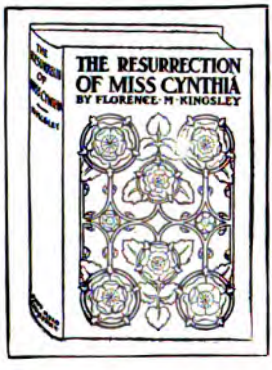
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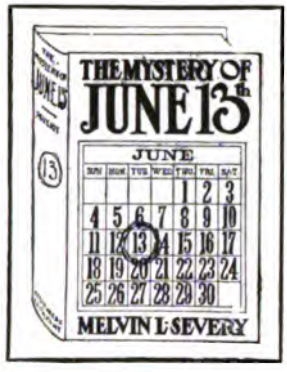
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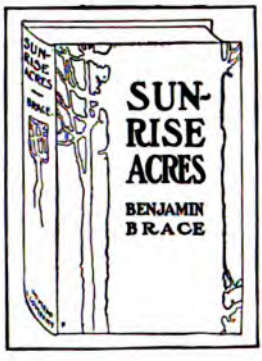
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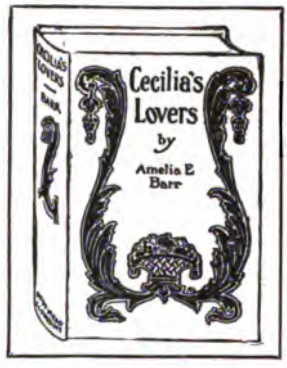
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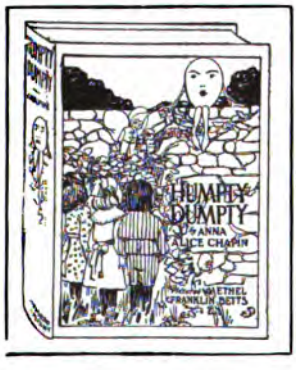
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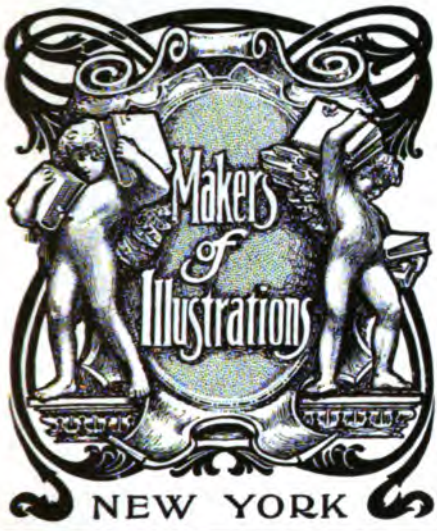
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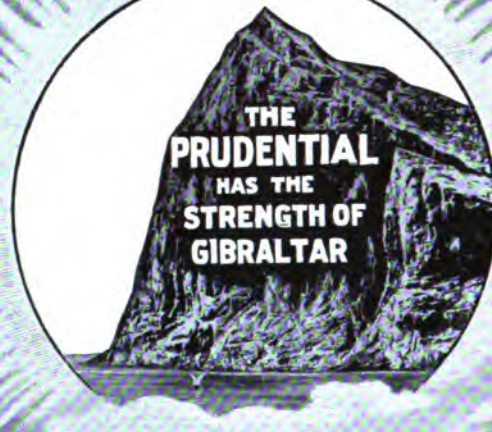
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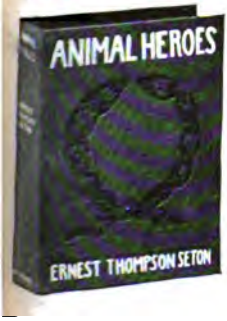


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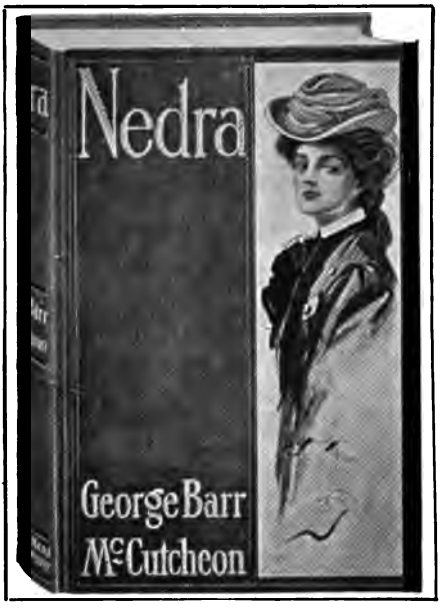
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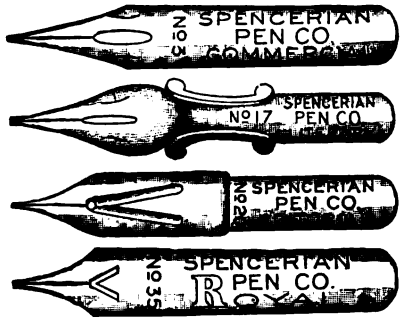
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MAY 21 1906
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A New Department.

Beginning with the present number, THE BOOKMAN will devote certain of its pages to the discussion of educational topics and educational books. This new department will comprise a leading article on some subject of immediate educational interest, preferably one that is a matter of debate; reviews of important educational books selected by writers appointed to follow the publications in their respective fields, and finally, a summary, with critical comment, of all the educational books received since the last issue.

Successful Fiction of 1905.

This is now the sixth year in which we have devoted several paragraphs of our January issue to a survey of the popular fiction of the previous twelve months. In a general way what we said in January, 1901, of the books of 1900, and what we have been obliged to repeat with some slight verbal changes ever since will do perfectly well for 1905. In short, the year has produced nothing astonishing. There have been a great many admirable stories; a number of books have been read to an extent highly pleasing to publishers and authors; but very few, if any, of the novels of the year have any chance of more than ephemeral popularity. On the other hand, by contrasting the popular books of five or six years ago with the popular books of the last twelve months, we can reach some very pleasing conclusions. It seems no longer possible for a publishing house to push any book to a sale of great magnitude through sheer exploitation. Then, too, there is more evidence of the individual note. A writer must tell his or her own story, for the novel made to recipe, whether it be of the American Revolution School, or the Rural or B'gosh School, or the After the Method of Dumas School, is no longer in demand. Although, with a few exceptions, it has not found a place among the best sellers, the novel of the last year or two has been the Business Novel. In a broad sense, the business novel is as old as *Cæsar Biroteau;* in its narrower interpretation it belongs to the last twenty-four or thirty months of American fiction.

In THE BOOKMAN for May, 1903, there appeared tabulations of the successful authors and best selling books from 1895 to 1902 (inclusive) as compiled from the records of THE BOOKMAN from the time of its establishment. These tabulations showed that the authors who had enjoyed the most popular favour in the years mentioned were, in order, Winston Churchill, Gilbert Parker, Ian Maclaren, James Lane Allen, Sienkiewicz and Charles Major. A glance through the lists of the last year brings us to the conclusion that either the vogue or the literary activity of most of these men is past; for in not one month has one of these names appeared opposite one of the six best selling books. Knowing

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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ALICE HEGAN RICE KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

Authors of the Successful Novels of 1905

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GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

ROBERT HICHENS

Authors of the Successful Novels of 1905

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the well-ordered and methodical nature of Mr. Churchill's Muse, last year at this time we ventured the prediction that about the early summer of 1906 Mr. Churchill would publish a new novel of five or six hundred pages and that it would instantly be in great demand. The announcement of *Coniston* for publication this autumn did not disturb us in the least, and the latest reports bear out our conviction that the book will be ready for circulation about the time expected. Dr. Watson and Mr. James Lane Allen seem to have grown weary of story spinning, and nothing that Sienkiewicz has done since *Quo Vadis* seems to threaten an American popularity of any magnitude.

First place in the list of the best selling books in the January issue of last year was held by *The Masquerader,* which had displaced Mr. McCutcheon's *Beverly of Graustark,* the leader for the concluding month of 1904. Mrs. Thurston's book was credited with two hundred and fifty-nine points, while *Beverly* was second with one hundred and eighty-one. Trailing behind the leaders were *The Sea Wolf, The Prodigal Son, The Affair at the Inn,* and *The Undercurrent. The Masquerader* was again first in February, but *Beverly* was forced down to third place by the appearance of Ralph Connor's *The Prospector,* although but four points separated the two books. *The Sea Wolf* and *The Affair at the Inn* were, respectively, fourth and fifth, with Miss Michelson's *In the Bishop's Carriage* sixth. In March *The Masquerader* was still leading, with Thomas Dixon's *The Clansman* second, and *The Prospector* and *Beverly of Graustark* third and fourth. The April list showed *The Clansman* in first place by the narrow margin of six points over *The Masquerader,* with *The Prospector* a poor third and *Beverly* way down in fifth place. *The Clansman's* lead was, however, of brief duration, for the May lists saw *The Marriage of William Ashe* first by well over one hundred points. Mr. Dixon's book was second, *The Masquerader* fourth, while the other contestants in March and April had dropped entirely out of the race. *The Marriage of William Ashe* held first place until July, when it was superseded by *Sandy.* In August, *Sandy* again led, while Mrs. Ward's novel was passed by Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah,* which had been third in July, and which was destined to be first in September and October. In both of these last-named months *Sandy* was second. In November, *Rose o' the River* took the lead, closely followed by *Nedra,* while *The Garden of Allah* dropped to fifth place. Curiously, the two leading novels of December, 1905, were by Mrs. Thurston and Mr. McCutcheon, who were the authors of the books that had been first and second in the lists for the final month of 1904.

JANUARY

1.	The Masquerader	259
2.	Beverly of Graustark	181
3.	The Sea Wolf	112
4.	The Prodigal Son	75
5.	The Affair at the Inn	63
6.	The Undercurrent	53

FEBRUARY

1.	The Masquerader	283
2.	The Prospector	163
3.	Beverly of Graustark	159
4.	The Sea Wolf	99
5.	The Prodigal Son	54
6.	In the Bishop's Carriage	42

MARCH

1.	The Masquerader	275
2.	The Clansman	171
3.	The Prospector	165
4.	Beverly of Graustark	135
5.	The Sea Wolf	98
6.	The Man on the Box	80

APRIL

1.	The Clansman	229
2.	The Masquerader	223
3.	The Prospector	132
4.	The Millionaire Baby	106
5.	Beverly of Graustark	87
6.	The Man on the Box	74

MAY

1.	The Marriage of William Ashe	294
2.	The Clansman	172
3.	The Return of Sherlock Holmes	160
4.	The Masquerader	123
5.	The Princess Passes	108
6.	The Man on the Box	73

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JUNE

1. The Marriage of William Ashe..... 284
2. The Princess Passes..... 161
3. The Plum Tree..... 94
4. Sandy 82
5. The Clansman 68
6. The Garden of Allah..... 67

JULY

1. Sandy 223
2. The Marriage of William Ashe..... 211
3. The Garden of Allah..... 87
4. Constance Trescot..... 82
5. The Princess Passes..... 78
6. Rose of the World..... 67

AUGUST

1. Sandy 160
2. The Garden of Allah..... 136
3. The Marriage of William Ashe..... 98
4. The Breath of the Gods..... 76
5. The Princess Passes..... 75
6. Constance Trescot..... 72

SEPTEMBER

1. The Garden of Allah..... 167
2. Sandy 126
3. The Princess Passes..... 75
4. The Breath of the Gods..... 64
5. Constance Trescot..... 62
6. The Divine Fire..... 58

OCTOBER

1. The Garden of Allah..... 154
2. Sandy 118
3. Constance Trescot..... 93
4. The Princess Passes..... 63
5. Pam 55
6. The Missourian..... 53

NOVEMBER

1. Rose o' the River..... 177
2. Nedra 166
3. The Gambler 155
4. The Man of the Hour..... 100
5. The Garden of Allah..... 97
6. Sandy 60

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DECEMBER

1.	The Gambler	279
2.	Nedra	258
3.	The House of Mirth	144
4.	Rose o' the River	134
5.	My Friend the Chauffeur	105
6.	The Man of the Hour	96

A compilation from the tables results as follows:

Six Times Mentioned

The Princess Passes, The Garden of Allah, Sandy.

Five Times Mentioned

The Masquerader.

Four Times Mentioned

Beverly of Graustark, The Clansman, The Marriage of William Ashe, Constance Trescot.

Three Times Mentioned

The Sea Wolf, The Man on the Box, The Prospector.

Twice Mentioned

The Prodigal Son, The Breath of the Gods, Rose o' the River, Nedra, The Gambler, The Man of the Hour.

Once Mentioned

In the Bishop's Carriage, The Affair at the Inn, The Undercurrent, The Millionaire Baby, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, The Plum Tree, Rose of the World, The Divine Fire, Pam, The Missourian, The House of Mirth, My Friend the Chauffeur.

These lists show that one may consistently count on about thirty different books appearing among the six best of each month during the course of the year. In 1901 there were twenty-nine; in 1902, twenty-eight; in 1903, thirty-two; in 1904, thirty-one; and last year, twenty-nine. Of these twenty-nine, thirteen were written by men, eleven by women; three, *Rose of the World, The Princess Passes* and *My Friend the Chaffeur,* were collaborations in which husband and wife worked together; one was a collaboration of three women, and one, *The Breath of the Gods,* was written by an author whose sex and identity is still a matter of conjecture to the reading public at large. This is an exceptionally good showing on the feminine side of the ledger. The lists show a renewed interest in the books of English authors. In 1904 but two out of thirty-one books were of English origin, and one by a Canadian. Last year there were ten English men and women, one Canadian, and three of the collaborations were part English and part American. The six books which scored the greatest number of points were divided equally in authorship, both as to sex and nationality.

Mr. Lord of the "Sun."

It is a habit of writers on American journalism to lay special stress on the idea that the one-man newspaper has become a thing of the past. In the main, this idea is unquestionably a true one. The days undoubtedly have gone when readers entirely subordinated the newspaper to its editor, as was the case when people talked not of the *Tribune* or *Times* or *Herald* or *Sun,* but of what Greeley or Raymond or the elder Bennett or Dana had said that morning. Yet there are still in our journalism a few men who are thoroughly editors in the modern sense of the term, who bring to their work great experience and culture, and among these there is none more admired and esteemed by the newspaper profession than Mr. Chester Sander Lord, who recently completed his twenty-fifth year as managing editor of the New York *Sun.* Mr. Lord studied at Hamilton College, and in 1872, at the age of twenty-two, entered the service of the *Sun* as a reporter. Eight years later he was made managing editor.

The completion of his twenty-fifth year in this position was celebrated by a breakfast at Delmonico's on Sunday morning, December 3d, at which there were present about eighty members of the *Sun* staff and thirty ex-members. In the accompanying picture Mr. Lord sits

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with his feet crossed just where the borders of the rugs join. To his left is Mr. W. M. Laffan, who is only the proprietor, and at Mr. Laffan's left is Mr. E. P. Mitchell, the editor. Mr. Laffan has his feet apart and his fingers intertwined. Mr. G. B. Mallon, city editor, is furthest from Mr. Lord of the four men seated at his right on the floor. Mr. D. F. Kellogg, financial editor, is nearest to Mr. Lord of this same group. Among the men present were representatives of every department of the paper, although, of course, it has many notable absentees. This is the first time that anything like a group picture of the *Sun* staff has been taken.

More McCutcheon Cartoons.

Like a good many thousand other Americans, we regard the publication of a new volume of cartoons by Mr. John T. McCutcheon as an event not to be passed over lightly. Mr. McCutcheon's latest book is entitled *The Mysterious Stranger,* and all we can say in criticism is that any other title would have served as well. Frankly, the volume is a collection of cartoons of all kinds, without any definite plan or purpose, and yet we do not think that any one who takes it up will lay the book down until every page has been subjected to the most careful scrutiny. Of the two cartoons which we reproduce, one has an exceedingly familiar appearance. It is another of those ludicrous processions of Hoosier authors which Mr. McCutcheon every now and then depicts with great humour and ingenuity.

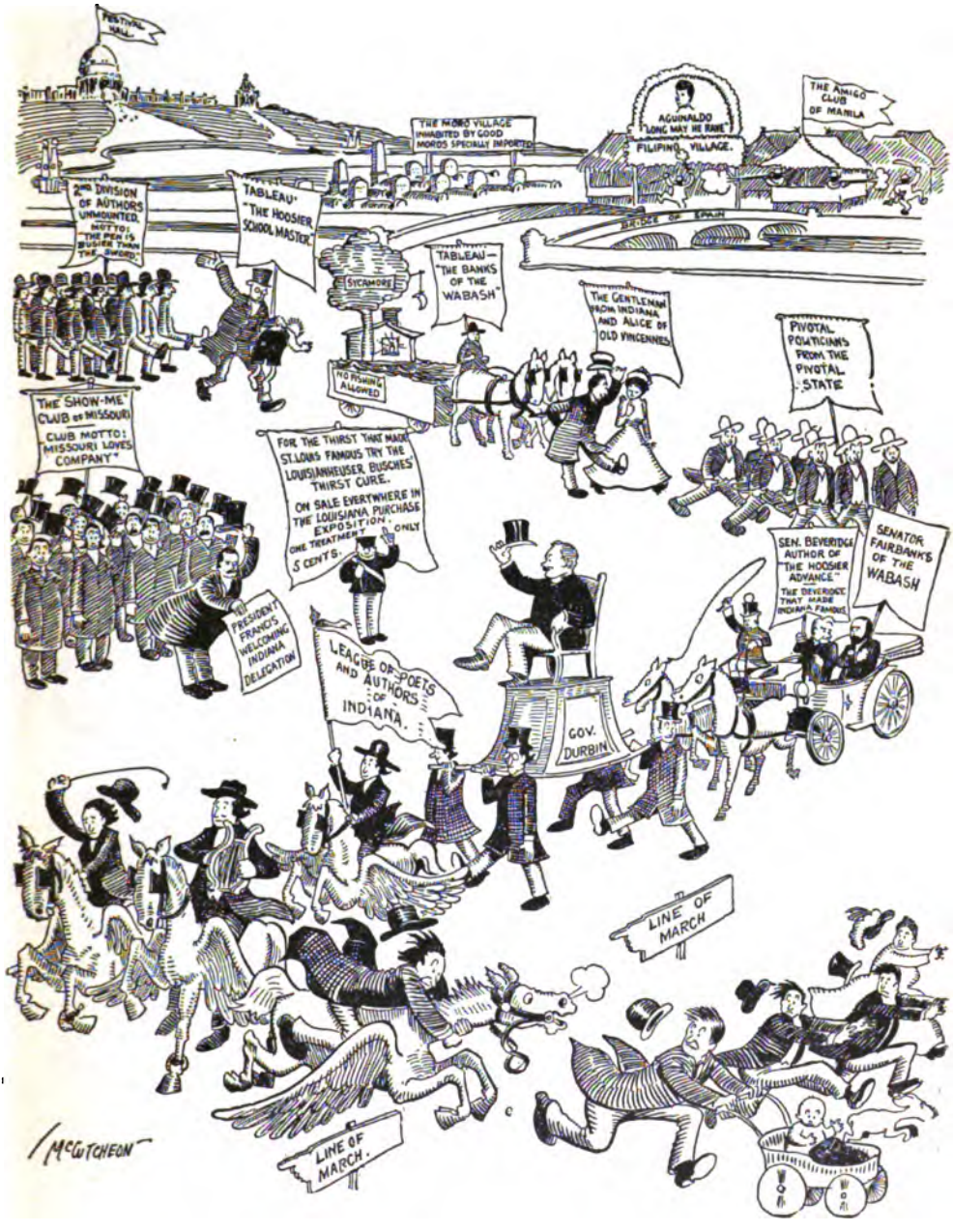
The President as an Author.

Since President Roosevelt's chapters on bears, mountain lions, bob-cats and other interesting game have appeared in book form, there has been no further criticism of these lucubrations as being undignified, and, therefore, unworthy of the presidential pen. This shows that, even in this age of cheap literature, a book is still a book, retaining, at least, an aroma of its old-time sanctity. To shoot bob-cats in a magazine is apparently only a little better than shooting them in a Sunday newspaper; but when the President shoots them in a well-bound book, the thing is eminently respectable and worthy of his high office. Mr. Roosevelt is the first President of the United States to write and publish a book during his presidential term. All other Presidents have lacked the time, if not the inclination; and even after leaving office not many of them have written books. To this rule the most conspicuous exceptions among ex-Presidents are General Grant and Mr. Cleveland. As to the question of dignity, criticism is rather absurd, in view of the various royal authors whose example might be cited. Napoleon III. wrote, or at least professed to have written, a book on Julius Cæsar; and the present German Kaiser has written all sorts of things, from his theological treatise on the *Babel und Bibel* controversy down to his poem on the Norse god Ægir. And there is Queen Victoria, whose two books are the most wonderful examples of the strictly commonplace that have ever seen the light. Talking about dignity, take the following typical passage from her Majesty's *Our Life in the Highlands:*

> We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby were brought in, poor little things, to wish us "good-bye." Then good Bertie came down to see us, and Vicky appeared as *voyageuse,* and was all impatience to go. At seven we set off with her for the railroad, Vicomtess Canning and Lady Caroline Cocks in our carriage. A very wet morning. We got into the carriage again at Paddington and proceeded to Woolwich, which we reached at nine. Vicky was safely put into the boat, and then carefully carried on deck of the yacht by Renwick, the sergeant-footman, whom we took with us in the boat on purpose.

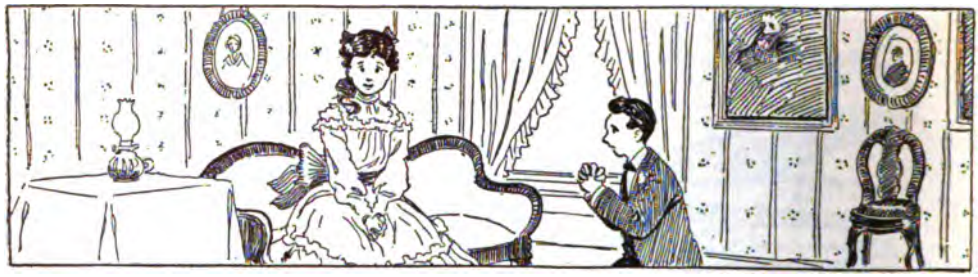
If the Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and Empress of India could publish four hundred pages of this sort of thing, surely the elected President of an easy-going Republic may be allowed to write an interesting little book on bears.

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INDIANA AT THE EXPOSITION

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At Fifteen Years of Age — *"No, Willie, the man I shall marry must be tall and handsome, with beautiful soft eyes and a soulful temperament."*



At Twenty — *"No, Alfred, the man I shall marry must have great influence and a high position in the world."*

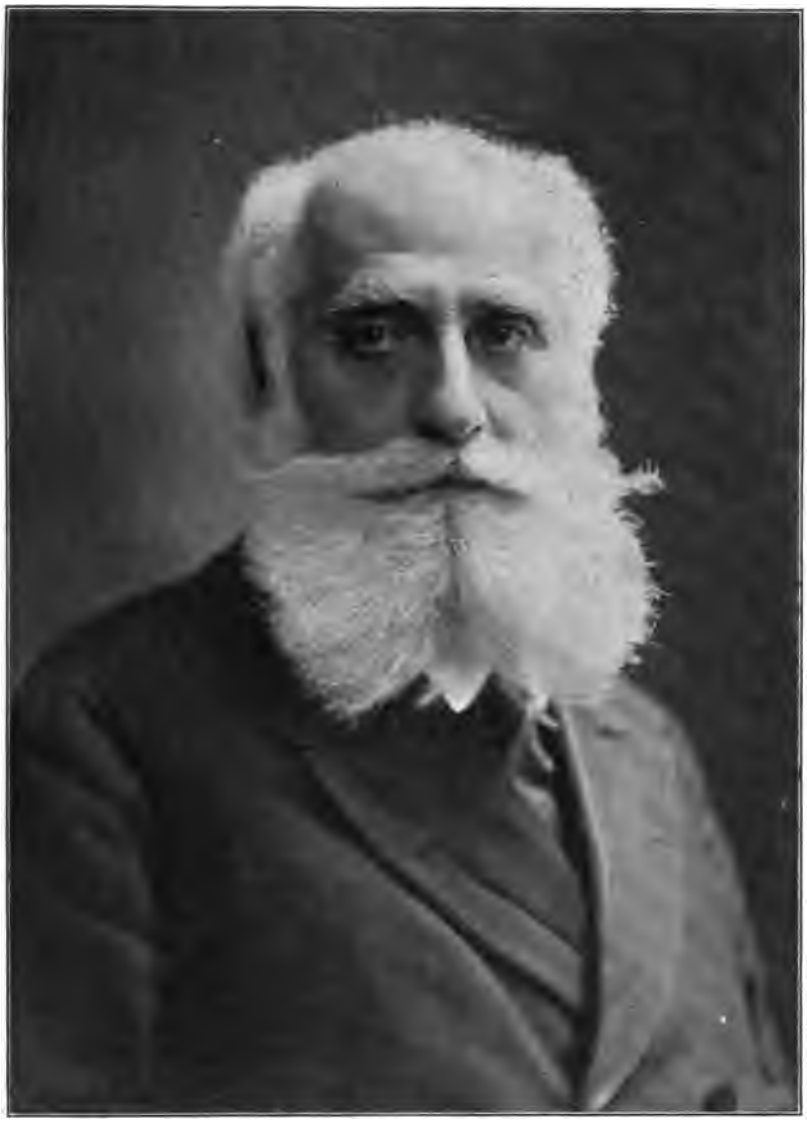


At Thirty — *To Mr. Scadsworth, President of the bank: "No, the man I shall marry must be big and powerful — a man born to command — a man of imposing appearance."*



At Forty — *"Man wanted, — must be white."*

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAX NORDAU

A Boys' Life of the President.

We have had upon our table for some time an interesting little book by Mr. Edward Stratemeyer, entitled *The American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt.* The President is so popular with boys, and in some respects so much of a boy himself, as to make it most fitting that his life should be written for boys' reading. Moreover, from a purely political point of view, this book is not to be ignored. The Boy Vote is, at the present time, not available at the polls; but if Mr. Roosevelt, after retiring in 1909 for four years, should again become a candidate for the Presidency in 1912, the boys of to-day will then be the new crop of voters; and perhaps Mr. Stratemeyer's volume may prove to have been as useful as were the works of Mr. Leupp and Mr. Riis in 1904. This,

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however, is not our reason for mentioning the book, but we do so in order to call attention to the novel way in which the author almost invariably speaks of his hero. He does not mention him in a sort of chronologically appropriate sequence, as "Theodore," "young Roosevelt," "Mr. Roosevelt," "Commissioner Roosevelt," "Secretary Roosevelt," "Colonel Roosevelt," "Governor Roosevelt," "Vice-president Roosevelt" and "President Roosevelt," but practically always as "Theodore Roosevelt." The effect is a bit odd, as one may see by reading a few citations:

As he spoke, he aimed a savage blow at Theodore Roosevelt. "That fellow needs to be taught a lesson," said Theodore Roosevelt. . . .

Rattlesnakes are rather unpleasant reptiles to deal with, and Theodore Roosevelt has shown his bravery by the way in which he speaks of them.

We pause here to admire. How very, very few are the men who would venture to speak disrespectfully of a rattlesnake! But to resume:

The bear had been at the carcass again. "I'm going to hunt him down to his lair," said Theodore Roosevelt. . . . He's coming!" shouted Woody. And scarcely had he spoken when Theodore Roosevelt took aim and fired. . . . In this wonderland, Theodore Roosevelt hunted to his heart's content. . . . The pony he was riding began to buck, but Theodore Roosevelt stuck to him and showed him who was master. . . .

One man made a personal attack on the Governor and hit him on the chest with a stick. But he was knocked down by a personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. . . .

When Theodore Roosevelt came up once more, the cougar was in another pinyon tree. "Now I think I've got him," whispered Theodore Roosevelt.

Ex singulis disce omnia. We don't know how much the American boys for whom this book is written will remember of the great events in the President's career, but we are quite certain that all who read it will never, never forget that his Christian name is Theodore.

Marion Crawford's Workshop.

Years before the Villa Crawford at Sorrento became a tourists' shrine, the proprietor used to write his novels in an octagonal room at the top of the building that peers across the bay of Naples towards Vesuvius. Of late years, however, Mr. Crawford has removed his workshop to a picturesque ruin eighty or ninety miles south of Sorrento on the Calabrian coast. The ruin is that of one of the watch-towers erected centuries ago by Charles V. against Saracenic invasion. It rears its head upon a bold headland, is two stories in height, and has walls eight feet thick. The manner in which Mr. Crawford acquired this castelleto forms an interesting story. Every summer on board his yacht, the *Alda*, Mr. Crawford cruises south along the Italian and Sicilian shore. This yacht, by the way, was once the New York pilot-boat *Ezra Nye*, which the author purchased in America, sailed across the Atlantic, refitted and rechristened with the name *Alda*. During his voyages in the *Alda*, he accumulated much material, which finds expression in *Southern Italy and Sicily* and *The Rulers of the South*. A favourite stopping-place of his was a beautiful little landlocked bay on the Calabrian coast overlooked by an ancient tower.

It was a pleasant place and quite off the track of inquisitive tourists, for the nearest habitation was twelve miles distant. From time to time, Mr. Crawford and his family used the little bay and the shadow of the tower for a picnicking ground. The tower itself was closed by heavy ancient locks. The idea came to Mr. Crawford that he would like to possess this tower; so one day, when the *Alda* was anchored close to the foot of the tower, he quietly left his family, and taking an old servant with him, started for the nearest village which contained the government official who had charge of the national property in that part of the peninsula. All day he was gone and the shades of evening had begun to lower before they on the yacht saw him returning. He came on board, and with

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THE ANCIENT TOWER

his courtliest bow laid a document on Mrs. Crawford's lap. Her horror when he announced that he was the owner of the castle and its domains was finally appeased by Mr. Crawford's explanation of the Italian law. He had bought this old watch-tower for fifty years, at the price of $25 per year.

Two Famous Franklin Medals.

To the French engraver, Augustin Dupré, we are indebted for several of the best early American medals, and of these the most interesting, by all odds, are the Libertas Americana, 1783, for which Franklin was responsible, and the medal of 1784, upon which Franklin was honoured. Rare and valuable material relating to both these medals is to be found in the Dupré collection of the Boston Public Library, for which institution it was secured in 1888 by William S. Appleton from the Dupré family. Augustin Dupré was born at St. Etienne, near Lyons, October 6, 1748, the son of a shoemaker. St. Etienne was the seat of the royal factory of arms; and as Dupré entered in youth the employ of a gunmaker, his artistic tastes were early turned towards engraving on metal. Like all gifted youths, however, he needs must have his *wanderjahre*, so at the age of twenty he walked to Paris, where, being put to it for bread, he eventually found himself engraving sword hilts. Thence he came to be an engraver of dies

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for medals. At this period he lived at Auteuil, the suburb made famous by the residence of that Madame Helvétius whose brilliant society Franklin greatly enjoyed, and because of whom the American agent had established himself at adjoining Passy. The medalist's acquaintance with Franklin dates, however, not from any of Madame Helvétius's crowded receptions, but from the morning tramps both were in the habit of taking to Paris.

Undoubtedly, the sympathetic Franklin drew from the lips of the engraver the story of his hopes and ambitions. Certainly he soon became interested in his future. Duvivier was at that time the principal engraver of the royal mint, and as such was employed to design the medal voted by Congress to Washington for the evacuation of Boston—a production of excellent workmanship, but without the least spark of genius about it. Dupré undoubtedly felt he could do better. That Franklin soon came to feel the same we must believe from the following letter, evidently written soon after the morning walks with Dupré had begun:



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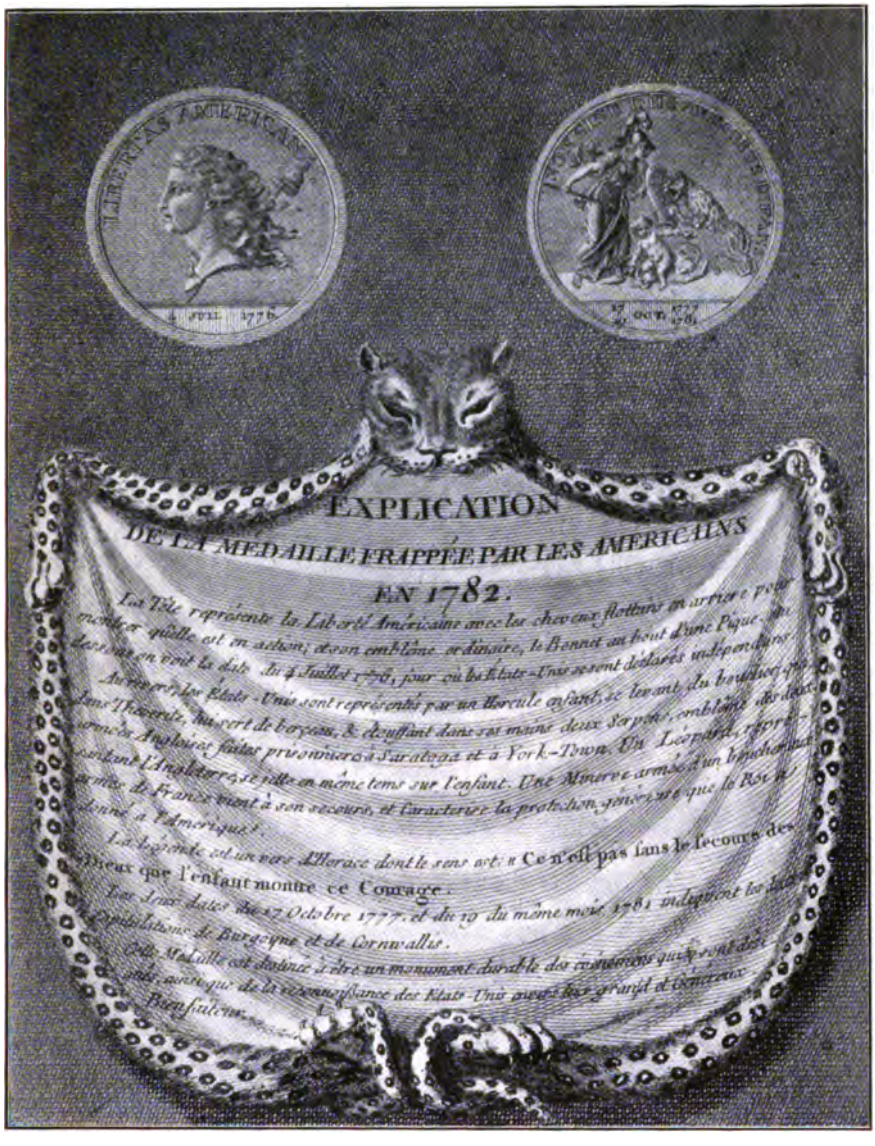
PASSY, March 4, 1782.

To the Hon. Rob. R. Livingston,
Sec. for Foreign Affairs.

SIR: This puts me in mind of a medal I have had a mind to strike since the late great event you gave me an account of, representing the United States by the figure of an infant Hercules in his cradle strangling the two serpents; and France by that of Minerva sitting by as his nurse, with her spear and helmet, and her robe speckled with a few "Fleurs-de-lis." The extinguishing of two entire armies in one war is what has rarely happened, and it gives a presage of the future force of our growing empire. . . .

With great respect,

B. FRANKLIN.



The following year the Libertas Americana was struck. It reflects the enthusiasm for the cause of the United States which Dupré had imbibed from Franklin. The new-born Liberty is represented as sprung from the prairies without ancestry and without rules, a youth-

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EDWARD STANWOOD

ful virgin with dishevelled hair and dauntless aspect, bearing across her shoulder a pike surmounted by a Phrygian cap. For the conception of the young American Republic, the medalist has drawn very closely upon Franklin's idea. We see here the infant Hercules duly covered by France in the armour of Pallas; the accompanying legend is "Non sine Diis animosus infans."

In the nature of a curiosity, is the leopard shield, here reproduced, and its interpretation of this, Dupré's initial work for America. Put into English the engraving runs: "Explanation of the medal struck off by the Americans in 1782. The head represents American liberty with hair flowing behind to show that it is in action, and its ordinary emblem a bonnet on the pike. Beneath, one sees the date July 4, 1776, the day when the United States declared themselves independent. On the reverse, the United States are represented by an infant Hercules raising himself from the shield, which, according to Theocritus, served him for a cradle, and strangling in his hands two serpents, emblems of the two English armies made prisoner at Saratoga and at Yorktown. A leopard, representing England, is throwing itself at the same time upon the child. A Minerva, armed with a shield bearing the insignia of France, comes to his aid, and characterises the generous protection which the King has given to America. The legend is a verse of Horace, the meaning of which is 'Not Without the Help of the Gods is the Child Thus Courageous.' The two dates, October 17, 1777, and October 19, 1781, indicate the two capitulations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. This medal is designed to be an enduring monument of the events which are here described, as well as of the gratitude of the United States to their great and generous benefactor." The legend here is "Je vole à l'immortalité." The size of the design is nine centimetres.

Dr. Edward Stanwood.

Dr. Edward Stanwood, whose life of James G. Blaine is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a near relative of Mrs. Blaine, who before her marriage was Miss Harriet Stanwood. His relations with Mr. Blaine were very close, and there is no one now living so well qualified to be the biographer of the brilliant statesman of Maine. Dr. Stanwood is well known to students of political history by his two excellent works—*A History of the Presidency,* which appeared in a completed form in 1888 and then further enlarged in 1898; and his *American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century,* published in 1903. The former work is admirably impartial; the latter, on the other hand, displays here and there the bias of a partisan. Dr. Stanwood has had a good deal of experience in journalism, having been connected with the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* from 1867 until 1883. He has also served the Government as a statistician in the preparation of its census reports. Many persons who know of Dr. Stanwood only as a writer on political topics will be interested to learn that for the last twenty years he has been the editor of the *Youth's Companion,* whose admirable traditions he has successfully perpetuated.

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Mrs. Craigie

Mrs. Craigie as a Lecturer.

Mrs. Craigie during her present visit to this country has been interesting special audiences by lecturing on topics relating to art, literature and the philosophy of religion. These lectures have, we believe, been heard before by English audiences, but they are new to Americans, and are listened to with much attention. Mrs. Craigie is admirably qualified as a lecturer so far as concerns externals. Of a singularly attractive personality, she has grace of gesture, composure of manner, a clear and penetrating voice, and faultless enunciation. She always appears exquisitely gowned, and by the feminine portion of her audiences, this circumstance is remembered with especial admiration. Not quite so much praise, however, can be given to the substance of her lectures as to the manner of their delivery. They seem to represent a clever centoism, and lack the *callida iunctura* which conceals the dovetailing of one extract with another. The purely original portion of her addresses is to be found in sporadic comments, phrases and characterisations, many of which have the cynicism of her books, without the pungency that one naturally looks for. Thus, for example, when she observed in one lecture, "Plato was the oil magnate of his day," the remark was neither clever nor true; and the same may be said of many others of Mrs. Craigie's dicta. But she has left a very charming impression upon most of her auditors—an impression of gracious modishness and extreme sophistication, which carry with them the atmosphere of *le monde où l'on s'amuse.*

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The Bicknell Emerson Portrait.

A new and artistic example of the work of W. H. W. Bicknell, the noted etcher, is a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, just published by A. W. Elson and Company of Boston. This plate is founded on the daguerreotype, made by Southworth and Hawes, of the great essayist when in his prime. It is generally considered his best portrait, and was chosen by his son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, for this publication. Mr. Bicknell's treatment of the subject is vigorous and interesting, and while there is a certain freedom in the handling, the quality and richness of the plate are not sacrificed, and one instinctively feels that it is a true likeness. The accompanying reproduction furnishes only a suggestion of the charm of the original.



THE BICKNELL PORTRAIT OF EMERSON

Mr. Bicknell was born in Boston in 1860. He studied drawing and painting at the Museum of Fine Arts of that city, chiefly under Otto Grundmann. He devoted himself, with considerable success, to portrait painting. He presently took up etching, and for the last fifteen years has worked entirely in that medium. Regarding his work we cannot do better,

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perhaps, than to quote from a criticism of an exhibition of his work held at the Museum of Fine Arts several years ago:

The display awakens one to the fact that fitness really survives. Mr. Bicknell has stuck to his art through thick and thin. He was a conspicuous etcher a dozen years ago, when etching was popular, and many there were who also, in a measure, derived fame in this field. . . . Mr. Bicknell, however, kept on, and to-day holds the highest place as an etcher in this country, and easily ranks with the noted etchers of Europe. A serious study of this collection gives evidence that etching is a great art; that the master hand alone can encompass its intricate measures, and that his feeling for colour is all-powerful. Textures are textures in his work, the flesh, the fabric or the accessories are all distinguishable—no mistaking their fast values and relations. The sure hand, the keen, comprehensive eye, the tenderest feeling, is evident in portraiture, or interpretation of another's work, or in the original conceptions, pictures or compositions.

The recent death of Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, has deprived English classical scholarship of one of its brightest ornaments. Sir Richard (he was knighted in 1900) was not only a brilliant Hellenist, but he wrote English with grace and rare distinction. Besides editing Sophocles and Theophrastus, he was the author of some very suggestive books, among them one on Homer, besides *Modern Greece*, *Greek Poetry*, *Humanism in Education*, and an admirable study of Richard Bentley, England's greatest text-critic. Professor Jebb delivered a course of lectures in this country at the Johns Hopkins University in 1892. He was three times elected a member of Parliament, and also served on several important Royal Commissions. From time to time he would publish beautifully finished Greek verses, and he even imitated Pindar with much success. One would suppose from all this that he was by no means an idle person. But he had always an air of elegant leisure which irritated some of his classical contemporaries, among them the sardonic Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol at Oxford. A friend once asked Jowett his opinions of Jebb; whereupon the Master replied in his sententious manner: "Jebb? Ah, yes, Jebb. What time he can spare from the neglect of his duties, he devotes to the adornment of his person!"

Jebb, Jowett and Carnegie.

Not long ago, the University of Cambridge was desirous of securing from Mr. Andrew Carnegie a large sum of money for the erection of new laboratories and the encouragement of modern scientific research. Sir Richard Jebb was selected as a suitable ambassador to present the matter to Mr. Carnegie. He therefore journeyed to Skibo Castle, where he was received with much courtesy. After the usual formalities and some general chat, Sir Richard set forth the needs of the University and pointed out how much good would result from such a benefaction as was desired. Mr. Carnegie listened sympathetically and seemed disposed to consider the request with favour. Suddenly, however, he turned to Sir Richard and asked abruptly:

"Do you teach at Cambridge, Sir Richard?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, what do you teach?"

"Greek."

"How much do they pay you for teaching Greek?"

Sir Richard named the amount of his annual stipend—a very comfortable sum. Mr. Carnegie grunted.

"Well," quoth he at last, with a decided change of manner; "all I can say is that any University that can afford to waste as much money as that on Greek doesn't need any from me!"

And so ended the interview and the hopes of Cambridge University.

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THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

A DUMAS PORTFOLIO

BY HARRY A. SPURR

(In Three Parts)

Part I.—"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"



IN these days everybody makes it a solemn social duty to "collect." One, perhaps, imitates Mr. Max Beerbohm, and fondly accumulates railway-labels in all the cities of the world, wherewith to decorate his hat-case; another may visit Sicily to obtain a special make of match-box, after the fashion of M. Anatole France's heroine. Therefore, one need offer no apology for showing the public, with a pardonable pride, one's own "collection" of *ana*, especially when it concerns so interesting a personality as that of Dumas *père*. To those already interested in a man and his work we can imagine nothing more enjoyable than a ramble through a portfolio, in which a hundred little sidelights of character are exhibited, that give form and life to one's conception of him. The writer displaying his treasures in print has this advantage over the ordinary collector, that he is luckily unable to hear the voice of the critics, and can assume that all his readers share his own enthusiasm.

THE TASTES OF DUMAS

It is not by any means easy to know where to begin or where to stop in such a self-imposed task. Perhaps a page of autobiography, which fitly sums up the great romancer's characteristics, would best prepare the way for what follows.

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We have had volumes of "confession" from Dumas in his *Mémoirs* and other works; here is his "confession" in a nutshell: Some years ago Madame Amélie Ernst lent to the *Figaro* for reproduction a page from her album, which the novelist had meekly filled a year or two before his fatal illness seized him. We translate this "human document," as curious as it is unknown:

1. Your favourite virtue? Charity.
2. Your favourite quality in man? Indulgence.
3. Your favourite quality in woman? Love.
4. Your favourite occupation? Work.
5. Your chief characteristic? Insouciance.
6. Your idea of happiness? Love reciprocated.
7. Your idea of misery? The loss of a loved one.
8. Your favourite colour and flower? Garnet red and hollyhock.
9. If not yourself, who would you be? Hugo.
10. Where would you prefer to live? Anywhere, provided I had a woman's companionship, and pen, ink and paper.
11. Your favourite authors in prose? Walther Scott (sic), Cooper, Merimée.
12. Your favourite poets? Hugo, Lamartine, de Musset.
13. Your favourite painters and composers? Rembrandt, Rubens, Weber, Bellini, Monpeou.*
14. Your favourite heroes in real life? Jesus Christ, Julius Cæsar.
15. Your favourite heroines in real life? Mary Magdalen, Jeanne d'Arc, Charlotte Corday.
16. Your favourite heroes in romance and fable? Childe Harold, Monte Cristo, d'Artagnan, don Juan, Hamlet.
17. Your favourite heroines in romance and fable? Diana Vernon, Mercèdes, Niobe.
18. Your favourite food and drink? Bread, water.
19. Your favourite names? Emma, Maria, Petrus.
20. The object of your greatest aversion? I hate nothing—nobody.
21. What characters in history do you most dislike? Cato, Philippe II., Louis XIV.
22. What is your present state of mind? Awaiting death.
23. For what fault have you most indulgence? I pardon them all, except calumny, theft, and falsehood.
24. What is your favourite device? Liberty. Deus dedit, deus dabit. (Dieu a donné, Dieu donnera.)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

*The composer of Dumas's solitary opéra comique, *Piguillo*.

We can leave most of the comment on the above to our readers. No. 10 seems curiously to suggest another version of the famous quatrain in *Omar*. There is no intention of irreverence in Nos. 14 and 15—probably Dumas was Unitarian by reason, Trinitarian by instinct. The artless self-appreciation implied in 16 and 17 is delicious. It is curious to find Louis XIV. one of our author's pet aversions, seeing that he chose to write so much about him. No. 22 is the first instance we have ever met of any presentiment of death on Dumas's part. He was only sixty-six at the time, and had possessed a herculean frame and a constitution of iron.

DUMAS TO MAQUET

The same issue publishes a hitherto unknown letter from Dumas to Maquet, his most famous collaborator. Oh, the letters of Dumas—who can hope to collect and publish them? He scattered his "notes" as he scattered his gold, everywhere, to the four winds of heaven. In the preface to one work he declares himself the author who has written the most books and the fewest letters; in another he mentions casually that on Méry's death some 1400 or 1500 letters were returned to him which he had written to the Marseillais! The following was chosen by the *Figaro* from the pile of letters and documents of Dumas *père*, religiously preserved by his collaborator Maquet, who is popularly supposed to have borne his old master a life-long grudge. This letter, which has not been reproduced before in any book or article relative to Dumas, probably dates from the forties; and gives the reader a "peep behind the scenes" with a vengeance:

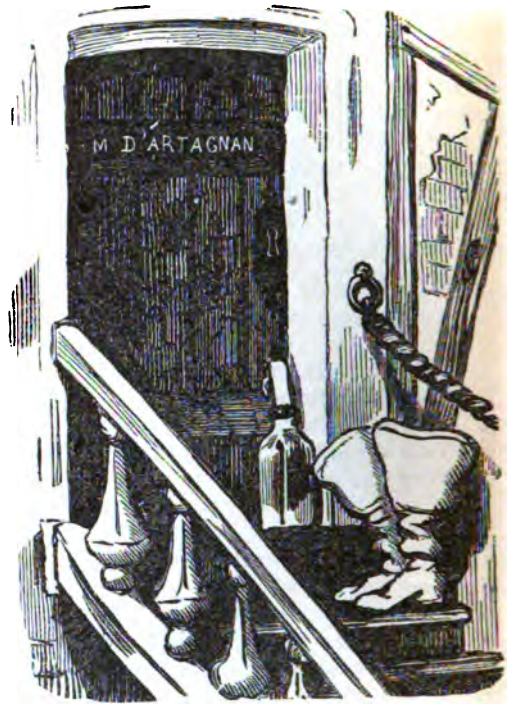
MY DEAR MAQUET: A commission, foolish, but important to me, and above all most secret!

You know by name Madame Barjon, the florist of the Chinese baths? She is accus-

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D'ARTAGNAN ENTERING PARIS



D'ARTAGNAN'S LODGINGS

tomed to send a bouquet every Saturday in my name to the Rue Lafitte No. 3—you know to whom. Saturday is the lady's opera-night at the Italiens.

I should like this little attention to be kept up during my absence, and therefore I send you a note for 100 francs. I pay 6 francs for these bouquets, but as the spring is coming on, and as I order and pay by the fortnight, ask Madame Barjon to make them in future at 5 francs. If she still requires 6 francs in order to do the thing well, renew at the old price. I think I owe for two already, for which she will pay herself out of the 100 francs. When that is exhausted let her keep up the supply, and I'll settle with her on my return.

Work, my dear Maquet, work—rapidly, and send me the result. Try above all things to find an original *dénouement*. I have already found some most amusing details, to be worked into the love-affair of our young people.

Call sometimes yourself at No. 3, where you are well liked, I promise you.

Adieu!

A vous

A. DUMAS.

P. S.—If you reply to the above, merely say, "Your commission is executed!"

This letter seems to contradict two popular beliefs concerning Dumas—one that he was too ready to "kiss and tell," and the other that he had no care how his money went. His precaution respecting the price of the bouquets seems to bear out the assertion of Dumas *fils* that his father was "the greatest miser in the world!"

BURLESQUE OF THE MUSKETEERS

Here are caricatures of the great romancer by the score, for in appearance and in character he lent himself readily to pictorial criticism; but so far as we know only Bret Harte in his "Condensed Novels" has parodied his writings at all successfully in English. Here, however, in three issues of the *Journal pour Rire*,* is a capital burlesque of the famous musketeers, written by the artist Marcelin, with excellent illustrations from the same pen. *Les Trois ou Quatre Mous-*

*October 1st and 8th and November 12, 1853.

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D'ARTAGNAN MAKES APOLOGIES TO ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARAMIS



HOW D'ARTAGNAN TREATED THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS

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ON THE ROAD TO ENGLAND



THE PRODIGIOUS PORTHOS

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quetaires, as it is called, opens with a comic exaggeration of d'Artagnan's start in life, and quickly introduces us to the famous trio.

The first was a tall, proud-looking aristocrat, some fifteen feet at least in height, and no more than twenty-five years old. . . . In the whites of his eyes, eternally raised heavenward, one could read that this gentleman was in mourning for himself, and one glance at the tip of his red nose betrayed the fact that he was wont to drown his sorrows in blue wine. . . . His right arm, mauled in some scrimmage, seemed to be detached from the shoulder, and was set in motion by a string attached to his left arm.

In that arm he held a sword.

On that sword were spitted a dozen mousquetaires, whose place he had taken, as he had thus removed them from his path.

Porthos is, of course, described as still taller, with a majestic nose, a disdainful moustache, six chins, a florid complexion —and a genial air of stupidity. Whilst waiting for the king he "keeps his hand in" by juggling with heavy weights and holding out cuirassiers at arm's length. Aramis is *petit, petit, petit, mais joli, joli, joli;* his hair is carefully parted in the middle, and his moustache coquettishly tilted by means of curling-tongs.

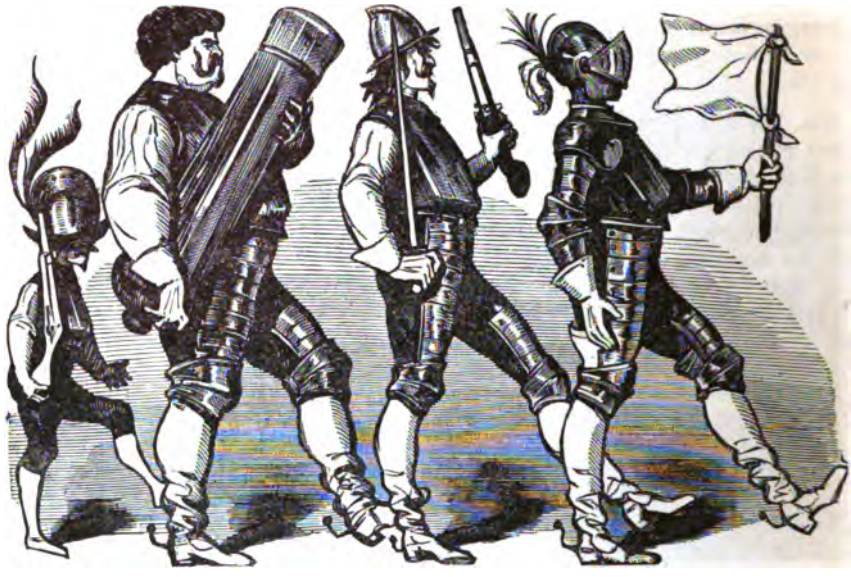
Only to look at this pretty little fellow, so slim and so coquettish, as he strutted along a-tiptoe, glancing slyly beneath his lowered lids, one divined a life all mystery and *pommade à la rose.*



THE INSEPARABLE FOUR

D'Artagnan gains the good will of the three in the duello by spitting three of the Cardinal's guards on his gigantic sword, and disperses the army which rushes against the four, by shooting them down from two cannons, which Porthos holds under either arm. No wonder that his Eminence the Cardinal makes a sketch of a gibbet in his memorandum-book against young d'Artagnan's name, with the brief motto *Bon à pendre!*

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THE FLAG OF TRUCE



ATHOS TELLS HIS LIFE STORY

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ATHOS, HAVING SLID DOWN THE STOVEPIPE, FINDS HIS WIFE



THE SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE

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THE EPIC JOURNEY

The hero calls at the shop of Madame Bonacieux, "dealer in State secrets;" and when that lady has thoughtfully begged her husband to go to the Bastille to see if she's there, she finds d'Artagnan "the very job he has been seeking" —that of fetching the Queen's diamonds. She frankly explains the drawbacks attendant on the little trip:

M. le Cardinal, who takes a strong interest in the affair, has distributed four army corps between Paris and the sea to guard the highway; a fleet watches the Channel; the journey is a hundred leagues, and the time allowed one day. But you are four—that's an army apiece—twenty-five leagues each to ride. Is it a bargain?

Of course d'Artagnan accepts, but by the time he reaches Calais he has lost his companions. In nowise daunted, he avoids the town, and gaining the beach plunges a lighted match into his charger's nostrils, and his spurs into its sides up to his ankles, and gives the brute its head. Five minutes later he lands on the cliffs of Dover, safe and sound.



MILADI CONTEMPLATING THE DYING AGONIES OF A CANDLE



THE EXECUTIONER OF BETHUNE

MILADI

The scene presently changes to La Rochelle, and here the parodist indulges in a direct slap at the romancer. Athos has come upon his wife in the inn, having slid down the stovepipe, which (as it happens) communicated with the Bastion St. Gervais.

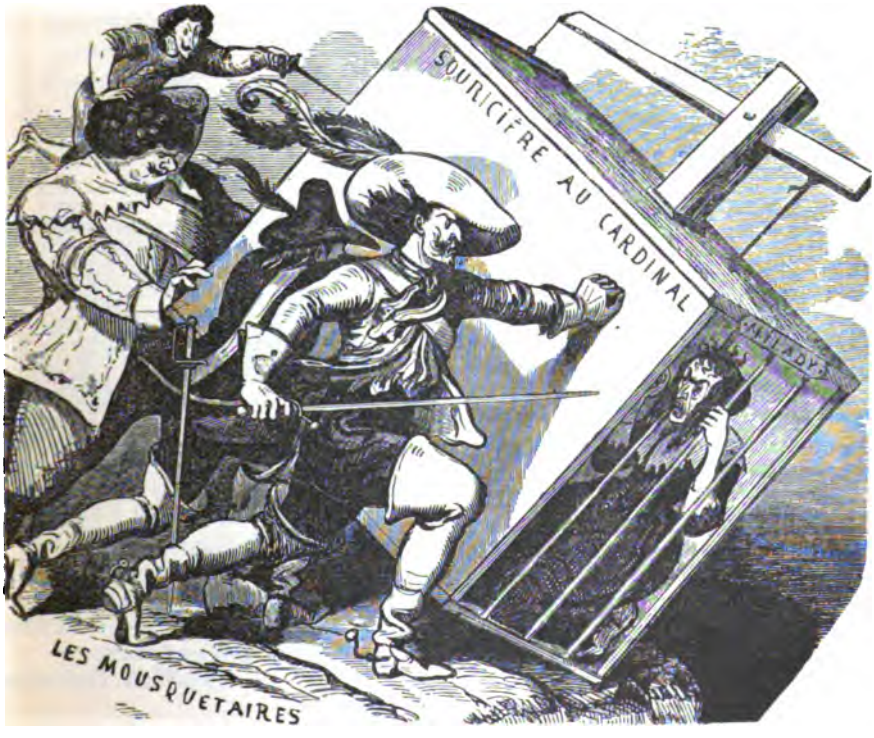
"Madame," said he in a terrible voice, turning pale even beneath his soot, "I hanged you once, and I shouldn't have the slightest hesitation in doing it again—it would be the best way of saving the Duke of Buckingham and Madame Bonacieux. But I won't, out of consideration for the author, a friend of mine, who has undertaken to tell this story in some 500,000 lines or so, at a pistole a line. If I ended your life and this story, as we have only reached some 400,000 lines, I should do the dear fellow out of a thousand pistoles, which Heaven forbid!"

The musketeers duly discover Miladi, her murders accomplished, having tracked her to a lonely wayside inn. There she

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THE MUSKETEERS CONFRONT MILADI



THE END OF MILADI

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is seated before a table, "callously contemplating the last dying agonies of a candle end, without having the humanity to finish its sufferings with one blow of the snuffers." Her career is ended, and the Cardinal duly calls d'Artagnan to account. He compromises by giving the soldier a beating and a marshal's baton. D'Artagnan returns to his companions to receive their congratulations, but finds them tired of an unprofitably exciting life.

"I," said Porthos, "I shall become a strong man."

"I," said Aramis, "I shall become a Jesuit."

"I," said Athos, "I shall become sublime—and take in young vicomtes as boarders."

And d'Artagnan was left alone with his baton.

Such a summary does scant justice to one of the wittiest and most successful of parodies.

SONG OF THE DEAD IN THE GREAT HARBOUR OF SYRACUSE

We rest in our wooden walls,
 The fights we fought are done;
We heed not the steersman's calls:
 So long from the light of the sun,
What care we how the oar-grip galls
 Ere the trireme's course is run!

Once we stood, as do ye,
 Thronging the galleys' decks,
Eager to live—be free,
 Dreaming life's dreams complex.
Now we slumber under the sea
 'Mid the dreams' and the galleys' wrecks.

Crash of prow into prow:
 Board and repel and slay:
'Tis the house-tops shouting now;
 'Tis the groan of the camp's dismay.
Vow to the gods a last vain vow,
 As, sinking, we drift away.

Down! with a shuddering sweep;
 Down, through the whirling green:
Heavy with mail, we keep
 Each to his couch serene,
Having found us a place to sleep,
 Ever of men unseen.

We were sons of the Violet Crown:
 We, to Ortygia dear.
Slain and slaying we plunged us down—
 Hate and vengeance and fear—
Was there war between town and town?
 We are all guest-friends here.

Duffield Osborne.

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SOME RECENT NOVELS

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EDWARD MACDOWELL

THE newspaper accounts of the illness of Edward MacDowell, the eminent musician, came as a shock to all but his closest friends. Constitutionally modest and retiring, he has not kept himself so persistently before the public as many lesser men have done; and since his resignation from the chair of music at Columbia University, in February, 1904, his movements were known to but few. A cruel combination of circumstances brought on mental prostration last March; and since that time his condition has grown steadily worse, until now the doctors pronounce his case hopeless.

The loss to music is very great—greater, probably, than will at first be realised, for Dr. MacDowell has not yet come into his own. His career, though comparatively short, has been rich in achievement. He has done more for American music than any other composer, not only by his works, but by the force of his splendid example and high ideals. His genius has long been recognised by observant musicians at home and abroad; and yet his high seriousness of purpose has for the time kept him aloof, as it were, from general popularity. The recent formation of a MacDowell Club in this city is a sign of the growing interest in his work, which must soon bring it into the favour it deserves.

Of MacDowell's ultimate place in music it is, of course, too early to speak; but a consideration of his works prompts the conviction that, in the record of events, the beginning of the twentieth century will be marked by no greater name in music than his. His compositions are strongly individual and distinguished by elegance of manner. Thoroughly original, they display the daring of the innovator combined with the skill, learning and restraint of a student of the classics. In both his orchestral and his piano music, there is shown a perfect mastery of the modern resources of tonal expression. His songs are imbued with deep romantic feeling and exhibit, perhaps, most clearly of all his work, the sensitive responsiveness of his nature to poetic beauty. It is sad indeed to be compelled thus to sum up the life work of a man who, only in his forty-fourth year, his maturest powers still untried, has suddenly and completely become lost to art.

Lewis M. Isaacs.



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LITERARY CLUBLAND

VII.—THE UNIVERSITY CLUB OF INDIANAPOLIS

BY HEWITT HANSON HOWLAND



NE of the charms of the University Club of Indiana, as it is officially known, lies in the fact that its membership is not made up exclusively of University graduates. There are on its jealously guarded rolls enough non-diploma men to modify the Alma Mater flavour which, undiluted, is often aggressively pungent. This mixture really makes a most delightful blend, for the acridity that might ordinarily result from such an antagonistic infusion is made impossible by this safeguarding clause in the Articles of Incorporation relating to membership: "or by special qualifications, including attainments in letters, arts and sciences." College graduates are passed on, or in by the membership committee, but the unsheepskinned, "distinguished in letters, arts or sciences," must be endorsed by the committee and elected by the directors. Thus it is the University man protects himself in his own club, and rightly; but once the outsider is admitted he is admitted to full fellowship without prejudice. He has no class reunions, no memories of the "dear old days," no pins, no songs, no yells, but he eats, drinks and is merry, even as the most graduated graduate.

The University Club is not by any stretching of the term a literary organisation, although the State has set its seal on the association as "established for social, literary and scientific purposes." It is wholly a domestic aggregation, free and untrammelled, without any fixed programme or set scheme even in its social life. There are no special days, no gala nights, no annual celebrations. There are dues but no duties. Every man comes and goes as he will, seeks his own quiet corner or joins a grill-room group as his mood prompts. No stunts are expected of him, no obligations imposed, no sacrifices demanded. It is a domestic democracy, a home for the homeless, a refuge for the social-sick. Yet these unrelated members are, in a fine way, held together by club spirit; there is in every one of them the feeling that he is enjoying a privilege not specified in the Rules and Regulations of the House Committee; a special blessing not set forth in his certificate of membership.

Rarely is a stranger brought to this club who does not say: "Ah, there is an air about it! an air of—of—" "Yes," helpfully replies his sponsor, "I really believe there is." Just what is the "air" nobody has ever said, but that it has an air everyone admits. The convenience and coziness of the arrangements, the simplicity and comfort of the furnishings, the quiet and order of the Japanese attendants, all these have their part in the creation of the atmosphere, but more than all else this feeling of privilege, this sense of appreciation that I have spoken of as characteristic of the members, these, though undefined and intangible, give to the University Club its real, its distinguishing air.

The club is not old, though it has the easy dignity that usually comes only with added years. It was founded in 1898, and its founders made the late President Harrison its president. He accepted the office and held it until his death. An excellent portrait of the club's first and most distinguished president hangs in the formal reception-room. It is the work of a club member, Mr. T. C. Steele, the head of the "Hoosier group" of painters. Another example of Mr. Steele's art, an Indiana landscape, rests above the fireplace in the lounging-room. It was presented to the club by the Yale men. The resident membership is limited to three hundred and is practically filled. Out-of-town members are many and frequent in their visits, the attractive beds and baths drawing them whenever they get within

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"trolley" distance. In its youth, the club felt that it would be wise to encourage the attendance of women—wives and daughters of the members—but soon found that encouragement was not necessary. They came and liked it and almost conquered. Now a separate entrance, a "pink and white" reception-room and a private café with a tea-terrace attachment, are provided for the "home keepers." On Sunday nights the main dining-room on the second floor is yielded to both men and women, and the diners and the dinners then are the gastronomic feature of the week.

Though, as I said in the beginning, the club is not a literary club, yet there is at least one in every hundred of its membership on whom "triumphant laurels and immortal fame" might be said to rest—James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson. THE BOOKMAN has itself fixed these three stars in its own galaxy of "best sellers." Mr. Riley is not a club man, yet he has a real affection for the University and a genuine belief in its high destiny. To anyone that has met the Doctor, as he has been affectionately called since Yale and Pennsylvania gave him their honours, it is unnecessary to say that his visits to the club are memorable no matter how frequent they may be. He is always happy in "putting up" the many friends that come to Indianapolis to see him. The latest to enjoy such hospitality was Bliss Carman. There is a very real friendship between these two men, the friendship that does not demand speech. Possibly their unlikeness attracts them, for they are in many ways as remote from each other as is "Vagabondia" from "Home Folks."

In the club library, where hangs framed in a long panel the original manuscript of Riley's famous "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" Carman wrote his "Camping Song," recently printed in one of the magazines. The library is a most interesting spot, quiet and comfortable, booked in on three sides by a well-selected and carefully catalogued collection. Here Henry James found all that he has done, from *Daisy Miller* to *The Golden Bowl,* when he spent two wonderfully unforgettable days a guest of the club—unforgettable, of course, to the University. And here he graciously wrote his magic, though to many cryptic, name in volumes precious to local followers.

Probably the club has no more devoted and admiring member than Meredith Nicholson, "Candle Nic," as he is called by his intimates since the appearance of his latest story, *The House of a Thousand Candles.* It is to the club and certain animated discussions there that he owes the suggestion for Larry Donivan, the Irish adventurer in his new novel, and in the club, where he lives a part of each summer, he wrote many chapters of *Zelda Dameron.* The club, by the way, figures in that realistic picture of Indianapolis life. There are two members whose temporary withdrawal from the club's life leaves a void that our newspaper friends would call aching—Booth Tarkington at Capri, and John L. Griffifths, consul-general at Liverpool. Tarkington is an ideal club man, as New Yorkers who know the Players will need no additional testimony to prove. He is always to be found at the University when in town, and always the centre of an interested and interesting group. In the old days Thanksgiving Eve was a Tarkington night, and the grill-room the scene of a continuous performance in which the old boys grew young and the young boys younger. George Ade and the McCutcheons have often lent, at least their countenances, to these gatherings of the "stayers," and have contributed to conversations that for humour and brilliancy would have put *Nedra* and *The College Widow* to the blush.

Griffiths, who at the request of Mrs. Harrison, is writing the life of the General, is a delightful talker and brilliant after-dinner speaker. He is among the regulars when at home, and his enlivening presence has done much to make the club what it is. Vice-President Fairbanks would probably say that he has no place in an article on Literary Clubland, but he has a place in the club just the same, and though he does not find time to "loaf and invite his soul" there, yet his sons do. If statesmen as well as literary men are to be mentioned, then

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CORNER OF THE LIBRARY, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S "OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S"

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MAIN DINING-ROOM FOR MEN



THE RATHSKELLER AND BILLIARD-ROOM

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FORMAL RECEPTION-ROOM, SHOWING PORTRAIT OF GENERAL HARRISON, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE U



THE LOUNGING-ROOM

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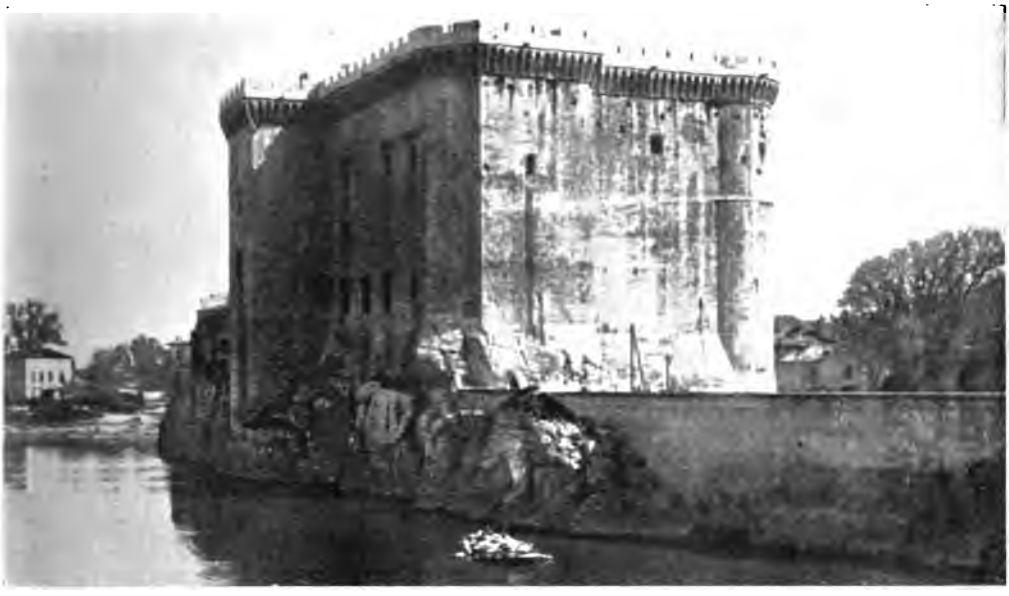


SHOWING NORTH END OF LOGGIA

Albert J. Beveridge, who, as United States Senator and as author of *The Russian Advance* and *The Young Man and the World,* comes in on both counts in the indictment. The senator is a new member, but the club has promptly found a place in his quick sympathies, and has as promptly added him to its distinguished honour roll.

There are many notable and interesting members in this little club, but after all its fame is carried abroad by its guests, who find held out to them every variety of welcome, except a cold one: the quiet company of a good book in the library, the lazy luxury of a deep couch in the "lounge," the warm comfort of palm-flecked sunshine in the loggia, or the more substantial cheer that is to be had from an amber-throated bottle and a sardine sandwich in the rathskeller. John Drew and Otis Skinner, Mansfield and Sothern, Bellew and Bram Stoker, and a score more have found a little Players hidden in the Middle West; while writing folk, from Judge Robert Grant of Boston to Jack London of All-man's-land, have found good cheer, and have given it back again at the University Club of Indianapolis.

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THE CASTLE OF KING RENÉ

BALLADE OF TARASCON

With good King René dead and gone,
We hurried into Tarascon,—
 Two modern bards,—bags, fountain-pens,
And cameras—to gaze upon
The towers where Pons, and Montaudon,
 And old Vidal put in week-ends
With good King René dead and gone.

With good King René dead and gone,
How careless shone the river Rhone!
 With not a troubadour in view
Nor viol-de-gamba nor *chanson*.
Some pigeons claimed the tall donjon,
 Some faces 'gainst the bars looked through,—
With good King René dead and gone.

With good King René dead and gone—
At table-d'hôte we asked Yvonne,
 "Whose were the faces?" "*Ah, mon Dieu!*
Those were our convicts' faces wan;
When troubadours had lost their *ton*,
 Messieurs, we did the best we knew,
With good King René dead and gone."

ENVOY

"Quick—station-master—prithee say
 What train—what train for Avignon?"—
"*Messieurs*, 'tis gone—the last to-day."
 With good King René dead and gone!

Thomas Walsh.

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XIII.—PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND THE NEO-REPUBLICANISM



HERE was something symbolically significant in the pageant which accompanied the inauguration of President McKinley. Such displays in other years had always exhibited the haphazard easy-going lack of management with which Americans are wont to improvise their public ceremonials. But on the fourth of March in 1897, the scene in Washington was one that might have fitly graced a European capital. Every detail had been studied carefully beforehand, and was carried out with absolute precision. The great avenues were well policed. The crowds were efficiently controlled. There were no delays, no moments of embarrassment, no awkward pauses. The military review was especially effective. Instead of masses of raw militiamen, marching often awkwardly and producing a bizarre effect by the diversity of their motley uniforms, there now defiled before the President column after column of regular troops whose perfect discipline and training made the sight of them a splendid spectacle. The finest cavalry regiments in the service had been drawn upon to render this inaugural review exceptionally brilliant; while the artillery and infantry were not inferior in the precision of their evolutions. The civic part of the parade was subordinated to the military; but even the "marching clubs" swung by the presidential stand with something of the *élan* of veteran troops. The Republican party was coming back to power as the party of organisation, of discipline, of unquestioning obedience to leadership; and the spirit of this new régime was easily perceptible, even in the ceremonial which marked the day of its beginning.

Mr. Cleveland remained at the side of his successor until the formalities were all concluded. He had spent the last few hours of his presidency in a most characteristic fashion, examining and signing bills; and the marks of ink upon his ungloved hands bore witness to his diligence. His face was ruddy, and he chatted and laughed with Mr. McKinley as the two were driven slowly to the Capitol. At last, the burden was lifted from his shoulders, and he could again enjoy the tranquil life of a private citizen. Though the reins of power were passing from his hands to those of a political opponent, he probably felt no regret. It was his financial policy which the Republicans, after bitterly assailing, had been forced to make their own. The great battle of the preceding year had been fought over this one question. And so the victory which Mr. McKinley had won was, in a very real sense, a victory for Mr. Cleveland.

President McKinley's inaugural address contained, as might have been expected, an earnest commendation of high protective duties. In it he also expressed an earnest desire for peace with foreign nations. He recalled his own consistent attitude as a defender of the reformed civil service; and he intimated that the currency system of the United States should be placed upon a definite and satisfactory basis. There was nothing very noteworthy in his remarks. They were received by the press with a general, if somewhat perfunctory, approval. Perhaps the comment of an English writer best expressed what most persons really thought. "It is a mild and not unpleasing effusion.

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JOHN SHERMAN, SECRETARY OF STATE



LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The tone is a little smug and goody-goody, but kindly."* In truth, the country had for a time grown weary of political strife, and was disposed to give to the new administration a free hand.

The President showed his conservative cast of mind by appointing a Cabinet of rather elderly men, only one of them being less than sixty years of age. The oldest of them all, Mr. John Sherman, lately Senator from Ohio, was also the most distinguished in the length and value of his public service. He now became Secretary of State, though under circumstances which made the appointment by no means a source of unmixed pleasure to his friends. Mr. Sherman had long been one of the foremost leaders of the Republican Party. As a member of the lower House, before the Civil War, he had ably advocated the free-soil cause. As

*London *Standard*, March 5, 1897.



JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR

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Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes, he had brought about the resumption of specie payments in so masterly a manner as not to cause the slightest ripple on the financial waters. Twice —in 1880 and again in 1888—he seemed likely to be his party's chosen candidate for the Presidency. As Senator he upheld the hands of President Lincoln; and long afterwards his name was permanently associated with two highly important measures—the Silver Purchase Act of 1890 and the so-called Anti-Trust Law of



NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

the same year.* He was now an old man of seventy-four, and had richly earned the right to finish his remaining years in the dignified and useful place which he had long held in the Senate. But, unhappily for Mr. Sherman, his own desires clashed with the strong-willed purpose of Mark Hanna. That appetitive person now demanded his reward. He had gained the Presidency for Mr. McKinley, and in return he wished to be a Senator of the United States. He was not a man to be put off; and, therefore, Mr. Sherman was sacrificed to Hanna's urgency. The open humiliation of so conspicuous a statesman would have been too much for even Hanna to attempt; but the desired end was reached by indirection, and Senator Sherman experienced the sort of honorific elimination which an English party leader once described as being "kicked upstairs." Mr. McKinley offered to make Mr. Sherman his Secretary of State, and the aged Senator knew that he must accept. He felt no especial interest in diplomacy. Querulous and feeble and already verging upon senility, he shrank from taking up new duties for which he felt himself no longer fitted. Yet he was well aware that he had no choice. He must make way for Mr. Hanna; and hence he resigned the post of Senator to become the nominal chief of the new Cabinet—a pathetic figure, destined very soon to pass away entirely from public life.

The other Ministers were men of good executive ability, although of no especial prominence. In recognition of the aid given to Mr. McKinley by the Gold Democrats, one of their number, Mr. Lyman J. Gage, a Chicago banker, was made Secretary of the Treasury.* The war portfolio went to General Russell A. Alger of Michigan, a veteran of the Civil War, who had subsequently become known as an adroit politician and successful man of business. President McKinley's Secretary of the Navy was Mr. John D. Long of Massachusetts, a gentleman of scholarly tastes, who had had, however, no slight experience in public life, and who was soon to show himself an unusually capable administrator. The rest of the Cabinet, as originally constituted, may be dismissed with a mere mention. The Attorney-General was Mr. Joseph McKenna of California; the Postmaster-General was Mr. James A. Gary of Maryland; the Secretary of the Interior was Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss of New York; and the Secretary of Agriculture was Mr. James Wilson of Ohio.

President McKinley's first important official act was the issuance of a proclamation convening Congress in special

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, 1905, pp. 158, 159; and for May, 1905, pp. 301, 302.

*In 1892 President Cleveland had offered the Treasury portfolio to Mr. Gage, who declined it.

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session on March 15th, for the purpose of providing additional revenue for the Government, and to revise the tariff. Although the tariff question had been entirely subordinated in the late campaign, and although Mr. McKinley had secured his great majorities as a defender of the gold standard, it was plain that for the present he intended to ignore the money issue, and to use his power to restore the high protective duties of 1890. The Democratic opposition criticised this purpose, asserting that it involved an element of duplicity. It was declared that Mr. McKinley could not have been elected merely as a protectionist; yet his first concern was now a reversion to the very policy which the country had condemned in 1892. This criticism was unfair. The President fully intended to secure salutary legislation for the reform of the currency; but the time was not yet auspicious for such legislation. Although the Republican party had more than a working majority in both Houses of Congress,* there were still so many Republican Senators favourable to the cause of free silver as to prevent concerted and successful action toward legalising the gold standard. The President knew that the defeat of Mr. Bryan had put an end to all anxiety in the world of finance; and so, naturally enough, he turned to the revision of the tariff—a policy with which his name had been so long associated. But when he argued that a new tariff act was necessary to augment the revenues of the Government, he was on more debatable ground. The Wilson Act of 1894, though in many respects imperfect from the point of view of the tariff reformer, was not justly chargeable with the falling off in revenue during President Cleveland's term of office. In fact, had not President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury forced a balance,† the year 1892-93 would have shown a deficiency of nearly $48,000,000 for that period. Furthermore, the heaviest deficit under President Cleveland's administration ($69,000,000 in 1893-94) occurred while the McKinley Act was still in force and before the Wilson Act had become operative. Indeed, each succeeding year had witnessed an improvement in the Treasury balances; and in the very month when Mr. McKinley called Congress together to restore the high protective tariff, the Treasury report showed an actual surplus of nearly $9,000,000, the customs receipts for that month having been exceeded only twice in a period of more than forty years. It was plain enough, then, that the Wilson Act was in no wise responsible for the temporary loss of revenue from 1893 to 1895; and that if left alone it would now provide an ample income for the ordinary needs of the Government.

But in reality the question was not one of revenue at all. The old protective interests were clamouring for the full favours which they had formerly enjoyed. Not from altruistic motives had the manufacturing concerns contributed heavily to the campaign funds of the Republican Party in the late campaign. Their gifts had, on the contrary, been a strictly business investment; and the time had now come for them to receive full payment for their claims. When Congress met in extra session, a remarkable and quite unprecedented condition of affairs was at once made known. It showed more clearly than ever the wonderful compactness and machine-like efficiency of the Republican organisation since that party had passed under the control of "business men in politics." The elections of the preceding November had determined the composition of the new Congress; and so the leaders of the Republican majority, after conferring together, agreed upon a plan of action which took slight heed of precedent or of constitutional forms. It was understood that Mr. Reed should be re-elected Speaker of the House; and Mr. Reed in his turn indicated the Republican representatives whom he would appoint to membership in the Committee of Ways and Means. These gentlemen, therefore, in advance of their actual appoint-

*In the Senate there were 46 Republicans, 34 Democrats, 5 Populists, 2 "Silver Republicans" and 3 Independents. In the House there were 206 Republicans, 134 Democrats and 16 Populists.

†In 1893, Secretary Charles Foster, in his report, included among the Treasury's assets the bank-note redemption fund of $54,000,000, which had always been regarded by other Secretaries as a trust fund. In this way he converted an actual deficit into a nominal surplus.

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ment and before the new Congress was convened, had already framed a tariff bill. As soon as the extra session of March 15th began, their programme was carried out to the letter. Mr. Reed again became Speaker. He appointed the Committee precisely as he had agreed to do; and its chairman, Mr. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine, at once reported to the House the bill which he and his Republican associates had prepared. Never did a party measure so quickly pass the lower Chamber. Although the Dingley Bill, as it was called, filled one hundred and sixty-three printed pages, only twenty-two pages of it were considered and discussed upon the floor of the House. Mr. Reed's vigorous rulings made short work of the disheartened opposition; and in less than two weeks the bill was transmitted to the Senate,* where it was referred to the Committee on Finance.

In the Senate, its schedules were carefully examined and amended.† The bill, as reported by the Finance Committee, was by no means so very radical a measure as might have been expected. Though it was essentially protectionist in its general character, it contained some duties that were intended solely to produce revenue, and in many items the purely protective duties had been appreciably lowered. But in the open Senate a different tendency was seen. It was, in part, a repetition of the history of the Wilson Bill.‡ Now, as in 1894, there was an attempt on the part of disinterested Senators to make the measure a rational one from an economic and financial standpoint. But now, as in 1894, a number of Senators, who represented the great corporations and the manufacturers, interposed on behalf of their friends and benefactors. For more than two months the schedules were discussed item by item, and when the bill passed the Senate (July 7th) it contained 870 amendments. Like the Wilson Bill, it was then sent to a Conference Committee of both Houses. Here, however, its fate was very different from that of its Democratic predecessor. Republican organisation and party discipline were far too good to permit an open rupture between the conflicting interests. The influence of President McKinley and the firmness of Speaker Reed compelled an agreement; so that on July 24th, all details having been adjusted, the Dingley Bill passed both Houses of Congress and became a law.

On the whole, it resembled the McKinley Act of 1890, though the average rate of duty on imports was slightly lowered. Some features, however, deserve attention. The Wilson Act had remitted the duties upon wool; the Dingley Act not only restored them, but even made them higher, in spite of the fact that the increase was earnestly opposed by manufacturers of woollen goods. The Secretary of the Wool Manufacturers' Association had said to the Committee of the House:

> "Never until he had experience under free wool did the manufacturer realise the full extent of the disadvantages he suffers by reason of the wool duty."*

The reason why the tax on wool was restored in spite of so strong a protest is curiously illuminating as an example of the complexities of tariff-framing. Free wool had so stimulated the manufacture of woollen goods as to create an exceptional demand for the raw material. This demand had led ranch-owners in the far Western States to raise sheep instead of cattle, and it was found that they could produce wool cheaper than could the Ohio farmers. The latter, therefore, demanded a high tariff upon wool so as to limit the American manufacture of woollen goods and thus to keep down the demand for wool to the amount which they could themselves supply.† In other words, the heavy duty upon wool imposed by the Dingley Act was not intended to protect Americans against foreign competitors, but to protect one set of Americans, who lived in a Republican

*March 31, 1897.

†The Senate Committee on Finance held the bill until May 8th, before reporting it.

‡See THE BOOKMAN for September, 1905, pp. 44-47.

**Bulletin of the Wool Manufacturers* for March, 1897, p. 84 (quoted by Taussig, *Tariff History*, p. 329).

†*Bulletin of the Wool Manufacturers* for June, 1897, p. 133.

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State, against another set of their own countrymen. The wool duty, therefore, both hampered the woollen manufacturers of the United States and at the same time actually killed the new wool-growing industry west of the Mississippi River. This fact was pointed out as a perfect illustration of the essential selfishness and economic folly of protective legislation. It certainly emphasised the truth of General Hancock's declaration in 1880 that "the tariff is a local issue."

The duties on silks and linens were also considerably augmented; those on cottons were somewhat lower than in the McKinley Act. On most metals the rates of the Wilson Act were not greatly altered, while copper was even retained upon the free list. But on manufactured articles of iron and steel, the McKinley rates were practically restored. Of more interest were the sugar schedules, over which in 1894 the action of the Senate had created so much scandal, because of the favour shown to the Sugar Trust.* While the Dingley Bill was under consideration, the "sugar Senators" had in committee sought to secure new advantages for the Trust, and had reported "an entirely new scheme of sugar duties, partly specific and partly *ad valorem*, complicated in its effects and difficult to explain, except as a means of making concessions under disguise to the refiners."† This complicated scheme was rejected by the Senate itself, which, however, amended the House schedule in such a way as to increase the "differential" to the advantage of the Trust. But upon this point the House stood firm. It would take away none of the privileges which the Trust already enjoyed; but it would not augment them. In the end, the Senate was obliged to yield, thus leaving the existing situation substantially unchanged.

One other feature of the Dingley Bill was not without significance. As originally reported, it imposed a tax of 25 per cent. upon books and scientific instruments imported for the use of schools, colleges and other institutions of learning, and also levied an import duty of 20 per cent. on foreign works of art. This called out some very sharp comment. Wrote one critic:

"The Dingley tax on books and instruments for libraries and colleges, along with the renewed tax on art, shows the country how much the Republican party really cares for the intelligence of the nation to which it so earnestly appealed in the last campaign. It was never tired of boasting of the way the educated men of the land had rallied to its support, irrespective of former party preferences. . . . By making it difficult for us to take advantage of the discoveries and improvements of the leaders of thought and investigation in other lands, we simply condemn ourselves to be losers in the race. Taxing knowledge of this kind is both a mark and a cause of barbarism. Free art, of course, had to go. Paintings in oil and water-colours, admitted free by the Wilson Bill, have made it dangerously easy for our artists and the visitors to our public galleries to become familiar with foreign masterpieces. What has protection to do with education or art? Nothing, except to cripple them in every way."*

So much opposition was aroused by these clauses in the Dingley Bill as to lead to their modification. The duty on books and instruments was stricken out. The tax on works of art, however, still remained, in spite of the fact that nearly all American artists were opposed to it, and that no one, outside of Congress, had any interest in its retention. Taken as a whole, the Dingley Act made it plain that the extreme protectionists were still in control of the Republican Party, and that they had in no wise been affected by the experience of the past. This act, indeed, in several of its provisions carried the protective principle further than it had ever been extended. The anomaly was presented of gigantic industries, which were actually underselling foreign competitors in foreign markets, and yet at the same time demanding from Congress a duty to protect them against competition in the United States. Such a duty enabled them to compel Americans to pay more for certain American goods than the foreigner paid for precisely the same articles. This was the *reductio ad*

*See THE BOOKMAN for September, 1905, pp. 45, 46.

†Taussig, *op. cit.*, p. 351.

**The Nation*, March 25, 1897.

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absurdum of the Neo-Republican doctrine which had been rapidly developed since 1883. The "business man in politics," of whom Senator Hanna was a type, was not, however, disturbed by this economic monstrosity in its practical results. He knew that his own class reaped immense benefits from it, and perhaps he entertained a pious hope that it might in some way incidentally benefit the people as a whole. But his first thought was for himself alone, since this was "business;" and it gave him no concern if the tariff system of his time embodied a concrete defiance of all the principles which the early Republican protectionists—Lincoln, Morrill, Chase, Fessenden and Stevens—had avowed.*

If the people of the United States felt but a languid interest in an economic measure so important as the tariff act of 1897, the fact is easily explained. For ten years, American politics had turned almost exclusively upon questions of finance; and the culminating struggle of 1896 had left the great body of citizens wearied to the point of exhaustion. Nations, like individuals, are capable of being bored; and just as the salutary but uninteresting, domestic reforms of Gladstone finally made Englishmen out of sheer *ennui* turn to the brilliantly spectacular foreign policy of Disraeli, so after a decade of controversy over bimetallism and free silver and tariff schedules, most Americans were eager for some less prosaic theme of public interest. The economic era had itself represented a reaction from the long agonies of the Civil War; and now the swing of the pendulum found a new generation impatient of the commonplace, and avidly alert for a new national issue. There has been noted in the course of the present narrative, a growing tendency on the part of the United States to concern itself with its international relations. The intervention in Samoa against the aggression of the Germans was the first evidence of this new drift. The Chilean imbroglio was another; the Venezuelan incident was still another.* Not without significance, also, was the fact that in the American diplomatic service, the rank of Ambassador had been created by act of Congress in 1893, and that this rank had been conferred upon the Ministers Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Italy. The Republican platform of 1896 had, as already recorded in these pages, urged an increase of the navy, the annexation of Hawaii, and the purchase from Denmark of her West Indian possessions. All these circumstances served to show very plainly that the national activities would not long be confined to matters of purely domestic interest, but that the United States, grown conscious of its strength, was already stirred by an imperial ambition and the spirit of adventure. As it happened, a condition existed at its very gates, which quickened this new restlessness into an aggressive mood.

In February, 1895, the native inhabitants of Cuba, driven to desperation by the long misrule of their Spanish masters, rose in a revolt which gradually reduced the island to a condition resembling one of anarchy. Unable to defeat the disciplined troops of Spain in open battle, the rebels resorted to a guerilla warfare — cutting off small detachments, burning plantations, raiding villages, and endeavouring by incessant activity to sap the energy and exhaust the resources of their opponents. A Cuban Republic had been proclaimed; but it had no capital and had organised no government. It had not even an army, in the proper sense of the word; and its prowling bands of ill-armed peasants appeared and disappeared like phantoms. Nevertheless, although Spain had sent out to Cuba no less than 200,000 troops, the insurgents, under the leadership of Maximo Gomez and Antonio Maceo, fairly held their own, until by the end of 1896 they "roamed at will over three-fourths of the inland country."† The colours of Spain still floated over the cities, but the *in-*

*See *Taussig, op. cit.*, pp. 358-360; and for a discussion of the Dingley Act, mainly from a Republican standpoint, Stanwood, *American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century*, ii., pp. 360-394. (Boston, 1903.)

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, 1905, pp. 149-156; for June, 1905, pp. 368-374; and for October, 1905, pp. 121-130.

†Message of President Cleveland, December 7, 1896.

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surrectos were practically masters of the interior.

Meanwhile, Cuba, one of the richest and most fertile islands in the world, was being swiftly ruined. The furious devastation of property continued. Plantations and villages were laid waste, while it seemed as though any definite end to the destructive process might be deferred for years. The revolution in Cuba passed through two distinct stages. In 1895, the Spanish Governor-General was Martinez Campos, a high-souled, chivalrous soldier, who waged war in accordance with the usages of high civilisation. His ill success, however, led the Spanish Government to replace him by General Valeriano Weyler, a harshly tyrannical commander of the type of the infamous Haynau. Weyler had orders to crush the insurrection at any cost; and on October 21, 1896, he issued an order which put into effect his so-called policy of "reconcentration." From this moment the war ceased to be merely a war of repression and became a war of extermination. As the great body of the Cuban peasantry sympathised with the rebellion and gave aid and comfort to the rebels, Weyler's order directed that these people be driven in herds to the vicinity of the fortified towns. There they were penned in like cattle, and were compelled to subsist under conditions which no cattle could have endured. Deprived of their homes and with little clothing, they lay upon the earth, with foul air, foul water, and foul food, until, emaciated and diseased, they died like flies. In all, there were some 400,000 of these *reconcentrados,* and their condition excited at once the pity and the indignation of the world.

When the war in Cuba first broke out, American sympathy was very naturally extended to the insurgents. A little later it was seen that American interests were directly involved. As President Cleveland said to Congress in his last annual message:*

"It [Cuba] lies so near to us as to be hardly separated from our territory. Our actual pecuniary interest in it is second only to that of the people and Government of Spain. It is reasonably estimated that at least from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 of American capital are invested in plantations and in railroad, mining and other business enterprises on the island. The volume of trade between the United States and Cuba, which in 1889 amounted to about $64,000,000, rose in 1893 to about $103,000,000, and in 1894 (the year before the present insurrection broke out) amounted to nearly $96,000,000. Besides this large pecuniary stake in the fortunes of Cuba, the United States finds itself inextricably involved in the present contest in other ways both vexatious and costly."

*December 7, 1896.

The last sentence here quoted refers to the fact that many American citizens resident in Cuba had been arrested and ill-treated by Spanish officials on the charge of aiding the Cuban rebels, and that these arrests had led to incessant friction between the Government of the United States and that of Spain. In 1895 a Spanish fort had even fired upon an American passenger steamer, the *Alliança,* when the latter was beyond the three-mile limit. Furthermore, in the enforcement of its obligations, the United States was compelled to guard its long line of sea coast against filibustering expeditions and to endure the recriminations directed against it by the Spanish press and people. Nevertheless, for the space of a year and a half, Mr. Cleveland, following the example of President Grant during the so-called Ten Years' War,* had studiously abstained from interference with Spanish operations in the island. While offering, from time to time, his friendly mediation to secure a cessation of hostilities, he had respected the rights of Spain, and had so strictly enforced the statutes against filibustering expeditions as to make himself exceedingly unpopular among American sympathisers with Cuba. Finally, however, after Weyler's reconcentration order had been issued, and after it was fairly evident that Spain could not repress the revolution, President Cleveland, in his annual message of December 7, 1896, showed plainly that

*This war was waged in Cuba from 1868 to 1878, and was terminated by the promise of Spain (in the Treaty of Zanjon) to grant autonomy to Cuba. The promise had not been kept. See the section "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy," in Hart, *The Foundations of American Foreign Relations.* (New York, 1901.)

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the Government of the United States would not much longer maintain a passive attitude. Recapitulating the facts with regard to Cuba, he wrote some sentences of ominous import. He said:

"Neither has Spain made good her authority, nor have the insurgents made good their title to be regarded as an independent State. Except in towns, the whole island is given over to anarchy. . . . It cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained. . . . When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest . . . a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations which we can hardly hesitate to recognise and to discharge. . . . The United States is not a nation to which peace is a necessity."

Apart from the natural sympathy with which Americans regard any struggle for political independence, and apart also from any commercial interests which were threatened by the Cuban insurrection, there was still another reason for American resentment against Spain. Thousands of Americans recalled a grievous outrage against the dignity of the United States for which Spain had been responsible in the past and which had never been avenged. This was the famous episode of the *Virginius*. On October 31, 1873, during the former revolution in Cuba, an American merchant vessel, the *Virginius*, was forcibly captured on the high seas by the Spanish gunboat *Tornado*. The American flag was hauled down and trampled upon, and the *Virginius* itself, with its captain, passengers and crew, of whom nine were American citizens, were taken to the port of Santiago de Cuba. Captain Fry and the ship's company were cast into prison, and by order of the Spanish Governor, General Burriel, were tried by drum-head court martial. Fifty-three of the fifty-six were condemned and shot, and the survivors were also sentenced to be executed. At this moment, however, there steamed into the harbour of Santiago the British man-of-war *Niobe*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Sir) Lambton Lorraine. When he learned of what had been done and of what was then impending, he wasted no time in official correspondence. Swinging his ship about, broadside on, he sent a curt note to General Burriel intimating that unless the order of execution were suspended, the *Niobe's* guns would at once open fire upon the city.* General Burriel revoked his order immediately; but, none the less, fifty-three unarmed persons had been taken from under the protection of the American flag and had been shot to death. Indignation in the United States was extreme. President Grant took measures to place the navy upon a war footing and caused a strong protest to be made to the Spanish Minister, who with true Castilian haughtiness refused to receive it. On the following day (November 4th), the American Minister at Madrid (General Sickles) was notified by cable: "In case of refusal of satisfactory reparation within twelve days from this date, you will at the expiration of that time close your legation and leave Madrid." Spain still gave no satisfactory reply; and, therefore, on November 15th, Secretary Fish again cabled: "If Spain cannot redress these outrages, the United States will." Nevertheless, when the twelve days expired Spain had not yielded, nor did General Sickles leave Madrid. As a matter of fact, the United States was in a most humiliating position. Its navy, under the corrupt administration of Secretary Robeson, had so degenerated that it did not possess a single fighting ship that could have met successfully the Spanish armoured cruisers with their modern guns. Even the antiquated hulks still in commission were scattered and ill-equipped, and time was necessary to collect them. The Spaniards knew this very well and sneered at all American protests. Finally, however (November 25th), President Grant resolved on war, if war were necessary. Whatever losses the United States might at first sustain, in the end there could be no doubt of the result. Hence, another cablegram was sent to General Sickles

*This spirited act received the full approval of the British Government. Sir Lambton Lorraine was afterwards entertained, and presented with a service of plate, by the people of New York.

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at Madrid: "If no accommodation is reached by the close of to-morrow, leave." When the morrow came, Spain proposed a sort of compromise. She would surrender the *Virginius* and would proceed against her own officials, if it should be found that they had violated the treaty rights of the United States. She would not, however, in surrendering the *Virginius*, salute the flag of the United States nor give any compensation for the men who had been done to death. This compromise was accepted by the American Government,* partly because a war was then most undesirable, and partly because there was some serious doubt as to the regularity of the papers which the *Virginius* carried. It is now, indeed, quite certain that the *Virginius* was engaged in an unlawful errand and was conveying both men and ammunition to the Cuban rebels. Yet this circumstance did not justify her capture on the high seas or the execution of her crew and passengers by the sentence of a court martial. When the Spaniards came to surrender the ship to American naval officers, they did so in a fashion that was full of insult. The surrender took place, not in the harbour of Santiago, but in the secluded and lonely port of Bahia Honda, where few could witness it; and before delivering the *Virginius*, the interior of the ship had been knocked to pieces, and its decks smeared with excrement and other filth.

This mortifying incident had not been forgotten by the American people; and the memory of it gave poignancy to the anger with which they viewed the barbarities of Weyler. In 1896 both the Democratic and the Republican platforms had expressed sympathy with the Cuban people, and the Republican declaration had even hinted at actual intervention by the United States. Such was the situation when President McKinley took office, and before long that situation became acute.

The continuance of General Weyler's cruelties swelled from week to week the rising tide of American anger, which was also increased by many special incidents. The frequent arrest of American citizens in Cuba, the ill-treatment often accorded to them, and the insults directed against American consular officers in the island, all of which received a sensational publicity in the press, aroused public sentiment in the United States to a pitch of dangerous irritation. A definite desire for intervention in Cuba became more manifest. In Congress a majority of both Houses were willing to recognise the Cuban rebels as belligerents. Even under President Cleveland it had been proposed to grant this recognition by joint resolution. Secretary Olney, however, had bluntly declared that even should such a joint resolution be adopted by Congress, the President would entirely ignore it. In truth, the Cubans had not yet gained the right to the status of belligerency, and this was President McKinley's opinion, as set forth in his first annual message (December 6, 1897). Nevertheless, events were drifting dangerously toward a definite crisis. The Spanish Government was still unwilling to consider even friendly mediation on the part of the United States. The Spanish people believed that Americans were secretly aiding the Cuban rebels; and this, in fact, was true, although President McKinley, like President Cleveland, honestly endeavoured to prevent it. He felt obliged, however, to make, in September, 1897, a peremptory demand for the release or speedy trial of all American citizens under arrest. He had previously* asked Congress to appropriate the sum of $50,000 for the benefit of indigent Americans in Cuba, and this help had been promptly given. All recognised that the situation was becoming unendurable. On September 18, 1897, General Stewart L. Woodford, the new American Minister to Spain, once more tendered to the Spanish Government the friendly offices of the United States. In doing so he wrote a sentence of which the language, although guarded, was full of meaning.†

*See President Grant's annual Message of December 1, 1873, and his special Message of January 5, 1874.

*May 17, 1897.

†"I cannot disguise the gravity of the situation, nor conceal the conviction of the President that should his present effort be fruitless, his duty to his countrymen will necessitate an early decision as to the course of action which the time and the transcendent emergency may demand."

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A new ministry had been formed in Madrid under the premiership of the Liberal leader, Señor Sagasta. He replied to General Woodford's note by announcing that Spain would grant to the Cubans the right of self-government under Spanish sovereignty. General Weyler was recalled and General Blanco was appointed in his place. The reconcentration order was modified, and for a time it seemed as though the crisis had passed. Such, however, was not the case. The Cubans, remembering the promises which Spain had broken in 1878, refused to lay down their arms. The *reconcentrados* experienced no real relief. Finally, the Spanish loyalists in the island bitterly resented even a nominal grant of self-government to the Cubans. Mobs in Havana threatened the authorities, and marched through the streets, cheering for Weyler and cursing President McKinley and the United States. So formidable were these outbreaks that the American Consul-General, Fitzhugh Lee, appealed to his Government to send a naval force to Cuban waters. The same request had been often made before, but now at last it was heeded. In January, 1898, orders were issued in Washington for the North Atlantic squadron to rendezvous at the Dry Tortugas, within six hours' steaming distance of Cuba; and on the 25th of the same month, the second-class battleship *Maine* was ordered to Havana.* The despatch of the *Maine* was officially declared to be a friendly act. The Spanish Government was notified, and it consented, somewhat reluctantly, to the presence of the American warship. Señor Sagasta, in a courteous note, informed the American Government that Spain would reciprocate by sending the Spanish armoured cruiser *Vizcaya* to visit the harbour of New York. The *Maine* was received with punctilious attention by the Spanish authorities in Havana. She was conducted to her anchorage by a Spanish officer, and her commander, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, became the official guest of the Spanish Governor-General. The people and the press of Havana were, however, far less amiable.* Meanwhile, a powerful squadron of battleships and cruisers was gathering at Key West, under the command of Captain William T. Sampson, who kept in communication with the commander of the *Maine* by means of the torpedo-boat *Cushing*.

This was the situation at the beginning of February, 1898, when an incident occurred to strain still further the relations between the United States and Spain. The Spanish Minister at Washington, Señor Dupuy de Lome, had written a private letter to a friend of his in Havana, Señor Canalejas. This letter fell into the hands of a Cuban sympathiser, who gave it to the American press, and it was published in translation on February 9th. The letter spoke cynically of Spain's grant of self-government to Cuba. It suggested bad faith in Spain's dealings with the American Government, and it contained one passage which was grossly disrespectful to the American President. Señor de Lome wrote of Mr. McKinley's message:

"Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness with which it repeated all that the press and public opinion in Spain have said of Weyler, it shows once more that McKinley is weak and a caterer to the rabble, and, moreover, a cheap politician (*debil y populachero y ademas un politicastro*) who wishes to leave a door open to himself and to stand well with the jingoes of his party."

The publication of this letter led to de Lome's immediate resignation, though the Spanish Government disclaimed all sympathy with its sentiments. Popular excitement, both in the United States and in Spain, increased daily. Spain protested against the presence of the American squadron at Key West, and against the action of the Red Cross Society in collecting subscriptions for the relief of the *reconcentrados*. In the United

*The cruiser *Montgomery* was at the same time ordered to touch at the Cuban ports of Santiago and Matanzas.

*On one occasion, Captain Sigsbee, while ashore, had a small printed sheet thrust into his hand. It contained, among others, the following paragraph:

"These Yankee pigs who meddle with our affairs, humiliate us in the last degree; and as an even greater provocation, send us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our own home."

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States, a section of the press published the most inflammatory appeals in behalf of Cuba. In the Senate, the question of intervention was debated from day to day; and many influential leaders of both Houses urged aggressive action upon President McKinley. The President, however, showed great firmness and self-control. A member of his Cabinet afterwards wrote:

"During the consideration of the notes exchanged, I was often struck by the concern manifested by President McKinley and his advisers of the Cabinet to be considerate of the susceptibilities of the Spanish people, and at the same time to attain the one object in view —the permanent pacification of Cuba."*

Then occurred an event of momentous and far-reaching consequences. At a little before ten o'clock on the evening of February 15th, the battleship *Maine*, as she lay at anchorage in the harbour of Havana, was blown up by an explosion which wrecked the ship, with a loss of two officers and two hundred and sixty-four enlisted men. The news of this appalling catastrophe reached Washington soon after midnight,



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE

*Long. *The New American Navy*, i., p. 133. (New York, 1903.)



GENERAL WEYLER

in the form of a telegram from Captain Sigsbee, in command of the *Maine*. After briefly narrating the loss of his ship, he added the words: "Public opinion should be suspended until further report." A thrill of horror and indignation, unparalleled since the firing upon Sumter, swept over the American people. Nevertheless, there was no violent demand for vengeance. The gravity of the situation gave steadiness and poise to public opinion. The nation displayed a universal willingness to suspend judgment until a full and rigorous investigation should be made. The tone of the press throughout the country was admirable, and is well exemplified in an editorial which appeared in the Philadelphia *Press* on February 18th:

"With the continued tension of feeling and the uncertainty respecting the catastrophe to the *Maine*, there rests unabated the continued duty to sobriety and reserve of judgment. This is due to truth, to reason and to ultimate justice."*

*See also the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the Providence *Journal*, the Washington *Post* and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* of the same date.

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Mr. Henry Watterson wrote in the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

"We are the people of common sense as well as of high spirit. Hence we have never yet gone into a war that was not justified. Hence, too, we await some definite reports as to the disaster which befell the *Maine* before asserting any other sentiment than horror at the calamity and grief for its victims."

And the Kansas City *Star* well said that the United States was not seeking war, but was endeavouring to ascertain whether an act of war had already been committed against it. "A great nation can afford to take time to be perfectly just."

Telegrams of sympathy from the governments of foreign countries poured in upon the President. The Spanish Prime Minister spoke words of profound sympathy and sorrow, as did also Governor-General Blanco in Havana; while the high-minded and womanly Queen Regent of Spain cabled an expression of her personal feeling of horror and regret. The honour of Spain as a civilised power was indeed at stake. That so terrible an event should have happened in a time of peace to the warship of a friendly nation while its commander was a guest of Spain, jeopardised her place in the family of nations. There were many, however, who believed that the disaster to the American battleship had been an accident, due either to the carelessness of the officers and crew or to the spontaneous combustion of high explosives stored within her hull. This view was tentatively held by not a few Americans, while it was almost universally adopted in such European nations as sympathised with Spain in her controversy with the United States.

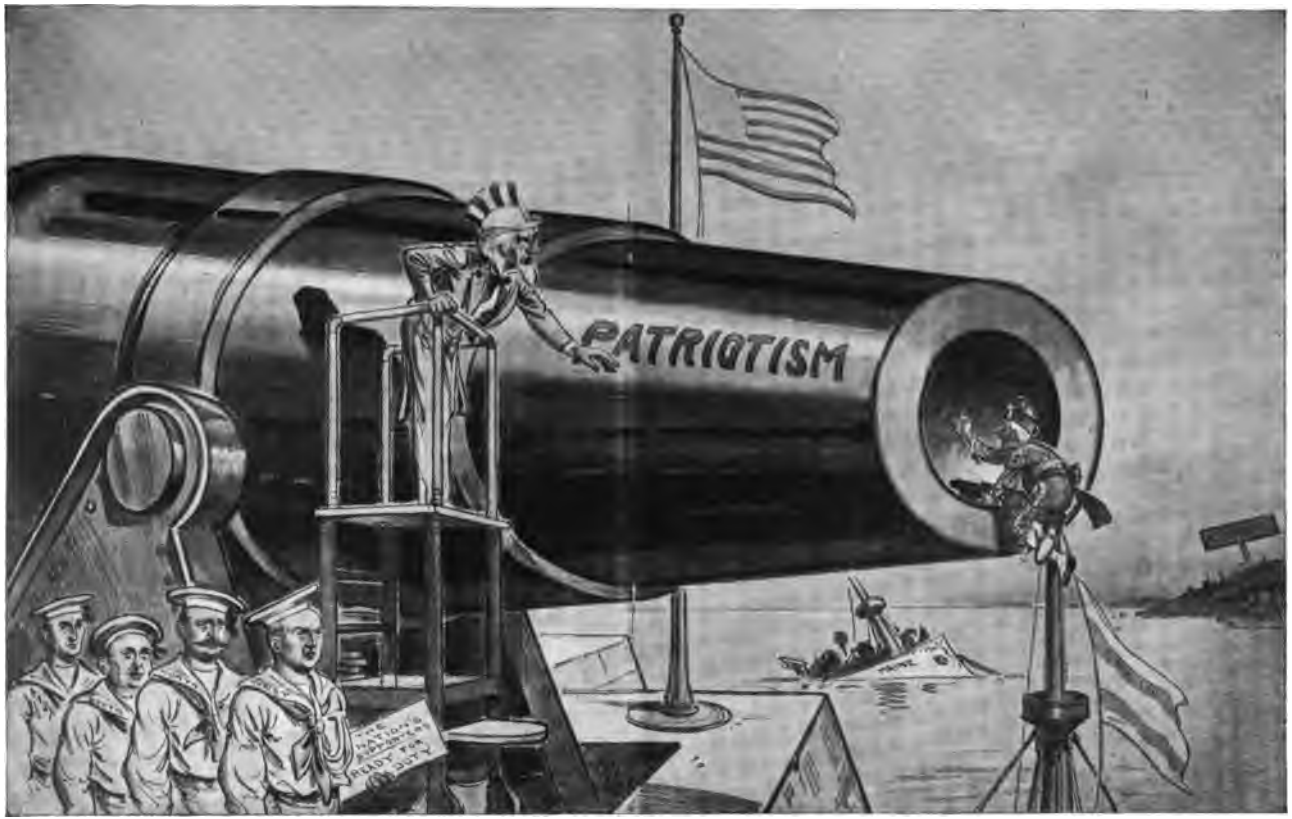
President McKinley immediately ordered a naval court of inquiry to investigate the cause of the disaster. This court was composed of officers whose high professional standing was unquestioned, its president being Captain W. T. Sampson, who had served as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. After a very careful examination of the circumstances, based in part upon the work of divers who examined the wreckage underneath the water, the court of inquiry made its report to the Secretary of the Navy on March 21st. The report showed conclusively that the *Maine* had been destroyed from without, apparently by a submarine mine. This was made evident by the circumstance that the plates of the ship had been blown inward and its keel driven upward through its deck—the reverse of what would have happened had the explosion been an internal one. The court confined itself to a detailed statement of the facts and of its own conclusions. It did not attempt to fix the responsibility upon any one. Subsequently a Spanish court of inquiry made an independent examination, and reported that the explosion had been an internal one; but it gave no facts such as would amount to a justification of this opinion.

It was now obvious to those in power that war could not be long averted. The temper of the people both in the United States and in Spain became distinctly belligerent. The Spanish press teemed with insults directed against the "Yankee pigs." One influential journal, *El Globo* of Madrid, remarked:

"As a matter of fact, the United States is at present very much like an immense ***Maine*** floating between the Atlantic and the Pacific; and some of her crew have evidently lost their heads. . . . President McKinley, the commander, does his best to restore order among his undisciplined crew. The real *Maine* was lost in consequence of the slipshod manner in which the enormous quantities of explosives were stored, and to the undue haste which caused these war preparations to be made on board a vessel manned by an ill-disciplined crew. The ruin of the United States will also probably be caused by an explosion. In this case, however, it will really be 'external.'"

In the United States an equally bitter feeling now prevailed. Meetings were held in the great cities to urge a declaration of war and the recognition of the Cuban Republic. The tone of the press became more and more warlike. Spanish flags were burned by great crowds which cheered for Free Cuba, and reproached the Government for its apparent inactivity. President McKinley, however, and his advisers were far from deserving

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BE CAREFUL! IT'S LOADED!

Cartoon from *Judge*.

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this reproach. They knew that war was unavoidable, yet they were desirous of gaining time for preparation. The navy-yards and arsenals worked night and day. Messages, speeding under the sea, directed the rapid concentration of ships of war at strategic points. Unfinished vessels were hastily completed. Repairs were made with all possible expedition. A naval officer was sent to Europe to purchase men-of-war from foreign nations. An immense number of torpedoes and submarine mines were bought or manufactured for the defense of American harbours. Guns were mounted on the sea-coast fortifications. On March 8th, Congress unanimously voted an appropriation of $50,000,000 to be placed at the disposal of the President "as an emergency fund for national defence." Spain responded to this measure by securing a loan of 200,000,000 pesetas ($40,000,000) from the Bank of Spain. On April 1st, Congress appropriated for the navy a further sum of $39,000,000. Negotiations still continued between Spain and the United States with regard to the Cuban situation, but with no satisfactory results. The recall of General Fitzhugh Lee from Cuba was demanded by the Spanish Government and was refused by the United States. Spain proposed to submit to arbitration its alleged responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine;* but this offer was declined. The issue between the two countries had now passed far beyond that isolated subject of dispute.

Meanwhile, the relations of certain foreign Powers to the controversy assumed a serious importance. Three European countries of the first rank were anxious either to prevent the outbreak of a war or, if it were possible, directly to intervene on behalf of Spain. These three nations were Austria, France and Germany. The motives animating their governments were quite diverse. The Austrian Emperor had a dynastic interest in the welfare of the Spanish kingdom; for the Queen Regent of that country was a Hapsburg, the daughter of the Austrian Archduke Karl Ferdinand, and personally admired and loved by the aged Kaiser. The interest of France in the dispute was a financial one. French citizens had invested large sums of money in Spanish bonds, while French bankers had financed a great number of Spanish commercial enterprises. A war between Spain and the United States must necessarily depreciate the value of these investments; and, therefore, France was eager to give the strongest possible support to its Iberian neighbour.

The case of Germany was different from either that of Austria or France. There was no ill-will between the American people and the people of the German Empire. They were friends, as they had always been. But the official class in Germany disliked all that was American—the easy-going ways, the democratic manners, and, above all, the material success of the American Republic. The German military caste had been humiliated by the stubborn resistance offered to German ambition in Samoa, and by the subsequent defeat of Bismarck in his negotiation with American commissioners at Berlin. The German Kaiser, with his colonial ambition, had long been vexed to find that the sturdiest of his subjects refused to go on any terms to Kamerun or to Tasmania; while every ship that sailed from German ports to the United States bore hundreds away to that Republic whose strength they made still stronger and whose loyal sons their sons became. Hence, to the German Junker, to the arrogant representatives of militarism, and to the monarch who believed in the divine origin of his own power, America seemed a land that existed only to unsettle the minds of the lowly and to mock by its prosperity and contentment the basic principles of autocratic rule. For many years, therefore, the official German feeling towards the United States had been one of smouldering dislike. Moreover, the General Staff at Berlin entertained the lowest possible opinion of American military power. The mighty contest which was waged on American soil during four years of civil war made no impression upon the German experts. It was Von Moltke himself of whom a visitor once inquired: "Have you given much attention to the battles of the American war?" And he replied, with an icy stare: "I have no time to waste in studying the struggles of two armed

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mobs." So spoke Von Moltke, and so thought all the disciples of that great tactician. Americans were highly prosperous. They were good at trading and at slaughtering hogs; but they deserved serious notice only when they made themselves offensive to the *Hochwohlgeboren*.

In 1898, a new motive swayed the restless mind of William II. He was now carrying out with vigour his favourite project of a great colonial empire and of a navy able to defend it. His attempts at colonisation in Africa had not met with much success. His subjects could not be induced to go out as settlers to lands so utterly unlike the land in which they had been born. In the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, however, many Germans had found homes and had formed the nucleus of what might with careful nursing become a German State. Brazil was weak. What, then, stood in the way of finding in South America an outlet for German emigration, in a country over which the flag of imperial Germany might be ultimately raised? Nothing, save the fixed purpose of the United States that no part of the American Continent should be regarded as subject to future colonisation by any European power. But how far, so queried the Kaiser, was a nation of traders and money-grubbers able to maintain this doctrine in the face of a great military State like Germany? Of how much importance was the new American navy? What fighting power was there in the sort of "armed mob" which Americans were satisfied to call an army? These questions flitted through the Kaiser's mind at the moment when war seemed to be impending between the United States and Spain. Here was a rare opportunity for testing the American capacity for war against the fleets and armies of a European nation. The theoretical soldiers at Berlin knew that Spain had two hundred thousand regular troops in Cuba; they knew, also, that Spain possessed on paper a navy not much inferior to that of the United States. They argued, therefore, that the war must be a fairly long one, and that if the Americans invaded Cuba with their motley forces equipped with small arms that were obsolete, and unprovided with siege artillery, they must inevitably be defeated by the Spanish regulars. As to the navy, the Germans were not so sure; but at least they thought that the contest on the sea would be fairly even. Hence the Kaiser looked for a prolonged contest, with the odds somewhat in favour of Spain, at least at the beginning of the war. In order that these odds might be quite overwhelming, the officials in the Wilhelmsstrasse conceived the plan of a diplomatic demonstration by the chief Continental powers, which should hint at intervention on behalf of Spain. This scheme to embarrass the American Government appears to have found a ready acceptance at the French Foreign Office and undoubtedly at Vienna. Its consummation must, however, be carried out in Washington.

There remained, however, one factor in the situation with which these three pro-Spanish powers had still to reckon. This was the attitude of Great Britain, as to which nothing as yet was known, but which was of the very last importance. If that nation, with its mighty fleet, should give even a passive support to the scheme of intervention, then the United States might well be forced to halt and to recede from aggressive action. Lord Salisbury had given explicit instructions to Sir Julian Pauncefote in Washington; but the purport of these instructions was unknown. On April 6th, Sir Julian, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, received at the British Embassy the representatives of France, Austria, Germany and Italy. Just what took place at this gathering is not definitely known. It is practically certain, however, that the Continental diplomats suggested that a joint note be addressed to President McKinley, couched in such terms as to imply a cordial understanding between the signers of the note on behalf of their respective governments. It was intended so to word this letter as to make it in effect a protest against the attitude of the United States, and an intimation that the five great Powers would not view with indifference an attack upon the sovereignty of Spain in Cuba. To the consternation of the plotters, the British Ambassador gave a flat refusal. Great Britain would not, by word or deed, do anything to mar the very cordial relations

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DR. VON HOLLEBEN, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

which now existed between her and the United States. Back of this plain assertion there lurked something even more significant—a veiled intention on the part of her Majesty's Government to give the United States an entirely free hand. When these words had been spoken, intervention became at once impossible, and it was hastily agreed that the joint note should contain only a friendly and humane expression of a general desire for peace. Such a note was then prepared, and was read to the President on April 7th by Sir Julian Pauncefote, who was accompanied to the White House by Dr. von Holleben the German Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon the French Ambassador, Baron von Hegenmüller the Minister of Austria-Hungary, and the Chargés d'Affaires of Italy and Russia. The text of the note communicated to the President was as follows:

"The undersigned, representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy and Russia, duly authorised in that behalf, address in the name of their respective governments a pressing appeal to the feelings of humanity and moderation of the President and of the American people, in their existing difficulties with Spain. They earnestly hope that further negotiations will lead to an agreement, which, while securing the maintenance of peace, will afford all necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in Cuba. The Powers do not doubt that the humanitarian and purely disinterested character of this representation will be fully recognised and appreciated by the American nation."

To the reading of this note, President McKinley made the following reply:

"The Government of the United States recognises the good will which has prompted the friendly communication of the representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy and Russia, as set forth in the address of your Excellencies, and shares the hope therein expressed that the outcome of the situation in Cuba may be the maintenance of peace between the United States and Spain by affording the necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

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there which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquility of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiments of humanity.

"The Government of the United States appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the Powers named; and, for its part, is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavours to fulfil a duty to humanity by ending a situation, the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable."

The note and the reply were rather neatly summarised by an editorial writer as follows:

"Said the six Ambassadors: 'We hope for humanity's sake you will not go to war.' Said Mr. McKinley in reply: 'We hope if we do go to war, you will understand that it is for humanity's sake.' And the incident was closed."*

The failure of this diplomatic plot lent venom to the comments which Continental journals published with regard to Spanish-American affairs. The Paris *Temps* predicted that a war would have "grave international consequences" to the United States and might even "produce a revolution and lead to the development of Cæsarism, an evil which gnaws the vitals of every democracy." The *Journal des Débats* spoke of American intervention in Cuba as "an act of international piracy, without a shadow of justice about it." The *Libre Parole* in a vituperative article made clear the fact that Great Britain's attitude was thoroughly well understood upon the Continent. It said:

"Great Britain is the hypocritical partner of the United States. Their alliance against Spain is a disgrace; but it is just as well to have them work together now, since together they will have to render an account to international justice. The time is coming when Europe will no longer tolerate such miscreants and assassins as John Bull and Brother Jonathan."

In Austria the comments of the press were equally unfavourable. The *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna declared that a war with Spain would be "criminal," and asserted that only an infinitesimal minority of the Cubans favoured annexation to the United States. But it was in Germany that anti-Americanism took on its most offensive form. Thus the Berlin *Echo* remarked:

"A great deal of noise is made about the $50,000,000 voted for warlike preparations; but this means very little, since the armament of the United States was at zero. Moreover, one cannot tell how much of this money will stick in dirty hands. In short, European opinion generally supports the view that the American people yell loudest for war and are least prepared, while the Spaniards are more anxious for peace, but are better armed."

Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten,* compared the behaviour of the Americans to that of an incendiary "who pretends to help extinguish the flames in order to hide his own guilt." "This notoriously disreputable Republic has the assurance to pose as a censor of the morals of European monarchies." *Die Nation* of Berlin said that if war came, it would be due to "the low politicians of democracy." General Bronsart von Schellendorf, formerly Prussian Minister of War, was quoted as saying that in German military circles the fighting capacity of the American army was not rated highly, and that the American navy was not sufficiently powerful to destroy the Spanish fleet. A widely read Dutch paper, the *Nieuws van den Dag* of Amsterdam, which got its inspiration from Paris and Berlin, was particularly bitter. Spain, it said, has proved itself a nation of men capable of any sacrifice in behalf of their national honour.

"The corruption of the Spanish officials will have to become a great deal worse before it can rival in rottenness the administration of Tammany-ridden New York or of Porkopolis. . . . The meanest thing of all is that the Americans try to avoid the responsibility of declaring war, and seek to insult Spain so grossly that the proud Spaniard loses patience. But there is danger for the rich pork-butchers of Chicago and the corrupt debauchees of New York, who speculate *à la baisse* in war."

*New York *World*. April 8, 1898.

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THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

The Continental press teemed with the grossest caricatures, in which Americans were drawn as swine. It was declared again and again that the navy of the United States was utterly devoid of discipline and training and that the army would be put to flight by the Spanish regulars. In England both press and people were heartily in sympathy with the United States. Only one conspicuous exception was found, and this was in the *Saturday Review* of London, which maintained to the full its old traditions of hostility to everything American. It described the United States as "socially sordid to the last degree," and as having "contributed nothing to the self-respect of humanity. On the contrary, it has shown all the world to what a depth of public depravity civilisation is capable of descending." Of President McKinley it said: "Mr. Pecksniff rebuking vanity and selfishness never struck a more beautiful attitude. America is not ready for war; the authorities at Washington know how much all this pot-valiant bragging is worth." Then it proceeded to forecast the result of a war between the United States and Spain. It described the American seamen as "the sweeping of the quays of New York and New Orleans—men who deserted their own ships, attracted by the high pay and easy life of the American marine, to whom in most cases fighting is the last thing thought of. . . . The Spaniards, on the other hand, are still capable of sublime heroism and daring on the high seas, and it is not at all clear



ALFONSO XIII. AT THE TIME OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

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that Chile and Peru and Mexico may not . . . discover that they, too, have a moral sense which is capable of being outraged by oppression and injustice."*

As the weeks went by, American preparation took on the aspect of completeness. The naval militia was mobilised. Swift ocean steamers were chartered and equipped with modern guns.† Two protected cruisers, a gunboat and two torpedo boats were bought in England. Of the regular naval force, a strong fleet had now assembled at Key West under Captain Sampson; a flying squadron under Commodore Schley lay at anchor in Hampton Roads; while a patrol squadron under Commodore Howell cruised in the vicinity of the northern sea-coast cities. In Asiatic waters, Commodore George Dewey collected at Hong Kong the ships under his command; and to him were despatched large quantities of ammunition on the cruiser *Baltimore*. More than fifteen hundred torpedoes and mines were placed in the principal harbours of American sea-coast cities.‡ The Spanish War Office also displayed activity. A Spanish squadron was ordered to St. Vincent, and rumour said that another naval force was assembled at the Cape Verde Islands. The moment for decisive action had arrived. On April 11th, the President sent to Congress a special message in which, after a recapitulation of recent events, he asked that he be empowered

"to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba . . . and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes. . . . In the name of humanity, in the name of civilisation, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

"The issue is now with the Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action."

To this message, Congress responded on the 19th,* by adopting a joint resolution declaring that the people of Cuba were, and of right ought to be, free and independent; authorising the President to demand that Spain relinquish her sovereignty over Cuba and withdraw her forces from that island; directing him to employ the army and navy to enforce this demand; and finally asserting, on the part of the United States, a determination to leave the government and control of Cuba to its people.

Pursuant to this mandate, the President caused to be cabled to General Woodford, American Minister to Spain, the text of an ultimatum. But already the Spanish Minister in Washington had demanded and received his passports, and had departed for Canada. Before General Woodford in Madrid could communicate with the Foreign Office, he received a note from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations between the United States and Spain had already terminated. General Woodford thereupon left Madrid. Under very trying circumstances, he had borne himself with great dignity and circumspection. For a long while, he and his family had been subjected in Madrid to something like a social ostracism; yet he had made no sign, and had compelled the personal respect, both of the diplomatic corps and even of the Spanish officers of state.

Events marched fast. The Queen Regent of Spain, attended by her son, the King—then a boy of twelve years—addressed the assembled Cortes in a speech animated by a noble yet pathetic courage;† and the people of her capital greeted her with frenzied cheers as she made eloquent

**Saturday Review,* April 23, 1898.

†In all, more than one hundred merchantmen and swift steamers were purchased and transformed into auxiliary cruisers, gunboats and colliers. Upon these transformed vessels more than five hundred guns were mounted.

‡See Long, *op. cit.*, i., pp. 125-164; Alger, *The Spanish-American War*, pp. 15-28. (New York, 1901.)

*The delay was due to a difference of opinion between the Senate and the House as to the wording of the joint resolution.

†Translation in Wilcox, *A Short History of the War with Spain*, pp. 87, 88. (New York, 1898.)

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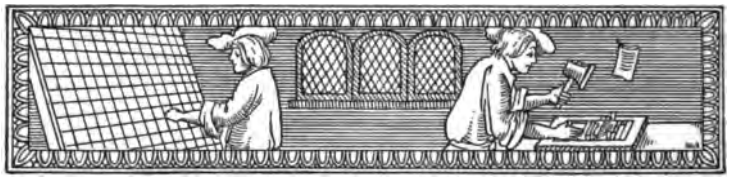
appeal to their loyalty. On the following day, Captain Sampson, now raised to the rank of acting Rear Admiral, was directed to blockade the coast of Cuba. The President, almost simultaneously, called by proclamation for 125,000 volunteers. Already detachments of regular troops were moving southward. Erelong they began to pitch their tents in Key West. On April 25th, Congress, by a unanimous vote of both Houses, made a formal declaration of war.

It was with a feeling of relief that Americans received the tidings of this momentous step. At last the long expected hour had come. The nation entered upon the struggle *à cœur léger*. Curiously enough, there was expressed no hatred of the Spanish people. The war appeared to the multitude in the light of a romantic episode, a picturesque adventure. In the cities, at the theatres and restaurants, orchestras played patriotic airs, intermingling "The Star Spangled Banner" with the strains of "Dixie." Men and women leaped to their feet and sang the words. An air of buoyant gaiety pervaded every gathering. Once more the nation was truly and inseparably one, and patriotism was not only universal,—it was the fashion.

Far more remarkable was the manner in which the news was greeted in Great Britain. Within six hours after the cable had told the story, all gigantic London burst out into rainbow hues of the American national colours. Thousands of American flags floated from shops, hotels and private houses; while streamers of red, white and blue effected a brilliant contrast with the smoky hues of the metropolis. A great multitude of people assembled before the American Embassy, cheering heartily for the United States. No such demonstration in behalf of another country had ever been witnessed in the British capital. It banished forever from the hearts of all Americans who witnessed it the memory of other days, when the ties of blood and language had been almost sundered.

But history was already making. From Washington, on the preceding day, a brief despatch had flashed around the world to Commodore Dewey at Hong Kong:

"War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavours."



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THE "JUST SO" STORY AND SOME RECENT FICTION



UDYARD KIPLING, who has a special gift for packing away the substance of an essay within a single headline or title, has perhaps nowhere condensed a keener bit of literary criticism into three small words than when he named his volume of nonsense tales for very young children the *Just So Stories*. No one who has mastered the pleasant but difficult art of telling a bed-time story to the satisfaction of critical childhood, needs to have the meaning of that title explained—because no one could make a success of the bed-time story who did not know instinctively how to tell the tale "just so," with unvarying accuracy in the sequence of events, with scrupulous care in laying the stress at the crucial point, on the expected word or syllable. There is an obvious corollary to the thought in Mr. Kipling's title; namely, that the average story written for adult readers is not a Just So Story, because the average adult reader makes no such critical exactions. In nine cases out of ten, he will tell you that he does not care about style or method or literary creed, so long as a story is clearly told and holds his interest. The average reader, lacking the guidance of a child's instinct or a critic's training, does not realise how much the clearness and the interest of every story depend upon its verbal form and colour, the influence of certain sequences of syllables and sound tones on the brain.

In other words, every story of first magnitude, every story that is to justify its right to live, is in a certain broad, symbolic sense a Just So Story. There are a hundred ways of telling the simplest little episode; there should be just one way of telling it that would bring out all the possibilities it contains, accentuating every tremulous wave of light and shade. The hero is about to speak; he is at the author's mercy; he can be made to utter any words in the whole range of the language. There is just one combination of words which a real man, in real life, would use under given conditions; and if the author succeeds in finding that combination and putting it into his hero's mouth, then he makes that hero live and play a man's part in the world; if he fails to find the combination, then he is simply making polite conversation for his stock company of puppets. It is only conversation that is written "just so" that makes you forget you are reading fiction and not reality.

Every now and again, we are told of some novelist who makes it his boast that he writes without corrections or erasures, whose manuscript is a model of neatness, whose first draft stands as the finished product. It may be possible, at rare intervals, that a page, a chapter, a book, struck off in the white heat of inspiration, proves to be a masterpiece. But this is not the method by which the great painters, the great sculptors, the great musicians, have produced works that live; and among the world's great books, it is the general rule that those live the longest which have been most faithfully worked over, and cut and polished. Who knows how many generations of Greek minstrels it needed, constantly revising and embellishing, to raise traditional folk songs to the dignity and symmetry of an Iliad?

But in insisting that a work of fiction is something to be toiled over and polished with the patience and lingering care that a sculptor bestows upon a block of marble, one means something more than the mere surface finish of smooth prose, an extra lustre to its contours of word and sentence. A story, to be written just so, depends upon something more vital than a question of vocabulary. Neither is the question altogether one of style, although that comes somewhat nearer. An author's style, like an actor's mannerisms, may in some instances be an actual handicap; it may be a highly cultured, impeccable style, from the academic point of view, and yet, for the very reason that it is so impeccable, ren-

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der him unable to achieve a certain rugged simplicity, without which a particular type of story never could give the effect of being unquestionably "just so." And yet style comes as near as any one word can come to defining that subtle something upon which the quality of a work of fiction depends, as a musical composition depends upon the key in which it is written.

It is probably not too much to say that more otherwise well-written stories have been marred by being pitched, so to speak, in the wrong key than from any other one cause. Many a simple, pathetic little tale, showing real insight into life and character, has been robbed of its effect by too much verbal embroidery, like a young girl robbed of her simplicity by an overweight of velvet and jewels. The inimitable quality of Verga's Sicilian sketches, *Cavelleria Rusticana* and the rest, is due to the rare self-restraint with which the author kept himself absolutely in the background, telling these fierce, primitive, elemental tragedies in the simple, picturesque speech of the peasantry themselves. The cadenced rhythm of a d'Annunzio, the cumulative force of a Zola, might have expanded these short sketches into volumes, but they would have lost something of that primitive tensity that entitles Verga's tales to be numbered among the Just So Stories of the world.

Yet Verga's method, wrongly applied, may easily spoil an otherwise well-constructed story. Imagine, for instance, a novel of aboriginal life, among the Indians, the Australians, the Congo negroes, by an author who knows their manner of life intimately—a novel built on epic lines, with a central drama of native romance, based on savage customs of love and marriage; and back of this, a big, vital, national problem, in the awakening of the race to a consciousness of their need of union against the encroachment of the white man, a dim perception that even now such union would come too late. Such a theme, if rightly handled, would make a strong, virile, unique story; but to attempt to tell such a story with a studied simplicity of diction, a style borrowed from the native folk-lore, and revealing the primitive thoughts and limited vocabulary of an inferior race, would be not only to sacrifice the epic strength of such a theme, but to alienate our sympathies by emphasising the intellectual gulf that separates them from us.

It would be an interesting and not unprofitable experiment for every reader to run over in his mind the stories and novels to which he would personally feel inclined to apply the term Just So Story —stories with which he is so intimately acquainted and so well satisfied, just as they are, that he would not, if he could, make any change in their construction or wording. There would be some queer lists drawn up, on such a principle, no doubt, and an extensive weeding-out of many so-called classics. But the tonic effect of making such a list would be valuable, because it would result in a new mental attitude towards certain books, a redistribution of values. For once each reader would find himself judging fiction, not from any dogmatic belief that realism is better than romanticism, or a detective novel better than a ghost story, but on the simple, common-sense ground that, so far as we are individually concerned, the best story is the story to which we most frequently go back, to read over piecemeal or in its entirety, quite satisfied with it just as it is, and not caring in the least whether it is what dogmatic criticism has pronounced literature or not.

"The Mountain of Fears."

It is interesting in such a frame of mind to approach a book of the type of *The Mountain of Fears*, by Henry C. Rowland. One does not need to have served an apprenticeship in literary criticism to know that here is a volume of short stories of very uncommon quality, gruesome, no doubt, even repellent some of them, but of a sort that not half a dozen authors writing to-day in the English language could duplicate. They are full of the glamour of strange lands and peoples, a suggestion of sunshine and palm trees and tinkly temple bells that awakens the spirit of unrest latent in most men and some women. To some readers, no doubt, the substance of the stories themselves, dealing as they do with unwholesome, degenerate types of

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men and women, will prove unpalatable. But the reader with a stronger mental digestion, who does not mind having his reading served up with high condiments, an oriental lavishness of seasoning, will find it unnecessary to weigh and analyse these eight stories critically, or to discover what is eminently true, that they have close kinship with Kipling, with Conrad, with Dawson's *African Nights*. He will be content to recognise that in this particular volume Mr. Rowland has revealed himself as one of the few writers who can tell a tale "just so" when he wants to do so. Yet it must be added that he has either acquired the art recently, or else he has wantonly chosen not to do so in the past; for his earlier books have contained pages and chapters that made one wish some benevolent friend, with influence over him, had intervened and begged him not to do it. The stories all purport to be the adventures and experiences of a certain Dr. Leyden, collector, traveller, hard-headed man of science, with a special fondness for psychological problems. The opening tale, which gives the book its title, is the most fantastic of the collection, and aside from the well-sustained note of creepiness, is the least interesting of them all. It describes the panic of fear which overcomes a party of three white men and a native girl in a mysterious valley in Papua, where they have gone in quest of gold. The cause may be narcotics in the strange vegetable growths that they eat; it may be evil spirits; it may be pure imagination; but the native girl dies, and the white men escape by the narrowest margin. It is when one turns to "Oil and Water," or "Two Savages," or "The Bamboula," that one finds Mr. Rowland at his best. The first of these is a study of the mulatto temperament. "Did you ever notice," asks Dr. Leyden, "how African blood is curdled by being mixed with Anglo-Saxon?" and he goes on to tell a story to illustrate how the black and white will no more mix than oil and water—how, in this specific case, the fate of an expedition was sealed by the cowardice of a mulatto, who one moment had the stolid courage of the German officer who begot him, and the next was a shivering, grovelling, black human animal. "Two Savages" is too unsavoury a story to epitomise. It deals with queer racial admixtures and primitive passions. Its excuse is the masterly art with which the thing is told—an excuse which a condensed repetition would not have. But it is the story out of the whole book to which one should turn first. And next to this comes "The Bamboula," the burden of which is the rhythmic "tom, tom, tom," the beat of the primitive drum in the voodoo worship among the negroes of Haiti. The point of the story is how the call of that drum awakened an atavistic instinct in a strain of black blood diluted almost to whiteness; how a woman, to all intents and purposes pure French, forgot her breeding, her station, her dainty ways, and went out into the night, in dainty satin and lace, to a heathen orgy, in obedience to the call of the drum.

"Sons o' Men."

Another collection of curious, faraway, exotic tales with a touch of real distinction both in theme and treatment is *Sons o' Men*, by G. B. Lancaster, whose chosen field is New Zealand and the neighbouring islands. Measured either academically or by the "just so" standard, they belong to a lower plane than Mr. Rowland's volume. One cannot unhesitatingly say that they are best just as they are, that they would not be improved by a little judicious pruning. But there are some strong stories among them, and especially "The Story of Wi," which fits in well with the problems of racial admixture and primitive psychology in which Mr. Rowland delights. Wi, when we first meet him, is "a piece of six-year-old Maori flesh, with the carriage of a conqueror, and the tongue of a dissolute gutter-snipe, and the brown of the earth that bore him in his supple skin." The taming of Wi is like the taming of any passionate, primitive jungle beast; but Lane, the Englishman who adopts him, finally succeeds beyond his hopes, and Wi develops into a splendid young Hercules, with a veneer of Anglo-Saxon culture and Christian religion. Lane would have this educated young Maori, this domesticated human animal,

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enter the legislature, to speak on behalf of his own people; but Wi will have none of it; he wants to go into the Church; "there is nothing that messes up a race so much as want of religion," he says, "I am going to pass my knowledge on to my people." But while he is studying in the seminary, Wi so far forgets his dusky skin as to fall in love with a Little White Girl, and tragedy follows. "How can I believe your Bible that does not speak truth?" asks Wi. "It calls all men equal. The black and white are meant to be two people forever. And your faith teaches that they are one. Then is your faith false? This has eaten into me until it has eaten all my faith away. I will go to my own gods. They are many, and I can cut new ones out of wood if I like. But I think that I will not believe in them either."

"Lady Bobs, Her Brother And I."

The trick of pitching an unpretentious story in just the right key is rare enough to entitle Jean Chamblin's placid little idyl of the Azores, *Lady Bobs, Her Brother and I*, to a word or two of cordial commendation. It would be needless irony to question the likelihood of Lady Bobs, Brother George, and the DeGray Streeter girl, who made all the trouble, severally turning up at Ponta Delgada, whither the narrator, known to us only as Kate, has gone in quest of seclusion and forgetfulness. Likelihood is not an essential ingredient of this sort of bright, vivacious, guide-book fiction. All you want is a light, running comment upon strange, picturesque places and people, a sense of blue sky, tropical vegetation and human gladness; and two young people, temporarily estranged, yet obviously quite ready to be reconciled as soon as a favourable opportunity occurs. Of course, there are readers who would question whether this kind of fiction is worth doing at all; but if it is worth doing, then it should be done with Miss Chamblin's sustained note of lightness.

There is an old-fashioned type of plot that at one time was worn well-nigh threadbare; it was a favourite, one recalls, of the "Duchess" and "Rita;" it was not unknown to "Ouida;" it formed the keynote of Georges Ohnet's first popular success, the *Maître de Forges*. Through an infinite variety of minor details, the essential features were always the same. The woman always loved, or thought she loved, some one else than the man she was persuaded to marry. The husband remained blind to her lack of love until just after the ceremony. Then came her confession, his reproaches, and an estrangement carefully hidden from the world. It takes two or three chapters for her to discover that her husband is, after all, the man she loves—and a dozen chapters, at least, to convince him of her change of heart. *The Professor's Legacy*, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, is the latest example of this type of fiction. It is better than most of its kind, in being rather carefully done, the characters being drawn with a care that makes them seem real, and the background filled in with suggestive little touches that help one to see. But that does not alter the fact that it is the same old plot, warmed over and served up under a new name. The best thing about it is that from the opening chapter it leaves you not in the least doubt as to what sort of a book you have before you.

"The Professor's Legacy."

Another old-time plot, worn so thin and shabby that even the most skilful ripping and turning and refurbishing with bright bits of local colour cannot give it a look of newness, is *Rose o' the River*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The silly country girl, who fails to see true worth clothed in homespun, and mistakes a vulgar-minded salesman from a Boston department store for a sort of fairy prince, because he wears kid gloves and a loud necktie—all this we have had many times before, in Sunday-school stories and elsewhere. The author of *Rebecca* has a touch which goes a long way towards putting new dignity and beauty into the cheapest of material, but even she must have felt the flimsiness of her latest effort. The obvious little story moves forward to its obvious little end, when the silly little girl goes back to her honest homespun lover, who has all the time kept a modest little house waiting for her

"Rose o' the River."

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in the heart of the northern woods. The vivid glimpses of life among the lumbermen are the best feature of a book which surely must have made its way on the strength of its predecessor, *Rebecca,* rather than on its own merits.

"The House of a Thousand Candles."

If there is any one kind of story that needs to be told "just so," in order to pass muster at all, it is the story involving an element of mystery and ghostliness. The difference is that of jumping across a chasm, instead of upon level ground. In the one case you may land short of your mark; in the other, you land nowhere at all. *The House of a Thousand Candles,* by Meredith Nicholson, may be cited as an example, not of an author who has fallen into the chasm, but of one who landed so near to the edge, with such a desperate scramble for a footing, that there need not be much elation at his success. There is an old ghost story, told with many variations, but always beginning with a haunted house that is offered rent-free to the adventurous person who will spend one night in it quite alone. Mr. Nicholson goes the old ghost story one better. His hero is required to spend not one night, but a whole year, in the isolated house, which, according to his grandfather's will, shall then become his. But if he violates the terms of the will, the house goes to a young woman of whom he has never heard, and whom the will, furthermore, forbids him to marry. He has not been in the mysterious house half an hour when the melodrama begins. He is shot at from just outside the parlour window, the bullet flattening itself on the wall and accommodatingly bounding back upon the table before him, so that he may examine it without trouble. Add to this a swiftly moving sequence of hidden dangers, ghostly footsteps passing up and down through solid walls, enemies that enter at night through subterranean passages, and a beautiful neighbour, who seems one day to favour him, and the next to be in league with his secret foes —with such elaborate machinery for a gruesome, uncanny story, the wonder is, not that Mr. Nicholson did passably well, but that he did not do a good deal better. Perhaps it would help him to cultivate the art of telling a tale "just so."

"The Ancient Grudge."

It is a pleasure, occasionally, to take up a book written with the ability, the intelligent sympathy, the serious purpose that stamp the new volume by Arthur Stanwood Pier, *The Ancient Grudge.* There are two young men, whom fate seems to have designed to be close friends for life. Each of them has qualities which win the other's admiration; they go to the same college, they are classmates, roommates, members of the same fraternity; later in life, their active interests bring them to dwell in the same city, their lives are interwoven in a dozen different ways. But far back in the past, one of these men saved the other from drowning, and ever since, the other has felt the burden of this obligation, which he can never hope to pay, grow heavier and heavier, until he comes to hate the one to whom he owes his life. As already said, the whole book is an unusually careful piece of work. The Harvard chapters are taken straight out of life. So also are the chapters in the big steel works, where Floyd Halket serves his apprenticeship, before his grandfather advances him to be general superintendent of the works. Floyd is the man who saved the life of Stewart Lee. Stewart later becomes an architect and marries the woman that Floyd has loved for years. An obligation that one cannot pay weighs heavily upon any man; but it is only a mean-spirited man who would hate his rescuer, as Stewart hates Floyd. Perhaps the best feature in the book is the way in which we are made to feel, under the surface glitter of transient popularity and success, the real smallness of Stewart's nature, the secret of his failure as an architect, as a husband, as a man; and on the other hand, the sterling qualities of Floyd's character, that bring him victory at last. Mr. Pier has done some good things in the past, but this book, more than any of the others, goes to prove that, if he has not yet learned how to write a story that is unquestionably "just so," he has advanced a long way in that direction.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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SAN MARINO—"THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD PERCHED UPON ITS MOUNTAIN TOP"

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A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

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WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER X



F any Diogenes person meets in Gubbio a man with a green crocheted necktie and red cheeks, let him blow out his lantern, for he has found the honest man. Nor is he a man without temptation—he sells gasoline, and by the weight instead of measure, which is the most mysterious way in the world, although cheaper for the buyer than by the litre, providing the dealer's necktie is crocheted, or that he bears other neck marks of uprightness.

But the green necktie man of Gubbio was not content with being honest, he was honest plus, for he kept coming back every half hour with *lire,* which he had found on weighing and re-weighing the contents of the "demijohna" did not belong to him; and as he would not give the coin to anyone but me, John decided he was paying for another and still another look, which is untrue, though blondes are scarce in Gubbio.

We needed this touch of comedy before our departure, for the Calvo Pass lay before us, and the honest gasoline man, when he learned that our car was only "eighteen horses," lifted his shoulders and his eyebrows. As soon as we had passed the city gates, we were shut in the mountains and on the eight miles of up grade, but so perfect that in many places we mistook it for the level, and switched into the high speed, at which our engine trembled, and was hastily restored to slower pace. The roadbed was good, and only the mountains themselves awesome. We met few carts, but many pedestrians, and reaching Scheggia, the other side of the Pass, found our friend the Via Flaminia waiting to accommodate us.

In spite of the grade down, we thought her a little set up in manner, and discovered that she must have but recently carried along a very heavy motor car, for the tracks were fresh. John was delighted. Automobiles are so seldom met with in this locality that a symptom of them like a wheel track stirs the motorist's heart, and as soon as I was sure the tires weren't Mrs. Baring's, I was pleased too. The driver had taken the curves with all the care that John observed, only once going on the outside at a sharp corner, and skidding a bit with a grazed wall as a consequence.

I called John's attention to this, which he had endeavoured to ignore, being already very fond of the driver, and he said the man's wife had probably showed him a pink pigeon. This was the first reference that John had made to the pink pigeon which had happened in Scheggia. It fluttered up to a housetop as we were going through a narrow street packed full of people, and I gave what was meant to be a purely interior gasp of admiration, but it must have been a shriek, an exterior one, for John's eyes followed my finger, and in that minute a little girl, just big enough to toddle, did so, and right in front of the car. No pedestrian realises how quickly a motor car can stop, even when going down a flagged hill, so of course there was a cry from everybody, and one old man sprang for the child, but they both would have been down and the wheels upon them had John been driving horses.

The old man never hesitated, and I thought it was fine in him, for he must have believed the chances more against him than they were. We halted. The wise motorist never turns his back on possible ill-feeling, as it often means a stone between the shoulder blades. And I gave the little one a *lira,* telling the mother she was surely born for *buona fortuna;* so the mother was pleased, but we left the old man white-lipped and

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scornful of our money, and, as I said before, John made that one single reference to the pink pigeon. Those are not the incidents of motoring that a man cares to dwell upon. But really, did anyone ever hear before of a pink pigeon?

We stopped at Cagli for luncheon, that is, the car stopped in the street below, and we continued up several flights of steps before we found it. Then it was very poor, and I think the radiator of the motor got the best of us, for whenever I looked down upon it, little boys were discovered poking bread crumbs through the coils. They may have thought there was some animal behind the bars that furnished the power, or possibly it was to lead me into believing that they didn't jump upon the tires when we weren't watching. Pommelling the tires in the hope of making some impression is supposed to be great fun, and is prevented only by the administration of the shawl strap.

The shawl strap was not purchased with any such malevolent thought, but it has been put to that use, and serves equally well in keeping hordes of the escorting, who follow in our wake, from riding up the steep streets in the shadow of our big trunk. They are very cunning about this, too, and when I arise in my wrath and swirl the shawl strap, slip off quickly and pretend to push, climbing largess for the assistance upon arrival at the hotel.

This is but a small grievance, although it touches upon the most disagreeable element of motoring in Italy: the enforced expenditure for service, and often for rooms and food, beyond the usual price. To be sure, the best rooms, the best food, and the most exaggerated attention is ours, from the first to the last toot of the horn. To be sure, barring the price of the gasoline (from three to five times the cost in America), our bills are about one-half what they would be travelling in the States, and the cooking and comfort infinitely better than that of our country hotels.

And it is not so much that we must pay more than we should, but that we cannot pay enough to satisfy the exaggerated ideas that the country people entertain of the prodigality of Americans, particularly of Americans who motor, for the car in Europe is enjoyed only by the wealthiest classes. It hurts John and me a little, fond as we are of these people, and remembering their pleasure with our modest tips on former visits, to see them fingering their goodly *pour boire* with scorn or astonishment. They must expect a rain of gold, and possibly they take their disappointment better than would we under the circumstances, for they generally line up to bid us *buon' viaggio* with at least an assumption of good will. I fear if Silas of New England thought the voyagers were rather mean, he would be out in the stable kicking the horse at the hour of their departure.

But I have no good word for the Cagli *signora's* luncheon, which was poor at its best, though had it been excellent at its worst, it was an astounding price—a dollar ninety if you please—for Italy. Moreover, she was deaf to our abuses, and lacking proper change, we were obliged to pay her. We did it bitterly, and bitterly did the *signora* rue it, for as we were piling our books into the basket, the red Baedeker struck my eye, and waving it before her I told the withering cheat that with the next edition she would be exposed—I, Baedeker, had spoken. At this development of the plot, the most dramatic situation in the life of an European inn-keeper, she withdrew our ten *lire* piece from her purse and besought us to accept it, but we were deaf to her entreaties, and stalked on. I hope Baedeker will forgive me. It was something to have refused the money, and in the face of his anger I recommend no traveller to climb stone steps for Cagli luncheons.

We were immediately softened when beyond the gates. The landscape was the kind that is known as melting. We melted with it, and continued in this jelly state until Urbino greeted us. Heights are elegant for thoughts, but I find that John and I take our views differently. He looks down into the valley with satisfaction, seeing how high we've climbed, and this is called the Automobile Spirit, while I float around in the clouds all alone with my soul, and have delightful sensations looking back at my poor body with its turned-up nose (my soul has a fine nose) and thinking how easy it is

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to attain a spiritual eminence when on an earthly one.

Besides being high, Urbino is improving to the mind. There are things to see. Raphael was born there, and if one looks lost for a second in the streets, he is immediately led to the Birthplace as though he could not possibly be seeking anything else. No one could seek the Ducal Palace, the other show place of the town, because it is always at his left or right, or directly in front or behind him. It has sides to satisfy all moods, part of it light and airy, some of it mediocre, and much of it gloomy and forbidding.

Indeed, if one cannot be suited with that ducky palace of the Dukes, he had better follow the Via Mazzini down to the level square beyond the gates, where the oxen have their nails manicured and there become a clod. It is an interesting sight even to a member of the Minerva Club, this shaping of the cloven hoof. There are four hundred great beasts in the plain at market day, all trying to get themselves sold, or being tied into a frame that holds them like a vice while their hoofs are clipped. There is also pig bartering, and little baby lamb exchanging, and I was so stimulated by the bargaining that I took two cents off the chambermaid's tip and found her still complacent.

Mrs. Baring was at the hotel when I got back for luncheon. John had been cleaning the car, of course, and Douglas Warwick had ordered an omelet, but that was the last that had been seen of him until he was dragged from the Raphael birthplace and returned to what was by that time a hard yellow brick. I was surprised to observe a tendency on the part of Mrs. Baring to flirt with him. Not that he noticed it. He thought his omelet was a chicken, and was carving it joint from joint, nor that she cared a whit whether he noticed it or not. The fact remained that John did, and manifested his annoyance in the usual manly way by declaring that the *bif-steaka* was tough.

It was. But John is very amiable about his meals as a rule, and it nettled me to think that Mrs. Baring was going to ruin his digestion as well as his soul. At this rate he would be a dyspeptic in a year, for a faultfinder is only another name for the creature, and driven by the thought of catering to an unloving, indigestible husband, made so through no error or poor cooking of mine, I prepared for the first entry in my diary. If he snapped at me, it should go down. For what judge would deny a woman freedom who is doomed to sit opposite a man of fractious appetite! With Mrs. Baring there, slyly flashing her teeth at the Other Man, I found sufficient inducement to go on with my duty.

"John," I said, after some asparagus, which was unfortunately irreproachable, and the cheese had arrived, "this Gorgonzola is dreadful. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, mind dulled by the asparagus, "try some other kind, Peggy."

"I was not thinking of myself, John, but of you."

"Yes, dear, you're a love, and you shall have some nice fresh cheese. Here, *Cameriere*—no, Peggy, I will do it. *La Signora non piace questo formaggio me porta un altro* what you may call it, and shuffle along, you chuckle-headed moon face. What did I say? *Niente, niente,* just get a gait on. Oh, yes, *si, si,* you put on the best front you can, wearing that shirt, we know it. I said this was better *—megliore, grazie, grazie* a whole lot. Here, chicky dear, some nice cheese for my child."

Now you know there is no use trying to broaden with a husband narrowing one's life like that. However, it seemed to quiet Mrs. Baring for a moment, so I derived a little happiness from my defeat. I am quite sure no one ever called *her* chicky.

Just the same, John must stop this flow of unwarrantable English. "That dude with the yellow stripes on his trousies," he continued during the course of the meal, indicating a cavalry officer at the next table, "will get a large cup custard for a hat if he doesn't stop laughing at my Italian." At this, the dude laughed again, which spoke well for his disposition and his education. But some day John will find himself out at cock crow opposite some more fiery Italian, and shooting him with the sprag.

Miss Grey does not approve of John's superabundance of spirit. She said once

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that it hardly fitted in with the surroundings. I repeated her remark to John, and he replied that he was only an American and there was no use in his trying to look like a triumphal arch or an olive grove or a ruined castle on a hill.

At the Urbino luncheon she kept her face buried in her book, emerging only once with a bit of news that she thought might sober the leader of the party.

"Here, Fabius Valeus, a play actor, was put to death," she read impressively.

"He was probably a prompter," said John, mindful of Gubbio.

"No, he was a comic," replied Miss Grey with gentle emphasis.

"But that was in 69 A. D.," said the artist. "I've heard of him. He was a captain in the Roman Legions as well."

"It's simplified," flashed Mrs. Baring; "he was an amateur. No doubt he further irritated the public by organising a dramatic club."

"Had he lived in mediæval times," Douglas Warwick continued seriously, "he would have been protected by the dukes of Montefeltro. All their line were patrons of the arts, and this ducal palace was the scene of wonderful masques. When Lucretia Borgia passed through here with her cavalcade on the way to her husband in Ferrara, the entertainments equalled any of the Medici pageants. And you can imagine the enormous task of feeding and housing this party when you read that the Duke and his household moved out of the palace that she might occupy it with her suite. The place must have a thousand rooms at least."

"Where did they go?" asked Miss Grey. "There seems to be no other important edifice about."

"Give it up," said John, venturing an unsolicited reply. "But if the villagers had anything to say about it, the family occupied the Birthplace. I've been conducted there three times this morning when I was only wanting grease for the universal joint."

"Ah, you've rheumatism, Ward?" queried the painter, sympathetically.

"No," answered John, controlling his chuckles of delight out of respect to art. "But our car might develop a case if that part of her vertebræ was not lubricated now and then. Come out and I'll show you how to do it. Great fun, I assure you. Well, yes, I've read *Tom Sawyer,* but that was a whitewashed fence." And we made ready for the start.

Having feverishly exacted a promise from Mrs. Baring (she didn't know it was a promise, it was an "unavoidable arrangement" with her) not to meet her until Genoa, where she was hurrying on to see some friends, I drove John on to Pesaro, John likewise driving me, though on level bits of road he let me do it literally, and I went through the city gates hardly chipping them.

Since Pesaro is on the Adriatic, and fishes for a living, we ate a great deal of the commodity at the Cardinal's palace where we visited—the Cardinal has been dead some three hundred years and his place is an hotel—and like all fish of seaport towns, it cost us more than we would pay for it in Chicago. But then we could not possibly eat fish in a Cardinal's palace in Chicago, nor receive more esctatic attention anywhere, even if we were (or was) the Cardinal himself. There were footstools in the great dining-hall (with a little gallery for musicians—too cunning) and one was not allowed to eat anything at all until his feet were planted on one of them. Once I let my cramped right foot stray happily around for a minute, but it was discovered and a second stool was brought—a sad reflection on the area of my soles, or "two square feet," as John put it.

We had a beautiful time in Pesaro, although my lovely hills were far behind. Genoa was far ahead, and I still had every claim on the motor car and John. Strange, my course of reasoning! Once the motor car would not have figured in it, later it was John and motor car, now it appears to be motor car and John. But it was The Thought that came to me in Pesaro that made the level town so beautiful, for it was a beautiful thought, and it all happened through a plate that was just as lovely.

The plate was Urbino ware, not old at all, but bought at the factory established now in Pesaro where the ancient majolica of Faenza, Urbino, and Pesaro (but not the ware of Gubbio, which is a lost art) has been revived. The original plate is in the Museum of Pesaro, quite the

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finest collection, by the way, in Italy, and having seen it, we enjoyed the faithful reproduction and said we'd take it.

John gives me spending money for the trinkets I pick up, and I put my hand in my purse as John put his in his pocket, for it came over me that I would have to buy it all myself—everything from now on that I wanted to go away with me when I left John—and when I saw him eager to pay, too, I got quite sick around the heart.

Perhaps it was because I wanted the plate so very much. Anyway, I said, "I think I'd like to buy this myself, please," and dear John, who reads faces kindly but seldom rightly, made answer that he had thought of buying it for me as a remembrance, a *ricordo,* as they say prettily here.

"We might have 'When this you see, remember me,' scrawled around the edge," he added jocularly, but I didn't smile.

"It would be nice for me to pay half, John," I persisted. I like the thought of John and me sharing as much as we could for as long as we could.

So I paid half and John half, and we took turns carrying it back, all done up in white tissue paper. "Like a wedding cake," laughed John. And I laughed, too, for The Thought came to me. It was a very simple thought, and I know now that it has been floating about all unshaped for a long time; the thought to ask John to let me withdraw my complaint and not have any divorce, and to go home far away from all troublesome people—and Mrs. Baring. I hadn't quite the courage yet, though I didn't mind the swallowing of my pride, but it seemed best to wait through a few more pleasant days until the chug-chug of the Dago's engine was not confused in any way with the quiet whirring of our domestic clogs.

And besides I was so happy hugging The Thought.

CHAPTER XI

There was some difficulty in getting away from Pesaro, the Cardinal's bedroom had its attractions, the walls nicely painted, with lace draperies and further ornamented by chromos of the Three Graces and several actresses. But it was not the appeal to our comfort that held us, it was a more tangible difficulty, in that the porters were serving the Sunday dinner. We had dawdled through our noon meal in the hopes that the long table which was set in the middle of the banquet hall might be occupied by Pietro Mascagni and his singing people. There was to be opera that night, and it was understood from the chambermaid that Mascagni would move into the Cardinal's bedroom one minute after we moved out.

There were no evidences of his fine pompadour about the dining-room, and we no sooner rose to go than the long table was possessed by the landlord, his family, the white-capped cook, the waiters, the housemaids, and the small boots. They flocked in through all four doors simultaneously, and had probably been watching in agony through the cracks as we poked over our meal. We felt most apologetic, and as the two porters, in clean blue blouses, served the dinner it was impossible for us to get away for some time without abbreviating the event.

It was a very jolly meal, the porters devouring their food after each course was served to the others, and chattering with them on perfect equality, which greatly relieved me. It would be too bad to have the social line drawn at hickory shirts.

We whisked past an automobile on our way to Rimini, the sixth that we had met on the country roads since landing, and we wondered how long it would be before this beautiful Way of the Consul Flaminius would be known and travelled as are the highroads of France. At Rimini its course was run, ending in a triumphal arch that was erected by Augustus on the eventual completion of the Way. Its character had changed from Urbino and the sea was our companion from Pesaro on, but its narrow roadbed never failed us. Beyond, from east to west for two hundred miles through the flat north country, lay the broad Via Emilia, built in 187 B. C., by the Consul Æmilius, and between our old road and our new was Rimini. Rimini of Francesca and Paola, Isotta, Sigismondo, and others of the

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Malatesta. Rimini of hand organs and cafés and casinos by the sea, Rimini of some squalor, little beauty and a good hotel waiter.

The waiter has a blond moustache, and gives advice just as Giuseppe and Paolo of our little Roman hotel always do.

His salad dressing appealed to us in the beginning, and our vanity was tickled when he begged pardon, but wished the *signor* and *signora* to know how well the Italian guests in the dining-room thought of them.

"When the *signor* and *signora* come in they bow to the tables, and when they go out they bow to the tables, and the Italian gentlemen say, "These are Americans, not English, for Americans observe the customs of our country, therefore they are much loved.'" From that time on, you may be sure that John and I were exchanging profound salutations with anybody whose eye we caught.

When one has seen the Temple dei Malatesta and the castle that Sigismondo built, where poor Francesca was murdered, and until one has crossed the ancient bridge of Augustus, which leads to the Via Emilia, there is very little left of Rimini to "do." Of course, there are always an infinite number of things to be done, but that is not the tourist's way of spending his days. There are some suburbs to be explored, historic suburbs, not recent affairs in stained shingles and hard wood mantels. One is up on a hill, and if you take the long and the wrong road to the other suburb, which is on a peak, you will pass it, and the other suburb is La Republica di San Marino.

La Republica di San Marino is a very impressive title, even when it is read out of a book and not cried aloud with the "r's" rolled like a drum corps' salute by the country's messenger. We had quite forgotten that the smallest republic in the world, which the unhappy Robert Robbins had been urged to visit, was perched on its mountain top not fifteen miles from Rimini, and it was the messenger who reminded us.

He arrived at night, driving a wobbly horse in the shafts of a vehicle that was a cross between a school picnic wagon and a Boston herdic. There were trunks on the top, sample trunks, and on the hard picnic seats were two sad-looking drummers with not a joke left in them—they bargain well at San Marino. The streets were quite empty, which seemed to vex the driver, for he cried in a loud voice amidst much whip cracking: "Make way there! Make way for the Messaggiere di la Republica di San Marino!" And he continued his needless exhortations until there was a head at every window, which was his glorious end and aim.

"Hear the eagle scream, Peggy," said John; "we ought to climb up to his eyrie and pay our respects."

"I think," I replied, "that it is our duty as Americans to go, and I know it will please them. I'm not sure but that set bouquets and keys to the city will be our portion. I have a presentiment that way, and I shall wear a pretty hat."

"Well, considering that they snubbed Napoleon, I am not looking for a set bouquet or an address of welcome. Still, with a five *lire* piece in one hand and a great desire to spend it in the other, we can probably make the ascent."

"Providing the auto cares for such an Excelsior expedition." I had stopped referring to the motor car as "The Means," as may be noticed.

John turned on me reproachfully. "Care for it!" he exclaimed. "It's as fond of Excelsior as a dollar ninety-eight stuffed sofa. Haven't you heard it upideeing, upidying, while making all the ascents? It's really mad at me, because I don't let it have a banner to bear, 'A car who bore mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device—' Let me see," he continued, ceasing his sweet song and going over to the table for a pathfinder. "Yes, here it is, rising precipitately to a height of two thousand four hundred and twenty feet, with nine thousand five hundred inhabitants distributed about—two to every foot, you see. Two thousand four hundred and twenty feet straight up from the sea," eating the words; "great little country, Peggy."

I have noticed of late that John rates the excellence of a locality by its altitude, taking no interest whatever in sea-coast towns, and as I find other autoists who are awfully bored with any country that is not as flat as one's hand, I infer that

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the difference of opinion is not from any æsthetic reason, but according to the horsepower of their machines. Though I believe they would all like to like the hill towns best if only they could get there.

Our waiter said we should see San Marino by all means, that the drive by diligence was four hours, but with an automobile "whizzz!" and he flew his hand up an imaginary incline of forty-five degrees with that childlike faith in the achievement of the impossible which afflicts all Italians. It is a quality particularly exasperating to the man of modest claims as to the prowess of his car, for they have a stupendous belief, founded on ignorance, in the ability of a motor, and if you admit that seventy-five miles an hour is a little rapid for your car when scaling the sides of a precipice, they look upon you as a poor creature who does not understand the full force of the thing you drive.

Our start was not propitious. The hotel garage was a nook resembling a stair closet, the kind used for brooms, and to get in or out of it, John had to back into the small garden at the rear of the hotel, with a flower bed in the centre and a well on one side. The only reason we did not go into the well was because we were too large. Our proximity to it alarmed the chambermaid into loud shrieks of expostulation, not through any solicitous fear for us, but because she drew the water for the pitchers from the well by lowering a bucket out of the upper windows, and a large auto lodged in the mouth would necessarily block the easy progress of her duties.

We did go into the flower bed several times, the familiar clam shell border offering very little resistance. The *signora* shrieked at this, and the duet between the two women filled the windows all around the little open court with as gratifying a crowd as any that the messenger from San Marino had ever mustered. One girl with great presence of mind brought a candle, though the sky was blue, and an old crone, who had probably not left her room for twenty years, told John exactly what she would do if she were down there driving the motor. The lady opposite, at the window with lace curtains, did not agree with her on all the advice given, nor yet with that of the *signora's*, the chambermaid's, nor the kindly girl's with the candle, but they were all united in one thing: that the *signore* was doing it very badly, and after some disconcerting moments of the clamour, I must admit that he was. John has never been to the Minerva Club.

I have just spoken of the patch of blue sky between the high houses. I had observed it at the time with satisfaction, for the sun had been eluding us all morning, and had crept into the room during *dejeuner* as though it were a shy young thing frightened of Americans. "Don't notice it, don't notice it," I whispered to John, who, of course, wanted to shake it by the hand in his boisterous fashion. It came quite close to my chair a little later, and breathed with its hot breath upon me. John wished to throw it a piece of cheese, but I let fall a bit of precious ice instead as a sop to Cerberus, which it lapped up most eagerly.

We thought after that it would stay with us, but it was an ungrateful creature, for as soon as we left the city gates we saw an ominous mist covering the mountain top of San Marino, and before we had reached the steepest part of the ascent we were wrapped in it. We could still look down upon the farm lands and the Adriatic, dotted with tiny flames of red sails, and even when the rain came there were patches of sunlight on the rolling country below. To be strictly truthful, the rain did not come to us, we came to it. We saw ourselves doing it, and put on our oilskins, preparing for the worst.

"*Bruto tempo, signore,*" cried a cheery little farmer as he plodded past on his mule. "Brutal weather, indeed," answered John. "San Marino there?" pointing towards the mist. "*Si, si, signore, mia patria,*" and the republican jogged complacently on.

We were entirely shut in by the clouds when we reached what was evidently the highest point in the world, and drew up at a small inn of the village, to be welcomed vociferously by two landladies and six landlords. There was an enormous fireplace in the single room on the first floor, and while combined efforts were

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made to force us into the best parlour, one flight above, we clung to the hearthstone, where we poached ourselves like happy eggs, completely surrounded by water. For an hour we were there, shut off from the rest of humanity in a cloud world, writing on souvenir postal cards and boasting casually of the ascent.

"You see, going up a slippery road to such a height is something worthy of record, Peggy," explained John, "and I can't say that I am the least bit disappointed in the place now that we are here."

"You haven't seen it," I practically corrected.

"No, not all of it, but I expect to. Look out now," he exclaimed, going towards the window that looked down into the valley. "By Jove! the mist has lifted. We ought to get a fine inland view from the other side—perhaps a sunset."

I followed him, and we charged through the open door, then gasped and clung to one another uncertainly, for a wall of rock greeted our eyes, a high rock that rose precipitously from the foot of the little town, and at the top, for there was a top, were the grim roofs of another village.

"And what is that?" asked John, pointing to the dizzy height with an amazed finger.

"That, *signore,*" chorused the two landladies and the six landlords, "why, that is San Marino."

One of the landlords rode with us, sitting on the step of our motor for the rest of the eight hundred twenty feet of ascent. We didn't want him to, but he said he always accompanied the ladies and gentlemen from the Borgo, which was the name of the suburb we had mistaken for the main town when wrapped in the clouds. We were evidently not the first to be led astray, and we now see how the two landladies and the six landlords can make a comfortable profit out of their hostelry. It rained most of the time, the accompanying landlord admitted, but it would not rain again that day, he hastily assured us, for there was to be the *festa* of St. Francis, the good one of Padua, who protected all poor suffering women, and at five the great figure of him was to be carried from the church and borne through the streets with music. "It never rains on the figure of St. Francis," he completed happily.

We did not drive the auto into the square, but turned it around so as to be ready for the descent, and left it drawn up at the side of the highway. John said afterwards that "something" told him to do it. I reminded him that I was the "something," but he pretended not to hear me. There was very little happening around the Palazzo del Governo, which is perfectly new, though in beautiful Gothic style. Nor could we see either of the presidents. They are chosen in pairs from sixty life members of the body known as the Great Council, which is made up in equal proportions from the ranks of the *noblesse,* the landowners, and the burghers. The presidents, or *Capitani Reggenti,* only serve a six-months term, so I didn't grieve over not seeing them, as they do not have time to become extraordinary, and I'm not sure whether or not encores are allowed.

I told the guiding landlord that our term of four years was better, and he remarked reflectively that they had been following this rule for nearly three centuries with slight variations, and so far there had been no wars and no assassinated presidents, although, of course, the *signora* was right.

He was a tiresome landlord, and why the municipal guards should have picked out John and myself for arrest when that person— Well, to go on, it was a lovely procession. The sun had come out, and the women had hung bright cloths from their windows all along the narrow ways, while children with their kerchiefs packed full of flowers filled every high nook along the route, ready to shower the blossoms upon the gentle head of dear St. Francis.

First came the music, the government band, then choir boys with tall tapers, then the effigy borne on the shoulders of four men and quite encircled by priests who weren't very nice about the descending flowers, and shook them off their vestments most impatiently. There was one old man in purple silk whom I didn't like at all. He looked a little like Mrs. Baring, although John couldn't see it, still it was most touching with the simple

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men and women of the village bringing up the rear, all chanting their prayers, and quite without the false shame we have when revealing our emotions in public.

I cried hard, but very peaceful in my mind, comforted by The Thought, and John was so impressed that he wanted to photograph them when the procession wound its way back to take St. Francis into his home once more. In some parts of Italy they are very nice about photographs. One funeral in the South stopping itself voluntarily and a few of the masked Brothers of Misericordia begged for a print; but they were not nice in San Marino, and I laid the blame on the priest in purple silk who looked like Mrs. Baring, and had resented the blossoms that fell on his fat shoulders. More than this, he had been unlucky about splashing in the puddles, getting into almost all of them, while the priests inferior to him hadn't a spot of mud on their fustian robes, and it aggravated him to the point of saying "damn!" Of course he didn't say it, and being denied this natural outlet to his fractiousness, he espied his brother and sister republicans on a wall, one with a camera and the other trying to hide it.

I saw immediately that he was going to be furious, and endeavoured to ingratiate him with a killing smile. I didn't stop to think whether it was proper or not, he being a priest, but I'm not sorry I did it. It had no effect upon him, however, for an instant he looked helplessly about, then discovering the usual brace of officers at the church door, endeavouring to keep order, he hustled the procession along in the most scandalous way, and pointed us out to the guardians of the tupenny, ha'penny republic.

As the police turned towards us, we turned towards the motor car. It was a concerted action, the difference being that we reached our destination and the guards did not, for the crowd surged up the steps and drove them momentarily back. In that moment John had cranked the engine, the spark caught, and as I pushed the lever from neutral into activity, John jumped in and we were off. From behind, we heard the cry of the minions of the law, and on looking back, noticed a sudden desertion from the ranks of the religious procession to aid in the pursuit of the fleeing criminals. Poor St. Francis must have walked into the church unattended, and while never a vindictive martyr, it was probably as a punishment for this neglect that he came to our aid, and put into our minds a way of escape.

The wagon road down the mountain is like a skein of dangling yarn winding back and forth. We had the start of the people, however, and though the many turns took time, our car seemed to be so easily outdistancing them that they were soon out of sight, and a minute later out of ear shot. I gave a sigh of relief, but John kept on his rapid course.

"That sudden silence isn't Italian, Peg," he said; "they'll be upon us yet, mind what I say. Why, of course," excitedly, as a new thought struck him, "there must be a short cut for pedestrians, that's what they're making for."

"It's what they've made for," I cried, looking up the mountain side, "and here they come."

So they were. All the religious procession, with the police, not priests, at their head this time, yelling like Indians, and tearing down a wide but rough flight of steps that had been hewn out of the rock. In half a minute they would be swarming into the road ahead of us, and at the pace we were going, we would either kill half a dozen and add manslaughter to our list of crimes, or have to slacken our speed and take the guardians of peace on their first motor ride *en route* to jail.

John made a mental calculation, kicked the throttle clear open and raised his foot momentarily from the brake, the car seemed to make a mighty jump into the air, and we were past the rugged staircase with the religious procession still seven steps to do. But there were two more turns in our road, two more zigzags down the mountain side, and therefore two more chances for the populace rushing down over their short cuts to forestall us. As we made the first of these turns and twisted back, we saw with no great reckoning that their short cut would bring them to the road ahead of us, no matter what burst of speed we made.

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They would be waiting for us with sticks and stones and a fine republican contempt for aristocrats in motor cars, and it nettled John and me, coming as we did from the biggest republic in the world to the littlest, to be so trapped by these picayunes.

We cast about in our minds, but I don't think any inspiration would have come to us had it not been for that good St. Francis who had been obliged to climb up into his niche unaided. Even so, I am sure had he known anything about motor cars, he would not have suggested what seemed an impossibility. But full of gentle innocence, he whispered to us instantaneously, not the man before the woman, that with the proper show of sporting blood we ourselves might profit by the short cut, this last one, which led from the strand of road that we were on at the time down to the main way leading into the valley. The cut was some fifty feet this side of the one that the mob were descending. It was, as I have said, a broad flight of rough stone steps, the edges worn with age. To a pedestrian, it was a very gentle incline, to a donkey, the king of roads, to a motor car—hush! John and St. Francis and I talked very little among ourselves, but we were entirely *simpatico*.

"History repeats itself," urged St. Francis.

"General Putnam did," I pleaded.

"Ancestor of mine," breathed John.

And that settled it. St. Francis went back to his niche, while I sat tight, and old Put's relative jammed down the brake, did sudden things toward the left with his steering wheel, and drove us bumpty-bump over the ancient trail. A yell of astonishment from the religious procession rent the air, a yell of triumph from John went back to them, a sharp snap came from a little black box which I held in my hands, and we bounded out of the military zone of La Republica di San Marino.

"Was that the click of a gun?" demanded John, eyes straining over the wheel.

"No," I replied, as I put my best hat on straight, "that was I photographing the policemen."

An hour later John was tenderly rubbing down the car while I sponged the tires and fed the tanks several gallons of high proof gasoline.

"What was that you remarked about set bouquets and the key of the city, Peg?" said John, his teeth clinched on a cigar.

"I made a mistake," I replied; "the bouquets were for St. Francis, but the keys of the city were offered us—and declined."

"'Sweet land of liberty,'" sung John softly. "It was the mud on the purple silk robe of the priest that caused all the trouble," he added, and then very meanly, "How like a woman!"

"Well, I told you he looked like Mrs. Baring," I retaliated, sponging the tires madly.

John rose to her defence, smouldering but futile.

"Margaret Ward, you shouldn't say that about a good woman, and you shouldn't say that about a—a—," he gasped for a word.

"Bad woman?" I completed; but it was not a happy finish.

"No, I was going to say about a friend of mine, if not of yours." And my own husband threw his cigar upon the stones, flattened it under his heel, and went into the hotel.

I went on sponging dully. It is so hard to save a man's soul gently when he needs slapping. One might infer he didn't want it saved. One might infer—I sat right down and mopped my brow with the wet carriage sponge. Why, what if John thoughtlessly thinks that The Thought which I have so thoughtfully thunk—thinked—thanked—oh, my gracious me! A doubtful heart knows nothing of the parts of speech.

CHAPTER XII

I begged John's pardon before we left Rimini. At least I said, "I am very sorry, dear, that you are so annoyed over this affair of the resemblance, and I shall never remind you again, never again, John, that the priest *did* look like Mrs. Baring."

Then John laughed as he once did at my stories of the Minerva Club, and we

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slid over the bridge of Augustus into the Via Emilia. He was straightway wrapped in the automobile aura that smells of gasoline, although otherwise quite spiritual, and had no idea just what that apology meant to me or how I felt over it. But I was full of musings, my principal muse being that John and I were changing places. A month ago he would have asked my pardon for stamping on his cigar, and I would have reflected before gratifying it. Now I ask his pardon for his stamping on it, and keep the flattened end as a *ricórdo*. And sometimes at table it comes over me that I am sitting in John's chair, and he in mine, only the table being circular we have crawled around so slowly that we are scarcely conscious of the exchange. And now that John is in my chair it has become a throne!

These thoughts carried me clear up to the Rubicon, which was a thin stream, and, as John says, a "cinch" for Cæsar or any other short-legged man to wade through. Moreover, that Washington crossing the Delaware could give him cards, spades and his long cape over his left shoulder, and come out ahead in any front parlour steel engraving in America. John is so United Status. It's an excellent fault. On the Via Emilia it takes an alert American or sleeping Italian to make his way safely over the broad highways. The two work well together, for the American is sure that the sleeping driver will continue to occupy the middle of the road, and he goes to the extreme right without remonstrance. But the North Italian who is awake is very apt to block the path of the stranger, fearless for his own conveyance, for he knows the rare abilities of a swift motor, and the swift motor swerves violently, but speeds on, swearing vengeance on the next carter.

It is not pleasing to us, but the North Italian calls himself Americanised, also he is of a province that breathes autos, some of them speeding devil engines that find the flat way of the Emilia too great a temptation to resist, and he oils his number, this man from Turin, that the dust may stick and obscure it, jams open the throttle, and makes himself unpopular in the street. John sympathises with the motorist and doesn't care at all for the spirit of Uncle Sam ebullient from a donkey cart.

There are some changes in John's character that seem to have developed with the assuming of leather cap and leggings, and these changes are apart from his newly acquired authoritativeness over me. In the first place, his memory is bad. He has forgotten the day he drove a skittish horse and had to get out twenty-three times on the New Jersey pike and hide the animal's head in the laprobe whenever an auto bounced past. He has even forgotten what he said to the man who didn't slow down when he held up his hand; no matter how closely I press the point, he can recollect only that he called the person "rude." In these days, while John is very sensitive to upraised arms, and obeys promptly, as good roadsters should, he contends that a skittish horse has no right on the highway, nor slow oxen, nor stupid donkeys, nor large wagons, nor hand carts, for that matter, and of course not silly, light affairs that can be crushed so easily. There is very little left of the road when John gets through with it, excepting the macadam and John himself.

Then, too, he has developed in this country of elegant leisure a desire to get on that should make his fortune in America if rightly applied. He began quite temperately with our day's run. If the village was pleasant there would we rest, even though the distance was only thirty miles. Now, there are no "pleasant" villages at the end of a thirty-mile run. They may be fine places for luncheon, or for gasoline, or for oiling the cylinders, but the "pleasant" place is always ninety to a hundred miles away. Just as heights were to John fine things to climb to (the elevation of the machine and not the spirit was the idea with him), so are towns—distant towns—fine things to get to. And that is the way we got to Bologna.

We stopped at Forli for luncheon, approaching the town along a wonderful poplar-sentinelled avenue. Not the kind of western poplar that sheds its leaves all over a little girl's front walk so that she must sweep it off for mother twice a day. Not that kind at all, but a tall,

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graceful creature that is very neat with its leaves and never wanders from its own fireside. A North Italian poplar would no more visit the cypress down in the central belt than would a stone pine umbrella over head come up from the south to take root or leave needles even on the land of either of her two shapely sisters. No, a stone pine may be more "shady," but she does not gad about.

At Forli we took our meals on the balcony of an ancient palace. We refuse to eat in any habitation nowadays that hasn't a stone coat-of-arms over the door. There had been a tent show of some sort in the square the night before, and we were very bitter over having missed it. There was no top to the thing. It was all sides, and we could easily have remained in our palace and witnessed the performance, which John thought would have been almost as joyful as crawling under the canvas when the circus hands weren't looking.

It had not been a very good circus, the waiter said, the weather had been *bruto,* and it was still fairly so. I bought a lovely postal card of Forli, which John discovered me sending to our friends. It was a sort of a man angel hovering over the town with a huge umbrella in his hand, a very wet sort of a picture, and I had written "St. Francis protecting the Wards' motor car from showers while passing through Forli;" but John said he thought it rather stupid; it gave no proper idea of the town, he added, almost petulantly, and, besides, a canopy obscures the view. So I tore it up. Did you notice that? I *tore* it *up.*

The way of the Emilia lay through the land of potteries. Although Faenza, which we passed, has not revived its old art of *faïence,* there were abundant evidences in the shrines set in the houses that the people knew majolica when they saw it. The gateways (two square pillars with a slanting roof overhead, very Chinesy in appearance) that led to the farmlands all bore these little placques on the left side, right over their hearts. Sometimes it was Mary with the baby, sometimes little Christus alone, and sometimes, on expensive gateways, the whole family in lovely colours, softened by time and exposure. It was most impressive, and chastened as I was by John's erratic soul, I felt more religious than I had for many years, and just long to steal one of them as a souvenir of this awakening. But they were too high up.

I had decided to tell John of The Thought of Pesaro when we reached Bologna, The Doubt of Rimini which had entered my heart as to his ready acceptance of the offer to go home by Genoa had spread. It was in my lungs now, making it hard to breathe, so that I yawned as if bored, although I wasn't. Later, it got into my brain, too, and kept pounding away with endless repetitions of "have it over, have it over," like a door banging again and again, driven by the wind.

Everything pointed to the telling in Bologna. The minute we saw the two towers like lovely water-works slightly out of plumb, we knew we would like the place. It's easy to do a hard thing if the environment is pleasant, and by the time we were established in our hotel we were so comfortable that almost anything seemed as though it would be easy and right within our grasp. But that was before we tried to buy pyjamas. Tracing my heart-breaking disappointment back step by step, I lay the whole trouble at the shopping for the pyjamas, for that led directly to the door of the inn of the Four Cucumbers, and—well!

Bologna as a city is all right. It's just the proper combination of Old World outside and New World inside to cause one to wonder why travellers who wish to feed the eye and the body at the same time do not make it the *pièce de resistance* of all Italy. That's the way we feel about Bologna. Everything is there that we could wish for except manners (it is Americanised) and pyjamas. There are wonderful churches, and open-air tombs on stilts, and towers weak in the spine, cavalry officers and college students (very simple as to trouserings, but possibly studious); there are toothsome sweetmeats, Raphael's "Cecilia," and even sausages. I did not expect the last. It is so hard to get cheese at Edam and beef in Texas, but we found it better than the genuine "bologny" at our butcher's back in the States. Indeed, everything was

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better except manners, which were just the same, and, of course, pyjamas.

John is willing to eat his hat if anyone can put pyjamas into Italian. His way of demanding them was peculiar, even cautious. One would think by his old sleuth methods of tracking them down that he intended to spring upon the garments unawares, handcuff them to his person, and drag them shrieking from their hiding place. He would begin by exclaiming *"bruto tempo"* to the man who met us at the door. One is always met at the door in Italy, no matter what the character of the interior. If the Italian dictionary does not define a door as an aperture for meeting people, it is not truly Johnsonian.

After the amenities had been exchanged, John asked for the "shirt of the day" counter. He didn't want a shirt of the day, but he knew the Italian for it, and at least it was an individual counter which was nearer his quest than the door. Upon arriving, if he found that the clerk was a woman, he looked at her stock of shirts, and didn't like the cuffs. John will not buy underwear of a girl even in Italian. It embarrasses him, and he walks off with a youth's size, pretending that he has a son.

If the right kind of biped was in attendance, he then became scornful of shirts of the day, and immediately went to sleep standing in the aisle with his head pillowed on his hands. One can do these things in Italy, and not necessarily ride in a patrol wagon, for at once he was understood and showers of night shirts descended upon him—abbreviated garments, reaching only to the hips, after the fashion of the country. At this John became deeper and deeper, for he would wear none of their wares, but dashed about in a seemingly distracted state, picking out various bits of colour in pale blue and pink, then pointing to the trousers and coat he was wearing, and ending his silent peroration with the wild prehistoric cry: "Pyjamas!"

Although we visited many of the shops, John received no encouragement to remain after his fierce plea once rent the air excepting a certain needy proprietor, who thought himself Americanised, and guaranteed to make a suit of clothes exactly like John's own in pink broadcloth—not charging for the vest.

The obliging proprietor was our last straw, and it was at this point that we staggered into the inn of the Five Cucumbers for *déjeuner*. We need not have gone there, in the same narrow thoroughfare were the Four Pilgrims, the Three Kings and the Two Towers, all eager to wait upon us, but in the hopes of meeting a live cucumber, and being served by one of the genus, we entered the restaurant. John said afterwards that "something" made him go in. It is always on John's side, this "something." It didn't tell me to keep out, and in consequence I was kissing Mrs. Baring and Miss Grey. John was shaking hands with the Douglas Warwick, and all of us were exclaiming at the change of plans that brought us together once more. But we were differently affected. John and Mrs. Baring wore shining faces, while I dared not lean over, fearing that the tears would drop out of my eyes.

I knew that Bologna, with all its comforts and its beauty, would not be the place for the development of The Thought so long as John wore that shining face, that simple face, that expressed no incredulity whatever when Mrs. Baring juggled with the story of vanishing friends and a delayed steamer.

"If the boat has not yet touched Naples, how can it be in Genoa to-day?" she queried, flashing. "So we stayed on here, hoping for a glimpse of you, you two." But she looked at John, while the Douglas Warwick looked at her, and Miss Grey and I looked at one another. In an instant I saw that there was pain in Miss Grey's eyes. I am quicker in detecting pain than I was once, and my hand went out to Miss Grey's hand under the shelter of the table cloth.

"It is foolish, I know," whispered Miss Grey, struggling with thirty years' repression, "but I am not the factor that I have been in her life, and I do feel so alone."

"You see it, too?" I whispered back, and strove to hide the horror in my face.

"My dear, we are both women," Miss Grey answered. And we clutched hands again in passionate sympathy.

In the face of this added shame, oc-

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casioned by the realisation that others had seen what my vanity had been so slow in recognising, my nerve temporarily forsook me. I felt myself afraid of myself, and I was horrified to discover that all these buried emotions were not because of any lack of faith in my fine purpose, nor that my chastened spirit shone the less resplendently in this crisis, but, oh, grimly ridiculous thought, simply that my nose, after all, turned up, and that I did not look my best in brown. I hope that no one else will ever be harassed during a real heartbreaking experience by the belief that she would have won the day had her hair been Marcel-waved. If my heart has got to go on breaking, I want at least the solace of great thoughts. My brain at present feels like a department store, and a trading stamp place at that, dusty but busy.

We are in Piacenza now. It happened here, the unfolding of The Thought—and the frost. Ever since the encounter in the Five Cucumbers, any soul-saving project of mine would have been unseasonable. But the door kept banging in my mind with the cry "Have it over—have it over." And so I did, and so it is.

There was moonlight, and there had been a heavenly drive from nine until midnight along the wide, white road, the vast fertile gardens of the plain on either side sending up sweet homey odours of hay and wild rose, and wonderful nightingales in the hedges singing me good luck as we swept past. I never realised before what a motorist I had become, enjoying as I did this broad way that led to destruction. There seemed two of me. One was in a covert coat, exulting in the steady throbbing of the engine, the swift rush through the night, the dangerous twists, as we made way for sleeping drivers, the power, the mightiness of this unruly beast which John controlled. The other me was a sick little thing, afraid of the road, of the distant obstacles looming up before us, that ceased to be distant as instantly we saw them; of John, of herself, of what must be said when the run was over. And yet the two went on through the night, snuffing in the air, sometimes singing together, their voices in perfect harmony, sometimes calling a greeting to the patrons of a wayside *caffé*, who rose to look, lunged forward to answer, and stood in the silent streets watching the gleam of our rear light as we winked past them.

When we came upon the larger towns, Modena, Reggio, Parma, many towered, glistening in the white light, we were halted momentarily by the city gates, one sleepy custom officer making a poor show of examining our luggage, while his brother in the business swung open the iron barriers. At Parma, John shouted awake a vendor of gasoline and filled up the tank while the me in the covert coat scurried hastily about the town for a flask of the real Parma violets. She came back without them, and at the *farmacia* they may be still discussing the oddity of her demand. Then on we went into the sweet, singing moonlight.

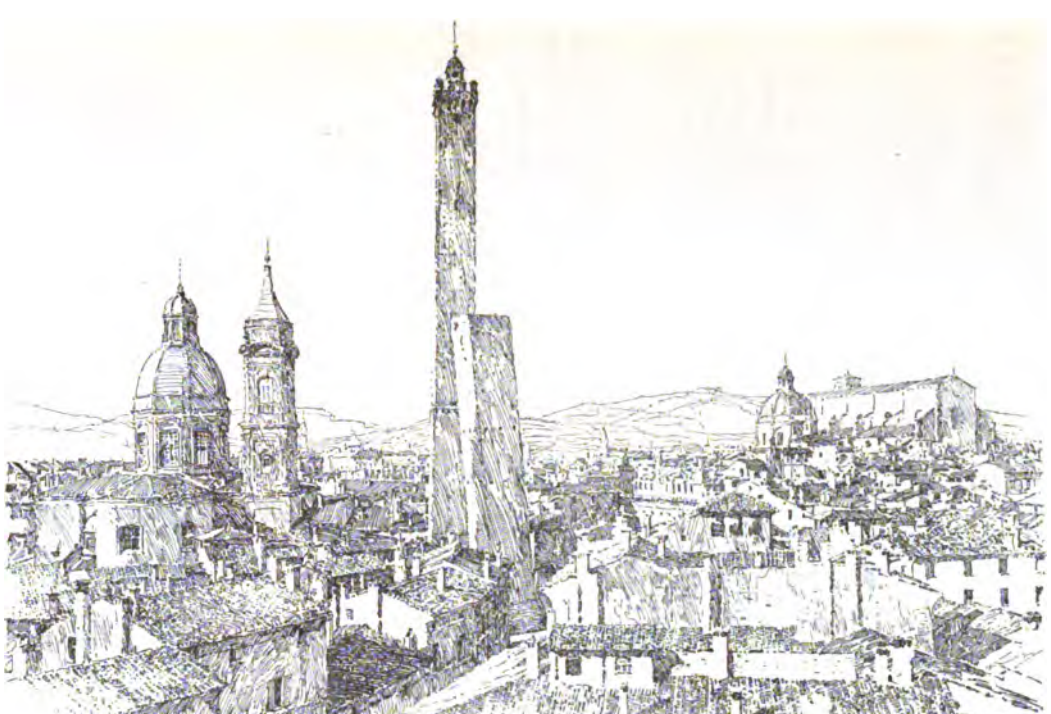
It was John, after all, who opened the subject, aided by the proprietor of the San Marco, who had so modernised his hostelry as to build a horror of a cozy corner in my huge room, hoping to gladden the eye of the chance American. I had not expected it to happen that way, but when John exclaimed with a good deal of sentiment that this was more like home than any room he had entered for weeks, sighing, I did not remind him that the crazy draperies had never in any way filled a corner of our lives; instead I went to him quite gently and whispered in his ear. He was only puzzled, and thought he hadn't heard aright. I spoke aloud then, standing up before him, and very careful about the cracks in my voice.

"Yes, John, you have heard it straight, I do. I want to go home. It calls to me. All through the night there has been a crying in my heart for home. And I must tell you, John, just as I told you when I wanted to go away, now I must tell you when I want to go back. We've had a nice trip, dear, but it has been a long time away, and—it's very cool at home in August, John."

I stopped for breath. I might have saved it—he misunderstood. "You'll be all right in the morning, child, you must take my room; it's the cozy corner that's upset you." Again the ludicrous! But I seized his arm with both my hands and talked on rapidly.

"No, John, it's not the cozy corner,

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BOLOGNA

"The two towers, like lovely water works slightly out of plumb"

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they get full of dust. I never liked them. It's something else you don't quite seem to realise. You don't quite seem to appreciate just what I am offering you. We'll go home by Genoa on the boat, and that, John dear, will be the end of all this foolishness. That's what it is. You see, dear John, my eyes are opened. Say you are happy, John, please say it."

He looked at me curiously, and when he spoke it was in his office voice. "And so you're backing out. And why? Just tell me that. And why?"

"This is the better way, the tires don't last forever, and we've accomplished quite enough. We've learned a great deal, John."

He shook me off. "Accomplished!" Was that John's voice, not hot, but cold with anger? "We've accomplished nothing. We are half way through this stunt, we've everything our way. Our plans worked splendidly, yet here you are, right on the edge of Italy, crying like a quitter to give it up. I tell you I'll not do it."

I stood petrified by the thing I had feared, but for which I was not at all prepared. How largely is the element of hope a part of woman! "John, you must be careful. You surely do not urge that we go on when I, I, your wife, would give it up? Think, John, think."

"I don't need to think," John retorted, walking up and down. "I tell you I want to go on, and do what we have undertaken. It may be for weal, and it may be for woe, but you and I will take the chances per agreement."

I followed him. We were going about in circles. "You command me," I cried out.

"I do," he flung back.

I fell into our nation's stigma, the cozy corner, and he stood over me with his anger once more under control, talking persuasively.

"It's the best thing that ever happened to us yet. Why stop it now? It's making a woman of you, and a manlier man of me."

My eyes flashed, and he resented it.

"There is a kind of people," he continued slowly, "who go about projecting plans and weakly withdrawing them. We have a name for them back in America. Nobody likes it, nobody would be it, nor have a wife, not even a wife, a short sport."

I rose right up out of the cozy corner. It was a mighty moment. "John Ward, go on to Paris, but I think you'll find in the years to come that a taller wife can be a shorter sport."

John gave no sign of comprehension. He scarcely heeded. He had won his point.

(*To be continued*)



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FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Dr. Stanwood's Biography of Blaine.*

Pending a final and definitive life of Mr. Blaine, Dr. Stanwood's excellent biography is very welcome. Apart from the slipshod "campaign lives," there has hitherto been written no account of Mr. Blaine's career except the one by Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge), which she never lived to complete, and which was hastily finished by another hand. Gail Hamilton had the fullest access to Mr. Blaine's papers and letters; and with all its defects, her book contains much valuable material and interesting reminiscence. Yet naturally enough, being both a woman and an ardent admirer of her subject, her narrative is a piece of emotional hero-worship from end to end. Moreover, her sense of proportion is defective; and the greater part of her volume is given over to the least important part of Mr. Blaine's career.

Dr. Stanwood might well compose a definitive life of Blaine did he choose to do so. His personal acquaintance with that brilliant statesman, so far from being a hindrance is a distinct advantage; for Dr. Stanwood is a scholarly and conscientious student of history and is well able, when he chooses, to subordinate his personal and political bias to the scientific attitude of the investigator. We say "when he chooses," for he has not always chosen thus. His *American Tariff Controversies* is fundamentally the work of a partisan. On the other hand, his *History of the Presidency* in its final form is admirably impartial and most illuminating. But in the volume now before us for review, Dr. Stanwood sees fit to express an almost morbid apprehension lest he should be regarded in the light of a special pleader. For our part, we wish that instead of writing this brief and too condensed biography for a series, he had given to the world a far more elaborate study. Probably the real obstacle in the way of such a thing is Dr. Stanwood's very natural unwillingness to set down in full many facts and documents which he holds in his possession, but which he thinks are still too recent to receive publicity. As it is, he has written a very admirable condensed account of Mr. Blaine, and one which will be read with keen interest for its impartiality, insight and instructiveness.

At the present time we shall pass over those chapters which have to do with Mr. Blaine's youth and early political career, and shall consider only Dr. Stanwood's account of certain questions which have always been highly controversial. The first of these is the matter of Mr. Blaine's relations with Warren Fisher, Jr., which culminated in the scandal of the so-called Mulligan Letters. Dr. Stanwood holds that these relations were "a private matter which should never have been made public, and which Blaine should never have been forced to explain." Dr. Stanwood, however, does not entirely acquit his friend; yet he holds that such blame as Mr. Blaine incurred was due, not from the public at large, but from individuals who were sharers in the Little Rock transactions. Blaine had taken a large number of Little Rock securities and had induced his friends to buy them from him. These friends believed that Mr. Blaine was entirely disinterested in the matter; whereas, in fact, he was in receipt of a large commission for disposing of the bonds. This is why, according to Mr. Stanwood, Blaine was unwilling to have his correspondence with Fisher made public; and not at all from a sense of wrongdoing as a public official. This, we must confess, seems rather a fine point; for if Mr. Blaine practically deceived his intimate friends by withholding from them the entire truth, the fact certainly affected his reputation as an honourable man, and therefore would justly militate against him as a candidate for the highest office in the land. Dr. Stanwood's plea may be given for what it is worth.

By exaggeration, distortion and misplacement of facts, one series of acts, in which Mr.

*James G. Blaine. By Edward Stanwood, Litt.D. (American Statesmen Series.) With portrait. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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Blaine was not wholly free from blame, was made to seem the conduct of a person destitute of moral character; and thereafter, upon the principle *ab uno disce omnes*, every subsequent act was interpreted as springing from the base motives which alone such a person could harbour. On the contrary, thousands upon thousands of men who knew him, and hundreds at least who knew him intimately, are sure that the judgment is harsh and untrue, that throughout his career he was actuated by high motives, that he was inspired by a lofty patriotism, and that both in his public and his private life he was obedient to the promptings of a sensitive conscience.

This sympathetic verdict is one which we believe will be the verdict of posterity; yet it must be added that it was not the feeling that Mr. Blaine was actually corrupt which made the letters produced by Mulligan so disastrous, but rather the whole moral attitude of Mr. Blaine as evidenced in those letters. The writer of them seemed to be upon a distinctly low moral plane—a petitioner for financial favours, a holder of high office who was willing to use that office indirectly for his private gain, a man with something to conceal, and one who sacrificed his personal dignity and self-respect under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment. It was this which produced so painful an impression upon his countrymen and which on the whole, justified them in withholding from him the crowning honour of the Presidency.

Precisely what defeated Mr. Blaine in 1884 will always be a subject of unprofitable speculation. Dr. Stanwood, however, reiterates the statement that Mr. Blaine himself ascribed the disaster to the Burchard alliteration and to the unfavourable weather on election day. He prints once more the letter which Mr. Blaine wrote, on November 16, 1884, to Murat Halstead, and which was published long ago. In it he said:

I feel quite serene over the result. As the Lord sent upon us an Ass in the shape of a preacher, and a rain storm to lessen our vote in New York, I am disposed to feel resigned to the dispensation of defeat which flowed directly from those agencies.

Dr. Stanwood's account of the personal relations between President Harrison and Mr. Blaine when the latter was Secretary of State is somewhat contradictory. It is said that the intercourse between them was very cordial; and yet Dr. Stanwood shows clearly enough that the reports current at the time were practically true. Blaine wished his son, Walker Blaine, to be appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and President Harrison refused to make the appointment. Dr. Stanwood admits that this constituted "a personal, a family grievance," but he says that the estrangement between the two men had begun before this time. It is intimated that the final break between the President and his Secretary of State was really due to the ill-health of the latter, which to a great extent undermined his judgment even if it did not shake his intellect. As to Mr. Blaine's physical and mental condition, our author makes the following curious revelation:

One who was a close associate of Mr. Blaine during more than fifteen years of his public life assures the writer that at this period he was subject to temporary delusions. On more than one occasion Mr. Blaine described to him scenes in which the President and himself were supposed to have been the actors, which could never have occurred, and which the Blaine of former times could never even have imagined. It was on this subject only that his mind was affected by delusions. In regard to everything else his intellect was as keen as ever. Indeed, no one save a few confidential friends, perhaps no member of his own family, was aware of this manifestation of the progress of mortal disease.

It is chiefly to Mr. Blaine's mental condition that his sudden resignation in 1892 is here ascribed. Of this resignation, which marked the close of his (Mr. Blaine's) public life, Dr. Stanwood writes:

No other public man in American history quitted the stage as he did. There have been Cabinet Ministers who were abruptly dismissed; and scores of others have resigned for one cause or another. In no other case, when questions of public policy were in no wise involved, has a Secretary offered his resignation with such curtness of phrase or seen his retirement acquiesced in without a word of personal or official regret.

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Dr. Stanwood modifies the usually accepted account of Mr. Blaine's opposition to the McKinley Bill; and in this he seems to be writing like a good Republican. He even denies the story which Gail Hamilton tells of Mr. Blaine's appearance before the Finance Committee of the Senate, and of how he smashed his hat in the vigour of his gesticulation. According to Dr. Stanwood, Mr. Blaine did not appear before that Committee while it was in session, but spoke "energetically" to some of its members informally in the committee-room and "accidentally" struck his hat. The matter is not particularly important; but, after all, Dr. Stanwood's version does not alter essentially the facts as hitherto understood.

Mr. Blaine's correspondence with Lord Salisbury over the seal fisheries in Bering Sea is criticised quite impartially; and for once Dr. Stanwood is willing to admit that Mr. Blaine's conduct left something to be desired.

> It cannot be denied that Blaine was irritating as a controversialist, and sometimes lacking in good judgment. . . . One who reads the Bering Sea correspondence must admire the dialectic skill of Mr. Blaine, and yet feel all the while that he was hurting his cause by being, in the phrase of his critics, "too smart." The object to be aimed at was not to convince Lord Salisbury that he was wrong in his interpretation of international law and ignorant of the history of the seal fishery, but to persuade him that the interests of his own country and the world would be advanced by the conclusion of an agreement that would result in the protection of the seal herd from extermination. This was, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance of Blaine's failure in tact as a diplomatist.

The limits imposed by the scope of the series to which this volume belongs precluded a fuller and more searching account of Mr. Blaine's remarkable career. But within those limits probably no one could have written so interesting and authoritative a biography of him. If Dr. Stanwood has now and then extenuated aught, he has certainly set nothing down in malice. He credits Mr. Blaine's independent critics with conscientiousness, and he passes over the various clashes between Blaine and Conkling so very lightly as to be almost misleading. Yet he has here and there so frankly admitted a possible prejudice or bias on his own part as to disarm the strictures of the sternest literary Rhadamanthus.

H. T. P.

II

A Volume of Washington's Letters*

Everything pertaining to Washington starts with a presumption of interest. Many volumes of his letters have been published; many more potential volumes are in existence. The best collection, in fourteen volumes, is a mere selection. His long public life, his use of secretaries and his signature of much that was the composition of his assistants resulted in an unusually ample epistolatory monument. From this mass, by a careful search, many traits of mind, temperament and character can be extracted, but the average Washington letter does little towards supporting the alleged identity of style and man. Some human beings play upon the piano without lending appreciably to the sounds resultant therefrom any of the winning traits which the performers are known by their acquaintances to possess. We have seen paintings and buildings in which to find the humanity of the creators, a keen eye indeed would be required. So, likewise, it often is in written words, and so in the main was it with Washington.

This little collection is a memorial rather to Tobias Lear, private secretary to Washington and tutor in his family, but it must derive whatever it possesses of general interest from the writer rather than from the recipient of the letters. Lear was a man of some prominence. He was born, he was educated and he died; but had he never seen Mount Vernon, record of such important but not unusual experience would hardly have been made. As to Washington, then, many of the letters illustrate mainly that exact and serious attention to business routine

*Letters from George Washington to Tobias Lear. With an appendix. Containing miscellaneous Washington letters and documents. Reprinted from the originals in the collection of Mr. William K. Bixby of St. Louis, Missouri. With introduction and notes. Rochester, New York, 1905.

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which has its most attractive record in his diary. Perhaps the point most interestingly brought out in this correspondence is the statesman's conscientious thought about the education of all the younger members of his clan. Some of his comments on the servant troubles of his day are also entertaining and marked with the character of the man. Here and there, also, is some point of more distinctly public bearing, but letters containing this kind of material are usually those already printed by Ford, who has selected what he deemed most important from the collection now printed in this volume.

Norman Hapgood.

III

Anthony Hope's "A Servant of the Public"*

In and out of fiction, since the beginning of the world the Wayward Woman has had her fascination. She thrusts herself, pouting and capricious, into the page of history, from Cleopatra to the divine Sarah. The makers of fiction have been obsessed with her since Homer's heroes fought for an irredeemable flirt. Anthony Hope is not the first to give us a study of the feminine artistic temperament, and he will not be the last. It is luck enough for him that his version of the woman of whims happens to be the most piquant and interesting one in the season's books.

Mr. Hope and others who draw fine distinctions of character may see in his heroine a special differentiation of the artistic genus. Ora Pinsent is an actress; hers is therefore the theatrical, as distinguished from the musical or poetic, temperament. It is a difficult distinction to follow. True it is that the artistic nature has various attitudes—literary as well as theatrical, stubbornly eccentric as well as pliantly yielding; true, further, that one of Ora Pinsent's favourite tricks of character was to dramatise the crises of her life, to see herself in a "situation," holding the centre of the stage, her lovers, friends and enemies artistically grouped about her for the "curtain." But this was only one of her many artificial modes of approach to life. She was equally "artistic" in her selfishness, her naïve habit of using her lovers, her inconstancy, her susceptibility to her surroundings: qualities as characteristic of lady violinists and Ibsen readers as of *théâtreuses*. No, it is fair to assume that Ora was not genetically of the theatre; the temperament fundamentally in her might have led her, *mutatis mutandis*, to write short stories for magazines or study with Leschetizky in Vienna. Her choice of the theatre was an accident dictated by circumstances. Unquestionably, it had its superficial effect in colouring her outlook; underneath she was the universal artistic temperament. Thus is the larger design of Mr. Hope made apparent.

Whether Mr. Hope was himself conscious of this larger design I do not pretend to say. That it glimmered in his brain is suggested by his choosing to present Ora as singularly detached from her stage surroundings. It is no green-room novel, no picture of life behind the scenes. Besides Ora there is but one actor in it, and he is a tolerably decent, ordinary chap, who might have the *entrée* of any novelist's pages on his merits as a mere gentleman. Once in the course of the story the reader enters a box at the theatre, quite indifferently, to see Ora play; once he accompanies Ora's lover and herself to the stage entrance, to be dropped there along with the lover by the charming actress. There is some talk of plays and play-writing, and there is an American tour that throws the reader back once more on the company of the lover left behind in England. Beyond this, nothing of the stage. The calcium light and the rouge pot are happily not obtruded—a significant merit of Mr. Hope's larger design.

Happily, too, for us as well as for Ora, she preserves to the end, in spite of lovers and husbands somewhat too numerous for bourgeois respectability, an unassailable social position. She and Mr. Hope lead us in the pleasant ways of high society, among well-bred, cultivated, clever people, who bear the Hope-mark of distinction. It is indeed lucky for

*A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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Ora that she lived under the protecting ægis of the man who wrote *The Dolly Dialogues*. His people are people who can do unconventional things, and even say shocking things, without losing caste, because their taste is impeccable. Ashley Mead, who loved Ora and succumbed, is a gentleman; Lord Bowdon, who loved her and narrowly escaped, is a gentleman; even the actor who finally marries her is a gentleman. The atmosphere of real society is elusive, in books at any rate; it is unmistakably Anthony Hope's legal domain. Best of all our novelists he has the trick of setting forth the polite world. This book of his, with all its evidence of growth in sincerity and purpose, points the memory back a dozen years to the time when he first conquered his kingdom. And the retrospect inclines to wonder. Honest achievement is in evidence. Here is a man—of how many others in his profession can it be said?—who once made a palpable hit, earned popularity; followed it with another hit, equally distinct, in another field, and now goes on to produce the most serious and praiseworthy work of his life along lines previously just hinted. In *The Dolly Dialogues* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* we saw youthful cleverness; versatile, too; in *A Servant of the Public* we see youthful cleverness grown mature, still versatile, with purpose plus to give it a more lasting if not a wider currency.

Anthony Hope is not trivial in his latest book. His intention has dignity and scope. It is an authentic study of a type that has lost none of its interest by frequent exploitation, in surroundings and with touches that give it freshness and individuality. Its prime defect is that the character is not quite consistent, even allowing for all its inherent inconsistencies. The Ora Pinsent of the first chapters—up to the perfect day she spent in the country with Ashley Mead—is not quite the Ora Pinsent of the bulk of the book; still less is she the Ora Pinsent of the last chapter. Each of the three personalities is in itself vital; united in a single creature they are bewildering. Perhaps, however, this inconsistency is only seeming, and due again to Mr. Hope's ambitious aim. He has tried to give us a complex creature who attracts and repels at the same time. The type is one that only the master of fiction—Meredith, for instance—can entirely realise. The best Anthony Hope can compass is a creature that attracts at one time and repels at another time. And the last state of his heroine is worse; Ora's American tour—I grieve to record it—must have spoiled her. She returns to England successful, adored, married (a second time) and—rather commonplace. She neither attracts nor repels. Perhaps that is Mr. Hope's final protest at the difficulty of his undertaking.

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan."*

If it is a reproach to have written a popular novel, the grievous charge must lie heavily on the conscience of Mr. Tarkington. There are, to be sure, certain compensations for the sense of guilt that he must acutely feel. While serious-minded critics deplore the writing and publication of a book that can be read by more than a meagre hundred or two, Mr. Tarkington has the consolation of reading publishers' returns that run into thousands, and seeing the title of his latest work in a certain department at the end of this magazine. And that consolation is not, after all, to be despised. Our sympathy for the author is bound to be tempered by a certain degree of envy of the lucky fellow who is capable of scoring such an unerring bull's-eye straight in the centre of public approval.

A popular novel in every sense *The Conquest of Canaan* is—in its merits as in its defects. And the chief of its many merits—a fundamental merit in such a book, and perhaps in any work of fiction—is that it is interesting. There are, however, kinds as well as degrees of interest, and it is not difficult to determine the particular kind that *The Conquest of Canaan* arouses in a superlative degree. It is melodrama—the "refined melodrama"

*The Conquest of Canaan. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of Broadway, not the vulgar brand of Third Avenue and the Bowery. The designation no longer bears the slurring connotation it once did. Certain distinguished exponents and critics of the stage—Mr. Theodore Kremer among them—have recently asserted that in the near future all drama will be melodrama, and the word has acquired a definite respectability, even though its precise significance be remarkably vague.

A rough and ready definition is, however, fortunately at hand to justify its application to Mr. Tarkington's latest novel. *The Conquest of Canaan* is distinctively the drama of situation, of environment on the one hand and of plot on the other; not primarily the drama of character. This is not to say that there is not real character—that there are not real characters—in the book. Admirable draughtsman that he is, Mr. Tarkington has never done more telling work than in the sketches he has given us of the group of old war-horses of town gossip who assembled daily at the "National House" in Canaan, Indiana. Their appearance in the first chapter pitches the story in a key of fresh, unforced humour; they are never long absent from the scene; indeed, as Mr. Tarkington himself suggests, they are the antique chorus through whom the author sets forth his own interpretation of his plot. Yet these old men, whose very names are a joy—Eskew Arp, Colonel Flitcroft, Squire Buckalew and the rest—are quite subordinate and unessential characters; they are only a part of the environment.

The essential characters are, of course, just three—Joe Louden, an independent and rather disreputable boy, who is driven from his native town in disgrace, and returns to win place and respect by sheer force of character; Ariel Tabor, a shy, awkward girl with possibilities, who falls heiress and goes to Paris to learn to dress, returning to Canaan to find the town at her feet; and Judge Pike, Canaan's millionaire and dictator, a ponderous incarnation of respectability, who turns out to be a whited sepulchre, and is foiled in his attempt to defraud the heiress of her fortune only by the cleverness of the former scapegrace Joe, his natural enemy. At bottom these three are the old, familiar trio of melodrama—hero, heroine and villain. It is quite in keeping that their typical qualities should be superlative. The hero is so excessively disreputable that his only friends are of the town's dregs, and yet so excessively clever and self-reliant that he fairly turns these friendships into a source of strength, and wins a great lawsuit in the face of overwhelming public opinion. As a girl, Ariel was so *gauche* and unattractive that not one swain would dance with her save under compulsion; a few years of Paris and the entire male population of Canaan fell over itself to offer its hand and heart. As for the judge, when he was bad, he was very, very bad, and when he was good he was horrid. You can fairly hear hisses from the gallery when he taunts the virtuous heroine with the loss of her gold. The scene in which hero Joe confronts him with his villainies is enough to send shivers of delight down the back of any reader whose wholesome tastes have not been vitiated by your decadent Ibsens and Henry Jameses.

What matter, then, that hardly one of the thrilling situations in which the book abounds grows naturally and logically out of the characters involved? What matter that the characters themselves are a trifle exaggerated in their virtues and failings? What matter that the situations involve coincidences that somewhat strain the imagination? For that very purpose the reverent reader's imagination is at hand. He wants it strained. Mr. Tarkington should have all the immense credit that is the due of one who has learned so unerringly his way to "the great heart of the common people." Render unto the smaller man discussions of psychological problems, emotional hair-splitting and other subtleties; Mr. Tarkington, honest, hearty writer that he is, needs them not.

Besides, his cleverness extends far enough to provide even for readers in the second grade—poor, timid souls who in their hearts like good, honest melodrama above everything else, but are ashamed to confess it. For such there is the opportunity to acclaim *The Conquest of Canaan* as a finely realistic study of manners in a typical American town, an authentic human document, and so on. It

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is all true. Mr. Tarkington belongs to the modern school of stage managers, who know the value of an adequate setting for a melodrama. The scenes are admirably painted in a style of chaste realism; the costumes are magnificent, the lights beautifully handled, the cast superb. The actors in this play do not rant and strut; they speak the subdued language of every day. Remember, this is the melodrama not of Third Avenue, but of Broadway. It is the crowning proof of Mr. Tarkington's superlative cleverness in making his appeal to his public; for while your Broadwayite would never journey over to Third Avenue, the denizen of the latter district will gladly come to Broadway to see a real "ripper." To drop the jargon of the theatre, *The Conquest of Canaan* is one of the best of popular novels, a book that even the person of superior mind can read with secret joy, and that more ordinary and honest mortals can devour with open and avowed delight.

Edward Clark Marsh.

THE STORY OF MARK TWAIN'S DEBTS



AN anecdote is recorded of Mark Twain and General Grant, who, in company with William D. Howells, once sat together at luncheon. It was a modest luncheon, spread in the General's private office in the purlieus of Wall Street, in the days when war and statesmanship had been laid aside, and the hero of battles and civic life was endeavouring to retrieve his scattered fortunes by a trial of business.

"Why don't you write your memoirs?" asked Mark Twain, mindful of how much there was to record, and how eager would be the readers of such a work.

But the General, with characteristic modesty, demurred, and the point was not pressed. This was several years before the failure of the firm of Ward and Grant, which swept away the General's private fortune, leaving him an old man, broken in health, and filled with anxieties about the provision for his family after he should be gone.

When the evil days at last came, some memory of the suggestion dropped by his friend, the humourist—who could be immensely serious, too, when need be—may have led to the task that, in added contention with pain and suffering, constituted the last battle that the General should fight.

Whatever the influence moving General Grant to the final decision to compose his memoirs, it transpired, to his great fortune, that Mark Twain again called, and found that the work he had long ago suggested was at last in progress; but also that the inexperienced writer, modestly underestimating the commercial value of his forthcoming work, was about to sign away the putative profits. Fifty thousand dollars offered for his copyright seemed a generous sum to the unliterary General Grant, and it took the vehement persuasion of one who was himself a publisher to convince him that his prospective publishers would not hesitate at quadrupling that sum rather than lose the chance of publishing the book.

When the conjecture was proven true, the General, with characteristic generosity, withdrew the contract from his prospective publishers and placed it in the hands of the firm that Mark Twain headed. All provisions were amply fulfilled; for when Mark Twain paid his last visit to the stricken author at the place of sojourn on Mount McGregor, he brought to the now speechless sufferer the smile of happiness and satisfaction by saying, "General, there is in the bank now royalties on advanced sales aggre-

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gating nearly $300,000. It is at Mrs. Grant's order."

The anecdote is given at this length because, taken in connection with subsequent events dealing with General Grant's benefactor, it points a forceful illustration of the irony of fortune. There came a day when the very instrument by which Mark Twain was enabled to provide a peaceful close to the life of a brave warrior, and to guarantee affluence for his family, delivered himself a stroke that dissipated his own fortune at a time when age is supposed to have absorbed the vigour for a new grapple with destinies.

In 1884 the publishing firm of C. L. Webster and Company was organised to publish the works of Mark Twain. Of this firm Mark Twain was president; but he took little active part in the management of its affairs. Able to conceive in broad outlines successful policies, he was singularly deficient in the power to handle the details of their execution. On April 18, 1894, the firm whose business enterprises had always figured in large sums through the immense popularity of the author-publisher's own works, the Memoirs of General Grant and the Life of Pope Leo, made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The bankrupt firm acknowledged liabilities approximating $80,000. What in the ordinary view of commercial affairs would have furnished but one item in the list of failures which record the misfortunes of ninety per cent. of the men who engage in business, became in this instance a noticeable case through the eminence of the chief actor.

What might he have done?

The law could lay claim upon his personal assets. To surrender these possessions proved no act of self-sacrifice, considering his wife's fortune, upon which the law had no claim. His wife, however, joined him in the act of renunciation, and they stood together penniless. Beyond this point there could be no legal, and, to many minds, no moral responsibility for the debts of his firm. One can speculate upon the force of the temptation to take advantage of the position. Mark Twain was sixty years old, and ill at that. Having sacrificed all he possessed to meet the demands of creditors, he might justly claim the benefit of what remained to him of capacity for wealth-producing labour. His own words in reply to a slander which insinuated that he had set to work again for his own benefit are splendid for inspiration and honesty:

"The law recognises no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on a dollar."

There is perhaps something in the constitution of our social life that makes the matter of business failure in our land less difficult to bear than in foreign countries. Large fortunes spring up in an incredibly short period of time, and by the same incalculable means vanish away again. People view these mutations of fortune with a tolerant eye; the bankrupt does not fear the frown of acquaintances nor the disapproval of friends. The trial is made easier for a proud man. The great parallel case to the one here under examination is that of Sir Walter Scott, who lost his all through the failure of his printers, the Ballantynes, and between January, 1826, and January, 1828, earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. In the early stages of this trial he suffered acutely from the attitude of his friends, and he records in his diary how some would smile as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts;" how others adopted an affected gravity "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," while the best bred "just shook hands and went on."

How the world treated Mark Twain we learn from his speech at the banquet given by the Lotus Club on his return from his arduous journey round the world: "There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time."

"'Don't you worry, and don't you hurry,' was what they said." With the courage of a man buffeted, but not beaten, he gathered himself up for "one more last try for fortune and fair fame." In the latter part of 1895 he started out on a tour of the English-speaking coun-

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tries of the world to give lectures and readings from his own works.

There were misgivings, of course, as to the success of his venture. Here was a field not absolutely untried, but not hitherto cultivated to the point of assured success. In 1873 he had made a lecture tour in England, and in 1885 had given platform readings in company with George W. Cable. But age had sapped the zest for public appearance, and he was sceptical of his power to move people with interest in his books. Moreover, there was a further thing to be considered, a possible impediment to success among the English colonies which he proposed to visit. His popularity with Englishmen had never been great, owing to the liberties he had taken with that nation's people in *Innocents Abroad*.

The latter apprehension was the more remote, however, for, starting from New York, he had a continent to traverse before embarking for the shores that held for him an uncertain welcome. To test his ability to interest an audience, to "try it on the dog," as they say in theatrical parlance, he subjected himself to the severest test possible, crossed to Randall's Island and read before an audience of boys. Unsophisticated by the lecturer's reputation as a humourist, the boys proved to be the organs of sincerest testimony to the permanence of the old power to amuse, and the first public appearance in Cleveland, Ohio, was undertaken with fewer misgivings.

No theatrical fly-by-night company, touring the country with "one-night stands," worked harder than this intrepid "old struggler," who made his way towards the Pacific by pausing each night for an appearance before an audience.

The quoted expression "old struggler" would slip in, for nowhere does it seem so appropriate. It calls us back once more to Sir Walter Scott, who got it from an old woman in Ireland. The anecdote is worth repeating, if only for the sake of the sage's reflections. Sir Walter was travelling with his daughter and was besought by an old woman to buy gooseberries. The petition was declined, but the travellers were later seen to respond to the request of a poor beggar, whereupon the old woman said they might as well give her an alms, as she, too, was an "old struggler." Sir Walter said the words ought to become a classical expression for those who take arms against a sea of troubles, instead of yielding to the waves.

From Vancouver, Mark Twain sailed for Sidney and gave readings before the English-speaking communities of Australia; then continued on to Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, India and South Africa.

His fears as to his welcome among Englishmen were proven to be groundless. In Australia, great as was his success as a lecturer, his personal success outweighed even that, and the market on his books was exhausted. We cannot follow him on this trip of mingled arduous labour and personal satisfaction. The humorous reactions of his homely vision upon the quaint, the bizarre, the pretentious, aspects of life in remote parts of the world may be read in his own record of this journey, *Following the Equator*. There are few things to record of this great effort to pay his debts.

In India he was taken ill, but the disease was not severe. In June, 1897, when he had circled the globe and had settled for a time in London, cablegrams came from that city announcing his mental and physical collapse. The English-speaking world was stricken with sympathy, and the New York *Herald* at once began a subscription fund for his relief. The report was contradicted at once, but admiration for the author's strenuous effort seemed to grow, and the *Herald* fund was assuming generous proportions when the following characteristic message declining to accept the relief came from the proposed beneficiary:

> I was glad when you instituted that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of debt, but I recognise that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders.

In November of the same year a report was circulated that he was out of debt, but from Vienna, whither he had gone to live, came a laconic cablegram nailing the too optimistic impeachment:

> Lie. Wrote no such letters. Still deeply in debt.

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Nearly half of the original indebtedness remained to be paid, and here, with scarcely an opposing voice in judgment, he might have waived the claim upon himself for his firm's responsibilities, but he avowed that he would pay dollar for dollar.

The time of accomplishment was not long in coming. When the undertaking was begun, it was with the resolution to clear up the debt in three years. Allowing for the unexpected, it was feared that it would take four, then at the age of sixty-four a new start in life would be open to the author, who might point to a considerable occupancy of space on library shelves and regard a life work accomplished. It took but two years and a half to pay the debt. He began the effort in the latter part of 1895 and finished it in the early part of 1898.

His return to America and his home in 1900 was, in the unromantic procedure of our self-conscious days, of the nature of a triumph. He was formally welcomed by the Lotus Club, and, of course, as delicately as might be, he was praised for his honesty. His reply to compliment was a generous recognition of social virtue, which renders easier such an effort as he had made. Said he:

Your president has referred to certain burdens which I was weighted with. I am glad he did, as it gives me an opportunity which I wanted. To speak of those debts—you all knew what he meant when he referred to it, and to the poor bankrupt firm of C. L. Webster and Company. No one has said a word about those creditors. There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time. They treated me well; they treated me handsomely. I never knew I owed them anything; not a sign came from them.

The story is one of simple elements, and suits the prosaic character of our age. It does not match Sir Walter's for romance. There was no such brain-racking work; no forcing of the phantasmal multitude of the poet's brain to dance to pay the expenses of the funeral; no mediæval castle to sacrifice; no tragic failure of the ultimate goal. What there is of real romance seems obscured by the facts of more or less safe speculation upon assured futures. It was a safe business venture.

The hero was not unworthy of the praises which his peers at the Lotus dinner were glad to lavish. Said St. Clair McKelway:

He has enough excess and versatility of ability to be a genius. He has enough quality and quantity of virtues to be a saint. But he has honourably transmuted his genius into work, whereby it has been brought into relations with literature and with life. And he has preferred warm fellowship to cold perfection, so that sinners love him and saints are content to wait for him.

Frederick A. King.

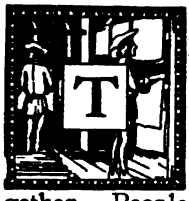


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EDUCATION

LEADING ARTICLE

INDIVIDUALITY AND DISCIPLINE



HERE are many complaints in the educational world to-day, some well founded and some mere carpings. One set of complaints is worth considering together. People complain that a college education does not train for life. College professors complain that their students have no good preparation. Parents complain that high-school pupils waste their time in what are called fads and new fashions. Employers and others complain that those who come to them from the grammar schools often cannot write or spell decently and have to learn arithmetic over again. Educational associations and newspapers are constantly complaining that people do not know this or that which they should—the alphabet, for instance. One reason for the greater number of complaints nowadays is undoubtedly the immensely increased means of communication. We have great numbers of associations at whose meetings all manner of educational matters are discussed. We have great numbers of educational papers in whose columns is an immense amount of news and comment. We have a far greater habit of discussing any matter of educational interest than was formerly the case. And, of course, much of such discussion must be critical: and there will always be much adverse criticism. But with the immense means of expression that now exists, the proportion of adverse criticism will probably be larger than it was, because it is so much easier.

The particular complaints just noted are but typical of many others usually much more special. But the general fact is very widely believed, that there is greatly increased ingenuity displayed in devising all sorts of educational means, elective courses, lectures and seminaries, manual training, clay work, basketry, and an immense amount else, and yet in spite of this increased effort there is no corresponding efficiency. Given men, for instance, do not find themselves better educated than their fathers. Whole classes of students are very weak in things that were formerly taken for granted. Students especially prepared in rudiments find themselves unable to do anything in advanced work. Education in general is said by a high authority not to have done in the last fifty years what was fairly expected of it. Perhaps this is too dark a view in general. Probably if our education does not attain the height that we think it might, it is partly because it covers so much more ground than it used. When you are educating a million men you cannot get as good material as when you are educating only a thousand or a hundred.

Yet with all this, there is some real residuum of fact left. We do not accomplish a good deal that we think we have a right to expect. The cause of the fault is variously stated, but may be most often heard to the effect that the crude, rigid discipline of the past gave a certain power of mind that is not attained by the more subtle and special appliances of our own day. In an earlier time students were all put through the same mill: in ours everybody has work carefully arranged so as to appeal to his especial powers or arouse his special interests. At the very beginning this view appears in the kindergarten, where children do not know that they are being educated at all. In the primary and grammar schools it is seen in the doing away with spelling-books and grammars, and the introduction of a hundred different kinds of language lessons, together with the addition to the curriculum of

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forms of work of which drawing and sloyd are typical enough. In the high school it appears in different kinds of schools, from manual training schools to high schools of commerce, of many different courses in the same school, in the introduction of many new studies,—sometimes such as were formerly confined to the colleges, like economics and psychology, sometimes entirely new, like civics and nature study,—in the introduction of the principle of election, and in new methods of teaching. In colleges the general manifestation is not very different from that of the high schools, the immense extension of the elective system being the most noteworthy point.

I cannot pretend for an instant (it is obvious enough) to have the wide range of information, the mastery of fact, the appreciation of educational principle to discuss such matters thoroughly, nor if I had, would these pages be sufficient, or even the best place for such a discussion. But like every one else, I have been often forced to have some opinion on these matters, or, at least, to act as intelligently as might be upon them. Shall I send my children to a kindergarten? Shall I teach them the alphabet myself, if they are learning to read on some group system? Shall I advise teachers who ask my opinion to teach English grammar? Shall I insist rigorously on the uniform entrance requirements for students desiring to enter college? What position shall I take on administrative questions that involve the extension of the elective system? Shall I arrange my own college work so that every one shall have the same discipline, or vary it (according to the possibilities of a small college), so that it may appeal to the different natures in my classes? and so on. Some of these questions belong especially to the college professor, but some might come to any one. I am sorry if their simplicity is tedious, but every one likely to read these lines with interest will be able to think of others, perhaps much more to the real point.

For questions of this sort come to everybody who has anything to do with education, either privately or professionally. They can all be answered, I believe, on much the same line of principle, but as to the statement of that principle I often find myself in doubt. Special questions like these generally give rise in my mind to more general ones, of which it will be worth while to set down one or two, which often occur. They express, I think, different aspects of the same idea.

1. Is it better (we may ask) to pursue a disagreeable task to the uttermost, or to take always work that interests one?

2. Is it better to have one way of doing things and make every one do things in that way, or have each one work as best suits him?

3. Do any studies have a universal value, or will every study be most useful to the particular one who likes it best?

I am generally inclined to choose in each case the first alternative.

But as I decide thus, there comes to my mind at once the loving and devoted girl who is so absorbed in her little kindergarten: she asks me reproachfully whether she has no place in the world. Then there is the high-school professor of chemistry, perhaps, or of civics, who can carry his pupils into regions of intense interest that will make them forget the playground. And I remember, too, the wonderful exhibitions of manual training schools, or of carpentry, basketry, drawing and painting in any school. Then there is the student of genius and ability in some especial line and no aptitude for others: he asks me if I would compel him to the hours of hopeless drudgery with which the dull ones in class plod on after the few brilliant ones amid the mass of the commonplace. Or there is the student who sees himself taught in a few years something that will give him bread and butter for a lifetime; or who sees himself able to pursue into the devious and minute wanderings the shy forms of truth that otherwise he can only see from afar. All these ask whether I would try to turn back the dial of time and read them out of existence.

I see and acknowledge all this. But the good is very often the enemy of the better. We may be often so pleased at our own condition that we cannot dream of anything more to the purpose. But

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that does not mean that what we have is the very best.

No one can look seriously at the world to-day and not see that there is an immense tendency to the development of individuality. To this in itself no one could object: we are individuals and must be. With all the love, sympathy, devotion we may have for others, we must always be ourselves. Even the most unselfish of the world's beliefs is not without recognition of the fact. "Love your neighbour as yourself," says Christ, and the whole world for centuries fixed its mind on the first part of the command. At the end of the nineteenth century Maeterlinck announces calmly that the last part is just as important, that you cannot love your neighbour to any purpose unless you love yourself first. Sound or not, the interpretation is wonderfully characteristic of a century that begins in literature with Byron and ends with Nietzsche, or, perhaps, more accurately, if less spectacularly, with the thousand and one forms and presentations of the doctrine of living one's own life.

You see it everywhere: in religion the universal creeds have lost millions to the idea of liberalism, of each man's believing as he sees fit. In politics the cause of absolutism hardly exists in the presence of democracy, while democracy itself often enough openly and with calm deliberation defies law. In commerce, business, industry it is certainly the day of the strong man. In art the domination of the schools is over, and every man does what is right in his own eyes, sure that the most extravagant individuality has a chance of hitting the public whim.

Every one knows all this, and few regret it absolutely, even in these particular manifestations. But with these manifestations go others. If the individual life in its higher moods has freer play than a hundred years ago, it is not the only element in man that is so favoured. Greatly as the opportunities have increased for the development of the higher nature, they are slight as compared with the increase of the opportunities for the less noble elements of our being. The opportunities for personal comfort, amusement, gratification, are to-day such as they have never been before, and people to-day are availing themselves of such opportunities to the utmost. And with this use, not to call it abuse or indulgence, comes a weakening of power, because people easily get to feel that they have a right to the things that it is possible for them to get. There is no plan for reform urged to-day that is not likely to be met by the all-sufficient argument that if it be carried out it will be hard on somebody. If we close the saloons, it will be hard on people who want to drink. If we insist on Sunday observance, it will be hard on those who have no other day for amusing themselves. Let me live my own life, say the finer spirits of to-day: the great world says, Let me take mine ease in mine inn.

And with this vast increase of comfort, ease, luxury have come darker elements. Money becomes more desirable the more we can get for it: we can get much for money now, and we therefore want much money. It is needless to suggest how money is often made nowadays. All this is the present concomitant, perhaps not necessary, of individualism.

Under such circumstances, what is the position of Education? The Church says, We want to bring people to God: we are content to try every way, for if we can do that, we have done everything. The note of the Church to-day is not discipline, but opportunity. The Law says, We shall correct all wrong doing as it arises: if we find that the laws that exist are not sufficient, we shall make others that will be. The note of the Law is not discipline, but regulation. Art says, We want expression of the finest that man is capable of: we know that for one great painter or poet there will be a million daubers or drivellers, but what of that? We need not bother about them. Art has its discipline certainly, but its note is freedom. And as for Science, nowadays, she certainly approves this constant development from homogeneous to heterogeneous.

What, however, does Education say? At present she says with the rest, Individuality: let us lead our own lives! But the note of Education always has been Discipline. If it comes to a choice be-

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tween the two—and many people think it has come to such a choice—which is the true note?

More and more people are beginning to feel the weight of too much liberty, often, it is true, of liberty on the part of others. More and more are people coming to see again the value of discipline. There is a great need of somehow teaching the idea that certain things absolutely must be, whether they please us, or interest us, or teach us, or not—must be for the good of all.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

REVIEWS

Americanism in Philosophy

I

For some years there has been developing what may fairly be called an American school of philosophy. Its leaders are Mr. C. S. Peirce and Professor William James. To the former is due the name "Pragmatism," by which it is chiefly known, signifying an ideal of thought, which values ideas for their results rather than their symbolism, and tests truth by empirical consequences rather than by *a priori* categories. In metaphysics, it adopts Pluralism in place of Monism; in ethics it chooses social efficiency in preference to inner perfectibility.

This school, it appears, is now to have a text-book. At all events, the newly made English version of Professor Höffding's *The Problems of Philosophy** finds place at Harvard as the book of the course, in which Professor James develops his special views. To be sure, Professor Höffding counts himself a Monist; but his Monism is so modified (allowing, as he does, residua beyond the compass of the philosophical "continuities") that its expression is really admirably adapted to the Pluralist's need, while his notion of truth is all that the most exacting Pragmatist could require. And taken with the neat preface which Professor James furnishes, the book cannot serve better than as a text of the new philosophy.

The work contains but four chapters, and they deal, respectively, with the problems of consciousness, knowledge, being and values—the ethical and religious problems being comprised in the latter. The author seeks to resolve these four into one, the problem of continuity, and in so doing to show their fundamental interdependence. At the same time, the various continuities are defined not as absolutes of existence, but as ideals; they are not philosophical fact, but philosophical aim. Hence (to quote Professor James), "an unfinished world, with all Creation, along with our thought, struggling into more continuous and better shape—such is our author's general view of the matter of Philosophy."

For the rest, the book is brief, clear and concise. It is not intended for students without some preliminary training in philosophy, and it is written to be studied rather than perused. The student who has mastered its pages will have achieved more than an introduction to an important phase of contemporary thought.

II

Of a more compendious scope is Professor Hyslop's *Problems of Philosophy.** It is the outgrowth, he states, of the problems and perplexities of his students, and so may be said to be written *en rapport* with the classroom. Yet it is none the less systematically conceived, and it deals with the chief captions of metaphysics, beginning with the classification of the sciences and leading up to the question of the existence of God.

Though not at all pragmatic, Professor Hyslop's work may also be classed as an expression of Americanism. It evinces the American restlessness of the

*The Problems of Philosophy. By Harald Höffding. Translated by Galen M. Fisher. With a Preface by William James. The Macmillan Company, 1905.

*Problems of Philosophy, or Principles of Epistemology and Metaphysics. By James Hervey Hyslop. The Macmillan Company, 1905.

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yoke of formalism, and voices the American demand that philosophy shall be clear and practical. Its author emphatically protests against the cloudy subtleties of the transcendentalists and the wile of words with which too often the metaphysical *defensor fidei* veils insincerities. He insists on downright thinking and outright expression. The reader who remembers what in his pre-initiate days he fondly conceived philosophy to be, what in after time he painfully discovered it seldom is, will be agreeably surprised to find here a book dealing frankly and above board with the problems of human nature and destiny that most interest men.

Natural science, critical "common sense" and practical idealism may be said to be the *Leitmotif* of Professor Hyslop's thought. He deprecates the epithet "Realist," as a metaphysical stigma, yet acknowledges his preponderant sympathies with the school of Realism. Hamilton, Spencer, Lotze and Kant are the chief modern influences of which he is conscious, and the collocation of names is suggestive of the dual respect for fact and logic which characterises the book.

Professor Hyslop's style is vigorous and clear, and should be readily intelligible to persons with even a small knowledge of philosophy, though the critical discussions necessarily imply acquaintanceship with the thought considered. The book will afford valuable collateral readings in philosophical courses, and even where instruction takes issue with it, it should prove a healthy foil. In certain ranges, as the discussion of Materialism and Spiritualism, it occupies unique territory.

III

It may seem something forced to classify Professor Santayana's implacable Hellenism as a third type of Americanism. Nevertheless, the protestant spirit, the resentment of magniloquent discourse, the insistence that philosophy shall be directly relevant to life as life really is, appear to be the actuating motives of his most recent work, *The Life of Reason,** and it is just these characters that are most typical of current cis-Atlantic thinking.

The intent of the new work is at once ambitious and modest. It is ambitious in that the author aims to lay bare the rational principles at the basis of the whole range of human experience, mutually to analyse man and nature in analysing the growth of reason. It is modest in that he conceives the outlines of this analysis to have been achieved, once for all, by the Greeks, so that it remains for a modern merely to interpret anew, in the light of fresher history, the meaning of ancient thought.

The phases in which *The Life of Reason* is manifested are indicated by the titles of the several volumes into which the work is divided. These are, successively, "Reason in Common Sense," "Reason in Society," "Reason in Religion," "Reason in Art," and "Reason in Science" (the last yet to appear). In the first of these is developed the general conception of human nature, as one of the more complex formations of the greater nature, as having "for its core the substance of nature at large," as progressive in its determinations, and as varying in historic manifestation. The aim of the later volumes is to show, through more concrete descriptions, how, in its various phases, the Life of Reason evolves in the ideal world an absolute authority; or, stated from the point of view of nature, how "the progressive organisation of irrational impulses makes a rational life."

The charm of Professor Santayana's writing and the piquancy of his thought are too familiar to need re-emphasis. The delicacy of his ironies is a subtle joy in the reading, while the occasional perverseness of his epigrams may be forgiven for the sake of their invariable point. Nor should it be supposed that there is wanting the matter of serious reflection. Few readers will turn from his pages without consciousness of some mental renovation, without a whetting of some blunted perception.

H. B. Alexander.

*The Life of Reason. I. Reason in Common Sense. II. Reason in Society. III. Reason in Religion. IV. Reason in Art. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.

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College Debating*

Public speaking, conducted officially and unofficially, has always been a characteristic exercise of the American college. The German universities pay little attention to it: you will find more "fechtmeistern" in the *Minerva* than professors "der offentlichen Rede." So also in the French faculties, though the French instruction in writing and in elocution is admirable. The English value good writing and speaking as much as we do, but they do not believe in the scholastic cultivation of rhetoric and oratory which is usual with us. Writing and speaking (like æsthetics) are with them more informally followed: they do not make a business of it, which may be a reason why they sometimes do it much better than we can.

In our own way, however, we have always followed public speaking. The traditional American college form is the oration. This exercise is now rarely heard, save at the commencements of our more conservative colleges and secondary schools. It is a curious form of expression, pretty well governed by necessities of circumstances and tradition, yet susceptible of many attractive effects and variations. The fact that nobody out of college speaks like a college orator does not deprive the college oration of possibilities as a literary form.

But the form of public speaking, which at present takes the interest of our students in the interval between football and baseball, is debating. Debating has always been a favourite occupation of the American; the present intercollegiate debate, though rather a conventional, formalised matter (except at the very best) is a perfectly legitimate outcome of national proclivities. At present debating is carried on by debating clubs and in college courses as well. In these latter something of a literature has grown up, to which the last months have added some volumes of interest.

For a foundation in debating, some people would say, one should have a good knowledge of logic, while others would suggest the topic, so important in law, of evidence. Treatises on these subjects which will be of any immediate use to the debater are at present entirely lacking: the American student commonly fills their places by a treatment of the rhetorical topic of argument, a part of the subject, which as long ago as the time of the Sophists and as shortly as that of Archbishop Whately, was a sort of Joseph's ear, and has now become almost a special discipline. It may be called argument by rhetoric only, for it considers only such matters as clearness, force, and gives no inkling of the logical nature of evidence, argument, or proof. The representative book on the subject has for some time been that of Professor George P. Baker, which has appeared within the year in a thorough revision by the author and Professor H. B. Huntington. The book is an improvement in several respects: its fundamental definitions and remarks are made more consistent, its treatment of what used to be called the "special issue" is much improved, its treatment of evidence is much fuller and somewhat more practical, its system of brief-drawing is somewhat simplified and improved. In fact, the work is much bettered. The appendix of examples and exercises will be especially useful.

It is not unjust to the work of Professors Laycock and Scales to say that in so far as argumentation is concerned, it follows in general the plan laid down by Professor Baker. It varies somewhat in its treatment of evidence, and here it runs into difficulties. A statement of the traditional arguments from antecedent probability, sign and example is in itself of little use to the ordinary debater, because they are applicable only to matters of fact. Such questions rarely occur in ordinary argument or debate, which commonly deals with matters of expediency or judgment. In this respect and some others the book is hardly an

*The Principles of Argumentation (Revised and Augmented). By George Pierce Baker and Henry Barrett Huntington. Boston: Ginn and Company.

Argumentation and Debate. By Craven Laycock and Robert Leighton Scales. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Lincoln and Douglas Debates, with Introduction and Notes. By Archibald Lewis Bouton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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advance upon two or three treatises already familiar. Nor does the part of the book on debate, though interesting and well written, seem to us to offer sufficient ground for exercise and practice to those who may use it.

We cannot think that either of the books mentioned gives a sufficient treatment of the subject. We believe that it is perfectly possible for two sides in a debate to argue a question, each side being wholly sound by the text-book, and yet leave the audience in utter doubt as to which side had prevailed. We do not think that this should be the case; we think that, given correct analysis and argument, except for considerable ignorance of the facts, the result should be, if not indubitable, at least fairly clear. That such is notoriously not the case in intercollegiate debates shows a weakness in the system. It is too much like Korax *vs.* Tisias, in which each was so clever that the judges turned both out of court. We think a better treatment is possible: one more scientific, we should say; but we readily admit that it is not among college debaters alone that such a discipline is a desideratum.

If one is not to proceed by logic, law, rhetoric, or science, there is yet another way of learning to debate, which we may describe as the literary way. There are found to-day, even in American colleges, those who think that if you take two men and let one study rhetoric with text-book and essay-writing, and let the other read Shakespeare and write or not, as he choose, the latter will come out ahead in ability to express himself. In like manner, it may be urged that the best training in debate (next to practice) is the study of classical examples. Those who think so will turn with pleasure to Professor Bouton's edition of the Lincoln and Douglas debates. These debates are in many respects different from the intercollegiate contests of the day, but they are better, in one respect, at least, namely, that they were real debates. Reality is a great advantage in speaking and writing, and it is well worth a student's while to analyse these speeches and rejoinders, and find out if he can, with Professor Bouton's help, the means whereby they accomplished such great results as they did. The book is well edited and gives a good idea of the matter.

Intercollegiate debating is an excellent occupation. The subjects are usually political (except for the moment, when they diverge to football, which may ere the printing of this have become politics by a place in the President's message), and we therefore have a sort of public manifestation that the American student is a citizen as well as a scholar. That is a point worth impressing even at a woman's college, where intercollegiate debating arouses often more interest than with the men: Wellesley and Vassar sometimes send a couple of hundred students to support their team in an argument on a public topic. If, as has been hinted, we have not yet discovered the truly scientific way of settling these matters, it is not so very different from the way things will go with the student when he or she becomes a citizen in earnest.

E. E. H., Jr.

MATHER'S CÆSAR AND BURTON'S LIVY.*

These books, which form part of the series edited by Professors Morris and Morgan, are alike in giving selections from Cæsar and Livy, instead of the first four books of the former, and Books I., II., XXI. and XXII. of the latter. These two writers seem to have established their position as the first to be read in the secondary schools and in college, in spite of some good reasons which have been given against this choice. The recommendation of the Committee of Ten that Nepos be substituted for Cæsar has not been adopted, and the various books of selections for first-year reading, though popular for a time, have had for the most part an ephemeral life. Most teachers, too, seem inclined to hold fast to the traditional books, and it will be interesting to see whether these excellent editions will lead to a change in this respect.

The plan has much to commend it. There are many passages, for example, in the first book of Livy, giving the details of the making of treaties, declarations of war, and

*Cæsar, Episodes from the Gallic and Civil Wars with an Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by Maurice W. Mather, Ph.D., formerly Instructor in Latin in Harvard University; Selections from Livy, edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Harry Edwin Burton, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Dartmouth College. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: The American Book Company, 1905.

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the like, which, though of great interest, are difficult for freshmen, and may be omitted without losing the thread of the narrative. This is less true of Cæsar, but there are many interesting passages in the Civil War and in the later books of Livy which are inaccessible to most students, unless presented in this way. Such books, too, make the use of translations more difficult, though, unfortunately, it may be doubted whether this will increase their popularity. On the other hand, few teachers would agree in their list of selections, and some will look in vain in these books for favourite passages.

Both editors have shown good judgment in the chapters which they have chosen, avoiding "scrappiness" by the use of passages of some length, and following a consistent plan, that of presenting a series of important historical episodes. The Livy contains selections from almost all the extant books, while in the Cæsar only the first book of the Civil War is wholly omitted.

Both books are provided with excellent maps and plans, and are attractively and carefully printed.

Dr. Mather gives in his introduction an excellent sketch of Cæsar's career, in which the chapter on Cæsar in Later Literature is especially worthy of notice. This is followed by a life of Pompey, and by an account of Cæsar's army, which, though quite adequate, is somewhat briefer than is customary in such manuals. In this connection the very pertinent question is asked in the preface why it should be considered necessary to be thoroughly posted in Roman military antiquities in order to be able to read Cæsar with appreciation and enjoyment. It is now nearly two decades since Professor Kelsey issued the first edition of Cæsar published in this country, which was provided with an illustrated introduction on military antiquities. The idea was rapidly adopted by enterprising rivals, and the experiment of making Cæsar interesting in this way may be said to have been given a fair trial. The result has not been quite what was anticipated, for a division of interests seems to have led to a less careful training in the essentials of grammar and in the ability to read Latin, a loss which has in most cases not been made good in other ways. It is interesting to note the signs of a reaction.

In the text the long vowels are marked, as is now universally customary in books intended for secondary schools. This is another experiment which has not had the results that were hoped for. The average schoolboy does not get such a knowledge of quantities as to be able to read accurately from an unmarked text on his entrance to college, and it may even be thought that his time may be better employed than in acquiring such a knowledge. The practice of marking the long vowels might very well be extended, at least, to the texts used in the first two years of college work. In the notes the quantities are not marked, a usage that is becoming general. This makes proof-reading so much easier, that no argument against it is likely to have much weight. An interesting feature of the notes, made necessary by the fact that five grammars are referred to, with double references to the old and the new editions of two, is the collection of the grammatical references in the form of footnotes. The notes themselves are very good, and the giving in full in the vocabulary of the principal parts of verbs and the genitives of nouns, wherever there is any chance of a misunderstanding, will commend itself to all teachers.

Professor Burton, too, has a somewhat briefer introduction than is customary. On the notes, the general criticism might, perhaps, be made that they do not give help enough to the student who has to learn during his first year in college what he has failed to learn in school, but for the better students they should be interesting and stimulating. Just which of these two classes should be provided for may be an open question. The statement made in the preface that the college undergraduate rarely looks up a reference not contained in the book he is using is unhappily true, but the editor, nevertheless, occasionally gives in his notes references to the later books of Vergil, which the average student has not read, as well as to less familiar writers.

In some other minor points criticism might be made, but it may be said in general of these two books, that if the plan of reading Cæsar and Livy in selections is not adopted, it will not be for lack of satisfactory text-books; and it is well that the opportunity should be given to those who desire it.

John C. Rolfe.

COMAN'S INDUSTRIAL HISTORY.*

It is undeniably true, as Miss Coman maintains, that "the history of the United States,

*Industrial History of the United States. By Katharine Coman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

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more than that of any Old World country, is the record of its physical achievements." (Preface, p. vii.) Yet in comparison, at least with England and Germany, the present state of our literature on economic as distinguished from general history is far from satisfactory. Monographs on special branches of industry or on particular states and periods we have in considerable number. Of original materials there is almost boundless wealth. All the conditions in America, an increasing public interest included, call for the labours of an enthusiastic Thorold Rogers, a cautious Ashley, a judicious Cunningham. It is no slight reproach upon our economic historical scholarship that we have no name to place with these. Considering the subject simply as a matter for school instruction, we have had, up to the appearance of Miss Coman's book, nothing that could compare with the texts on English industrial history of Cunningham, Gibbins, Warner, Price, and Cheyney—the last of whom, by the way, is an American scholar. So patent is our deficiency in this field that the Carnegie Institute has taken the matter in hand, not, indeed, with a purely pedagogic purpose, but rather with the intention of exploiting the masses of original material in a series of carefully co-ordinated monographs upon the basis of which future workers may build. The cordial support which this great scholarly enterprise has received from the economists and historians of the country goes far to demonstrate its utility and to assure its success.

Meanwhile, however, there is an active demand in universities, colleges and commercial schools for instruction in American economic history. Only in the few institutions possessing departmental faculties large enough to enable them to assign specialists to this field has the need been met by adequate lecture courses. Miss Coman's book will doubtless supply a much-appreciated supplement to work of this sort, but it will also, and herein its greatest usefulness lies, greatly widen the scope of instruction in American economic history by contributing to its introduction and improvement in many of the smaller schools.

Within the very modest scope of about three hundred and fifty pages, the author has chosen so wisely and arranged her materials so well that all essential facts find a place from the discovery and peopling of the New World and the business aspects of colonisation to the most recent developments of tariff, trust, railroad, currency and labour problems. On all moot questions in our economic history, whether resulting from political differences or purely academic in character, she has shown an eminent degree of fairness, as, *e. g.*, in discussing tariff, currency and slavery matters, or the effect of the old British colonial system. Particularly worthy of commendation are the marginal references to literature, which in connection with a fourteen-page bibliography afford excellent guidance for more detailed study. The statistical maps and diagrams are well designed, but unfortunately in some cases are so poorly executed as regards colours and distinctive markings as to be of little service. Compression is necessarily the order of a text book dealing with so large a field, but Miss Coman has not sacrificed interest to space. Her own pages abundantly illustrate her conviction that "business methods are more familiar than military tactics, and a mechanical invention is more readily comprehended than a constitutional revision."

Robert C. Brooks.

SELIGMAN'S ECONOMICS*

Two years ago the choice of a suitable text for instruction in economics was all but impossible. With the growth of the science a number of older books had lost their usefulness. Bullock and Hadley represented the only later efforts that were even approximately available, and these, although excellent in their way, by no means met the diverse needs of teachers. Since 1904, however, the situation has materially improved. Besides the new and revised editions of Gide and Ely, which appeared in that year, Professors Fetter of Cornell and Seager of Columbia published texts, which have found wide favour. To these very excellent recent accessions to the teaching literature of economics must now be added Professor Seligman's *Principles of Economics*. Unfortunately, the appearance of the latter was delayed so long that it will hardly be available for instruction before the beginning of the next college year. So great are the solid merits of the new book, however, that there can be no doubt of its ultimate success and wide adoption.

Professor Seligman's text is most sharply differentiated from the works of his immediate

*Principles of Economics. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. (American Citizen Series.) 613 pp.

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predecessors by the vastly greater number of facts which he has contrived to pack into the same number of pages. This appears even with regard to the many very excellent diagrams he has employed. Not one of them is of the type so dear to the heart of the average economist—namely, pure geometrical structures designed to illustrate pure economic reasoning. All are based upon statistics obtained from the latest and most reliable sources. Besides the diagrams and cartograms numerous tables are included in the text. In the discussion of such matters as density, concentration and distribution of population Professor Seligman also evinces a tendency to go into the statistical field somewhat beyond the usual treatment of population in economic treatises. A separate chapter on insurance (Chapter XXXII.) represents another innovation, the timeliness of which can hardly be questioned.

In dealing with matters of theory, the new text-book may be described as at once conservative and eclectic. The statement of the law of population (pages 60-65) will serve as an example, the author's apparent purpose being to formulate and reconcile all divergent opinions from Malthus to the present time. Another example may be found in the various discussions of land and rent, capital and interest. At first, Professor Seligman goes so far with the more recent critics of the old theories on these subjects (pages 15, 204), that his final insistence upon the original categories (pages 371, 392) is rather surprising. The elaborate and not easily comprehensible system of division and subdivision of the text results in a rather disjointed treatment of many topics, as in the case of those just mentioned. Nevertheless, Professor Seligman's clearness and conciseness of style has enabled him to handle his great store of materials with conspicuous effect. Particularly noteworthy in this way are his discussions of even such hackneyed topics as the modern [economic] problems of America (page 106), division of labour (page 290), justification of land rent (page 388), protection and free trade (page 505) and luxury (page 580).

R. C. B.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS*

Two volumes have recently been added to this series. These are not simply historical narratives, but the author of each has seized upon some underlying principle which explains the origin and development of the respective commonwealth, and their significance in our national life. With the volume on *Rhode Island*, by Irving B. Richman, the explanatory principle is the tendency towards separation. Through religious separation the colony had its origin; the extreme individualistic character of the people explains its commercial, industrial, social, educational, religious and political development and distinguishes the inhabitants of this little colony from those of its more powerful neighbours. Such, of course, was the feature of the Revolutionary and the Dorr Rebellion period, and such, according to the author, is the explanation of the more recent political life of the State. In the case of *Louisiana*, by Albert Phelps, the key of exposition is expansion. The acquisition and development of the territory from which his unique commonwealth has grown is treated as the climax of the long struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races for the mastery of the continent. The Civil War constitutes a struggle for economic and social expansion, while the Reconstruction period forms but an obstacle to the natural expansion which should have come after a cheerful acceptance of the result of that struggle—an expansion which is just now being attained. The lamentable errors of the post-rebellion period are handled in no mincing words, and the present-day social, racial and political problems, so far as distinctive, receive treatment. The volume is among the most scholarly of the extensive literature called forth by the recent centennial anniversary of the acquisition of this vast territory.

*Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.

THE AMERICAN JUDICIARY.*

The American Judiciary, by Simeon E. Baldwin, is a volume of the "American Citizens' Library," and a worthy companion piece to the preceding numbers. It sets

*The Century Company, New York.

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forth not only the origin, nature, organisation and operative processes of American courts, but discusses as well such topics as the law's delays, the character of the bench and bar, and the relation of the people towards the judiciary.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE INSURANCE.*

The Business of Life Insurance, by Miles M. Dawson, is an excellent book on a timely subject. Among the illusions dissipated by the current legislative examination of the insurance business is that of the occult power of the actuary. Yet the very committee conducting the investigation has an official actuary—who is the author of this book. And the service performed in this clear exposition of the business of life insurance is a worthy one. At any other time this volume could hardly be included under educational works, but at present the entire people is going to school on this subject, and is being educated and enlightened very rapidly. So there is a need of text-books: many are being produced. This is one of the best. Any person intending to take out a policy who fails to read this or some similar work is certainly very short-sighted.

BUSINESS LAW†

Business Law, by Ernest W. Huffcut, Dean of the Cornell College of Law, is a text-book for commercial courses in high schools and colleges that follows the regular text-book method of exposition rather than the case method, which would hardly be possible in a brief course. Each point, however, is abundantly illustrated by examples, which in most instances consist in cases decided in court. The text covers the entire scope of business law, including law pertaining to general industrial conditions, though provision is made for the omission of certain portions for briefer courses.

CONSCIENCE‡

Conscience, by George Winston Reid, is a brief attempt at a philosophy, that is, as the title indicates, a science of sciences built upon the idea that heat is the fundamental element. The volume is a queer jumble of natural physics, metaphysics, epistemology and religion, in which the method is that of piecing together brief quotations from the greatest variety of diverse sources.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE

The change which has gradually taken place of late in regard to the conception of the nature and purpose of the various subjects of study is producing a multitude of new text-books to replace those that were sufficiently up to date but a few years ago. The common purpose of all such is to give a functional rather than an analytical or merely logical presentation of the subject. Of this type, one each in grammar, rhetoric and literature, come to hand this month. The first is *A Brief English Grammar,** by Professor F. N. Scott and Miss Gertrude Buck. The text designs, in giving the structure of the native tongue, to emphasise the meaning of the form, to make these forms vital and living to the child by connecting the word on the page with the thought which is expressed and the experience that created it. Language form throughout is presented through language function. In the *Rhetoric in Practice,*† by Professors A. T. Newcomer and S. S. Seward of Leland Stanford, the same working conception is adopted. The text in rhetoric becomes but a guide to the creative task of giving forceful and effective expression to one's thought, not the discretion of lifeless material to suit certain formal classificatory norms. The *English Literature,*† also by Professor Newcomer, applies the same general conception again to the study of literature. From this point of view the purpose of the teaching of literature is to develop an æsthetic appreciation for literature, while the more rational analytical element is desirable only as a necessary basis for the cultivation of this æsthetic sense. In the text, then, biographical and historical material throughout is given a wholly subordinate place, and logical analysis and criticism but a means to the ultimate end.

A wholly different kind of text is Professor J. H. Gilmore's *Outlines of English and American Literature.*‡ In reality but a syllabus of a course of lectures, it aims merely to give the essential facts, biographical and historical. This it does in a most excellent fashion, with discriminating analysis, brevity and scholarly acumen. *A Short History of England's Literature,*§ by Eva March Tappan, is a high-school text, which again emphasises literary appreciation rather than information or even scholarship as the object of study, but seeks as its chief means to develop this, to arouse the interest of the pupil by a rather extensive use of biographical, social and historical material, and even technical criticism

Another book which aims to give at the same time knowledge of the facts of English literature and an appreciation of the artistic qualities of great authors, is the *First View of English Literature,*¶ by W. V. Moody and R. M. Lovett. Besides the text, there are illustrations superior to those commonly found, tables of reference, a reading guide to each chapter and questions for review. Reference may be made to it later in this department.

ETHICAL GAINS THROUGH LEGISLATION**

Because of the facts presented, the situations discussed, the arguments advanced, and

*A. S. Barnes and Company, New York.
†Ginn and Company, Boston and New York.
‡W. F. Brainard, New York.

*Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago.
†Henry Holt and Company, New York.
‡Scranton, Wetmore and Company, Rochester.
§Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.
¶Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
**The Macmillan Company, New York.

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the conclusions reached, *Ethical Gains through Legislation*, by Florence Kelly, is a most valuable book to students of social conditions and of the general welfare. Legislation and judicial decision concerning the rights of the child, the rights of women, the rights of all labourers to leisure through restricted hours of labour, and the rights of the purchaser to knowledge of conditions of production and distribution of goods, are clearly presented and interpreted. The author is prepared for her work, and by long experience in social, economic investigation as government and State official, as special investigator, as a settlement resident, and as a member of the Illinois bar. The volume forms the latest addition to the American Citizens Library.

GOETHE'S IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS*

This scholarly edition, with introduction and notes by Max Winkler, is intended for students who are mature enough and who possess sufficient knowledge of German to study *Iphigenie* as literature. It is accordingly supplied with a very thorough and many-sided discussion of matter necessary to the student's understanding of the drama. Professor Winkler's experience has taught him that the average college student possesses little knowledge of Greek mythology and literature, so essential in any comparative treatment of Goethe's *Iphigenie*. He has accordingly given a rather extended account of the legends upon which the drama is based and their use in ancient literature. This, with the detailed account, the genesis of the work, critical discussion of characters and plot, full notes, etc., occupies over 200 pages and seems rather disproportionate to the slightly less than 100 pages of text. The introduction reads well, the notes are scholarly and well chosen. A good biography is at the end of the volume. It seems an excellent piece of editing.

GEOGRAPHIES†

The authors of *Commercial Geography*, Messrs. Gannett, Garrison and Houston, combine a wide experience along the various lines of scientific training, practical experience and previous authorship in the preparation of this text. It is devoted to a discussion of commercial conditions, commercial products and commercial countries, and will serve as an excellent text for a new type of course now being introduced into many schools and colleges. In his volume on *Africa*, in his series of Geographical Readers, F. G. Carpenter has added another very readable supplementary text, which combines the interest of travel with the study of a science.

GREEK READER‡

This volume, by E. C. Marchant, is adapted from Wilamowitz's *Griechisches Lesebuch*. The fifty pages of Greek text include maxims and anecdotes, and selections from Dion of Prusa, Arrian, Strabo and Thucydides. The book is meant to save students "from being set down at a too early stage in their learning of Greek to Euripides and Xenophon." "A course of parasangs," says Mr. Marchant, "inspired in me a hatred of Xenophon so intense that it took me twenty years to forgive him." One feels extremely sorry for his teacher; there is so much more in Xenophon than parasangs! In our American school system there is little room for a Greek reader between the beginner's book and Xenophon. If there were such room, is Thucydides easier than Xenophon or Euripides?

HANDBOOK OF UNITED STATES POLITICAL HISTORY*

A book of reference by Malcolm Townsend, containing a mine of information, and valuable to teacher, student, publicist and general reader. The very greatest variety of important events, essential facts, curious bits of information, general statistics concerning almost every topic connected with our national history is included. The material is classified, but has no logical arrangement, and the use of fanciful titles, such as "The Going of the Nations," to indicate the facts relative to the exclusion of European colonisation efforts, are criticisms which might be offered. However, such a book is worth just the service it gives, and while of no value to the trained student, it will be of very great convenience to many others.

HOW TO TELL STORIES TO CHILDREN†

In this volume, Sara Cone Bryant discusses the value of story-telling, offers practical advice concerning the art, and cites numerous examples of perfection in the art.

LUCIAN: SELECTED WRITINGS‡

Teachers of Greek will be prepared to give a hearty welcome to F. G. Allinson's *Lucian*. Despite Lucian's importance, only once before (1882) has an edition of any part of his works been published in America. The introduction contains very valuable matter on Lucian's life and times, his writings, and especially on the influence of Lucian both on painters and writers down to our own times. Unfortunately, however, this is in large measure spoiled by the style: there is a perpetual straining after effect: a lack of dignity and of clearness frequently results. One wishes the editor had taken to heart a sentence he wrote on Lucian, thus: "It is his clear and well-trimmed style that has done honour to him." The selections are interesting, and the notes, reinforced by the excellent account of Lucian's Greek in the introduction and by the brief discussions prefixed to each selection, are ample.

*Henry Holt and Company, New York.
†American Book Company, New York.
‡Greek Reader, Volume I. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

*Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.
†Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.
‡Ginn and Company, Boston and New York.

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EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY*

A Manual of Laboratory Practice, by Edward Bradford Titchener. Volume II. Quantitative Experiments.

The long-awaited second volume of Professor Titchener's *Experimental Psychology* is now issued by the Macmillan Company. It is a manual of "Quantitative Experiments," as was its predecessor of "Qualitative," and, like the latter, consists of two parts, an instructor's and a student's manual, sold separately. In the Instructor's Manual is to be especially noted the valuable historical introduction on "The Rise and Progress of Quantitative Psychology." The book will receive a more extended notice in a later issue.

LIVY: THE WAR WITH HANNIBAL†

This volume, by Edward A. Bechtel, contains selections from each book of Livy's third decade and from Book XXXIX., which together give the whole story of Hannibal. Naturally, the selections from XXI., XII. are the longest; they cover 88 pages. Not only is the general plan excellent, but the individual selections, in these two books especially, are chosen with good judgment. The introduction and notes, however, seem somewhat meagre. It may be doubted whether they will afford assistance and guidance enough to the young student who comes for the first time to the study of Livy.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE‡

The New Knowledge, by Professor Robert K. Duncan, is a book on science for the layman that will rank among the best of its kind. It falls beween the technical treatise and the popular magazine article of more or less sensational character, yet gives an accurate presentation of those recent discoveries in chemistry and physics that are revolutionising many ideas of science accepted in the past, and bids fair to introduce inventions and processes quite as revolutionary as those resulting from the increased knowledge of electricity during the past few decades. Thus the new theories concerning gaseous ions, the various forms of radio-activity, the theory of atomic distintegration with the consequent reformulation of the fundamental ideas in physical science receive attention. A form of clear exposition essential to the successful teacher in so technical a subject, a grasp of entire subject treated, a knowledge of the work of the leading scientists of every country, are possessed by the author and render the treatise acceptable to the scientist, and helpful and sufficient for the layman.

PHYSICS: TWO TEXT-BOOKS

Physics,† by Charles R. Mann and George R. Twist, offers an excellent embodiment of most recent formulation of methods of teaching science. It aims to avoid the loose and desultory results that were occasioned by the introduction of laboratory methods for the pupil, but to combine with these methods the continuity and completeness of logical exposition. The application of mathematical formulæ to practical problems is constant, but subordinate. The use of illustrations and text problems from most recent practical applications of physical principles, together with the suggestion of the historical and biographical material, adds interest. *Elementary Physical Science*,* by Professor J. H. Woodhull, is an excellent text and guide in experimental work for the use of the child in graded schools where courses in that science have been introduced.

*The Macmillan Company, New York.
†Scott, Forseman and Company, Chicago.
‡A. S. Barnes and Company, New York.

PLAUTUS

T. Macci Plauti Comœdiæ. Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit W. M. Lindsay, in Universitate Andreana litterarum humaniorum professor. Oxonii: e Typographeo Clarendoniano. Volume II., Miles Gloriosus—Vidularia, and the Fragments. No date, no page numbers. 8vo. To be reviewed in a later number.

RATIONAL LIVING†

In this helpful and suggestive volume Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin, attempts to apply the results of modern psychological investigation to life. Few among modern psychologists apply the results of those investigations to the problems of practical life. In this case, the author shows as a result of the four great inferences from modern psychology that life consists in a multiplicity of intricate relations, that the essential unity of these relations is involved in our own nature, that this unity demands action, because will and action are of central importance in the mental life of the individual, and that nowhere can the individual rest in abstraction, but must find reality in the concrete. It abounds in illustration and is marked by lucidity of expression and exposition. Both in the broader and in the more technical sense, the work is educational.

SOCIOLOGY†

Blackmar's *Sociology* is a working manual intended "to present a brief outline of sociology founded on the principles established by standard authorities on the subject." It discusses the nature and import of sociology, social evolution, socialisation and social control, social ideals, social pathology, methods of social investigation, and the history of sociology. To be reviewed later in this department.

SUDERMANN'S TEJA‡

This short drama, with introduction, notes and vocabulary, by Herbert C. Sanborn, is intended for second or third year reading in

*The American Book Company, New York.
†The Macmillan Company, New York.
‡Henry Holt and Company, New York.

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preparatory schools or colleges, preferably the former. The introduction sketches briefly Sudermann's work as an author, after which follows some dozen pages dealing with the historical background of the play. The notes are often elementary in character, often containing needless ballast. This criticism holds particularly true with regard to the vocabulary, in which past and perfect participles of strong verbs are listed. One regrets to see American teachers encouraged by such editions to read plays like *Teja* too early in the school course.

TRADE UNIONISM AND LABOUR PROBLEMS*

A series of twenty-seven essays, edited by John R. Commons. They are mostly reprints from current scientific magazines on a great variety of aspects of the social and economic situation. These topics are widely representative, including the Teamsters' Union of Chicago, the Miners' Union, the sweating system, arbitration laws, introduction of labour-saving machinery, the negro artisan, woman's wages, hours of labour, workingmen's insurance and insurance against non-employment. Every topic is by a specialist, so that the data are technically accurate, and the analysis and conclusions scientifically tested. While the book possesses no unit of system or method and certainly does not present any system of principles, yet it is aimed as a text-book as well as a book of reference or for the technical student. At least, it will furnish the raw material for a course in descriptive economics, and as such is a serviceable volume.

*Ginn and Company, Boston and New York.

THUCYDIDES: BOOKS II. AND III.*

Professor W. A. Lamberton has long been known as a student of Thucydides by his edition of Books VI., VII. The present book by him would be welcome, if for no other reason, because no edition of Book II. has heretofore been published in this country. But the volume has other claims. The introduction discusses in an interesting way Thucydides's life, his relation to the culture and thought of the time, his work and his language. The notes, printed below the text, are copious. There are four good maps, an appendix on the MSS. and the editions, and an apparatus criticus. Good indexes close the book.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS CHILDREN†

This is a nondescript volume, by Justin Wade Shaw, on historical, geographical, economic and ethnographic aspects of our national life. It is a cross between a text-book on civil government and a sociological treatise of the type of *Our Country*, but a book which will be of interest and service to boy or girl, or those of older growth desiring to get in simple, concrete form some of the advantages that our country offers to its citizens, and at the same time some of the disadvantages arising from the too liberal acceptance of these advantages by people not prepared to appreciate the responsibilities that go with the privileges.

*American Book Company, New York.
†A. S. Barnes and Company, New York.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

Reptiles. By H. W. McVickar.

Three friends made a wager of five hundred dollars that if they should fall in love within five years they will fall out again. When the time has expired, one pays up; another pays one-third of the amount, claiming that he is still two-thirds in love with his wife; while the third, the cynical promoter of the scheme, confesses that he still loves his wife. The book is illustrated by the author.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Mountain of Fears. By Henry C. Rowland.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Brentano's:

Children of Fate. By Adolphe Danziger.

Jewish life in Poland is the theme of this "story of passion." Rosen, a young officer in a synagogue, is the hero, while the heroine is a noble woman of Poland. Some of the instances narrated in the story include the rescue of two women from perilous situations by Joseph, an important part which he plays in a Polish revolution, and the outcome of a religious upheaval.

Consolidated Retail Booksellers:

The Village of Hide and Seek. By Bingham Thoburn Wilson.

A little boy and girl are the principal characters in this story for children. Having been driven from the village inn by their grandfather to search for pennyroyal in the mountains, the little hero and heroine come in contact with a good old woman, a witch, who leads them up to the Village of Hide and Seek. The dwellings in this place are dollhouses, and the inhabitants are all dolls. The witch, who proves to be the sister of Santa Claus, is the ruler of the town. There are eight coloured illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Auto Fun. Pictures and Comments from "Life."

The person whose horse has been frightened by the automobile or who has been choked with dust or gasoline fumes will appreciate this book just as well as the motor-car enthusiast, as it contains jibes and jests for both. It is a collection of what is said to be the best pictures on the subject produced in "Life."

The Life that Counts. By Samuel V. Cole.

The author is said to strike the keynote of his book in the following quotation from his introduction: "What counts is the good life; there is no other worth living. But whatever is good, is good for something beyond itself; goodness in the abstract, goodness isolated and unrelated, does not exist. Goodness implies a goal, an object, a something on which to expend its energy. The good life is the life that reaches out, that fulfils itself, in ministration to other lives. The life that counts is the life that serves; the life that counts most is the life that serves most."

Stories from Plutarch. By F. Jameson Rowbotham.

The King's Sword, The God of the Spears, Hannibal's Schoolmaster and His Father's Crown are the four accounts which Mr. Rowbotham has chosen from Plutarch. These tell the stories of Theseus, of Romulus, of Fabius Maximus, and of Alcibiades, respectively. The work is illustrated.

One Hundred Best American Poems. Selected by John R. Howard.

What the editor has considered as the hundred best American poems are here issued in the "Handy Volume Classics" series. The work of no living poet has been included. It is a companion volume to "One Hundred Best English Poems," published last year.

Selections from the Writings of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by U. Waldo Cutler.

What is said to be the best of Benjamin Franklin's writings, irrespective of his "Autobiography," published last year, is included in this addition to the "Handy Volume Classics."

The Diary of a Bride.

The title of this volume explains its object. The typography of the book is attractive.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Great Portraits. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

The editor has endeavoured in this volume "to present as many styles of treatment and varieties of subject as possible, besides including certain portraits of renown." The portraits, which

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are fifty-two in number, are by such artists as Raphael, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Titian, Holbein, Dürer, Rossetti, etc.; the descriptions are by prominent and well-known writers. The volume is illustrated by a reproduction of each portrait.

A Yankee in Pigmy Land. By William Edgar Geil.

"Being the narrative of a journey across Africa from Mombasa through the Great Pigmy Forest to Banana. Among the items of importance described by the author are the lion hunters, the sleeping sickness and its victims, the lost caravan, nights alone with savages, the greatest wild-game region of the earth, the Congo atrocities, the foreign missionaries and their settlements, and the homeland of the pigmies. To this last subject seven chapters are devoted. The book contains one hundred full-page illustrations and a map of the region visited by Mr. Geil.

Elsie and Her Namesakes. By Martha Finley.

The children of the present generation will derive as much pleasure from the twenty-eighth volume of the "Elsie" books as did their mothers from the first in the series. Much of this story concerns the preparation for a wedding and the long trip upon which the bridal couple go, accompanied by several of their relatives. The stories of war which Grandma Elsie tells to the children are no minor part of the book.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Man and the Earth. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

The author has endeavoured to set forth in this volume "certain reasons why there should be a change in the point of view from which we commonly regard the resources of the earth." It is a study of the earth's inhabitants and its material resources for taking care of them in order to insure a future supply of various products which it yields. Some of the subjects discussed are: The Exhaustion of the Metals, The Problem of the Nile, The Maintenance of the Soil, The Resources of the Sea, The Future of Nature upon the Earth, The Attitude of Man to the Earth, etc.

Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison.

The translators of this work have collected a number of letters from Ibsen, to which they have added an introduction and notes, and have included them in this volume, in the hope of giving to the public a substitute for an autobiography which the dramatist intended to write but which he put off from time to time, until he was physically unable to do it. These letters, which cover the period from 1849 to 1898, were to such persons as Georg Brandes, Frederick Hegel, Hans Christian Andersen, William Archer, Edmund Gosse, Grieg, Björnson, and King Charles of Sweden. A photogravure portrait of Ibsen appears as the frontispiece.

Harper and Brothers:

Land Ho! By Morgan Robertson.

A dozen of Mr. Robertson's latest stories of the sea are included in this volume. An old Scotchman by the name of Angus McPherson, commonly called "Scotty" by his associates, is the principal figure in three tales. Some of the titles are: The Dollar, The Wave, The Lobster, The Mistake, The Dancer, The Submarine Destroyer, On the Rio Grande, etc.

The Hobart Company:

A Soldier's Trial. By General Charles King.

Various phases of army life are shown in General King's books. In this latest novel he has embodied an argument which favours the restoration of the army canteen. Although this question is handled to some extent, the romance is the principal theme of the story.

Henry Holt and Company:

Loser's Luck. By Charles Tenney Jackson.

The sub-title of this book—"Being the questionable enterprises of a yachtsman, a princess and certain filibusters in Central America"—gives a good idea of the story. Contrary to the usual order of things, it is the princess who is in charge of the filibusters, and she has seized the yacht of a young American for purposes of her own, and not until they are well under way does she discover that she has captured the owner as well. The story abounds in adventure and romance.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Poetry and Philosophy of Browning. A Handbook of Six Lectures. By Edward Howard Griggs.

"The aim of this course is to give an introduction to the poetry and philosophy of Browning through the careful study of a few typical and especially lofty expressions of his genius." There are outlines, topics for study and discussion, and references for each lecture. The pamphlet is bound in paper.

Mozart. Compiled and Annotated by Friedrich Kerst. Edited and Translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

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Beethoven. Compiled and Annotated by Friedrich Kerst. Edited and Translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

The data for these two books has been taken from the words of the composers themselves, from reported conversations, from letters and diaries, and from other authentic sources. This matter has been arranged according to subjects. The artistic, intellectual and moral character of both Mozart and Beethoven are described.

The Divine Comedy of Dante. A Handbook of Six Lectures. By Edward Howard Griggs.

For each of the six lectures referred to in this brochure there are notes, outlines, illustrations and topics for study and discussion.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Red Book of Romance. Edited by Andrew Lang.

Although the name of Andrew Lang appears on the title-page as the editor, the preface states that it is Mrs. Lang who has retold these twenty-nine stories from the old romances. In this abbreviated form the tales are intended to so interest the young reader that he will read them in their original language when he is older. The book is copiously illustrated, eight of the pictures being in colour.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Wives of Henry VIII. By Martin Hume.

Mr. Hume's new book is said to contain much new matter, which his position in the British public record office has enabled him to discover. The six wives of Henry VIII. are considered, not from a personal point of view, but in their relation to the political influences which were constantly being brought to bear upon a weak man. The marriage and unfortunate fate of each of the queens is typical of the surpremacy or overthrow of the Catholic and anti-Catholic parties. A portrait of each queen and two of the king illustrate the book.

The Fortunes of the Landrays. By Vaughan Kester.

The lives and loves of several generations are dealt with in Mr. Kester's book. The original Landrays endeavour to reach the California gold fields, but are murdered on the way. The romance concerns the widow of one of the victims and the lawyer who is in charge of the estate. The central figure of the third generation is the son of the widow. The chief events in the history of the Mississippi valley are said to be interwoven into the tale.

The Pang-Yanger. By Elma A. Travis.

The wild, rugged scenery of the Catskills forms the background to this story, the chief figure in which is Abijah Bead of Pang-Yang. Two women come into the life of this man: one, at the beginning of the story, leaves him a motherless son—all the witnesses of their secret marriage years before having disappeared, she had married again. The other is a sweet Southern girl.

Irish History and the Irish Question. By Goldwin Smith.

This volume makes no pretensions at being a history of Ireland; it is merely "an attempt to trace the general course of the history as it leads up to the present situation." The political and historical relations of Ireland to England are traced from the earliest date, and the author suggests means for bettering the conditions as they appear in Ireland to-day.

The New Idolatry. By Washington Gladden.

"A volume of discussions in protest against the commercialising of government, of education and of religion; against the growing tendency in church and state to worship power and forget the interests of justice and freedom; against the dethronement of God and the enthronement of Mammon." In addition to the initial paper, which gives the book its title, there are articles on Tainted Money, Standard Oil and Foreign Missions, The Church and the Nation, Religion and Democracy, Rights and Duties, The Ethics of Luxurious Expenditure, etc.

Swinburne. By George Edward Woodberry.

An additional volume in the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series. The works of Swinburne are discussed in this monograph, little being said of the man himself. A photograph of Swinburne is the frontispiece.

I. N. R. I. By Peter Rosegger.

This book is said to be written by a young carpenter sentenced to death for a crime committed during a rash moment of socialistic enthusiasm. Christ's life upon earth is told in the form of a story.

The Macmillan Company:

Constructive Democracy: The Economics of a Square Deal. By William E. Smythe.

The evils of the existing monopoly, poverty, reign of "The Almighty Dollar," etc., are here discussed. A programme for constructive progress is also outlined. The six parts into which the book is divided are: The Face of the Times, The Taming of Monopoly, The Surplus Man, The Unfinished Republic, Institu-

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tions for Surplus Men, and The Summing Up.

The Road Builders. By Samuel Merwin.

The construction of a railroad in Texas in the face of great natural difficulties and difficulties which the opposing road constantly bring to bear is the axis upon which this story turns. The hero is Cathcart, the engineer who has the work in charge.

Miss Desmond. By Marie van Vorst.

The scenes of Miss Van Vorst's new story, which is said to be a study of feminine human nature, are laid in Switzerland, France and a New England garden. Miss Desmond, the heroine, is a carefully reared New England woman. Her sudden entrance into a society which differs very much from that in which she has always lived, works great changes in the girl; this and her love for "the wickedest man she has ever seen" are the threads from which the author has woven her story.

The Dwarf's Spectacles and Other Fairy Tales. By Max Nordau.

These fairy tales, twenty in number, were told by the author to Maxa, his daughter, from her fourth to her seventh birthday. The stories are about flowers, flies, dolls, birds, cats, mice, children, dogs, a lion, etc. Mary J. Safford has made the translation from the original manuscript, there being no European edition. The book is well illustrated.

Munn and Company:

The Scientific American Boy. By A. Russell Bond.

The aim of this book is to suggest certain diversions for the boy camper, by means of which he can exercise his ingenuity in making various useful things out of the limited resources at hand; thereby affording him plenty of physical exercise, developing his mental faculties and stimulating his natural genius.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The House by the River. By Florence Warden.

A mystery story dealing with mysterious characters, mysterious exploits, and a mysterious house. A romance runs through the tale.

The Phonographic Institute Company:

Business Letters. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard.

A small paper-covered brochure containing a number of business letters written in shorthand. The key is also given.

James Pott and Company:

Mrs. Van Twiller's Salon. By Lillie Hamilton French.

Many types of New York society—an artist, a recorder of social functions, a major, a professor, etc.—are introduced into this love-story. Mrs. Wooten Van Twiller is, of course, the centre around which the story turns.

The Essentials of Spirituality. By Felix Adler.

The need of the twentieth century for more direct cultivation of the spiritual life is the theme of Dr. Adler's latest book. The sub-heads into which the work is divided are: The Essentials of Spirituality, The Spiritual Attitude Toward One's Neighbour, The Spiritual Attitude Toward Oppressors, and The Two Souls in the Human Breast.

The Spirit of the Mountains. By Emma B. Miles.

The Tennessee Mountains and the people who dwell among them supply the theme of this volume. The everyday life of the mountaineer, his traditions, his literature, his religion, and his music are described, and his future is predicted. Characteristic illustrations add to the interest of the book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Novels of Henry James. By Elisabeth Luther Cary.

The aim of this book is "to fix more or less definitely the impression given by the work of Mr. James taken as a whole accomplishment and reviewed with reference to its complete effect. It is not so much a criticism as a comment upon the author's point of view and the inferences he draws from life." The five parts into which this study is divided are: American Character, The Genius of Place, The Question of Wealth, Imagination, and Philosophy.

The Life of Charles Lamb. Vol. II. By E. V. Lucas.

The second volume of this work, the first of which was noticed in THE BOOKMAN for December, continues the biography of Lamb from his thirty-seventh year to the date of his death. There is, also, a chapter devoted to Mary Lamb's last days. The illustrations include several portraits of Lamb, one each of Fanny Kelly, Bernard Barton, Mary Lamb, Thomas Westwood, and Coleridge, as well as homes of various prominent persons.

The Development of the European Nations. Vol. I. By J. Holland Rose.

This discussion deals with "those events which had a distinct formative influence upon the development of Eu-

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ropean states during the latter part of the nineteenth century, a period remarkable because of the great progress made by the people of Europe in their effort to secure a larger measure of political freedom for the individual, and the legitimate development of the nation." The work is well supplied with maps and plans.

Life and Matter. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

This volume is intended "to formulate, or doubtless rather to reformulate, a certain doctrine concerning the nature of man and the interaction between mind and matter. . . . The book is specially intended to act as an antidote against the speculative and destructive portions of Professor Haeckel's interesting and widely read work, but in other respects it may be regarded less as a hostile attack than as a supplement—an extension of the more scientific portions of that work into higher and more fruitful regions of inquiry."

Jane Austen and Her Times. By G. E. Mitton.

Not only does Miss Mitton endeavour to tell the story of Jane Austen's life, but "to show her among the scenes wherein she moved, to sketch the men and women to whom she was accustomed, the habits and manners of her class, and the England with which she was familiar." There are descriptions of England as it was at the time of Jane Austen's birth, of her childhood, the position of the clergy, home life at Steventon, her novels, contemporary writers, the navy, dress and fashions, and a number of other subjects which concerned the writer herself or the times and scenes in which she lived. Twenty-one reproductions from contemporary engravings and paintings illustrate the volume.

Contemporary France. Vol. II. By Gabriel Hanotaux.

This volume "contains the history of the first two cabinets of the Duc de Broglie (May, 1873, to May, 1874) and an account of the double failure of the attempt to restore the monarchy." The volume covers the period from 1873 to 1875, and includes a portrait of Léon Gambetta, of Duc de Broglie, and of Ernest Renan.

The Wild Huntsman. By Julius Wolff.

A legend of the Hartz, translated from the German of Wolff by Ralph Davidson. Into the well-known German tradition of the wild huntsman is interwoven a tale of horror and mystery, a woodland romance, and scenes of peasant life. The illustrations are from designs by Woldemar Friedrich.

Philippine Life in Town and Country. By James A. LeRoy.

Mr. LeRoy, who was for two years connected with the United States Philippine Commission during the establishment of civil government in the Philippines, has not written this book "with the aim of maintaining any thesis, or even of serving as an exposition of any policy. . . . Its purpose is to set forth the Filipinos as they are." Some of the points which the author deals with are: Racial Origins and Blends, A Typical Filipino Community, Manila and Other City Dwellers, Filipino Religion and the Religious Question, Caciquism and Local Self-Government, Education and Public Opinion, etc. There are seventeen illustrations and a map in the book.

The Choice of Books. By Charles F. Richardson.

A revised and authorised edition. In addition to essays on such subjects as The Motive to Reading, The Reading Habit, The Art of Skipping, etc., the author has given suggestions for libraries, lists of books of reference, best current editions, notes and prices.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

When Joy Begins. By Clara E. Laughlin.

An elderly widow, whose husband has long since been drowned, tells in her gentle way how she passed "from the isolation of grief to the great companionship of sorrow"—tells the story of "the woman-heart." She narrates the rescue of a small boy from a sinking ship and the joy which his adoption has brought to her. No less real is the description of her great disappointment when he marries a woman of the fisherfolk.

The Wisdom of the Simple. By Owen Kildare.

Like his previous stories, Mr. Kildare's "The Wisdom of the Simple" is a tale of poverty, the scenes of which are laid in the Bowery district of New York City. The friendship of two boys, how the friendship continues when they reach manhood, and how they are rivals in love and politics are some of the main points in the story.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

In the Name of the Bodleian. By Augustine Birrell.

This new volume by the author of "Obiter Dicta" takes its title from the first of the twenty-seven essays of which it is composed. Some of the many subjects discussed are: Bookworms, Confirmed Readers, Lord Chesterfield, Hannah More Once More, Our Great Middle Class, Contempt of Court, etc.

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Animal Heroes. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

Because she is tired of being a princess, Princess Priscilla runs away from a German court, accompanied by an old librarian and her maid. The many experiences and mishaps, very often humorous, which they encounter in a short fortnight make her willing to return and marry the prince, who has appeared at an opportune moment.

The Fairy Godmother-in-Law. By Oliver Herford.

In Mr. Herford's own style he completes the story of Cinderella, telling how the Prince and his trying Godmother-in-law managed to live in the same house; and how, when the Prince and Cinderella were divorced, they all "lived happy ever afterward." Characteristic drawings illustrate the book.

Joseph P. Smithers:

Argument Demonstrating Existence of Deity. By Joseph P. Smithers.

A paper-covered pamphlet in which the author demonstrates the workings in the universe of a third Entity, which he calls God.

A. Wessel's Company:

Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern. Edited with Notes by Joshua Sylvestre.

The title of this book is self-explanatory. The editor prefaces each of the forty-three selections with a short descriptive sketch, giving the history of the carol. The book is well illustrated, and is decorated in green.

Contrite Hearts. By Herman Bernstein.

This story of Jewish life is an appeal to the Jewish people to guard their religion from the renegades of their own blood. The opening scenes, in which two daughters of a Russian Jew have been forbidden entrance to the house of their father as a result of their marriage with apostates, are laid in Russia. The close of the story sees the family united in New York.

BOSTON, MASS.

American Unitarian Association:

From Servitude to Service.

"Being the Old South Lectures on the history and work of Southern institutions for the education of the negro." Mr. Robert C. Ogden has written the introduction to the book. The six lectures are: Howard University, by Professor Kelly Miller; Berea College, by President William G. Frost; Tuskegee Institute, by Professor Roscoe Conkling Bruce; Hampton Institute, by Principal H. B. Frissell; Atlanta University, by Professor W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; and Fisk University, by President James G. Merrill.

Augustus Conant. By Robert Collyer.

This biography tells the story of a New England man who went West in the pioneer days of Illinois, entered the ministry, and was finally killed while fighting as a Union soldier in the Civil War. "It is the story of a sterling character struggling along unembittered amid often discouraging environments, and yet with frequent rays of sunshine that brought contentment and peace." The second volume in the "True American Types" series.

Daughters of the Puritans. By Seth Curtis Beach.

Brief biographies of seven famous women are included in this collection: Catharine Maria Sedgwick, Mary Lovell Ware, Lydia Maria Child, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Louisa May Olcott.

Eutychus and His Relations. By Brooke Herford.

In these "pulpit and pew papers" the relationship between pastor and people are commented on from the standpoint of a layman. A glance at such titles as: Some People Who Always Come Late, Praising God by Proxy, Unsocial Worship, and Parsonic Acid gives a very good idea of the nature of the book.

Richard G. Badger:

The Marsh. By Bayard Boyesen.

A weird, though interesting, dramatic poem in three acts.

Songs by the Sedges. By Ellen Brainerd Peck.

Over seventy selections of verse are included in this collecton. The themes cover many subjects: flowers, time, place, amusement, art, seasons, romance, etc.

The Peace Conference. By C. V. White.

A poem dedicated to "The American Delegates of the International Peace Conference called by the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia, and opened at The Hague May 18, 1899."

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Yoppy. The Autobiography of a Monkey. By Mollie Lee Clifford.

Issued in the illustrated "Animal Autobiographical" series. The inside life of an organ-grinder's monkey is told in this

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story. Yoppy is stolen from a good home and becomes the slave of a hard master. The reader is glad to know that he eventually returns to his former home and that he receives a hearty welcome from his old master and friends. There are several illustrations in the book.

A Sixteenth Century Anthology. Edited by Arthur Symons.

This volume, which is issued in the "Red Letter Library," contains a number of anonymous songs. sonnets and poems by Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Bacon, Michael Drayton, Shakespeare, Campion and others. Mr. Symonds has written the introduction. Shakespeare's portrait appears as the frontispiece.

The Corsair. Lara. By Lord Byron.

The latest addition to the "Remarque Edition of Literary Masterpieces." Mr. M. F. Sweetser has written an introduction to the book. An etching by Marvel is the frontispiece, and the general typography of the volume is good.

Little Mildred's Secret. By Grace Squires.

Young children will be interested in the story of Mildred, a sensitive little girl, separated from her parents by circumstances which she cannot control. She has many heartaches and longings, as well as fun and frolics, but the end of the story sees her very happy. Beatrice Baxter Ruyl has illustrated the book.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Seventy Scottish Songs. Edited with Accompaniments by Helen Hopekirk.

This new addition to the Musicians Library contains not only such well-known songs as "Auld Lang Syne," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Annie Laurie," but many other selections gathered from the Lowlands, the Highlands, the mountains, and from the Western Isles which are dear to the people of Scotland. In order that this music may be more thoroughly appreciated, the compiler has endeavoured in her preface to explain the misconception that has arisen from the association of the Celtic Scot and the Saxon Scot.

Dana Estes and Company:

The Minute Boys of the Mohawk Valley. By James Otis.

The scenes of Mr. Otis's new story for boys are laid in the Mohawk Valley in 1777. The tale, which is founded on fact, deals with the Mohawk Indians, who, under the leadership of Joseph Brant, entered New York from Canada, and raided the homes of the settlers. Noel Campbell and Jacob Sitz are the two young heroes. A. Burnham Shute has made eight illustrations for the book.

Eve's Daughters. Compiled by A Mere Man and Portrayed by A. G. Learned.

This collection of epigrams about women—coquettes, flirts, widows, the débutante, the prude, the summer girl, and the noblest types of wife and mother—are gleaned from such sources as Euripides, Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Balzac, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Emerson, etc. Those sayings which have contempt for women as their keynote have been avoided. The marginal and full-page pictures which illustrate each page are in black and white.

The Art Lovers' Treasury. By Carrie Thompson Lowell.

These "reproductions of certain representative pictures, accompanied by poems which have been written about them, or which they illustrate," form a companion volume to the "Music Lovers' Treasury." Dante, Keats, Browning, Longfellow and Whittier are among the many poets quoted; while the illustrations include works of Raphael, Giotto, Da Vinci, Titian, Turner, Millet, etc.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

James G. Blaine. By Edward Stanwood.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Songs of America. By Edna Dean Proctor.

Patriotism, places and the Indians are the themes of the greater part of the poems included in this collection. There are three long poems: Nataska, a Legend of Lake Mohonk; The Captive's Hymn, and The Song of the Ancient People.

The Golden Goose. By Eva March Tappan.

These six fairy tales, the first one of which gives the book its title, are taken from the old legends of Scandinavia. The other titles are: The Giant's House with the Roof of Sausages, The Simple-minded Giant, The Stolen Princess, The Black Box and the Red, and The Little Wild Man.

Cities of Paul. By William Burnet Wright.

Nine of the cities which are associated with the work and letters of St. Paul are described by Mr. Wright. These cities are Tarsus, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Old Corinth, New Corinth, Colossæ, Ancyra and Tyana.

The Riverside Graded Song Book. 2 vols. By William M. Lawrence.

The object of these books is to assist those who seek to relate singing more closely and vitally to the general work of the school. Part I. is intended for Primary and Intermediate grades, and Part II. for Grammar grades.

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The Poems of Trumbull Stickney.

This posthumous volume includes "all of Stickney's work that is for any reason valuable." They are arranged in six divisions: Dramatic Verses, Fragments of a Drama on the Life of the Emperor Julian, Later Lyrics, A Dramatic Scene, Juvenilia, and Fragments. There is, also, a short biographical sketch of the poet.

The Great Adventure. By George Cabot Lodge.

Life, Love and Death are the three divisions which Mr. Lodge has made in this collection of sonnets. As may be concluded from these divisions, the verses are of a serious nature.

A Javelin of Fate. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln.

A love-story with a tragical setting, in which are portrayed love, hate, joy, sorrow and revenge. The principal character is a Southern woman of the world, although men and women of both the North and the South figure prominently in the story.

The Life and Works of George Herbert. 3 vols. Arranged and Annotated by George Herbert Palmer.

These three volumes are said to contain everything which George Herbert wrote in English. His compositions in Greek and Latin are not included, although the information which they contain is incorporated in the work... Professor Palmer has given the history and a description of each poem; he has also provided explanatory notes. The work is well illustrated and the typography is deserving of praise.

Selections from the Poems of John Godfrey Saxe.

This volume is said to contain the best selections of humorous and serious verse from the works of John Godfrey Saxe. A photogravure portrait of Saxe appears as the frontispice.

The Endless Life. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

This essay was delivered before the students of Harvard University in accordance with the provisions of the will of the late George Goldthwait Ingersoll, which provides an annual lecture on the general subject of "The Immortality of Man." Dr. Crothers discusses the relation of ethical idealism to the future life.

English Hours. By Henry James. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

This volume is a collection of sixteen papers which Mr. James wrote some years ago, and which have already been published in various periodicals. Mr. Pennell's drawings, of which there are eighty, add much to the attractiveness of the book. Some of the chapter-titles are: London, Browning in Westminster Abbey, Chester, An English Easter, Abbeys and Castles, Old Suffolk, etc.

Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico. By C. William Beebe.

A story of the journey of the author, who is Curator of Ornithology of the New York Zoölogical Park, and his wife from Vera Cruz to the Pacific and back. While birds were the chief subject for study, animal life—deer, foxes, coons, ringtail cats and iguanas; and insect life—ants, butterflies, etc.—have also been discussed. The volume is copiously illustrated from photographs taken from life by Mr. Beebe.

The Ancient Grudge. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

When Floyd Halket rescued Stewart Lee from drowning, the debt of gratitude was so heavy that many years passed before it was paid. They were chums in college, loved the same girl, friends in business and society. Through it all a feeling of enmity existed on the part of Stewart. The climax of the story is reached when the "grudge" was squared off.

An Only Child. By Eliza Orne White.

Here is told the story of an only child, her joys and sorrows. Lois has never mingled with school children, having been privately taught. Just as the reader is introduced to her she makes the acquaintance of five children, with whom she goes to picnics, tea parties, Thanksgiving and New Year's celebrations, skating, etc. Katharine Pyle has made the illustrations.

Ways of Nature. By John Burroughs.

The object of these essays is to set forth a rational view of Nature's methods. They are also written in defence of the attacks made upon Mr. Burroughs for the attitude he has taken in regard to recent books about wild animals. The titles of some of the essays are: What Do Animals Know, The Literary Treatment of Nature, Nature with Closed Doors, Do Animals Think and Reflect? etc.

The Chief American Poets. Edited by Curtis Hidden Page.

The aim of this volume is to contain all the best work of the greater American poets. It is said to include enough selections from each of the chief poets to represent the man fully and to serve as material for thorough study of his work. The nine poets selected by the editor are Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman and Lanier. Mr. Page has provided notes, reference lists and biographical sketches for the work.

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Part of a Man's Life. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

This is not an autobiography, but is composed of articles written upon some of the most important phases of the author's life and upon the growth of the intellectual and social tendencies, which he has watched for many years. The titles of some of the articles are: The Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period, American Audiences, Books Unread, The Cowardice of Culture, History in Easy Lessons, etc.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Irrational Knot. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Sir Galahad of New France. Johnson. (Turner.) $1.50.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
5. Time the Comedian. Jordan. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Man From Red-Keg. Thwing. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Perdita. Bayne. (Cole Book Co.) $1.25.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Irrational Knot. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Anonymous. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. James Russell Lowell. Greenslet. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mary Garth. Swan. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.25.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Young Man and the World. Beveridge. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Social Secretary. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Ballingtons. Squire. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Debtor. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Work of Our Hands. Keays. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. (Century.) $7.50.
4. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Louisiana. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Orchard Princess. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Northern Trails. Long. (Ginn.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Squire Phin. Day. (Barnes.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. From the West to the West. Duniway. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Letters from an Oregon Ranch. Anonymous. (McClurg.) $1.25.
4. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Lady Anne. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Paradise. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Giants. Beveridge. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Tales of the Fish Patrol. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Mystery of June 13th. Severy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Irrational Knot. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Her Letter. Harte. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.
6. Tales of the Road. Crewdson. (Thompson & Thomas.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Warner. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Paradise. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $3.00.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

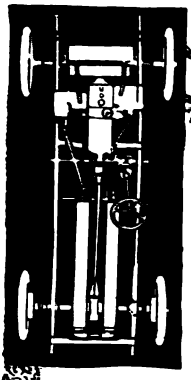
					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month:

	POINTS
1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	263
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50	183
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	149
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	148
5. Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25	57
6. Fair Margaret. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50	53

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Complete Northern Touring Car Mechanism,—simplest and most compact in the world.



Silent Northern Touring Car, 20 h. p., 5 passengers, four-inch tires, gas and oil lamp equipment, **$1800.**

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¶ The triumph of two-cylinder touring car achievement. Refinement and style in every line. Absolutely noiseless. So silent in operation that it has been nick-named *"The Ghost."*

¶ Instant control. Automatic self-locking foot throttle. Spark advance on steering post. Pedal reverse and pedal brake. Four-inch tires—notice that—it typifies the generous manner of equipment throughout.

¶ The outline of chassis above shows the unrivalled compactness and simplicity of Northern mechanism. All machinery, including transmission gear, encased in an aluminum casting, protecting it from dust, mud and water; making it oil-retaining and reducing wear and strain to the minimum—an exclusive *Northern* improvement.

¶ Double-opposed motor, placed cross-wise horizontally in front of chassis, is held in position by our Three-point Motor Support—each cylinder rests upon the frame, and the rear end of Gear Case rests upon a cross member. Rough roads or frame distortion cannot alter the alignment of machinery with the rear axle.

¶ Mechanism quickly and easily accessible—all placed under the front hood—none under the floor of car; this secures freedom from vibration and guarantees perfect distribution of weight with full load of passengers.

¶ *Northern 24-inch fly wheel with fan blades cast integral*, which sets in front of radiator, acts as an auxiliary cooler, also sends a powerful current of air towards rear axle—an original *Northern* idea · practically eliminating the dust nuisance. Other practical features which make the *Northern* the ideal car for American roads, are fully described in our Catalog No. 52. Send for it.



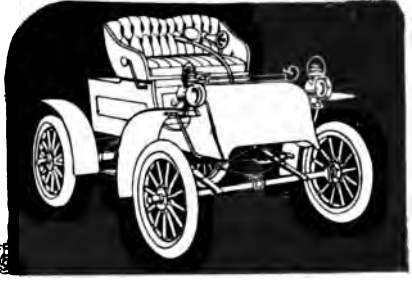
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20 h. p. Limousine, ... **$2500**
20 h. p. Touring Car with gas and and oil lamp equipment, ... **$1800**
7 h. p. Sturdy Northern Runabout with lamp equipment, ... **$650**

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THE term "pagan" literally means *villager, rustic* or *barbarian*, and as used by Christians means an idolatrous or godless man—a heathen: A heathen means a *heather-man*, bushman or savage! Now consider the absurdity of applying this term *pagan* to the old Greek Philosophers, *Socrates, Plato* and *Aristotle*, three of the greatest minds in the history of religion, ethics and philosophy. These men were not rustics or barbarians and not *godless*, but eminently "godly," and represented the highest urban culture. In their works will be found the most exalted conceptions of God, the Soul, and a life of virtue. In the words of Socrates, 500 years before the New Testament was written, will be found a clearer statement of the doctrine of the immortal soul and its future states of probation, reward and punishment than can be found in any part of the Bible. And in Plato's Dialogues will be found a perfect statement of the Golden Rule, 400 B.C., and also a full statement of the modern utilitarian theory of ethics in terms identical with that given by our greatest modern evolutionist, Herbert Spencer. To get a true idea of "pagan" teachings and correct popular misconceptions, read vol. I of Evolution of Ethics by The Brooklyn Ethical Association, entitled *The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers*, 333 pages, 21 illustrations, including many portraits of the philosophers and a Life of Socrates.

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at the decisive battle of the Sea of Japan was: "The destiny of our Empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost." Every father is expected to do his utmost for his family, and that's why so many take out Life Insurance.

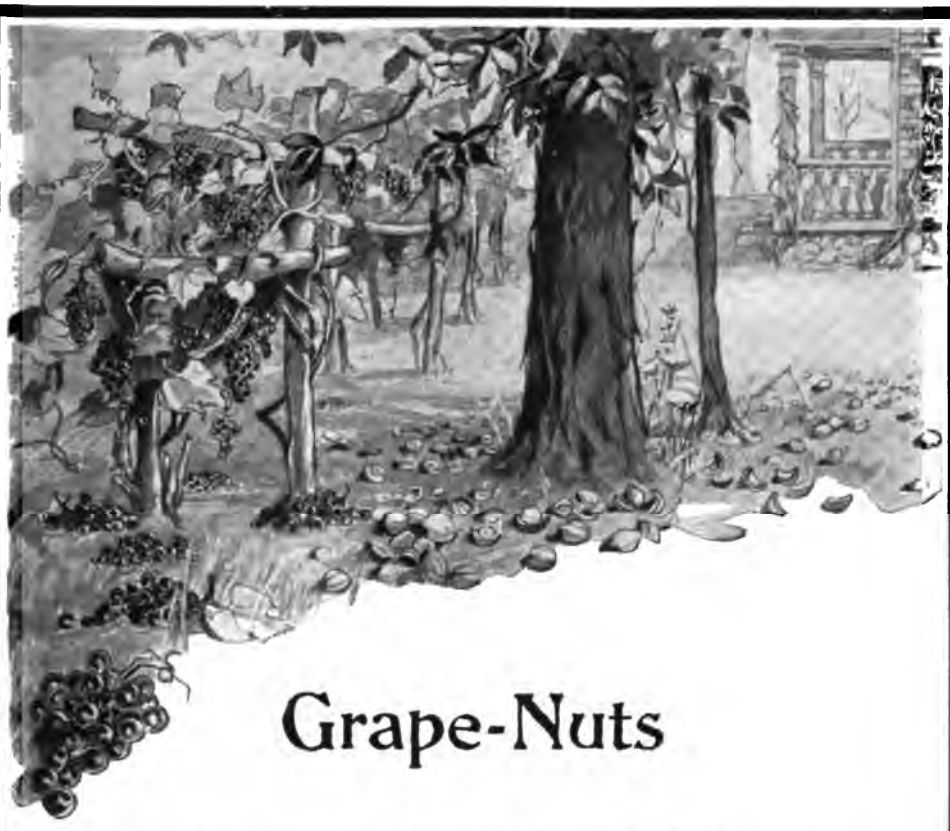
Henry Ward Beecher was a constant advocate of sound life insurance. He taught his people never to expect Providence to do for them what they could do for themselves.

Andrew Carnegie recently said: "Every young man should get his life insured. The young man who neglects to insure his life, even though it entails some hardships to meet the premiums, does himself and those dependent upon him an injustice." The Prudential furnishes an easy method through its varied line of policies.

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But of the selected elements of Wheat and Barley.

The name was suggested by the Grape Sugar which is produced by the processes of making, in which the starchy part of these grains is changed into what is technically known as **Grape Sugar** (really pre-digested starch) which is in the most perfect state possible for easy digestion.

Therefore, the person with a weak stomach has a perfect food in

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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4. Daily tourist sleeper, Chicago to San Francisco, with direct connections to Los Angeles and Portland, leaves Union Station, Chicago, 10.25 p. m. Route via Omaha, Ogden and Sacramento.

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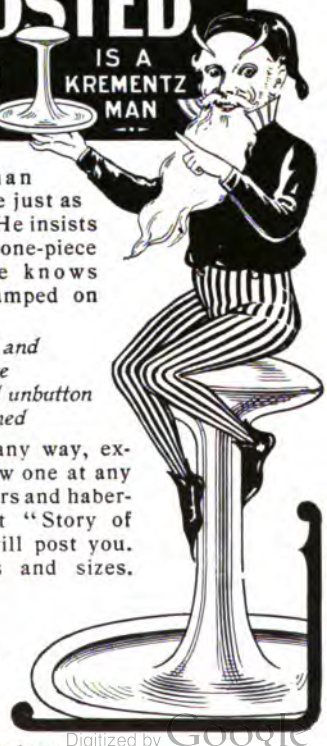
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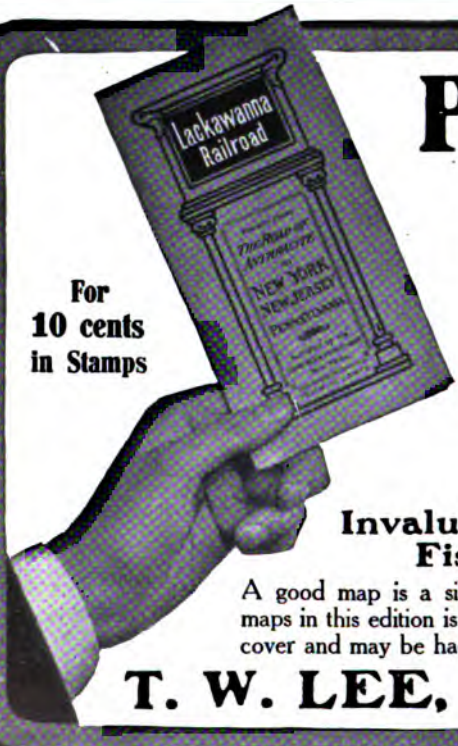


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I choose the first option. The dividend was wholly satisfactory to me, and offers abundant evidence of a wise and conservative administration of your affairs.

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CHAS. T. SCHOEN.

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Provides for Early Distribution of Profits.



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This is done by the apportionment of dividends every five years.

The various options at the end of the five-year periods are exceedingly attractive and the experience of the Company shows that business men and others carrying policies upon this plan recommend it highly.

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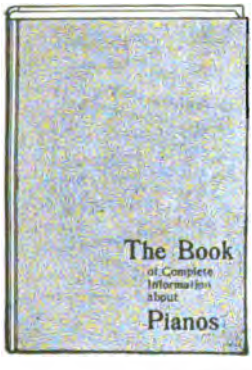
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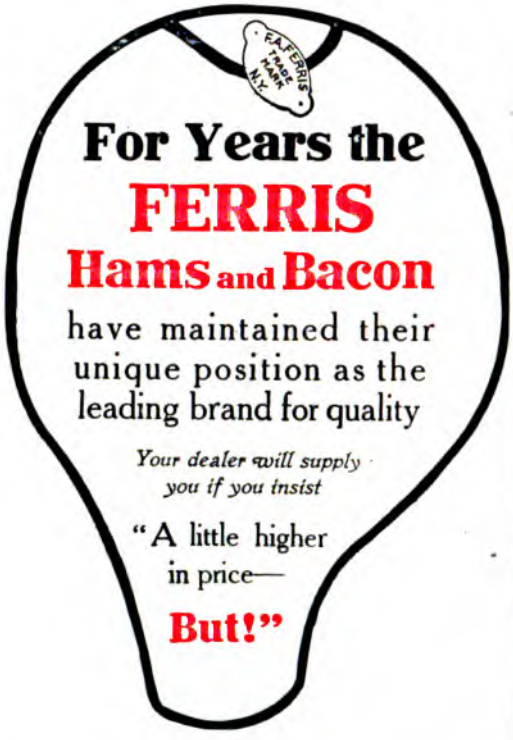
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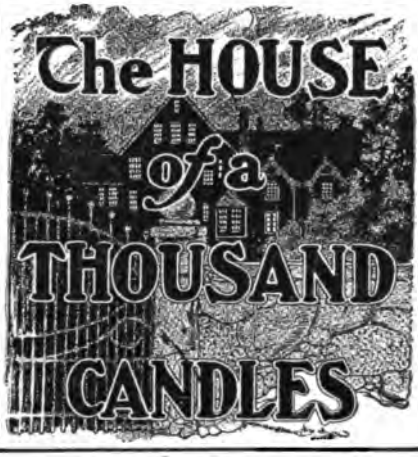
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The Bookman for 1906

New Features

An important new feature to be added to THE BOOKMAN is a distinct and carefully prepared department of Education. There will appear special articles by persons of authority on educational topics, in which not only educators but the public will be interested; books on educational subjects will be reviewed—in fact, all important phases of the subject will be presented and discussed in a comprehensive manner.

There will be special articles on various phases of book publishing, such as:

"Manuscripts Offered to Publishers"
How they are read and discussed, the reason for rejection or acceptance, etc.

"Are there too Many Books Published?"
A discussion of this important question, with statistics, showing comparative growth of the country, decrease in illiteracy, and output of the publishers, etc.

Serial Story: "A Motor-Car Divorce"

By Louise Closser Hale, is the serial story of the Winter. It began in the October number, and will run during the first six months of the year.

It is a breezy and humorous motor-car romance—the fact that the hero and heroine are man and wife makes it no less a romance. Mrs. Ward, who is an active club woman and a believer in the theory of the ten-year marriage contracts advanced by George Meredith, goes with her indulgent husband on an automobile tour through France and Italy for the purpose of securing a divorce on the grounds of "incompatibility of temper," which, in reality, do not exist. It takes another woman, several accidents and the automobile to bring Mrs. Ward to her proper senses.

Mr. Walter Hale, the author's husband, has made twenty-five splendid drawings of such towns and scenes in these two countries as have never been referred to in other automobile stories.

The author is well known in dramatic circles as Louise Closser.

Twenty Years of the Republic

Which has delighted the readers of THE BOOKMAN, will be continued for several months, bringing this vivid and impartial history down to the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt.

Famous Literary Clubs

There are to be more of these articles during the coming year. Those that have appeared have attracted much attention.

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Some Representative American Story-Tellers

I. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
II. WINSTON CHURCHILL
III. MARION CRAWFORD
IV. BOOTH TARKINGTON
V. STEWART EDWARD WHITE
VI. F. HOPKINSON SMITH

This series of articles, which is carried over from last year's programme, will attempt to analyze sympathetically yet critically the work of certain of the younger popular American novelists. It will discuss their men, their women, their methods of story telling, their distinct fields, and the reasons that have made their successes.

Some Authors' Letter Boxes

This interesting department will be continued during the coming year. Other well-known American writers will tell of their experiences, both annoying and pleasant.

America's Political Workers Abroad

I. THE AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE. ILLUSTRATED
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III. THE AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE. ILLUSTRATED

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The second paper will deal with the intimate side of the more dignified service—its etiquette, its responsibilities, and its privileges, and the part that it plays in the times of great international crises. Both of these articles have a very strong literary favor. Bret Harte, William Dean Howells and Nathaniel Hawthorne, for instance, represented the United States at various consular posts. James Russell Lowell, the historian Bancroft and John Hay won eminence for their diplomatic services.

The title of the third article is in itself so suggestive that it needs little or no explanation. The secret service of to-day and of the days of the Spanish-American War is fully as interesting and exciting as was the secret service of the years of the War of Secession.

Short Stories

There will appear several short stories during the year, selected for some distinctive merit.

Regular Departments

Such as Drama, Art, Music Reviews, Chronicle and Comment, Bookman's Table, The Bookman Letter Box, The Book Mart will all be retained.

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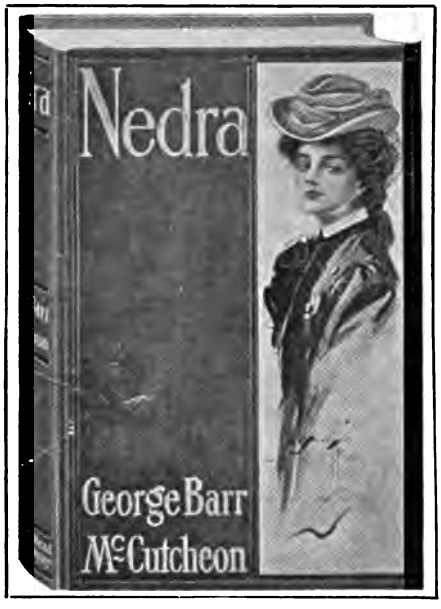
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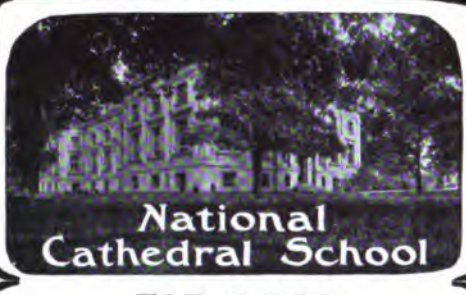
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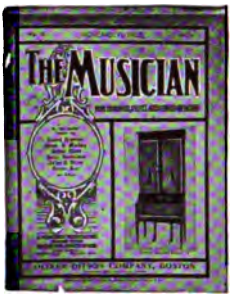
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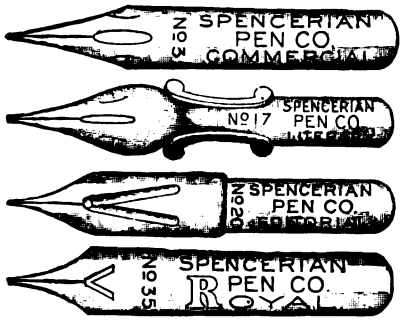
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QUASIMODO
(See article on Antoine Wiertz)

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY, 1906

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Henry Harland

The news of Mr. Henry Harland's death came as a surprise to those who knew him only through his books, for he was still a young man; yet his intimate friends had long been aware that he was the victim of an incurable disease. Mr Harland had made his home in England since 1889, so that comparatively few persons can now recall much of the American part of his literary and personal career. The desire to write came upon him in 1884, when he was twenty-three years of age. At that time he occupied a minor position in the Surrogate's office, and his hours were long—so long, indeed, as to make it hard for him to spare the time for literary labour. Hence, he adopted a scheme of life which practically lengthened the ordinary day. Directly after dinner he would retire and sleep until one o'clock in the morning, when he would rise, and after a large cup of black coffee would go to his desk and write steadily until breakfast time. After breakfasting, he betook himself to his office and performed the day's work with apparent zest. In this way, he completed his first book, *As It Was Written*, a fantastic but powerful story of a Jewish musician. Technically it was in parts a crude production, yet one may doubt whether any subsequent work of his can be regarded as at once so strong and so sincere. This story he followed up with *Mrs. Peixada* and several others, the success of which led him to give up his official duties and make literature his profession. Harland had discovered a new field—the life of the well-to-do Jews of New York—and he delved in it most industriously and with excellent results. At that time he wrote over the pen-name of "Sidney Luska," and both because of his chosen theme, and because his cast of countenance was somewhat Jewish he was supposed to be a co-religionist of those about whose life he wrote. Indeed, many Jews were equally mistaken. When his *Yoke of Thorah* appeared, some parts of it gave offence to his Jewish friends, and he was asked to appear and defend himself, which he did very effectively in one of the New York synagogues before a large assemblage.



THE LATE HENRY HARLAND

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THE ENGLISH WINSTON CHURCHILL

In 1889 he went abroad and began the second phase of his career. In London he formed a connection with Mr. John Lane, who made Mr. Harland editor of *The Yellow Book*, a publication which had a wide though ephemeral vogue, and which finally gave the adjective "yellow" a new and interesting application that has been found so expressive and so useful as to have fixed itself in the English language. *The Yellow Book* was at times extremely "yellow"—morbid, sensational, and decadent—but Mr. Harland's own contributions to it, like the pictorial eccentricities of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley (who first became known in its pages) were conspicuously superior to the rest of what the volumes offered to the public. Mr. Harland had now acquired a good literary technique, and he wrote several books—among them *Mea Culpa*—which were fairly popular. But they were in the "yellow" vein, and like all such writing, ceased at last to make any general appeal. They undoubtedly represented, however, the sort of literature which by preference Mr. Harland cared to produce; for he was deeply influenced by the contemporary French school of fiction. Nevertheless, he was shrewd enough to see that he had reached the end of that particular sort of popularity; and so after several years of rather desultory writing, he deliberately selected an entirely new manner, and gave a perfect example of it in *The Cardinal's Snuffbox*. This book represents a genuine *tour de force*, a triumph of carefully planned delicacy of style and daintiness of theme. It is, indeed, a sort of literary méringue, with no substance and no lasting flavour; but here is the light, fine-spun fluffiness of a thistledown, elusive, airy, exquisite in its way, too exquisite, in fact, with its almost impossible Italian *mise en scène*, its fairy princess, and its atmosphere more courtly than that of any court. But it caught the public fancy, and from its sales Mr. Harland is said to have received the sum of $70,000. He repeated his *tour de force*, if not his financial success, with *My Friend Prospero*, and *The Lady Paramount*. But had he lived, he would have found himself reduced to the creation of still another manner in order to keep his hold on the public. Mr. Harland had really mastered a style of great smoothness and grace and even distinction. What he most lacked in all his books save those which he produced as "Sidney Luska," was the crowning virtue of sincerity, without which no author can long maintain a faithful following.

❧

Jebb and Jowett

The anecdote which we related last month about Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Jowett has called forth a good deal of critical commentary in the press. Its accuracy is questioned, but as no two of our censors agree in their own stories, our version may be allowed to stand, especially as it is the only one that has any point to it. Like all clever sayings, this one of Jowett's has been ascribed to a number of persons. The question as to whether the characterisation of Jebb was uttered by Jowett of Balliol or by Thompson of Trinity is, however, a minor detail. The

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interest of the story lies in the characterisation itself, which we gave as follows:

"What time he can spare from the neglect of his duties, he devotes to the adornment of his person."

❧

Few, we think, can fail to appreciate the delicious twist contained in the first clause of this sentence. But a particularly dense Englishman writing to the *Evening Post* of this city over the signature of "Cantab. '76," solemnly balks at it, and misses the point altogether. Dr. Thompson, he says, would not have expressed himself so awkwardly as to speak of "time spared from the neglect of duties." The only comment which this sapient criticism demands is an exclamation point. So here it is—!

❧

William Sharp and Fiona MacLeod

So extraordinary were the measures taken to invest Fiona MacLeod with a real personality that the first astonishment caused by the announcement that the author was simply a pseudonym for William Sharp, who died in Sicily on December 12th, has given way to general expressions of scepticism. The English *Who's Who* has always treated Fiona MacLeod as a living person and with remarkable detail. In addition to a list of her books, it notes her favourite recreations as "sailing, hill-walks, and listening," and gives her address. There have been also many persons who, during the last few weeks, have come forward with personal letters signed by the discussed author in handwriting bearing very little resemblance to that of William Sharp. One English man of letters tells of walking with Sharp in Surrey shortly after the first Fiona MacLeod book appeared and asking him about the authorship. Sharp replied with great frankness that the author was a friend of his own, that she was the wife of a Highland laird, that she had been obliged to separate from her husband, and that she was most anxious to conceal her name, as if it were made known it would lead to a renewal of her domestic trials. The same writer also speaks of a very celebrated author who told him of a visit the day before from William Sharp and Fiona MacLeod and dwelt emphatically on the latter's personal charm and cleverness. In fact there are a great many theories on the subject flying about. Many profess to believe that Fiona MacLeod was an actual person. On the other hand, some claim that Fiona MacLeod was simply the expression of a very feminine streak in Sharp's nature, and that in assuming, for the time, this identity he not only changed entirely his mood and his forms of expression, but absolutely altered his handwriting.



THE LATE WILLIAM SHARP

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Tennyson and Kipling

Some bookish person of industrious habits and a taste for delving might get together a very interesting paper on the gems of literature which narrowly escaped destruction before they were given to the world. We are all familiar with the story of how Mrs. Kipling rescued the manuscript of "The Recessional" from her gifted husband's waste-basket. This incident is matched by one narrated in a recent letter to the London *Spectator* which tells how Tennyson's lovely lyric in "The Brook" was saved from oblivion. Tennyson wrote the longer poem which contains this lyric and then composed the lyric with the purpose of inserting it just where one finds it now. When it had been completed, however, he conceived a dislike for it; and after reading and rereading



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW, FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT

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MISS GLASGOW'S HOME IN RICHMOND

The old Virginia home of Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose new novel, *The Wheel of Life*, will be reviewed later, is one of the stately residences of Richmond, and is situated at No 1 West Main Street in that city. It is there that Miss Glasgow spent her girlhood and wrote her most successful books. Unlike many successful novelists, Miss Glasgow spends much of her time at home. Except for an occasional trip abroad, her life has been passed in Richmond.

it a good many times, he started up in a fit of disgust to throw it into the fire. An intimate friend of his, Mr. Edward Rawnsley, begged to see the poem, and was struck by its beauty. With much difficulty he persuaded the Laureate that it was really worth keeping, and so it was finally published. We need not say that this wonderful little cascade of melody is the only part of "The Brook" which everyone remembers and delights in, both when read and also when sung to the accompaniment of Pinsuti's descriptive, tinkling music.

It is, in fact, Tennyson's lyrics that have done most to win him fame. Having already suggested one topic as a possible one for a literary explorer, we now venture to propose another to any critic in search of a suggestive theme, and that is the subtle resemblance between Tennyson and Kipling in their purely lyrical verse. This resemblance is sometimes startling to those who know them both, or who know either of them well; but it is a rather elusive thing when one tries to analyse its nature. The other day, to a group of young men of literary tastes, some one recited the following lines:

"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes
And gives the battle to his hands.

"One moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe
And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

The reciter then asked casually: "Who

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wrote that?" There was a moment's pause, and at last one of the group answered rather slowly, "Why, Kipling; only I can't seem to remember where." Then everyone chimed in, "Oh, yes, Kipling." But of course it wasn't Kipling at all, but one of the intercalated lyrics in *The Princess,* supposed to be sung by Lilla. Yet it is extraordinarily Kiplingesque, only we fancy that Kipling would have increased the alliteration in the line next to the last, and would have written—

"Then fierce as fire he fronts the foe."

By the way, a clever friend of ours has suggested a vast improvement in the famous closing line of Tennyson's commemorative poem on Vergil. The original reads:

"Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

That word "wielder" has always troubled us; and our discriminating friend suggests "master" as a preferable reading. It really is; for it gives an alliterative prominence to the four metrically important places in the line.



DR. HENRY CHARLES LEA

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Dr. H. C. Lea.

Dr. Henry Charles Lea, the author of, *The History of the Inquisition in Spain,* was born in Philadelphia in September, 1825, and was privately educated. To him has come the unusual honour of receiving the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and Princeton. He was in the publishing business from 1843-1880, when he retired. Since then his books have included *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages,* and *the Moriscos of Spain: their Conversion and Expulsion.* At precisely double the age when, according to Dr. Osler, men become valueless for active work, Dr. Lea retains his vitality and energy unimpaired. It is said that in the space of six months he wrote the last of many drafts of his forthcoming book on *The History of the Inquisition in Spain.* Dr Lea is a member of learned societies here and in Europe, too numerous to mention.



CLARENCE S. DARROW,
WHOSE "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE



DR. CARL B. SCHILLINGS

Dr. Carl B. Schillings.

Dr. Carl B. Schillings, the author of "*Flashlights in the Jungle,*" is a well-known German traveller, hunter and scientist, who made up his mind to photograph wild animals in their native haunts, and by the expenditure of a small fortune and a vast amount of time succeeded. He made three expeditions to Africa without success. In 1903 he went for a fourth through Equatorial East Africa, with a caravan of one hundred and seventy carriers and an elaborate photographic outfit suitable for telephotography and flashlight work. He spent weeks watching for a lion at a spring, and finally photographed him at night. He was similarly successful with tigers, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffes, hyenas, zebras and nearly every other important bird and beast of the jungle. Dr. Schilling's last and most successful expedition was one of the largest, if not the largest, ever undertaken for this purpose. Dr. Schilling's book, when published in

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ALFRED SUTRO,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

Germany, created an impression second only to that caused by Nansen's *Farthest North* and Bismarck's *Memories.* For the English-speaking edition Sir H. H. Johnston has written an introduction, and President Roosevelt has written to the author to express his admiration of his remarkable achievement.

*

Two New Plays.

The New York theatrical season has lately been enlivened by only two plays that call for any special notice. The first of these is *The Lion and the Mouse*, from the pen of Mr. Charles Klein, who provided Mr. Warfield with *The Music Master.* In many ways *The Lion and the Mouse* is the better play of the two; for without Mr Warfield's whimsical personality *The Music Master* would probably have failed to draw; whereas *The Lion and the Mouse* is extremely telling in itself, and bristles with strongly dramatic points. It is, however, excellently cast, and Miss Grace Elliston's delightfully natural and spontaneous portrayal of the heroine is well balanced by Mr. Edmund Breese's forceful presentation of the Trust magnate, John B. Ryder, in whom many have chosen to see a study of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. The points of likeness are, however, purely superficial, and we might as well take Miss Elliston's Shirley Rossiter as intended for Miss Ida Tarbell. Mr. Rockefeller probably does not indulge in perpetual black cigars, and we are very sure that his inner sanctuary, closely guarded by lackeys and entered only after mysterious telephoning and secret signals—we are certain, we say, that if Mr. Rockefeller possesses any such *adytum*, it is not used for family gatherings nor for the love-making of young men and maidens. In the play this den reminds one of Professor Moriarty's lair in *Sherlock Holmes;* yet elopements are planned there, and almost anything else can readily occur. But *The Lion and the Mouse* is one of the best shows of the year, and Miss Elliston is a delight all by herself.



KATHERINE FLORENCE
IN "BEFORE AND AFTER"

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At the Manhattan Mr. Leo Dietrichstein's *Before and After* has vastly amused the many who have seen it. The play is based upon a French original by MM. Hennequin and Milhaud, and in its complicated yet very neat construction it is a typical Palais Royal farce. The experienced mind can easily see how deftly Mr. Dietrichstein must have treated the original in order to make it void of serious offence in its English form; but he has succeeded, and has produced a most laughable three act play, which is performed by Mr. Fritz Williams and his associates with the light touch required by such a piece. Mr. Dietrichstein has given himself one of his favourite characters—the polished foreigner—and Miss Katherine Florence is very pleasing as the young wife who is the principal victim of the "nerve powder" which furnishes the central motive of the farce.



LEO DIETRICHSTEIN

Alfred Sutro

It has been some years since we have had so many English literary visitors. There is Mr. Hall Caine, who however has been here so often of late that his coming no longer creates any great stir; a very cordial and genuine welcome was given to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome; and Mrs. Craigie's lecturing tour has been a distinct success. Then came Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and about the middle of last month arrived another playright, Mr. Alfred Sutro, who, until the production of the *Walls of Jericho*, was best known to Americans as the consummately successful translator of Maeterlinck. Many men fired with literary ambition have plodded along in less congenial occupations with the sole purpose of earning enough to enable them to devote all their time to the pen; very few ever did so more unromantically than Mr. Sutro. He is the son of a country physican, and decided upon a business career in order to prepare himself for his chosen work of literature without fear of poverty. At the age of twenty he settled in London and engaged in the general produce commission business. He bought and sold all kinds of country produce and finally branched out as a manufacturer of glucose. He made a small fortune, and at thirty retired to write plays. His present success and future promise are a matter for congratulation among those who appreciate the best in modern dramatic literature.

Two Literary Executors

Mr. A. P. Watt was recently named as the literary executor of the late Dr. George MacDonald. Between the two there had long existed an intimate friendship, Mr. Watt's first transaction as a "literary agent" having been the sale of one of Dr. MacDonaald's books. M. Gustave Simon has been appointed to succeed the late Paul Meurice, the literary executor of Victor Hugo. M. Simon has been assisting Meurice during the last seven or eight months in the national edition of Hugo's works. This edition was commenced three years ago, but so far only three volumes have appeared, with a fourth due some time this month. The edition will require some forty volumes and will include a great mass of unpublished docu-

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ments. M. Simon will be associated in his task with M. Georges Hugo, grandson of the poet.

✖

An Anecdote of Balzac.

There was produced a few weeks ago at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris a play based on Balzac's *Cousine Bette*. From the Paris papers we should judge that the play created no greater stir than did the *Duchesse de Langeais*, which was dramatised and presented three or four years ago; yet these tardy recognitions must have pleased the shade of the great novelist, who always had a strong fondness for the theatre, albeit it was far from being his *métier*. This taste recalls an anecdote told by Théophile Gautier. One morning the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* received word from Balzac asking him to repair as quickly as possible to the home of the latter. Gautier went.

"At last! You are here," cried Balzac. "Idler! Why did you not hurry? You should have been here an hour ago. I read to-morrow at Harel's a great drama in five acts."

"Exactly, and you want my advice?" replied Gautier, sitting down in an armchair, prepared to submit to a long reading.

At this attitude Balzac divined the thought of the poet and said with the simplest air imaginable, "But the drama is not written."

"The deuce! Well, you must put off the reading for six weeks."

"No," said Balzac, "we are going to rush through the *dramorama* in order to get the advance money."

"From now till to-morrow? It is impossible. There would not be the time to transcribe it."

"This is how I have arranged the matter: You will do one act, Ourliac another, Laurent-Jan the third, de Belloy the fourth, I the fifth, and I shall read at noon, as has been agreed. One act of a drama is four or five hundred lines; a man can write five hundred lines in a day and a night."

"Tell me the subject," said Gautier. "Show me your plan. Point out in a few words the characters that I am to put into the work."

"Ah!" cried Balzac, with an air of superb dejection and of magnificent disdain, "if I have to tell you the subject we shall never be through."

That drama was *Vautrin*.

✖

Lionel Terry.

The managers of the publicity departments in our modern American publishing houses are by no means lacking in daring and ingenuity, yet all of them must step aside and yield precedence to Mr. Lionel Terry, who is now under sentence of death at Wellington, New Zealand. Mr. Terry is an Englishman, thirty-six years old, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, has served against the Matabele, and has done a great deal of travelling. When he went to New Zealand, he became one of the most violent protesters against alien immigration. He wrote several books on this subject, and to call attention to the latest of these, *The Shadow*, he went into the Chinese quarter of Wellington and deliberately murdered an aged Chinaman. On the following day he informed a bookseller that the sale of *The Shadow* was certain to increase, and then promptly gave himself up to the police.

✖

Best Sellers in England.

Not one of the six books that appeared in our last issue as enjoying the greatest popularity in the busiest season of the bookselling year is to be found in the list of the English best sellers for the same period. The most successful novel over there was Stanley Weyman's *Starvecrow Farm*, followed by *The Hundred Days*, of Max Pemberton; *Lone Marie*, by W. E. Norris; *Love the Tyrant*, by C. Garvice; *The Lake*, by George Moore; and *Princess Priscilla's Fortnight*, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. The seventh book was Marion Crawford's *Soprano*, the English title of *Fair Margaret*, and a little farther down the list was Mrs. Atherton's *Travelling Thirds*.

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A DUMAS PORTFOLIO

BY HARRY A. SPURR

(In Three Parts)

Part II.—"THE PERSONAL DUMAS"



O little is known of the relations between Dickens and Dumas, and so unflattering have been the stories told of the Frenchman, that it is pleasant indeed to come across an authentic document on the subject. This is a letter, in which the Englishman writes:

Je suis généralement libre après deux heures après midi, et je serai ravi de vous servir de guide à Londres (faute de mieux); et aussi, si vous prendrez (sic) le diner chez moi (sans trouble et sans cérémonie), tous les jours de votre sèjour, quand vous pourrez me donner ce plaisir-là.

Mademoiselle T. est de mes amies. Elle vient de se marier et elle ne joue pas. Les bonne actrices sont très rares, a Londres plus



ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN 1830

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VILLERS-COTTERETS—THE MARKET PLACE

rares qu'à Paris; et j'ai grand'peur, mon ami, qu'à présent votre protégée ne pourrait apprendre presque rien ici, excepté tout ce qu'elle ne doit pas imiter,—comme notre ami Régnier vous dira.

Croyez-moi, mon cher Dumas, votre toujours admirant et dévoué,

CHARLES DICKENS.

BOUTS-RIMÉS

Many books and strange are associated with the name of Dumas, but perhaps the most curious of all is one which the collector is indeed lucky to find, for each copy contains (or should contain, as ours does) the romancer's autograph:

Aves mille complimens,

ALEX. DUMAS.

This work is entitled "*Bouts-rimés*, publies par A. Dumas, Paris, Librairie du *Petit Journal*, 21 Boulevard Montmartre, 1865," and its story is worth telling. The novelist was entertaining a number of friends one evening, and as was customary when Méry, the famous *improvisateur*, was present, it was resolved to test his powers to the full. Accordingly, the host was commissioned to set his friend a number of *bouts-rimés*, or rhyme-endings. Dumas, with the laudable desire of "cornering" his friend, gave him the following to wriggle through: "Femme," "Catilina," âme, fouina, jongle, citoyen, ongle, paien, mirabelle, Mirabeau, belle, flambeau, "Orestie," Gabrio (a pet name for the Countess Dash, a collaborator and guest, whose name was Gabrielle), répartie, agio, figue, faisan, ligue, parmesan, moisette, pâté, grisette, bâté! Such a motley crowd of words probably never came together in the French language before!

Méry at once wrote a perfectly coherent poem to these *bouts-rimés*, and the poem was signed "Méry and Dumas." When on the poet's death the verse was returned to the romancer, Dumas conceived the idea of offering the autograph MS. to the reader of the *Petit Journal*, for which he was then writing, who could compose the best set of new lines to the endings. No less than two hundred and twenty poems were sent in, whereupon Dumas offered to make a book of them, if poets and public would subscribe 500 francs for the expenses, promising at the same time to add his autograph to each copy.



VILLERS-COTTERETS—THE CHATEAU-ROYAL OF FRANCIS THE FIRST

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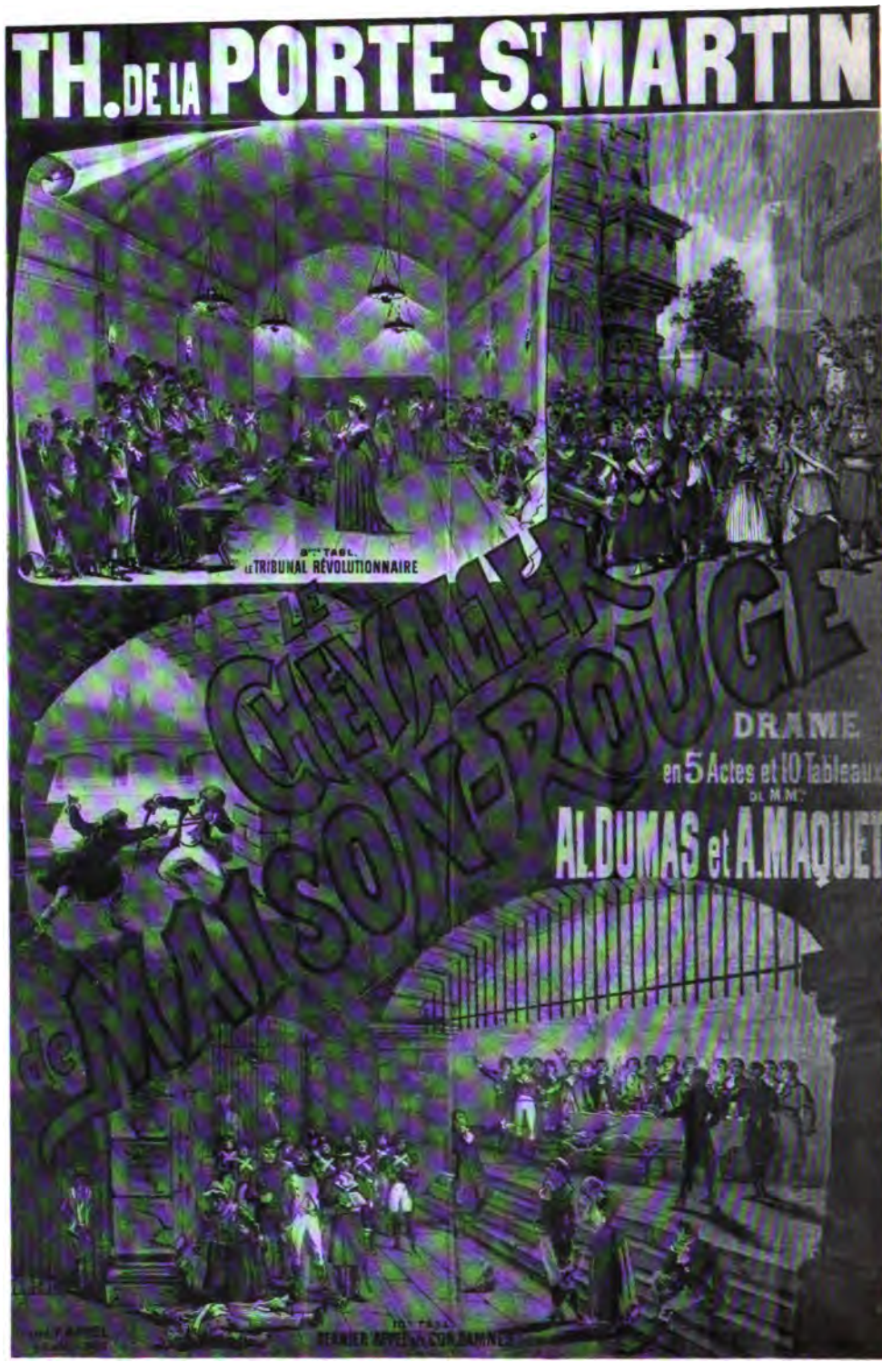


VILLERS-COTTERETS—THE HOUSE WHERE ALEXANDRE DUMAS WAS BORN



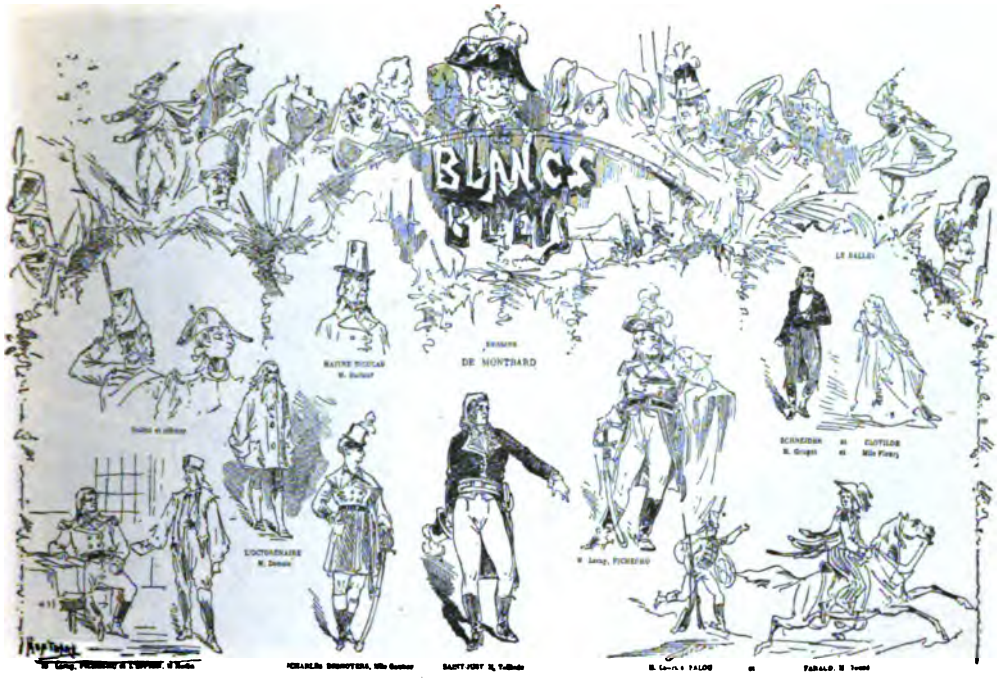
VILLERS-COTTERETS—THE CHURCH

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A DUMAS POSTER

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THE WHITES AND THE BLUES

The prize went to one M. Mouzin, but to our thinking, the one signed G. Dorval not only makes easy use of the *bouts-rimés,* but contains an ingenious and comprehensive eulogy of Dumas himself. We translate it as a literary curio, without attempting to make English verse of it:

Dumas is subtle, kindly, and charming as a *woman;*
His genius created *Kean* and *Catilina*;
All who love him do so with heart and *soul,*
For his brilliant wit never plays *truant.*
King of jesters, with words he truly can *juggle:*
He pictures Pitou for us, the good *citoyen,*
And d'Artagnan, who bravely *clipped the wings*
Of Richelieu, the priest with soul of *pagan.*
His supple talent, rich and ripe as *plum,*
In a most moving tale showed *Mirabeau,*
And bade us hear his voice so grand, so *sweet,*
Illuminating all minds like a *torch.*
In lines of beauty carved he, too, *Orestie.*
For in that play he wrought the heart of *Gabrio,*
The skill of Méry, wit and *repartee,*
Of which he stands the king, *sans* aid or *premium.*
One reads his books as one would eat a *fig,*
A cream-tart or a slice of tasty *pheasant;*
Be 't a romance of days of Fronde or *Ligue,*
Or how to make a dish with *parmesan;*
For he knows all: the modest table-*nut*
Inspires his pow'rs as quickly as a pâté,
And he can paint you a demure *grisette*
As truly as a queen—or *beaten* ass!

THE WHITES AND THE BLUES

The accompanying illustration from the *Chronique Illustré* of twenty-five years ago is *à propos* of *Les Blancs et les Bleus,* the aging dramatist's last play, taken from his last romance. We reproduce here the most effective tableau of the drama, in which the young Royalist heroine, forced by a Republican Terrorist, who has just arrived in the city, to marry him as the price of her father's life, makes a sudden frantic appeal to St. Just, a member of the Government, pleading successfully for justice and pity. At the same time *Le Monde pour Rire* published an only too significant cartoon

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DUMAS'S WORK SHOP.

respecting the play. A stage failure, in the slang of the Parisian stage, is called a *four* (oven), and Dumas is depicted as about to populate the Chatelet Theatre's *oven* with his figures, painted blue and white, the while *d'Artagnan* (his then-existent journal) is praying for the poor damned!

The unveiling of the Doré statue of the romancer in 1883 called forth many interesting articles never republished, and, therefore, unknown, by "the maestro's" old assistants and friends. In an old copy of the *Univers Illustré* there is a paragraph in the "leader" which gives one a vivid idea of the Herculean task which Dumas was wont to accomplish at the height of his fame — of course, with the help of the invaluable Maquet:

LITERARY CREDITORS

There were mornings when Dumas, opening his letter-bag, would find, let us say, a letter from Dr. Véron, asking for the fifth volume of *The Lady of Monsoreau* for the *Constitutional;* one from M. Lefloch, requesting the fourth volume of *The War of Women* for the *Patrie;* one from M. Bertin, clamouring for the fifteenth volume of *Monte Cristo* for the *Journal des Debats;* one from M. Considerant on behalf of the *Démocratie Pacifique,* begging for the fifth volume of the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge;* another from M. Zabban, desiring the end of *Agénor de Mauléon* for the *Espagnol;* and lastly, one from Émile de

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THE D'ARTAGNAN STATUE IN PARIS

Girardin, demanding the *Memoirs of a Physician* for the *Presse*. In such a crisis he would call together his literary creditors and obtain ten days grace of Véron, three months of Lefloch, a week of Bertin, three days of Considerant, twenty-four hours of Zabban, and a month of de Girardin. These granted, he would fulfil his obligations like a gentleman, to the hour.

The same writer adds one of Dumas's *mots*. He had invented a word in jest, and was taken to task for it.

"If you wish to coin words you should first try for the Académie," suggested a friend.
"I'll take care I don't!"
"Afraid of being rejected?"
"No; of being accepted!"

DUMAS'S ENERGY

Viellot, the author's secretary, in one of these "confidences," declared that although for five years he scarcely ever left his master, he rarely or never saw Dumas asleep. If he was not writing, he was reading, no matter at what hour of night or morning his assistant came upon him. Autran, the poet, who was once Dumas's guest, here adds his testimony. "If by chance I woke in the night," he writes, "my half-sleep would be soothed by a light, monotonous, continuous sound that stopped at intervals and began again more persistently. The first time I heard it my curiosity was excited. I discov-

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ered that it was the pen of the great romancer, who occupied the next room. Awakened every night at about two o'clock by some internal pain, he was not the man to waste time, and so utilised his moments of suffering by rising and resuming his work. Day come, I would see him from my window, marching up and down the garden, head bare, chest half uncovered. February's snows fell in thick flakes and the wind howled, but little he cared, as he strode on, his brain busy with his plots—now and then halting to visit one of the two little pavilions at the bottom of the garden, the one containing his library, the other the collection of apes — which he called his 'Académie Française'!"

Autran goes on to relate a significant anecdote connected with the public funeral of Mademoiselle Mars, the great tragedienne. Dumas and Hugo were two of the pall-bearers, and as the cortège passed through the huge crowd, there were constant cries of "Yon's Dumas!" "See, that's Dumas!" "Look at Dumas!" and never a voice cried "That's Victor Hugo!" At the top of the Rue Lafitte Hugo had disappeared!

As we have seen, Dumas never lost an opportunity of loosing a shaft of wit against the Académie Française, and he might have let Piron's epitaph serve as his own, as that of one

. . . Qui ne fut rien.
Pas même Académicien!

IBSEN THE PLAYWRIGHT

In Two Parts—Part I.



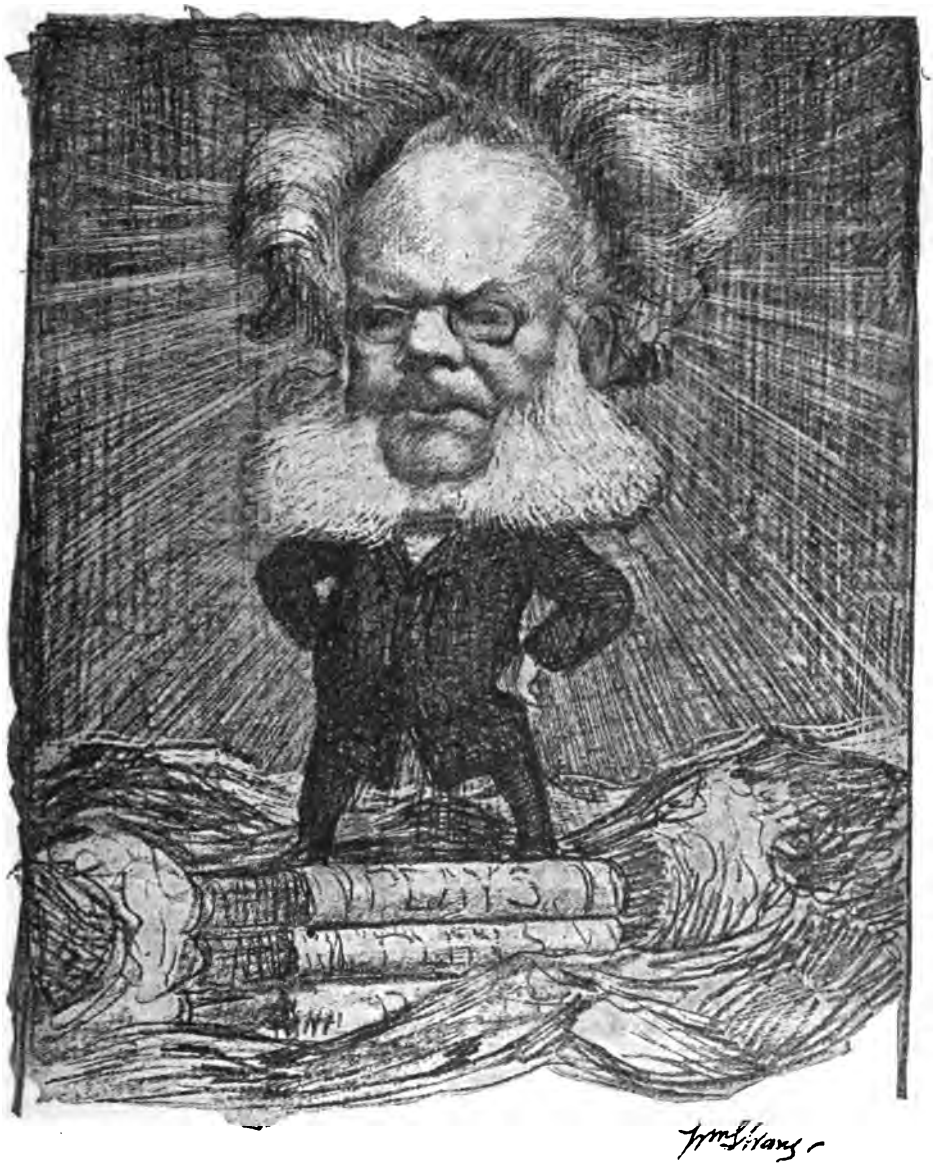
NE indisputable service has Ibsen rendered to the drama—he has revealed again that it may be an incomparable instrument in the hands of a poet-philosopher who wishes to make people think, to awaken them from an ethical lethargy, to shock them into asking questions for which the complacent morality of the moment can provide no adequate answer. In the final decades of the nineteenth century—when the novel was despotic in its overwhelming triumph over all the other forms of literary expression, and when arrogant writers of fiction, like Edmond de Goncourt, did not hesitate to declare that the drama was outworn at last, that it was unfitted to convey the ideas interesting to the modern world and that it had fallen to be no more than a toy to amuse the idle after dinner—Ibsen brought forth a succession of social dramas as though to prove that the playhouse of our own time could supply a platform whereon a man might free his soul and boldly deliver his message, if only he had first mastered the special conditions of the playwright's art. Of course, Ibsen has solved none of the problems he has propounded; nor was it his business as a dramatist to provide solutions of the strange enigmas of life, but rather to force us to exert ourselves to find each of us the best answer we could.

No one who has followed the history of the theatre for the past quarter of a century can fail to acknowledge that these social plays of Ibsen have exerted a direct, an immediate and a powerful influence on the development of the contemporary drama. It is easy to dislike them; indeed, it is not hard even to detest them; but it is impossible to deny that they have been a stimulus to the dramatists of every modern language—and not least to playwrights of various nationalities wholly out of sympathy with Ibsen's own philosophy. The fascination of these social dramas may be charmless, as Mr. Henry James once asserted; but there is no gainsaying the fascination itself. As M. Maeterlinck has declared,

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Ibsen is "perhaps the only writer for the stage who has caught sight of and set in motion a new, though still disagreeable, poetry, which he has succeeded in investing with a kind of savage, gloomy beauty;" and M. Mateterlinck then questions whether this beauty is not too savage and too gloomy to become general or definitive. But, none the less, it is at least beauty, a quality long banished from the stage; when Ibsen showed how it might be made to bloom there again.

Nor is there any dispute as to the variety and the veracity of the characters that people these studies from life. Indeed, as Mr. Archer once pointed out, "habitually and instinctively men pay to Ibsen the compliment (so often paid to Shakespeare) of discussing certain of his female characters as though they were real



IBSEN ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

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women, living lives apart from the poet's creative intelligence. And in yet another way is Ibsen treated like Shakespeare, in that there is superabundant discussion not only of his characters, male and female, but also of his moral aim, of his sociological intention, of his philosophy of life, while very little attention is paid to his dramaturgic craftsmanship, to his command of structural beauty, to his surpassing skill in the difficult art of the playmaker. Yet Shakespeare and Ibsen are professional playwrights, both of them, each making plays adjusted exactly to the conditions of the theatre of his own time; and if the author of *Othello* can prove himself (when the spirit moves him) to be a master-technician, so also can the author of *Ghosts*.

There is ample recognition of Ibsen as the ardent reformer seeking to blow away the mists of sentimentality, and of Ibsen the symbolist suggesting dimly a host of things unseen and strangely beautiful; but there is little consideration of Ibsen's solid workmanship, of his sure knowledge of all the secrets of the stage, of his marvellous dexterity of exposition, construction and climax. No doubt it is as a poet, in the largest meaning of the word, that Ibsen is most interesting; but he is a playwright also—indeed, he is a playwright, first and foremost; and in that aspect also he is unfailingly interesting. For those who insist that a poet must be a philosopher, Ibsen is to be ranked with Browning as affording endless themes for debate; but for those who demand that a dramatic poet shall be a playwright, Ibsen is a rival of Scribe and of the younger Dumas and of all the school of accomplished craftsmen in France who have made Paris the capital of the dramatic art. Ibsen's skill as a playwright is so consummate that his art is never obtruded. In fact, it was so adroitly hidden that when he first loomed on the horizon, careless theatrical critics were tempted rather to deny its existence. He is such a master of all the tricks of the trade that he can improve upon them or do without them, as occasion serves; and perhaps it is only those really familiar with the practices of the accomplished French playwrights of the nineteenth century who perceive clearly the superiority of Ibsen in the mere mechanism of the dramaturgical art.

II

Although it is possible to consider his stage-technique apart from his teaching, it needs to be noted at the outset that Ibsen the playwright owes a large portion of his power and effectiveness to Ibsen the poet-philosopher. As it happens, the doctrine of individual responsibility, which is the core of Ibsen's code, is a doctrine most helpful to the dramatist. The drama, indeed, differentiates itself from all other literary forms in that it must deal with a struggle, with a clash of contending desires, with the naked assertion of the human will. This is the mainspring of that action without which a drama is a thing of nought; and perhaps the most obvious backbone for a play is the tense contest of two human beings, each knowing clearly what he wants and each straining to attain it, at whatever cost to his adversary, to all others, and even to himself. Rivals fighting to the death, a hero at war with the world, a single soul striving to wrench itself free from the fell clutch of fate—such is the stuff out of which the serious drama must be compounded.

Now, as it happens, no philosopher has ever more often reiterated than Ibsen his abhorrence of smug and complacent compromise, his belief in the unimpeded independence of the individual, his conviction that every creature here below owes it as a duty to himself to live his own life in his own way. Just as Brand stiffens himself once more and makes the implacable declaration,

> Beggar or rich—with all my soul
> I *will;* and that one thing's the whole!

so Dr. Stockman announces his discovery that "the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone;" and in every play we find characters animated by this unhesitating determination and this unfaltering energy. Even Ibsen's women, so subtly feminine in so many ways, are forever revealing themselves

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virile in their self-assertion, in their claim to self-ownership. His plays move us strangely in the performance, they grip at the outset and firmly hold us to the relentless end, because his dramaturgic skill is exerted upon themes essentially dramatic in that they deal with this stark exhibition of the human will and with the bitter struggle that must ensue when the human will is in revolt against the course of nature or against the social bond.

When the poet-philosopher has suggested to the playwright one of these essentially dramatic themes, Ibsen handles it with a directness which intensifies its force and which is in itself evidence of his poetic power. As Professor Butcher has pointed out, "we are perhaps inclined to rate too low the genius which is displayed in the general structure of an artistic work; we set it down merely as the hard-won result of labour, and we find inspiration only in isolated splendours, in the lightning flash of passion, in the revealing power of poetic imagery." In these last gifts Ibsen may seem to many, if not deficient, at least, less abundant than some other dramatic poets; but he can attain "the supreme result which Greek thought and imagination achieve by their harmonious co-operation;" he can present "the organic union of parts." He has the sense of form which we feel to be the final guerdon of Greek endeavour.

A play of Ibsen's is always compact and symmetrical. It has a beginning, a middle and an end; it never straggles, but ever moves straight forward to its conclusion. It has unity; and often it conforms even to the pseudo-unities proclaimed by the super-ingenious critics of the Italian renascence. Sometimes a play of Ibsen's has another likeness to a tragedy of the Greeks, in that it presents in action before the assembled spectators only the culminating scenes of the story. *Ghosts* recalls *Œdipus the King*, not only in the horror at the heart of it and the poignancy of the emotion it evokes, but also in its being a fifth act only, the culmination of a long and complex concatenation of events, which took place before the point at which Sophocles and Ibsen saw fit to begin their plays. In the Greek tragedy, as in the Scandinavian social drama, the poet has chosen to deal with the result of the action, rather than with the visible struggle itself; it is not the present doings of the characters, but their past deeds, which determine their fate; and it seems almost as though the ancient Athenian and the modern Norwegian had taken as a motto George Eliot's saying that "consequences are unpitying."

Although no other play of Ibsen's attains the extraordinary compactness and swiftness of *Ghosts*, several of them approach closely to this standard, the *Master Builder*, for example, *Little Eyolf*, and more especially *Rosmersholm* —in which the author did not display on the stage itself more than a half of the strong series of situations he had devised to sustain the interest of the spectator and to elucidate his underlying thesis. But Ibsen does not hold himself restricted to any one formula; and sometimes he prefers, as in the *Enemy of the People*, to let the whole story unroll itself before the audience. Only slowly did Ibsen come to a mastery of his own methods: and he had begun in the *League of Youth* and in the *Pillars of Society* by doing what every great dramatist had done before him, by accepting the form worked out by his immediate predecessors and adjusted to the actual theatre of his own time. Just as Shakespeare followed the pattern set by Kyd and Marlowe, by Lyly and Greene, just as Molière copied the model ready to his hand in the Italian comedy-of-masks, so Ibsen began by assimilating the formulas which had approved themselves in France, the land where the drama was flourishing most luxuriantly in the middle of the nineteenth century, formulas devised by Scribe and only a little modified by Augier and the younger Dumas.

III

For three-score years, at least, Scribe was the salient figure in the French theatre; and his influence endured more than two-score years after his death. He can be considered from discordant standpoints; to the men of letters Scribe seems

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wholly unimportant, since his merits were in some measure outside of literature; to the men of the theatre, Scribe is a personality of abiding interest, since he put his mark on the drama of his own day in almost every one of its departments. In the course of his active career as a playwright he made over farce, first of all, then the comedy-of-intrigue, and finally the comedy-of-manners: he tried his hand at the historical play; and he was the chief librettist of the leading French composers of opera, both grand and comic. He might lack style, he might be barren of poetry, he might be devoid of philosophy, his psychology might be pitifully inadequate, his outlook on life might be petty, but he was past-master of the theatre and from him were hidden none of the secrets of that special art.

It was in Scribe's hands that there was worked out the formula of the "well-made play," *la pièce bien faite*, in which the exposition was leisurely and careful, in which the interest of expectancy was aroused early and sustained to the end, in which the vital scenes of the essential struggle, the *scènes à faire*, were shown on the stage at the very moment of the story when they would be most effective, and in which a logical conclusion dimly foreseen, but ardently desired, was happily brought about by devices of unexpected ingenuity. In perfecting the formula of the "well-made play" Scribe may have taken hints from Beaumarchais, especially from the final act of the *Marriage of Figaro*, and he found his profit also in a study of the methods of the melodrama, which had been elaborated in the theatres of the Parisian boulevards at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and which had been imitated already by Hugo and the elder Dumas. At its best, the "well-made play" was an amusing piece of mechanism, a clockwork toy which had a mere semblance of life, but which did precisely what its maker had constructed it to do.

The piece put together according to this formula was sufficient to itself, with its wheels within wheels; and its maker had no need of style or of poetry, of psychology or of philosophy. So long as the playwright was content to be a playwright only and did not aspire to be a dramatist with his own views of life, the formula was satisfactory enough; but when the younger Dumas and Augier came on the stage they wanted to put a broader humanity into their plays, and they could make room for this only by simplifying the machinery. Yet while they were delivering each his own message, they accepted the model of the "well-made play;" and it is to this that may be ascribed the artificiality we begin to discern even in such masterpieces of dramaturgic craftsmanship as the *Gendre de M. Poirer* and the *Demi-Monde*.

Upon Ibsen also the influence of Scribe is as obvious as it is upon Augier and Dumas *fils*. The earliest of his social dramas, the *League of Youth* and the *Pillars of Society*, are composed according to the formula of the "well-made play," with its leisurely exposition, its intricate complications of recoiling intrigue, its ingeniously contrived conclusion. If we compare *The League of Youth* with Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton*, or with Sardou's *Rabagas;* if we compare the *Pillars of Society* with Dumas's *Etrangère* or Augier's *Effrontés*, we cannot fail to find a striking similarity of structure. Set even *A Doll's House* by the side of any one of a dozen contemporary French comedies, and it is easy to understand why Sarcey declared that play to be Parisian in its construction—up to the moment of Nora's revolt and self-assertion, so contrary to the social instinct of the French. And this explains also why it was that Ibsen, as Herr Lindau has told us, made little or no impression on the German dramatists until after the appearance of *Ghosts*, though the earliest plays had been acted frequently in the German theatres. The scenes of these early plays are laid in Norway, it is true, and the characters are all Norwegian, and although it is easy enough for us to-day, with our knowledge of what Ibsen has become, to find in them the personal equation of the author, still, he was then frankly continuing the French tradition of stagecraft, with a willing acceptance of the formula of the "well-made play," and with no effort after novelty in his dramaturgic method. Not until he brought forth the

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Ghosts is there any overt assertion of his stalwart and aggressive personality.

In the beginning Ibsen was no innovator. So far, at least, as its external form is concerned, the kind of play he proffered at first was very much what actors and audiences alike had been accustomed to—a kind of play perfectly adjusted to the existing customs of the stage. What he did was to take over the theatre as a going concern, holding himself free to modify the accepted formula only after he had mastered it satisfactorily. Considering Ibsen's inexperience as a writer of prose plays dealing with contemporary life, the *League of Youth* is really very remarkable as a first attempt. Indeed, its defects are those of the models, and it errs chiefly in its excess of ingenuity and in the manufactured symmetry of the contrivance whereby the tables are turned on Stensgard, and whereby he loses all three of the women he has approached.

As Lowell has said, "it is of less consequence where a man buys his tools than what use he makes of them;" but it so happened that Ibsen acquired his stagecraft in the place where it is most easily attained, in the place where Shakespeare and Molière had acquired it, in the theatre itself. In 1851, when he was only twenty-three, he had been appointed "theatre-poet" to the newly opened playhouse in Bergen; and after five years there he had gone to Christiania to be director of a new theatre, where he was to remain yet another five years. In this decade of his impressionable and plastic youth Ibsen had taken part in the production of several score plays, some of them his own, others also original in his native tongue by Holberg and Oehlenschlaeger, and many more translated from Scribe, from Scribe's collaborators and from Scribe's contemporaries. In his vacation travels, to Copenhagen and to Dresden, he had opportunity to observe a wider variety of plays; but even in these larger cities the influence of Scribe was dominant, as it was all over the civilised world in the mid-years of the century.

As Fenimore Cooper, when he determined to tell the fresh story of the backwoods and the prairies, found a pattern ready to his hand in the Waverly novels, so Ibsen availed himself of the "well-made play" of Scribe when he wrote the *League of Youth*, which was the earliest piece in prose presenting contemporary life and character in Norway. There is obvious significance in the fact that of all Ibsen's dramas those which have won widest popularity in the theatre itself are those which most frankly accept the Gallic framework—the *Pillars of Society*, the *Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler*. Yet it is significant also that even in the least individual of Ibsen's earlier pieces, the action is expressive of character, and we cannot fail to see that Ibsen's personages control the plot; whereas in the dramas of Scribe the situations may be said almost to create the characters, which indeed exist only for the purposes of that particular plot.

IV

In spite of Ibsen's ten years of apprenticeship in two theatres, in daily contact with the practical business of the stage, it was not with prose dramas of contemporary life that he first came forward as a dramatist. In fact, his juvenile *Catiline* (1850) was written when he was but just of age, before he was attached to the theatre professionally, before he had read any dramatists, except Holberg and Oehlenschlaeger, and before he had had the chance to see much real acting on the stage itself. It was while he was engaged in producing the plays of others that he brought out also his own *Lady Inger of Ostraat* (1855) and the *Vikings at Helgeland* (1858), both of them actable and often acted. They are romanticist in temper, suggesting now Schiller and now Hugo.

Lady Inger is an historical melodrama, with a gloomy castle, spectral pictures and secret passages, with shifting conspiracies, constant mystery-mongering and contorted characters. The inexepert playwright uses soliloquy not merely to unveil the soul of the speaker (its eternally legitimate use), but also to convey information to the audience as to the facts of the intrigue (an outworn expedient Ibsen never condescended to use in

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the later social dramas). The plot of *Lady Inger* is not veracious or convincing or even plausible; and the play lacks the broad simplicity of story to be found in the later *Vikings*, a saga-like drama, a tale of blood and fate, which recalls Wagnerian opera in its primitive massiveness, in the vigour of its legend, in its tragic pathos, and in its full-blooded characters larger than life and yet pitifully human. Power again there is in a third drama dealing with the historic past of Norway, the *Pretenders* (1864), which has a savage nobility of spirit. It is true that the masterful figure of Bishop Nicholas is enigmatic enough to have stalked out of one of Hugo's melodramas; but to counterbalance this there is a pithy wisdom in the talk of the Skald, which one would seek in vain in the French romanticist drama.

Nowadays, many of us are inclined to regard the historical drama as a bastard form, and to agree with Maeterlinck in dismissing even the most meritorious attempts as "artificial poems that arise from the impossible marriage of past and present." Already between the *Vikings* and the *Pretenders* had Ibsen undertaken a play dealing with contemporary social usages. *Love's Comedy* (1862) made its way on the stage and has found an English translator. But in this rendering it reveals itself as an attempt to commingle romance and satire; it appears to us as hopelessly unfunny, and there is an artistic inconsistency between the stern realism seeking to handle actual life with rigorous tensity and a soaring idealism which keeps obtruding itself.

Love's Comedy is in verse, irregular and rhymed, well-nigh impossible to render satisfactorily into another tongue. Ibsen never again undertook to use rhyme or even meter in handling the manners of his own time. "I cannot believe that meter will be employed to any considerable extent in the drama of the near future, for the poetic intentions of the future cannot be reconciled with it," so Ibsen declared in 1883, thus passing judgment on *Love's Comedy*. And he added that he had written scarcely any verse for years, but "had exclusively cultivated the incomparably more difficult art of writing in the even, beautiful idiom of real life."

It was in 1857 that Björnsen had put forth *Synnöve Solbakken*, a mere novelette, it is true, but still the firstling of a native Norwegian literature, reproducing the very accent of the soil; and here we have once more an example of the way in which the novel is now continually affecting the development of the drama, as the play has in the past influenced the evolution of prose-fiction. For more than ten years Ibsen failed to see how much it would profit him to follow Björnsen's lead. Between *Love's Comedy* and the *League of Youth* he put forth his two great dramatic poems, *Brand* (1886) and *Peer Gynt* (1867); and even after the *League of Youth* (1869) had opened the series of modern social dramas, he published *Emperor and Galilean* (1873) before resuming his incisive study of the life that lay around him.

The career of Julian the Apostate is sketched in what must be termed a chronicle-play, in two parts and in ten acts, a broadly brushed panorama of antique life, displaying Ibsen's abundant invention, his ability to handle boldly a large theme, his gift of putting characters erect on their feet with a few swift strokes. Although *Emperor and Galilean*, like *Brand* and like *Peer Gynt*, was intended for the closet only, and not for the stage itself, it proves its author to be a true dramatist, centring the interest of his story on the essential struggle, and keeping in view always the pictorial aspects of his action.

In this chronicle-play, as in his two greater dramatic poems, Ibsen reveals his perfect understanding of the practical necessities of the playhouse, even though he did not choose always to conform to them. Then he turned his back on antiquity and faced the present in the series of prose-plays, by which he is most widely known to actual playgoers. He found his characters and his themes in modern life and in his native land; and the social dramas followed one another in steady succession —*Pillars of Society* (1877), *A Doll's House* (1879), *Ghosts* (1882), *An Enemy of the People* (1882), *The Wild*

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Duck (1884), *Rosmersholm* (1886), *The Lady from the Sea* (1888), *Hedda Gabler* (1890), the *Master Builder* (1892), *Little Eyolf* (1896), *John Gabriel Borkman* (1896) and *When the Dead Awaken* (1899).

As we look down this list, we see that it is perhaps unfair to class all the later plays as social dramas. Some of them, more especially the latest of them all, *When the Dead Awaken*, seem to be symbolic rather than social, allegorical in intent, even if they remain realistic in treatment. Brandes long ago declared that Ibsen had had a Pegasus killed under him; but when we consider the *Lady from the Sea*, *When the Dead Awaken*, and perhaps one or two others of their later companions, we may well believe that the winged steed was not actually slain. Wounded it may have been, only to recover its strength again and to proffer its back once more for the poet to bestride.

Brander Matthews.

WITH TRUMPETS AND ALSO WITH SHAWMS

Do you know the ecstatical, statical Shaw
His morals embarrass,
His sophistries harass,
His cryptical poppycock fills us with awe.
With a smothered guffaw,
He flicks on the raw,
Sarcastical, drastical, spastical Shaw.

He's a man of sporadical, radical views;
His wit is sardonic,
His style is ironic,
Upon his sub-subtleties raptly we muse;
Till our minds we confuse,
And we roundly abuse
His curious, furious, spurious views.

He writes euphemistical, mystical plays,
In manner pugnacious
On subjects audacious;
A whole melodrama is crammed in a phrase.
Yet so great is the craze,
That we rabidly praise
His quarrelsome, moralsome, laurelsome plays.

His great pyrotechnical, technical works
Abound in mad mockery,
Pungent peacockery,
Marital moods that would shock even Turks;—
Yet clergy and clerks
Quote the quips and the quirks
Of his wonderful, blunderful, thunderful works.

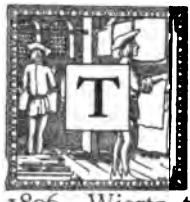
Carolyn Wells.

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ANTOINE WIERTZ

(1806—1906)

Mine was the kingdom of fancy; now I am a fallen king.



HE history of art, so rich in extraordinary personalities, shows no figure comparable to Antoine Wiertz. Born just one hundred years ago—on February 22nd, 1806—Wiertz, through the sheer power of abnormality, forced himself into the company of the great, unforgettable masters of his own and of former days. He was not a Rubens, nor a Michelangelo, as he fondly supposed, but by measuring himself against such spirits during a lifetime of exalted endeavour he has succeeded in being remembered along with them. Ambition, however colossal, is an insufficient asset, yet when that ambition is expressed in transcendent manifestations of misguided genius, the result is formidable. No one can look at Wiertz's tortured canvases, or trace the story of his titanic and pitiful life struggle, without feeling the spell of an abounding individuality. He seizes upon you like a nightmare, conjuring up visions repulsive and beseeching. Instinctively you believe that there lurks somewhere within the man and his work a baffled beauty, a sublimity which, by the merest mischance, became grotesque stupidity or tragic incompletion.

It was in the quaint town of Dinant, on the Meuse, bordering the leafy recesses of the Forest of Ardennes, that this strange victim of fame and fatality first saw light. In Brussels and Antwerp, as well as in quiet Dinant, they are to-day celebrating the centenary of his birth. Antoine Wiertz was the only son of Louis-François Wiertz, a soldier of the Grand Republic, and Catherine Disière, a "femme du peuple." His father, though a native of Belgium, was of Saxon origin, and in his mother's veins flowed the blood of the sturdy Walloons. In the boy's earliest efforts, in his first recorded sayings, and throughout his entire career it is impossible not to realise that he was a child of the Revolution, a creation of that stirring, sanguinary heroism which in 1789 began sweeping all before it. The father's thirst for martial glory simply became with the son an unquenchable craving for artistic fame. "My brushes," he would often remark, "are my lances, a canvas is my battle-field." It is true that he lost most of his battles, but the idea of strife, of conquest never forsook him. It followed him during all those bitter, agonising years, and when, on that mellow June night in Brussels, he was forced to make the final surrender, his struggle was heartrending in its fruitless intensity.

From the outset there seems to have been no question concerning the boy's future calling. Playing beside his mother, who was seated at her spinning wheel, he one day exclaimed that he wished to become a king. "Why?" asked the good soul, thinking his mind must be fixed upon the shock of war or the splendour of regal pageantry. "So that I might become a great painter," the boy replied reverently. At the age of four he drew with astonishing facility, colouring his productions with the juice of berries, and by ten was painting portraits. A little later he carved out of wood a frog that was so life-like that visitors would try to make it hop about. On one occasion a swaggering captain of gendarmes even attempted to impale it on the point of his sword. The art of engraving he also mastered, or indeed rediscovered, and so locally famous had he become by twelve that the proprietor of a popular inn at Ciney commissioned him to paint a sign for his hostelry which was known as the "Cheval noir." Although the youthful artist had never before handled oil colours, he was so successful that the honest

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citizens who flocked to the celebrated fairs of Ciney predicted that he would in time become the foremost sign painter of the town. It was about this period that M. Paul de Maibe, a member of the États Généraux, hearing of the boy's uncommon ability, sent him to school at his own expense and afterward secured from the state the slender pension which enabled him to pursue his artistic studies. Dinant naturally offered scant facilities for advanced instruction, and, moreover, the boy was nightly visited by the luminous apparition of a tall figure wrapped in a flaming mantle and wearing a Spanish hat in whose hands was borne aloft a banner on which gleamed in letters of fire the word "ANVERS." Young Wiertz never doubted for an instant that it was the spirit of Rubens beckoning him to Antwerp and, convinced of his high destiny, to Antwerp he forthwith proceeded.

After leaving the army Louis-François Wiertz followed the placid calling of a tailor, but later joined the gendarmerie. While he never rose beyond the rank of a brigadier nor realised his ardent dream of glory, he was gifted with "a noble and virile soul" and his influence over his son was immeasurable. Aside from a consuming passion for universal success and renown he instilled into the boy's heart two cardinal qualities—a stoical indifference to mortal trouble and an abiding contempt for material reward. Possessing nothing save his pension of 100 florins a year, the young enthusiast desired little beyond "bread, colours and sunlight," though often, indeed, he was forced to do without all three. He worked at the Academy under Herreyns and Van Brée and lived in a miserable attic room too low for him to stand upright in and almost too short to accommodate him when lying down. Though only fourteen, he was tall and fully developed physically, having the stature of a grown man, his pale, mobile features being already covered with a luxuriant black beard. In his pitiful cell was neither stove nor fireplace, and through the battered casement used to blow at will bitter winds or puffs of snow. The room was a chaotic jumble of books, papers, anatomical studies, musical instruments and the various paraphernalia necessary to the practice of sculpture, painting and engraving. At times it grew so cold that the zealous student was forced to take to his bed, and more than once fell asleep with crayon in one hand and scalpel in the other. It was a gruesome retreat; against the bare wall dangled a skeleton, and opposite the door grinned a cleverly painted death's head. Few visitors, however, ever crossed the threshold, for Wiertz was even then regarded as an eccentric, and between himself and the world was slowly erecting an impregnable barrier. His fellow-pupils openly sneered at the strange recluse of the Rue du Pont-Saint-Bernard whose gods were Rubens, Michelangelo, Corneille and Mozart and whose only goddess was—Glory. He was a phenomenally gifted musician, playing numerous instruments, and would often divert his fancy in this way, while below on the street passers-by would pause and listen to those wild, haunting strains floating on the midnight air. Although he lived for years in abject poverty, he did so partially from principle. Outside of a few portraits he never made the slightest attempt to sell his work. A wealthy connoisseur once called and offered an excellent figure for a certain sketch. "Keep your gold," cried Wiertz imperiously; "it is the death of the artist!"

In 1828 the young Dinantais competed unsuccessfully for the Prix de Rome. It was a bitter blow to his hopes, and an even more bitter one to his pride. He next lived for a time in Paris, where he was so poor that often instead of dining, his only expedient was to draw his belt a bit tighter about the waist in order to lessen the inevitable void. He was painting portraits at the time, but not finding sitters at any price and desiring to work, he hung out a sign reading "Portraits Gratis." As though to enforce the irony of fate, no one condescended to come even on those terms. Four years later he again entered the lists, this time carrying off first honours. All the soaring ambition so long held in leash now flared forth in radiant anticipation. In an ecstatic letter to his cousin and patron, Gilain Disière, a sturdy, kindly boatman on the Meuse,

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Wiertz grandiloquently announced that "the path of glory" now lay open to him. The Antwerp officials gave a reception in his honour (which he neglected, however, to attend!), and on his departure for Rome via Paris, the townsfolk of Dinant strewed the streets with flowers, fired complimentary salutes and entertained their young genius in the Council Chamber of the Hôtel-de-Ville. No wonder, after his years of anguish and obscurity, of fevered, mocking dreams in the shabby mansardes of Antwerp and Paris, the marble-browed visionary's head was completely turned. Small wonder that when, in the summer of 1834, he entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo to the accompaniment of a crashing thunder storm, he merely regarded the incident as heaven's recognition of his arrival on the threshold of the Cæsars.

The same invincible austerity, the same unflinching devotion to what he conceived were the supreme manifestations of artistic expression, and that same burning thirst for glory which had been his creed throughout student days, continued to inspire Antoine Wiertz during his sojourn in Rome. Under the spell of Michelangelo and of Homer, whom he read incessantly, a species of audacious, heroic frenzy took possession of his soul. At the time he was commencing his huge canvas depicting the "Greeks and Trojans Contending for the Body of Patroclus," he wrote thus to his devoted but amazed boatman cousin, Gilain Disière: "I am all impatience to begin; I would have my arms in my hands. My brush strokes will be furious and terrible, like the lance thrusts of the Greek heroes. I shall defy the greatest colourists; I shall measure myself against Rubens and Michelangelo!" The Vatican and the Sistine Chapel had a momentous influence over him just as Notre-Dame in Antwerp had when, a mere boy, he stood speechless before the Flemish master's "Descent from the Cross." All the while he was painting his "Patroclus," Wiertz was inflamed with the superb ardour of conflict. One day he exclaimed, "I imagine, like Alexander the Great, that the eyes of the universe are fixed upon me!" In due course the composition was finished and exhibited in the presence of six thousand enthusiastic artists. Thorwaldsen, greatly impressed, said: "This young man is a giant."

Yet the reception accorded "Patroclus" in Rome was not to be duplicated elsewhere. When the picture finally reached the port of Antwerp, consigned, of course, to the Academy, that conservative institution declined to pay the 500 francs carriage, and had it not been for the generous offices of Van Brée, it is difficult to say what might have been its fate. For various reasons the exhibition of "Patroclus" in Antwerp did not take place until 1840, so meanwhile Wiertz boldly decided to throw down the gauntlet to his mortal enemy, Paris. Unfortunately his picture arrived at the forbidding portals of the Louvre too late for the Exposition of 1838. Wiertz, in Homeric rage, demanded its admittance or, failing of that, permission to erect a tent and display his masterpiece in the Place du Louvre. Both requests were suavely but firmly refused, so there remained nothing to do but wait a year longer. To the Exposition of the following season he sent not only "Patroclus" but three other subjects, including an "Entombment," painted at Liège, a picture which, he assured his friends, marked the opening of his "duel with Rubens, of which Paris will be the witness; his duel with Paris, in which Rubens will be his second." Unhappily that "hideous monster," Paris, which he threatened to crush under his heel, that "cancer," or, as he often used to call it, that "city of suicide," refused to succumb to the magic of his brushes and palette. The jury accepted three of his contributions, but skied them all cruelly; "Patroclus," though hung in the Salon d'honneur, being barely distinguishable. Wiertz, stung to the heart, waited vainly about for a few weeks seeking retribution, then left forever the scene of his pain and his defeat. Press and public alike had ignored him. It was a blow from which he never recovered, though the succeeding year he had the ironical satisfaction of seeing this same "immortal jury" decline an admirable canvas by Rubens, which he borrowed for the occasion,

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and to which, in the presence of witnesses, he had affixed his own signature.

The verdict of Paris was, in large measure, echoed when "Patroclus" was formally placed on view in Antwerp and in Brussels. A few of the critics praised it judiciously, but most of them were openly hostile. Classicism was fast vanishing before the splendid, colourful romanticism of Delacroix and a new, poignant actuality of which Charles de Groux was to become the apostle. Wiertz clearly felt out of consonance with his age, and in order to justify and to defend his position began with brush and pencil that campaign of bitter, indignant rebellion which only ended with the grave. He resided at Liège during this period in order to be near his mother. "Esméralda" and "Quasimodo" were the immediate results of his visit to Paris. Other pictures followed in feverish succession, the most important being the "Revolt of Hell," which he painted under the cupola of the ancient Church of Saint-André. All day he worked with incredible energy covering this colossal canvas, measuring 50 feet high by 30 feet wide, with masses of writhing demons and avalanches of riven rock. In the evening he might be seen, tense, abstracted, yet full of filial solicitude, strolling along the Quai de la Souvenière arm and arm with a tottering old mother soon, alas, to be taken from him. Her death drove him to Brussels where, housed in an abandoned factory, he completed the "Triumph of Christ," in many respects his most rational and consistent evocation. It was this effort which induced the government to build him a studio on condition that at his death he should leave all his pictures to the state in perpetuity. And thus by the spring of 1850 those restless, distressful days were finally over. He had found at last those great walls he had dreamed of as a child and which now he might cover as an ever encroaching spirit world saw fit to dictate.

The interval between his return from Rome and his establishment in what later became the Musée Wiertz marked the creation of the painter's most important classical and Biblical works. Those which followed were mainly of a pseudo-philosophical character, or else sheer, unredeemed studies in terror. Maligned and misunderstood by all save a slender handful of believers, Wiertz made matters more acute by rushing into print at every conceivable opportunity. A few able though extravagant productions, among them a "Eulogy on Rubens," which was crowned by the Antwerp Academy, flowed from his vehement pen, but for the most part his effusions were charged with exalted egotism and majestic presumption. The critics were the particular objects of his wrath. He never appeared to forget them, and even said that if they crowded around him after he had gone like a flock of vultures, picking his fame to pieces, he would surely rise from the grave to defend himself. The stirring events of 1830 which had so aroused Belgian national consciousness found ready echo in Wiertz. Political revolution he believed should be followed by artistic revolution. In an open letter to the Minister of the Interior in which he offers to the state a picture to be hung beside Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral of Antwerp, he says: "It is time we threw off this foreign yoke; it is time for our Belgian artists to sing their Marseillaise!" And yet all the while this resplendent prophet was crying aloud to the world in such lofty tones, all the while he was crowding his vast canvases with such distorted and imploring conceptions, he was enduring the most dire poverty and neglect. It was often a case with him of either "bread or lead," but somehow enough bread came to save him from that oblivion which he dreaded above all else. The image of death haunted him with increasing vividness as years slipped by, not, indeed, as something to be feared in itself, but as a messenger who might summon him before glory were definitely assured.

Under his explicit instructions and in exact replica of a ruined temple at Paestum, the state agreed to erect for Wiertz a permanent studio situated near the Parc Léopold and not far from the Garde du Luxembourg. The building is surrounded by the melancholy charm of a small, neglected garden, and though austere is reposeful in aspect, somewhat

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suggesting a mausoleum. About the columns, over the broken pediment, and along the walls have for years twined masses of creeper and ivy, now green, and now crimson or purple. Though certain exterior features have changed, within the place remains much the same as during the painter's lifetime. It is a pictorial pandemonium, a Vatican of eccentricity. On the walls rages an eternal conflict between good and evil, between beauty and horror. The majestic and the trivial are here grouped side by side just as they sprung from their creator's seething, incongruous fancy. Visions of relentless, compelling power are succeeded by cheap devices and panoptical tricks scarcely worthy of the rudimentary imagination of a child. Sentimentality of the sugary, Raphael-Bouguereau brand is offset by dramatic vivisections and deliberate diablery from which the most callous visitor shrinks in spontaneous terror and disgust. All periods from the classic to the ultra modern and morbid, all episodes from the "Education of the Virgin" to a "Scene in Hell," throng this curious graphic cosmos. Apart from the pictures he had previously painted it took the artist just fifteen years to fill the remaining space at his disposal. A portion of this time was passed in writing his "Flemish School of Painting" and numerous other brochures, pamphlets and tractates as well as in modelling, for sculpture was also one of his minor passions. During many baffling months he devoted his energies to the study of chemistry with a view to perfecting his *peinture mate*, a combination of fresco and oil painting having more fluency of handling than the former and possessing none of the latter's often irritating reflective quality. It was, of course, necessary for him to continue painting portraits "pour la soupe," as he would say, and during his less exalted moments he perpetrated various "petites bamboches," or serio-comic platitudes utterly without interest or distinction. He lived a rigidly isolated life, rarely venturing out, though adjoining the studio he devised a miniature "jardin géographique," in which he used to promenade fancying himself in different parts of the world. He labored ceaselessly, it being his hope some day to enlarge his museum to three times its actual size and paint a continuous epic of civilisation of which the portion already completed was merely a preface. Yet this grandiose dream was not to be realised. Death, who had long since gazed fixedly upon him from the walls of his narrow Antwerp mansarde, at last claimed him for that dim kingdom which is all dreams, all phantoms.

Shortly after ten o'clock on the evening of June 18th, 1865, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, Antoine Wiertz died in fearful agony from gangrene. Even as the mortal chill was creeping over him he moaned frantically, "I am burning! burning!" At the bedside had hurriedly gathered Dr. Watteau, his lifelong friend and champion; Louis Labarre, Mme. Sébert and an elder son of the good boatman, Gilain Disière. It was a soft, magical summer night. Overhead swung a silvery moon and from the near-by gardens were gently wafted the strains of a waltz. Realising that his time had come, the broken hero nevertheless fought off the fatal moment with agonising fortitude. Just before the end he raised himself upon the pillow and cried: "Oh, what glorious horizons! what beautiful, tender countenances! how sad they are; they weep because they love me so. Quick! my brushes! my palette! What a picture I shall paint! I shall vanquish Raphael!" Then, speechless, he lifted his hand and with his finger traced imaginary outlines in the air, finally sinking back with an inexpressible sob of regret.

It is useless to pretend that the art of Wiertz possesses any particular esthetic significance. He occupies a decidedly rickety seat in the Pantheon of the masters. He entered not by day between wide, lofty portals, but one stormy night through the back door and up dingy, crooked stairs. Though at the outset he may have had some hint of the plastic fervour of Michelangelo, some echo of the chromatic fire of his revered Rubens, these gifts were quickly swallowed up in a boundless sea of personal vanity and vaunting, arrogant ambition. A gleam of the spiritual evocation of Blake now and then shines forth only to be rendered

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WIERTZ, THE MAD PAINTER

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THE REVOLT OF HELL AGAINST HEAVEN

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THE GREEKS AND THE TROJANS FIGHTING FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS

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AFTER THE GUILLOTINE



NAPOLEON IN HELL

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THE ORPHANS



HUMAN INSATIABILITY

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PREMATURE BURIAL

dull and lusterless by the heavy pomposity of a Haydon. He stirred up the dust of giants long since departed; he summoned from the spacious, heroic past stalwart, antique figures, but they merely mocked him and went back to the abyss of eternity. Not the least of Wiertz's shortcomings is that he was a perpetual borrower. His particular divinities he constantly laid under contribution and, not satisfied with them, he often looked elsewhere. Upon "Happy Times" has settled the Vergilian quietude of Poussin. Back of "Two Young Women or the Beautiful Rosine" looms the eloquent and occasionally voluptuous fantasy of Delacroix. The single original note Wiertz sounded lies in a series of social studies which includes "Orphans," "Premature Burial," "Hunger, Madness and Crime," "The Last Cannon" and "Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head." Each is a sermon with scant attempt at disguising the text—one pleads for charity, one for cremation, one against war, and another against capital punishment. It is obvious that more restraint and less crapulous horror, less of the stench of the charnal house, would have heightened the efficacy of these appeals.

Wiertz fancied himself a soldier of advanced thought, a "chasseur d' idées." In distorted measure he possessed the brain of a philosopher, the imagination of a poet and the fervour of a patriot. Endowed with acute organic susceptibility, he seemed destined from the first for martyrdom. He was tragically out of sympathy with his age and time. He lived the life of a lost Titan, always alone, always harassed. His invincible devotion to his career, his austere vows of poverty and of celibacy—vows which were never forsworn—did not, in the end, constitute Wiertz one of the gods or redeemers of art. Through reasons beyond the control of his troubled spirit he descended from Olympus into the recesses of dark Avernus.

Christian Brinton.

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885–1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART XIV.—THE WAR WITH SPAIN



COMMODORE Dewey on the Asiatic station, had his squadron well in hand. The vessels which composed it were not reckoned among the most powerful ships of the new navy, but they were in a state of high efficiency, and in their class they were as good as any in the world. Lying at Hong Kong was the flag-ship *Olympia,* a protected cruiser of 5800 tons and carrying a fine armament of modern guns. With her were the *Baltimore,* a protected cruiser of 4600 tons, and the *Raleigh,* a protected cruiser of 3217 tons. At Mirs Bay, on the Chinese coast, thirty miles distant from Hong Kong, were the protected cruiser *Boston,* of 3000 tons, the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel,* and the armed revenue-cutter *McCulloch,* together with a collier and a supply-ship*. Every one of these vessels had received the last touch necessary to the perfection of preparedness. The complicated machinery had been overhauled under the keen eyes of the Commodore himself; the ammunition-hoists had been tested. All the bunkers were filled with coal, and the magazines were stored to their full capacity. Finally, the crews were superbly disciplined, devoted to their officers, and eager for any duty, however hazardous, that might be theirs to undertake. As the vessels lay at anchorage, with steam up, they resembled a group of perfectly trained athletes, impatient for the summons to glorious action. They had been stripped of every inch of superfluous woodwork, and their hulls, no longer snowy white, were painted a sullen slate-colour, which transformed their graceful jauntiness into a suggestion of something grim and terrible.

*The collier was the *Nanshan;* the supply-ship was the *Zafiro.*

Commodore Dewey had assumed command on January 3d, and during the months that followed he had not merely shown himself to be a naval chief of rare ability, but he had indirectly served his country in other and less obvious ways. Here were illustrated once more the force and value of personality in the conduct of great affairs. Dewey was by birth a Vermonter, of the very best New England stock, and had superimposed upon the sturdy qualities of his ancestry all the tactfulness, the courtesy of bearing, and the clear sanity of judgment which mark the man who has had long experience of the great world. He was now sixty years of age, alert and vigorous, and combining the energy of youth with the sagacity of age. Professionally his career had well fitted him for great responsibility. In the Civil War he had served under Farragut in some of the hottest fights of that fierce struggle. Later he had been chief of the Naval Bureau of Equipment and a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey. Altogether he was at one and the same time a cultivated gentleman, a scientific expert in naval affairs, and a sailor who in battle would be inspired by the example of that great captain with whom he had once faced the flaming forts and batteries on the lower Mississippi.

Hong Kong is one of the most intensely British of all the British dependencies in the East. It is always strongly garrisoned and is an important naval

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station. In 1898 the good-will of its people, and especially of its official society, was of immense importance to any combatant whose field of action lay in Asiatic waters. Spanish agents swarmed there, and in a thousand subtle ways endeavoured to win British sympathy for their cause and to create a feeling of antipathy toward the United States, by appealing to an underlying strain of dislike and jealousy which they imagined to exist in Englishmen. That they failed utterly and hopelessly must be ascribed, in part at least, to the impression which Commodore Dewey and his staff created during their stay at Hong Kong from January



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

until the end of April. The Anglo-Saxon type of sailor is the same in both of the great English-speaking nations; and from the acting Governor down to the youngest middy on shore-leave, every Briton recognised in the chiefs of the American squadron blood-brothers who fulfilled even the exacting standard which Englishmen apply to those who claim to be officers and gentlemen. What service was rendered to the American cause by the character and personality of the American commander at Hong Kong will presently appear.

The despatch of April 24th from Washington reached Commodore Dewey in the nick of time. An hour or two before, Great Britain's proclamation of neutrality had been issued, and he must depart at once. The despatch therefore relieved him of all doubt and made his course of action plain. There was no delay. Signals fluttered from the flagship; and soon the *Olympia,* followed closely by the *Raleigh* and the *Baltimore,* steamed out to sea to the music of the national anthem. As the cruisers swung into the channel, thousands of British soldiers, sailors, and civilians swarmed down to the shore, cheering lustily for Dewey and wishing him godspeed. "Good luck to you! Smash the Dons!" was the shout that reached him as a final parting.

At Mirs Bay he picked up the other vessels of his squadron, and on April 27th headed for the island of Luzon. As soon as the open sea was reached the crew of each ship was mustered upon deck.* Then was read to them a proclamation issued on the 23rd by the Spanish General, Basilio Augustin, Military Governor of the Philippines. This proclamation is a curiosity in the literature of war. It began:

"Spaniards! Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.

"The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war by their perfidious machinations **** The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain ***** will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States which, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of a Congress in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

"A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor dicipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honour, and liberty."

The proclamation went on to say that the Americans were seeking to substitute

*Long, *The New American Navy*, i. p. 183 (New York, 1903).

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Protestantism for the Catholic faith, to plunder and despoil, and to kidnap such of the inhabitants of the islands as were needed to man ships or to labour in the fields. General Augustin surpassed himself in the concluding sentences:

"Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings! Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization . . . The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers; they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of our wives' and daughters' honour, or appropriate the property your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age.

"Filipinos! Prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts; and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose, with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of *Viva España!*"*

After this proclamation had been read to the crews by the division officers, the announcement was briefly made: "The squadron is bound for Manila. Our orders are to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet." Cheer after cheer rang out with a deep note of martial exultation, and when the ships' bands struck up the national anthem, "the chorus spread from forecastle to cabin with an enthusiasm that carried the hearts of all on board."†

For a long while, both the naval and consular authorities of the United States had been trying to acquire authentic information as to the Spanish land and naval forces in the Philippines. So far back as the end of President Cleveland's administration this secret inquiry began. Commodore Dewey had learned much, yet much was still uncertain. He knew that in the vicinity of Manila lay a Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Montojo. He knew also just what vessels composed this fleet, but he had been unable to gain any trustworthy information as to their armament and general condition. Nor was he certain as to the place where the Spanish Admiral intended to give battle. From the mass of conflicting reports, it seemed likely that Montojo's command was now stationed in Subig Bay, to the northwest of Manila, where the Spaniards had some time before begun to build a naval station. Commodore Dewey had tried hard to learn the exact nature of the land fortifications around Manila. In 1897 they had consisted of batteries at the entrance of the bay, a formidable earthwork at Sangley Point, and stone redoubts and walls near the city itself. These works mounted many obsolete cannon, but they also had in battery a number of Armstrong breech-loading rifles, and several Palliser muzzle-loaders, with an unknown number of Ordonnez and Hontoria rifled guns of modern make. How much had been done to strengthen the defences in the preceding six months, Commodore Dewey had been unable to discover. Spanish agents in Hong Kong spread reports of formidable additions to the artillery, and spoke of mines as having been laid at the entrance of the harbour.

In after years it became the fashion to speak lightly of the danger attending the enterprise in which amid those distant seas the American squadron was now engaged. But it must be remembered that when Dewey steamed out of Mirs Bay he was facing perils the extent of which was totally unknown. The Spanish fleet was numerically much superior, and it had the support of batteries on land equipped with powerful cannon. If the American ships should fail to destroy their adversaries, they would be in a most perilous position. All foreign ports were closed to them; and the nearest American harbour was eight thousand miles away. Hence, they must either win a decisive victory or else retire to some Chinese or British station, there to remain interned until the conclusion of the war. Hence, it was no holiday excursion for the Commodore and his captains, but a warlike venture containing so many elements of the unknown as to justify the utmost vigilance and the most serious concern. In the United States, public expectation was keyed to a high pitch when the cable reported that Dewey was steaming for the Philippines. What might befall him there no man could venture to predict.

These thoughts may have flitted through the mind of the American com-

*Long, *op. cit.* i. pp. 183-185; Wilcox, *Short History of the War with Spain*, pp. 103, 104 (New York, 1898); see also the letter from a correspondent in the *New York Herald* of June 19, 1898.

†*Herald*, June 19th.

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mander as he steamed across the China Sea toward the island of Luzon; but he was essentially a man of action, and his energies and reflections were given first of all to the task immediately in hand. At daybreak on April 30th, low-lying hills clothed with tropical verdure were sighted by the lookouts, and soon the squadron approached the entrance of Subig Bay, where Dewey believed the Spanish Admiral to be awaiting him. But the *Boston* and the *Concord* searched that port in vain. Montojo had reached Subig on the 24th; but finding the land defences incomplete, he had hastened back to Manila exactly one day before the Americans arrived. Calling in his scouts, Commodore Dewey summoned his captains to the flagship for a council of war. It was quickly decided to run the batteries at Manila and to strike the Spanish fleet under the very guns of the protecting forts. As the squadron turned its prows toward the scene of the impending battle, the last touch was given to the work of preparation. Chain-cables were coiled about the ammunition hoists, splinter-nets were stretched along the front of the wooden bulkheads, and even the mess tables, chests and chairs were flung into the sea.*

It was Commodore Dewey's purpose to force an entrance to Manila Bay by night. Of the two channels which lead to it, he chose the larger (Boca Grande). He reached its mouth at ten o'clock in the darkness of a tropical evening. Clouds obscured the light of a young moon, and only now and then to the eyes of the watchful navigators did the land loom dimly into view. On each side lay the Spanish batteries. Ahead was the huge grey rock, El Fraile, where, unknown to the Americans, were mounted guns of formidable calibre. Beneath the black waters were doubtless mines which the closing of an electric circuit would explode with frightful power. But Dewey's purpose was unalterable. With the batteries, if necessary, his guns would reckon; while as to the mines, he may have recalled the vigourous order of his old commander, Farragut, at New Orleans: "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

*Correspondence of *New York Herald*, June 19, 1898.

No bugle sounded as the men were sent to their respective stations, but whispered orders passed from mouth to mouth. In complete darkness, save for a single white light at each stern, the vessels fell into line and steamed slowly up the channel, the *Olympia* leading, and after her in order, the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, the *McCulloch* and the colliers. As they approached the giant rock, El Fraile, a Spanish sentry sighted the gleaming stern-light of the *Olympia*. Signals flashed out into the darkness; a rocket hissed upward and burst high overhead. Then from the battery on the south shore a long stream of fire shot out, followed by the crash of cannon. El Fraile of a sudden was circled by flames, as its guns joined in the deadly chorus. Then thundered in reply an American broadside. The *Raleigh*, *Concord*, *Boston*, and *McCulloch* hurled a tempest of projectiles at the forts on shore. One six-inch shell from the *Concord* exploded in the midst of the Restinga battery, silencing it in less than three minutes after it had gone into action. Two mines burst with a terrific roar ahead of the *Olympia;* but she received no harm, and soon the squadron, uninjured and once more silent, had passed on into the broad waters of Manila Bay.

The city lay twenty miles ahead. From the American squadron its clustered lights could be seen twinkling in the distance. With speed reduced to four knots, the invaders passed slowly up the bay; and a little before five o'clock the dawn of a tropical morning revealed a long grey line of ships, made more conspicuous by their contrast with the snow-white walls of the arsenal at Cavité before which they were lying.

Admiral Montojo had been kept informed of Dewey's movements since the latter left Mirs Bay on April 27th. He knew that the Americans had entered Subig harbour, and that they had then headed their ships in the direction of Manila. But, as he viewed the situation, Manila and his own fleet were safe from immediate attack. The "unwarlike and undisciplined Yankees" would not dare to force a passage

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through the Boca Grande and receive the fire of its forts. They would doubtless blockade the entrance, and try to pick off a few Spanish merchant vessels, as affording a safe and easy conquest. Therefore Admiral Montojo's officers and men had shore-leave freely granted them, and many of them were in bed on land when the distant booming of cannon came faintly up the bay in the midnight stillness. A few minutes later, and word reached the Admiral that not only had the audacious American Commodore entered the channel, but that he had safely passed the forts and was even now moving up the bay to grapple with the Spanish fleet. Then there was wild excitement in Manila, bugles sounding, drums beating, and a hasty mustering of all who were ashore.

Admiral Montojo's entire command consisted of a score of vessels, including two swift liners* which had been converted into auxiliary cruisers. But of this number several were only "mosquito gunboats,"† while others were not in shape for service.‡ To meet the American squadron there were drawn up in a long, crescent-shaped line of battle seven ships of war—the *Reina Cristina* (flag-ship), *Don Antonio de Ulloa, Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, Cano,* and *Marques del Duero.* Of these ships, the *Reina Cristina* was the most powerful, being of 3500 tons displacement and carrying a battery of 6-inch and 2-inch modern guns, with a secondary battery of rapid-firing three-pounders. The other Spanish vessels were inferior to the flag-ship, ranging from 3000 to 500 tons, but with excellent guns. There were also four torpedo-boats, two of which took part in the action. In tonnage and in armament this fleet was decidedly inferior to the American squadron; yet it was supported by land batteries at Cavité, at Sangley Point, and by the guns mounted at the naval arsenal behind it. From the point of view of the military theorist, the odds were, on the whole, decidedly in favour of the Spaniards.

* The *Isla de Mindanao* and the *Manila.*

†Some of the mosquito fleet were on duty in other parts of the Philippines.

‡The *Velasco, Lezo,* and *Argos.*

At a few minutes after five there fluttered from the signal-mast of the *Olympia* the order, "Prepare for general action;" and a moment later, on all of the American ships the Stars and Stripes were broken out. At once the gaudy colours of Spain flew from the opposing line, and the guns of the shore batteries blazed, followed shortly by a broadside from the Spanish fleet. Commodore Dewey and his flag-officer, Captain Gridley, stood on the bridge of the *Olympia,* tranquilly observing the shell-fire of the enemy which lashed the waters about them into yellow foam. Presently the Commodore, turning quietly to his companion, remarked in a casual tone: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." An eight-inch forward gun roared from the *Olympia's* turret, and soon every American ship had found the range and was smothering its doomed antagonists with projectiles. Three times did Dewey pass slowly up and down the Spanish line, lessening the distance at each turn. The Spanish gunners could not stand the terrible storm of steel that burst about them. Their shots flew wild, for they fired without aim. At half-past seven, Commodore Dewey, having been erroneously informed that his supply of five-inch shells was running low, drew off his ships to take account of his remaining ammunition. During this interval, the men at the guns were served with breakfast. Misunderstanding the manœuvre, the Spanish Governor cabled to Madrid a message announcing that the Americans had been repelled with heavy loss.

When the order to withdraw was given, Dewey did not know how badly his fire had damaged his opponents. But observation soon revealed the fact that the Spanish fleet had been practically wiped out. The *Reina Cristina* was heeled over so that her bulwarks were awash. The *Castilla* was on fire. Two torpedo-boats had been sunk. Of the other vessels, only one, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa,* was fit to continue fighting; and presently when its captain, disobeying Montojo's orders, sallied out to renew the battle, the gallant little gunboat was smashed and sunk by the concentrated fire of three American cruisers.

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The Spaniards were not only beaten—they were annihilated, and only the shore batteries remained. Commodore Dewey sent a brief message to the Governor General that unless the shore fire from Manila ceased at once, the city would be shelled. The threat was effective; and the squadron steamed back to Cavité, where after a brief and brilliant action the forts and earthworks were knocked to pieces and the gunners driven out by a hail of bursting shells. It was now high noon, and the battle of Manila Bay had been fought and won.* In the space of seven hours the United States had won a footing in the Orient.

Commodore Dewey now sent a message to the Governor General asking that the cable be neutralised, and that both Spaniards and Americans be allowed to use it. General Augustin refused; whereupon Dewey ordered it to be fished up and cut, thereby severing the Philippines from telegraphic communication with the world. The *Zafiro* hastened to Hong Kong and thence cabled the following historic despatch to Washington.

"Manila, May 1.—Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following vessels; *Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marques del Duero, Cano, Velasco, Isla de Mindanao,* a transport, and a water-battery, at Cavité. The squadron is uninjured and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American Consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him.

DEWEY."

And a second dispatch added (May 4th):

"I have taken possession of naval station at Cavité. . . . Have destroyed the fortifications at bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control bay completely and can take city at any time."

The first of these despatches reached Washington on May 7th and was at once made public. Popular enthusiasm was unbounded. So swift and so complete a victory thrilled the entire nation. A decisive naval battle in far-distant waters appealed to the imagination of Americans as possessing an element of the romantic. Commodore Dewey's portrait was everywhere displayed. Within a few hours he had become a popular hero. President McKinley at once advanced him to the rank of acting Rear Admiral, and cabled him the thanks of Congress and his countrymen. The war was now more popular than ever, and both President and people felt that this great success on sea must be followed up by operations upon land. Dewey's second telegram had declared that he could take the city at any time; but it was obvious that he had not men enough to hold it* should Spain despatch an expedition to the Philippines. Hence General T. M. Anderson was designated to command the first of several expeditions; and he set sail from San Francisco on May 24th, with a body of 2500 troops, carried by three transports and escorted by the cruiser *Charleston.*†

The news of the battle of Manila Bay was heard with very diverse emotions in the various countries of Europe. In London another great demonstration took place in favour of the United States. The last vestige of doubt as to American prowess was swept away; and such pro-Spanish journals as the *Globe* and *Morning Post* took refuge in a sulky acquiescence. The other London dailies reflected the popular admiration for the United States. A leading article in the *Times* (May 9th) declared:

"The destruction of the Spanish fleet was as complete as any achievement recorded in naval annals. Dewey showed himself worthy alike of the finest traditions of the United States navy and of his kinship with the race that produced Nelson."

Said the *Daily News* of the same date:

"Dewey's despatches, in their conciseness and modesty, are in accordance with the best naval traditions. The battle establishes a record among contests of the kind; for one of the combatants destroyed the whole fleet of the other without himself suffering any loss what-

*See Long, *op. cit.* i. pp. 165-200; Wilcox, *op. cit.* pp. 102-117; Barrett, *Admiral George Dewey,* pp. 74-86 (New York, 1899); Correspondence of the *New York Herald* for June 19, 1898; and especially the detailed report of Admiral Dewey to the Navy Department under date of May 3, 1898. The Spanish account of the battle is given in the official report by Admiral Montojo (translation in Barrett, *op. cit.* Appendix, pp. 265-274).

*The number of men in Dewey's squadron on May 1st was 1780.

†Even before the news of the battle had reached Washington, it had been decided (May 4th) to dispatch a military expedition to the Philippines.

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ever . . . It is especially worth noting that the discipline on the American ships is reported to have been perfect; for many Spanish authorities and some independent critics thought this might be a weak point on the American side. The excellence of the American tactics and the superiority of marksmanship are certain to be a prominent feature of this war."

But it was not the British press alone from which expressions of friendship came. On May 13th the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, speaking to an immense audience in Birmingham, declared amid prolonged cheering that "though war be terrible, it would be cheaply purchased, if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance." And even more significant were some sentences uttered by the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, at the annual meeting of the Primrose League. Speaking of Spain and China, he said: "Those States are becoming weaker, and the strong States stronger"; and he drew a contrast between "living nations" and "dying States." So frank a declaration from a responsible statesman had a meaning of its own; and ere long the importance of Great Britain's attitude was to become apparent to the world.

In Spain, Governor General Augustin's illusive dispatch of the morning of May 1st set Madrid ablaze with joy. Houses were illuminated and flags flew. For a few hours Spanish pride was gratified to the full. Then came the crushing truth, and with it a feeling of anger and despair. The press cried out for revenge; but even the Government organ could find few words of hope. It said:

"Yesterday was a sad but glorious day for Spain. Let the people be calm, and allow nothing to shake their confidence in the future triumph of Spain."*

But the depression in Madrid was more than matched by the chagrin and deep resentment excited in Paris and Berlin. The French had welcomed the despatch of Augustin with glee. The Parisian press had been predicting a Spanish triumph, and the people believed for a time that such a triumph had occurred. Even Augustin's later report was received with incredulity. Spanish agents still asserted that Montojo had led Dewey into a trap. But conviction could not be long withheld. On May 3d the *Temps* editorially remarked:

"The United States put into the balance so crushing a superiority of resources and of force as to leave no doubt of the result. Directly Castilian honour has received the satisfaction which it requires, will not the moment come for Europe to speak its word?"

The notion that Europe or some European power should interfere in the progress of events at Manila was one that found warm support in official Germany. The press of Berlin had on May 2nd received from Spanish sources the news of Dewey's victory, but it was either suppressed or published with expressions of doubt as being grossly exaggerated or wholly false. A little later the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* remarked editorially:

"We do not favor intervention in this war, but we are of the opinion that the European Powers ought to exert strong diplomatic pressure at the first opportunity in order to shorten the struggle. The Yankees are already swollen with pride. If they win another decisive victory, scarcely any European nation will be able to associate with them diplomatically. In view of the unfriendly sentiments entertained in the United States toward Germany, and the many economic disputes between the two countries, it is very possible that Germany may be made the next victim of American impudence."*

Actual intervention was, however, hardly contemplated by the German Foreign Office. The Kaiser, whose unfavourable opinion of the United States was not a spontaneous impression of his own, but had been inherited by him as one of the Junker traditions, openly expressed admiration of American prowess at Manila. When the news reached him he is reported to have exclaimed:

"There is evidently something besides 'smartness' and commercialism in the Yankee blood! Those fellows at Cavité fought like veterans!"†

Nor were his most arrogant advisers ready to suggest a course of action that would certainly plunge Germany into a transatlantic war. Yet there were reasons why, without a resort to arms, German policy demanded that the attitude of the Empire toward the United States, especially in the East, should be one of

**El Liberal* (Madrid), May 2, 1898.

**Kölnische Volkszeitung*, May 7, 1898.

†Cable dispatch in *New York Tribune*, May 8, 1898.

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unfriendliness if not of actual menace. In the preceding year Germany had coerced China into giving up the port of Kiau-Chau with some adjacent territory in the northerly province of Shan-Tung. This was intended to be the starting-point for a vast extension of German influence, both commercial and military. It marked another step in the Kaiser's colonial policy, which was to end by making Germany the rival of Great Britain in the Orient. If the Philippines were to drop from Spain's enervated hand, they would be a rich prize for the Power that might be ready and waiting to receive them. Why should not this Power be Germany? The Americans, in their new-born arrogance, would possibly consider the retention of the Islands. If so, they must be made to drop the project. In plain language, they must be bullied out of it. Germany must display so marked a show of force, and must carry things off with so high a hand, as to make the Yankees glad to abandon the Philippines as soon as the first fighting should be over. The scheme was essentially Bismarckian in its arrogance. Its execution was begun with Bismarckian promptness.

On May 13th Admiral Dewey, in a despatch to the Navy Department, mentioned the fact that certain foreign warships had arrived in Manila Bay and were observing his operations. These vessels consisted of a British gunboat, a small Japanese cruiser, a French cruiser (the *Bruix*), and two German vessels. Presently the German contingent was rapidly augmented until it reached the proportions of a squadron. On June 13th there were four German ships of war "observing operations"; on June 23rd there were five of them.* These were the newly built, first-class steel cruiser, *Kaiserin Augusta,* the battleship *Kaiser,* the swift second-class cruisers *Irène* and *Prinzess Wilhelm,* and the gunboat *Kormoran.* It was announced that another battleship, the *Deutschland,* and the cruiser *Gefion* were also soon to join the spuadron,† thus concentrating at Manila the entire naval force maintained by Germany in Asiatic waters. In tonnage, in guns, and in armour this squadron outclassed the ships which Admiral Dewey had at his disposal, and its mere presence involved at once a problem and a menace. No such number of vessels was necessary, since in Manila Germany had no obvious interests to protect; and hence, upon any pacific hypothesis this naval display was inexplicable.

There were peculiar reasons why Admiral Dewey and his command should view the presence of the Germans with distrust and even positive displeasure. Before the declaration of war between the United States and Spain, but while war seemed more than probable, Prince Henry of Prussia had arrived at Hong Kong in command of several German ships of war. Prince Henry had been despatched to the Far East by his brother the Kaiser, who in taking leave of him had announced in a highly rhetorical speech that this expedition was sent out for the purpose of displaying Germany's "mailed hand" in the Orient. Prince Henry arrived at Hong Kong in the month of March. His officers were not at all reticent in publicly expressing their sympathy with Spain; and the Prince himself committed a breach of etiquette which seemed to show distinct unfriendliness to the United States. He gave a banquet to the officers of the foreign warships then at Hong Kong, among them being Commodore Dewey and several members of his staff. In the course of the banquet, the Prince proposed a series of toasts to the great Powers, naming them in alphabetical order, according to the French form. Thus, first of all, he raised his glass to Germany (*Allemagne*), then to England (*Angleterre*), although that nation should have been toasted as Great Britain (*Grande-Bretagne*), and then to Spain (*Espagne*). Then should have come a toast to the United States (*Etats-Unis*), but the name was omitted by Prince Henry, who next drank to France. At this open affront to his country, Commodore Dewey made a sign to his officers, and

*Despatch of Admiral Dewey from Cavité, June 23, 1898.

†Cable despatch to *New York Herald* (June 28) from Manila (dated June 23, 1898).

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with him they at once left the banquet-hall, quietly, but without ceremony. The affair caused a marked sensation; and naval sentiment at Hong Kong, even among foreigners, censured the discourtesy of Prince Henry. Therefore, on the following day, one of his staff was sent to make a roundabout verbal apology to the American Commodore. Dewey, however, refused to receive it in that form. The slight, he said, was not personal to himself, but had been offered to the country which he had the honour to serve. It had come from the Prince, and publicly. Hence, the apology must also come from him, either in person or in writing. Prince Henry thereupon did call upon Commodore Dewey and made a formal apology, saying that he had at the banquet forgotten to keep to the French order of names and had carelessly thought of the United States in the German form (*Vereinigte-Staaten*).*

When the *Kaiserin Augusta* reached Manila early in June she brought with her Vice-Admiral von Diederich, who was in command of the German naval forces in Asiatic waters. This officer was thoroughly imbued with a dislike for everything American, and his personal prejudice seems to have led him to go further than even his instructions warranted. Not merely were his official acts of an unfriendly and at times threatening character, but he exhibited a certain boorishness and gratuitous incivility which could not have been justified in an open enemy. By the usages of international law, a blockaded port is under control of the blockading force, and the officer in command of such a force is entitled to make and to maintain regulations governing all vessels which may enter the waters dominated by his guns. Admiral Dewey, knowing that there were Spanish gunboats in other parts of the Philippines, very properly required that no ships should enter the harbour of Manila after night-fall, guarding in this way against possible attack upon his squadron by torpedo-boats and other hostile craft. The German Vice-Admiral chose to consider this regulation unwarranted. His own ships therefore moved about from point to point without notice to Admiral Dewey, and they did so in the night-time as well as in the day. When this occurred within the harbour, the American ships directed their searchlights full upon the German vessels, thus keeping them always under a brilliant glare. But on several occasions a German cruiser after leaving the harbour had entered it by night in defiance of the Amercian Admiral's orders. When this had happened twice Admiral Dewey desisted from further verbal protest and decided upon vigorous action. Presently a German ship came stealing in under cover of the darkness. As she neared the inner waters, a shell was fired directly across her bow, and the blaze of a searchlight revealed the *Baltimore* with decks cleared, and her crew at the guns ready to follow up the monitory shell with a full broadside. Admiral von Diederich was furious, but thereafter this particular regulation was not broken.

Another like incident, however, was still more serious in its possible results. One evening, in the dusk, a strange launch was descried making its way silently toward the *Olympia*. Though twice hailed, it made no answer. Both Admiral Dewey and his flag captain were on the *Olympia's* deck. Through the darkness they saw the launch still steaming rapidly in the direction of the flagship. The Admiral at once ordered a shot to be fired in warning; and as even then the launch continued on its way, a gunner was directed to "fire again and fire to hit." A cannon roared, and a round shot struck within three feet of the launch, drenching it with water. Immediately the intruder stopped and displayed the German colours. An American launch darted out from the side of the *Olympia* and overhauled the stranger, which was found to be in command of a staff officer of the German Admiral. This person was taken aboard the *Olympia* ashen white with fear and anger. He was ordered into the pres-

*See an interview with Mr. Charles N. Post in the *New York Herald* of June 2, 1898. The account in the text differs slightly from that of Mr. Post, but is given on what is believed to be the best authority.

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ence of Admiral Dewey, who said to him with ill-concealed indignation:

"Do you know what you have done? Do you know that such a rash act on your part is against all the rules of war and might have brought serious trouble to your country and mine? It would have been easy for a Spanish boat to hoist a German flag and sink the *Olympia* if we failed to stop it. There is no excuse for such carelessness! Present my compliments to your Admiral and ask him to direct his officers to be more careful in the future."*

In many other ways the Germans' attitude was vexatious and annoying. They held communication with the Spaniards on shore. They had an irritating habit of following the American vessels about the harbour. Again and again they violated the minor requirements of the blockade. In every possible fashion they made evident an unfriendly spirit, and at times it seemed as though they were eagerly awaiting an opportunity for actual hostilities. Admiral Dewey kept his temper wonderfully well, and though his force was inferior to that of Von Diederich, he took as firm a tone as though he were backed by a great fleet. Yet he and all his command longed for the reënforcements which he knew were coming, and especially for the great monitor, *Monterey*, whose heavy armour and twelve-inch guns made her more than a match for the most powerful of the German ships. The *Kaiser* and the *Deutschland*—the two German battleships—were, in fact, not very formidable vessels in their own class. They had been launched nearly twenty-five years before, and one of the new American battleships could have blown them out of the water in five minutes. Yet they carried modern ten-inch guns, and Dewey's unarmoured cruisers were no fit antagonists for them.

In estimating the conduct of the Germans throughout this trying period it must in fairness be remembered that the German navy was a new creation. It lacked those traditions which are a part of the training of the naval officers of other leading Powers. Von Diederich knew nothing either of international law or of naval etiquette. In maritime language, he had no "sea manners." He was, from the point of view of British and American sailors, a *parvenu* of the sea, and this is why he played his unpleasant part with unnecessary offensiveness. He simply knew no better. His ignorance, in fact, was so complete as to make one doubt whether he even recognised the neat rebukes which were administered to him by an English officer who had an important place in the long American blockade of Manila. This was Captain (afterwards Sir) Edward Chichester of Her Majesty's navy, to whom all Americans owe a debt of gratitude. When the German squadron at Manila began to assume formidable proportions, there had appeared upon the scene three British warships under the command of Captain Chichester, whose flag flew from the belted cruiser *Immortalité*. His vessels steamed well in toward the city and took their station not far from where the American squadron lay. Captain Chichester was a fine type of the English gentleman and sailor. Off duty he was a jovial comrade; on his quarter-deck he was a genuine son of battle He greeted Admiral Dewey as an old friend, and the two maintained an intercourse which, both officially and personally, was one of cordial intimacy. After Dewey had put an end to the Germans' violation of the blockading orders, Von Diederich wrote Captain Chichester asking him to join in a formal protest. Presently Von Diederich had himself conveyed to the *Immortalité*. Captain Chichester received him in his cabin, where Von Diederich found the Englishman poring over a number of volumes on international law. Von Diederich verbally repeated his request of the day before.

"Ah," said Captain Chicester, shaking his head with seeming grief, "I don't see how I can join you in your protest. I've been looking up all the authorities, and I find that this American Admiral is so deadly right in everything he does that if we make a protest we shall only show that we know nothing at all about international law."*

On another occasion, when Von Diederich called, he saw displayed upon the

*Barrett, *op. cit.*, pp. 110-112.

*Long, *op. cit.* ii. pp. 112-113.

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British Captain's writing table a large red book. In course of the conversation he happened to inquire what the book might be.

"That," said Captain Chichester, "is a book on naval etiquette."

"'Indeed," remarked the German, "I wasn't aware that such a book existed."

"Ah," said Captain Chichester, with suspicious eagerness, " let me present you with it. You really ought to read it. I'm sure you must need it awfully. You will learn an immense deal from it."

It was probably the attitude of the British commander, which kept Von Diederich from actually going to the point at which shots must have been exchanged between the American and German ships. Nevertheless, more than once the situation became so strained as to be almost unendurable. On June 30th, however, the first American relief expedition reached Manila, with the 2500 troops who had sailed from San Francisco on May 25th, and who were escorted by the cruiser *Charleston*. It was a small force, yet its arrival was most welcome. It added another cruiser to Dewey's squadron, and it enabled General Anderson, who came with it, to man the captured Spanish forts. It brought also a detachment of heavy artillery. Its arrival, however, gave the Germans an opportunity once more to exhibit an insolence which was not only exasperating, but extremely stupid, in that it accomplished nothing. When the *Charleston* and the three transports entered Manila Bay, the *Kaiserin Augusta* got up steam and followed close behind them, dogging their heels after a fashion that could be explained only as an attempt to be gratuitously offensive.* This same intention was shown in a graver form when Admiral Dewey learned that a German cruiser had landed a supply of provisions for the Spaniards in Manila. This was not only a breach of the blockade, but a breach of neutrality as well, amounting practically to an act of war. Dewey's patience now broke down completely. That the Germans should be actually furnishing the Spaniards with supplies was something not to be condoned or overlooked. Calling his flag-lieutenant, he directed him in level tones to present the Admiral's compliments to Von Diederich and inform him "of this extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse," which was also a gross breach of neutrality.

"And say to Admiral von Deiderich that if he wants a fight, he can have it now!"*

Admiral Von Diederich quickly betook himself to the British flagship and desended into Captain Chichester's cabin. With a flustered air he asked: "Have you instructions as to your actions in case of actual hostilities between myself and the American squadron?"

"Ah, yes," replied Captain Chichester, "I have."

"May I ask then," continued the German, "to be informed as to the nature of those instructions?"

"There are only two persons here," said the British Captain, "who know what my instructions are. One of those persons is myself, and the other is—Admiral Dewey."

The German retired, pondering this answer; and presently he disavowed the action of his subordinates in provisioning the Spaniards, declaring that they acted without his authority.

One episode remains to be narrated, and this is one which has received the most attention, though in reality it was no more significant than many others. A body of Philippine insurgents were threatening the Spanish naval post at Isla Grande in Subig Bay. They could readily have captured it had not the German cruiser *Irene* appeared and threatened to open fire upon them if they advanced. When news of this was brought to Admiral Dewey, he hastily dispatched the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* with instructions to see that Isla Grande was taken at any cost. It was thought that the *Irene* would offer forcible resistance. Hence, the two American cruisers, as they steamed toward the entrance of Subig Bay, were stripped for battle. No sooner, however, were they sighted by the commander of the *Irene*, than he cut his cable, crowded on all steam, and rap-

*Lodge, *The War With Spain*, p. 205 (New York, 1899).

*J. L. Stickney, quoted by Long, *op. cit.* ii., pp. 111-112; and Lodge, *op. cit.*, p. 196.

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idly departed, leaving Isla Grande an easy conquest to the Americans and Filipinos.

Captain Chichester's good will was only a reflection of the good will of the great nation that he served. Officially Great Britain maintained a correct attitude of neutrality between the United States and Spain. Yet neutrality may be of many kinds, and Great Britain's neutrality was, to express it mildly, benevolent to American interests. A score of anecdotes might be narrated to illustrate this opinion, but one may serve as typical of all the rest. Toward the end of May the supply of fresh provisions in the American squadron was quite exhausted. In the tropical climate of the Philippines this was a very serious consideration. Both officers and men were in sore need of fruit and vegetables and fresh meat. Without them, disease was certain to occur. Yet no available source of supply existed on that side of the Pacific Ocean. The strict laws of neutrality forbade the provisioning of a belligerent at any neutral port. The American despatch boat, *Zafiro,* plied back and forth between Manila and Hong Kong. More than once its captain had endeavoured to purchase in the latter place a few supplies, but the port officials had intervened to forbid it. The British Governor of Hong Kong was General Wilson Black, a fine old soldier with a sense of humour. To him went Mr. John Barrett, at one time American Minister to Siam.

"General," said Mr. Barrett, "the *Zafiro* is in port for a short stay under the neutrality rules. Before returning to Manila the Captain would like to purchase a few delicacies, just for the Admiral and his staff. Have you any objection?"

The shrewd old Governor looked intently at Mr. Barrett and smiled a long, slow smile.

"Delicacies for the Admiral?" he repeated. "Why, certainly, I have no objection. Just a few delicacies, of course, for his staff. That is all right. I will give instructions for them to be passed—but, of course, only delicacies."

An hour later, a small fleet of junks was towed out toward the *Zafiro.* As they moved along, a Spanish consular agent rushed up to a British officer crying out:

"Stop those boats! They are taking off supplies for the American fleet at Manila! I protest!"

The officer, a gigantic Irishman, looked benignly down upon the Spaniard, and said with an indescribable drawl:

"Please don't be disturbed. These boats are only taking off a few delicacies for the American Admiral."

It may be added that Admiral Dewey thereafter never suffered from any lack of delicacies; and if he and his staff alone enjoyed these accessories to their ordinary fare, they must have personally consumed several hundred tons of excellent provisions.* And the humour of General Wilson Black was matched by that of Admiral Dewey himself, who sent with his compliments some of the choicest of these "delicacies" to the doughty Admiral von Diederich.

Mention has been made of an insurrection among the native Filipinos against the Spanish Government. The movement was one which, although for a time it was of service to the United States, soon added to the perplexities of Admiral Dewey, and finally developed into a serious problem for the American Government. Spanish misrule in the Philippine Islands had been almost as harsh as in Cuba; and two years before the war between the United States and Spain, it had led to a brief revolt (August, 1896). The leader of this outbreak was a young native named Emilio Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo was of mixed blood. He had been educated at a Dominican college in Manila and was exceptionally intelligent and energetic. His personal qualities made him a chosen leader of his own people, over whom he exercised a peculiar influence. In after years, some of his eulogists in the United States were wont to liken him to Washington or, at the very least, to Bolivar, though the extravagance of this comparison passed the limits of the ludicrous. Aguinaldo was at bottom a shifty Oriental, with all an Oriental's vanity and with the treach-

*Barrett. *op. cit.* pp. 67-69.

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ery inherent in his Malay blood. The brief revolt which he headed in 1896 had been brought to an end when the Spanish Government bribed Aguinaldo and his chief associates to leave the Islands and retire to Hong Kong. The bribe-money paid them amounted to $400,000, and this sum was in Aguinaldo's possession when Admiral Dewey won the battle of Manila Bay. The keen-witted Filipino, seeing his opportunity, now sought to return to the Philippines, that he might organize a new rebellion and put an end to Spanish domination. The American Consul-General at Hong Kong, Mr. Wildman, regarded Aguinaldo's scheme with favor. At Mr. Wildman's request Admiral Dewey transported Aguinaldo to Manila, and there the natives flocked around his standard until he had under his command a force large enough to surround the city by land and to keep the Spanish troops within the line of their entrenchments. On June 20th, the Filipino insurgents formally declared the independence of the Islands and chose Aguinaldo as their President.

Admiral Dewey was wise enough to withhold any official recognition of the Filipino Republic. So far as the military action of the insurgents helped the



GENERAL MERRITT



EMILIO AGUINALDO

American cause, the Admiral and General Anderson coöperated with them; but no promises of future recognition were ever made. Aguinaldo finally came to view the Americans with suspicion and dislike, and so far as he dared he showed them something like hostility. Meanwhile a second relief expedition commanded by General F. V. Greene and numbering some 3500 men had reached Manila on July 17th. On the 30th came the third expedition with 4600 men, and bringing General Wesley Merritt, who had been made Millitary Governor of the new Department of the Pacific. On August 4th, from the lookouts on the walls of Cavité was heard the cry: "There comes the *Monterey!*" and soon afterwards the huge floating fortress, lying low in the water and with her gigantic guns frowning from her turrets, moved slowly into the smooth waters of Manila Bay.* The long weeks of suspense and of hourly anxiety had now ended for the American Admiral. Ashore there were assembled 10,000 fighting men under his country's flag, supplied with artillery and munitions. Afloat, his squadron was now more than a match for the vessels of Von Diederich. It remained, however, for the Germans to give a final exhibition of theis stupid insolence, which, like all the others, ended in their absolute humiliation.

*Lodge, *op. cit.* pp. 213-214.

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On August 7th, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent word to the Spanish Governor-General that an attack would be made upon Manila. The boastful Augustin at once slipped away from the city. He was taken on board a German launch and carried to the *Kaiserin Augusta*. His second in command was unwilling to surrender Manila without a fight, though it was well understood that the Spaniards would resist simply as a matter of houour.

On August 13th General Merritt's troops began to advance upon the city, while Dewey's squadron at Cavité got under way to shell the batteries. As they moved out from their anchorage, the military band on the *Immortalité* struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes"; and when the battle-flags were broken out on Dewey's cruisers, there came from the English flagship the thrilling strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then occurred a curious incident of which only a conjectural explanation can be given. The German squadron weighed anchor and steamed after the Americans so close behind them as to make its purpose seem a hostile one. Some have held that this was merely a final insult from a now impotent foe. Others believe that it was the design of the Germans to fire upon the American ships from the rear so soon as the Spanish batteries should open on them with a frontal fire. Whatever may have been their purpose, it was defeated. Near Manila, the British men-of-war steamed swiftly in between the Germans and the Americans and then stopped. The hint was one that could not be mistaken, and the German Admiral drew off.* A day or two afterwards, three of the German vessels departed in the night and they were seen no more. Meanwhile the *Olympia* and her sister ships opened fire upon the forts with shell and rapid-fire projectiles; while on land the American infantry advanced upon the Spanish lines, sweeping their defenders backward, until at last a flag of truce appeared and the city was surrendered with its garrison of 13,000 troops and more than 20,000 stand of arms. An Oregon regiment marched into the great Plaza, where Admiral Dewey's flag-lieutenant hauled down the Spanish standard and hoisted in its place the colours of the United States, while a national salute was thundered from the guns of the *Olympia*. Spanish rule in the Orient was at an end forever.†

*Long, *op. cit.* ii. p. 112.

We must now turn to the naval and military operations in the vicinity of the United States. President McKinley's proclamation of April 23d, calling for 125,000 volunteers, was followed by a second call on May 25th for 75,000 more. The response to both these calls was satisfactory Before the end of the month, more than 120,000 recruits had been mustered in. They came from all sections of the country, South as well as North, and they were admirable raw material for a fighting army. Yet on the whole they were untrained and undisciplined, and time was required to convert them into soldiers effective for work in the field. Therefore, reliance must be placed mainly upon the regular army, the available regiments of which were massed at Tampa in Florida, while the volunteers were distributed among three camps—one at Chickamauga Park, one near Washington (Camp Alger), and one at Hempstead on Long Island. As the work of mobilisation and equipment proceeded, it became obvious that the system long established in the War Department was inadequate; and it did, in fact, break down completely under the strain imposed upon it by the exigencies of the time. This fact is not to be ascribed to Secretary Alger, whose efforts to cope with the situation were heroic. The fault lay rather with the parsimony of Congress during the preceding decade, and with the dry rot which was the result of thirty years of peace. But at the moment confusion reigned supreme; and ere long it was to endanger the success of a brief yet brilliant campaign in the field.

The financial demands of the war were pressing, and were met by Congress with commendable promptness. The month of May showed a treasury deficit of nearly $19,000,000. Hence, in June, Secretary Gage was authorised to issue bonds to

†See Lodge. *op. cit.* pp. 214-220; Alger. *op. cit.* pp. 332-342; Wilcox. *op. cit.* 283-290.

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the amount was $200,000,000, and a revenue act was passed which became operative on July 1st, extending the system of internal taxation by an increased excise on beer and tobacco, and by a reversal to the system adopted during the Civil War of requiring cheques, drafts, telegraphic messages, railway tickets, and many legal and commercial documents to be stamped.

Meanwhile, Admiral Sampson was blockading the western coast of Cuba. He bombarded the Spanish works at Matanzas with some effect, but his fleet was kept carefully in hand and was not exposed to the fire of the shore-batteries, since the approach by sea of a formidable enemy was momentarily expectd. This enemy was the Spanish Admiral, Pasquale de Cervera, who, on April 29th, had departed from the Cape Verde Islands, heading westward. Under his orders were four armoured cruisers—the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Vizcaya*, the *Cristóbal Colon*, and the *Maria Teresa*—and three destroyers, the *Terror*, *Furor*, and *Pluton*. All these vessels were of the most modern type, and the main batteries of the cruisers were very formidable. The destination of Admiral Cervera remained a mystery for some three weeks. He was steaming westward, but where he meant to strike no one could tell. An incipient panic spread among the inhabitants of the Atlantic seaboard. Cities and towns from Portland to Savannah appealed to Washington for special protection.* It was the beginning of the summer season, and thousands of persons who usually spend the months of summer near the ocean now hesitated to expose their families to the perils of a Spanish raid. The rents of cottages were temporarily lowered. The business of hotels in many watering-places languished. At any moment Cervera's sable ships might be descried, ready, like the old-time buccaneers of the Spanish Main, to burn and plunder. In Washington, however, the experts knew how idle were these fears. Cervera must of necessity direct his course to some Spanish port in order to renew his supply of coal, exhausted by a long sea-voyage. Four points were noted, one of which would probably be his objective—San Juan, in Puerto Rico, or else Havana, Cienfuegos, or Santiago, in Cuba. Two American fleets were therefore set in motion to interrupt the Spaniards or to discover the port to which they had actually repaired.

Cervera first appeared off the French island of Martinique. The people of this place were so Spanish in their sympathies as to hold back the news of his arrival until after he had sailed away. He next touched at the Dutch port of Curaçao,and then made his way uncertainly to Cuban waters. He could not reach Havana without breaking through the American blockading ships; Cienfuegos was not strongly fortified; and so he entered the well-protected harbour of Santiago with all his ships save the destroyer *Terror*, which he had left behind him at San Juan. Rumours of his presence in Santiago reached Washington on May 19th, and Commodore Schley was ordered to verify the fact and to blockade the port. With what appeared to be a grievous lack of energy and prompt decision, Schley carried out his orders in a hesitating fashion, and might easily have given Cervera a chance to coal his ships and once more put to sea. Nor was Admiral Sampson's order to blockade Santiago immediately obeyed by Schley.* But on June 1st, Sampson with his fleet of battleships and cruisers arrived, and from that moment the escape of Cervera without fighting was impossible. On June 3rd, before daylight, a young naval constructor, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, with seven volunteers, undertook to sink the collier *Merrimac* in the narrowest part of the Spanish batteries, and the *Merrimac* exit against Cervera's ships. The attempt was made under a terrific fire of the Spanish batteris, and the *Merrimac* was sunk, though fortunately not as Hobson had intended. His exploit was superb in its cooling daring; yet had it proved successful, it would have served merely to add Cervera's heavy guns and disciplined

*See the New York *World* for June 14th, June 18th, June 19th; and the New York *Herald* for June 14th, and June 23d, 1898.

*For a statement of the case against Commodore Schley, see Long, *op. cit.* i. pp. 254-283; ii. pp. 189-194; and for Schley's own defense, Schley, *Forty-five Years Under the Flag*, pp. 263-272, and 408-418. (New York, 1904).

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ADMIRAL SCHLEY

seamen to the forces which were massed in Santiago against an American attack by land.

For such an attack had already been devised. On June 16th a long line of thirty-five transports, convoyed by a battleship and a dozen other men-of-war, steamed out of Key West bound for the eastern coast of Cuba. They carried an army corps of about 16,000 men, under the command of Major-General W. R. Shafter. The object of the expedition was the reduction of Santiago by land in coöperation with the naval forces under Admiral Sampson. Precisely why General Shafter was chosen for this important task it is not easy to explain. His previous military service had not been conspicuously brilliant. Originally a farmer, he had enlisted as a volunteer during the Civil War and had ultimately reached the rank of brigadier-general. In 1898 he was physically unfitted for an arduous campaign in a semi-tropical country. Excessively corpulent, he was afflicted by the gout so that he could seldom mount a horse, nor could he even follow closely the movements of the force over which he exercised command. The troops assigned to him, however, were the flower of the regular army, perfect in discipline and well seasoned by service on the Western plains. Three volunteer organisations also formed a part of this expedition—the Third Massachusetts, the Seventy-first New York, and the First Volunteer Cavalry, popularly known as the Rough Riders.

Disembarking at Daiquiri and Siboney, near Santiago,* Shafter's command immediately advanced upon the Spanish entrenchments. The country was by nature almost impenetrable because of the dense undergrowth of vines and bushes, while the humid heat was very trying to the Northern soldiers. General Joseph Wheeler with a detachment of cavalry drove back a Spanish column after a fierce fight at Las Guasimas (June 24th). On July 1st, practically the entire American army moved upon the complicated line of defences that circled Santiago. Three general actions were fought almost simultaneously, at El Caney, at San Juan, and at Aguadores. In the first two the Americans were brilliantly successful. The third resulted in a failure, though an unimportant one. At El Caney and at San Juan, the defences were stormed by a series of impetuous rushes; and though the Spanish troops fought gallantly, they were swept away by the irresistible *élan* of the American attack. The American soldiers felt no

*June 23d.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON

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hatred for their enemies. It would be unfair to say that they entertained a contempt for them. Their feeling resembled an amused tolerance which, even in the shock of battle, made them refuse to take the Spaniards seriously. In the army's vernacular, Spaniards were "dagoes"; and few soldiers felt any hesitation about attacking "dagoes" under all circumstances and without reference to odds. Hence it was that the Spanish fortified positions, protected by a tangle of barbed wire, by almost impenetrable jungle, and situated on high ground, were carried through frontal attacks made by men without artillery support and in the face of a galling fire from small arms superior to their own. To the Spaniards this sort of fighting seemed to violate the accepted rules of war. One Spanish infantryman subsequently gave his impressions in language that was most naïve.

"We saw the Americans running towards us," he said; "and we rose and fired at them; but instead of retreating, they actually ran towards us all the faster!"

There was, in fact, a favourite saying among the American troops: "We will take these Spaniards with our bare hands;" and in the battles of July 1st the boast was almost literally carried out.

The entire credit of the victories at Santiago is due to the soldiers of the regular army. The war with Spain is the one war waged by the United States that was fought out by regulars and not by volunteers. Of the three volunteer regiments in General Shafter's army, the Ninth Massachusetts was withdrawn from the firing line because the smoke from its black powder gave the enemy the range. The Seventy-first New York became demoralized through the inefficiency of some of its officers, and took no serious part in the operations of the day. The third volunteer regiment, the Rough Riders, fought bravely and did admirable work. It numbered, however, only five hundred men in an army of fifteen thousand, and had it been absent the result would have been the same. The truth is that of necessity the volunteers could not compare with the disciplined and seasoned troops of the regular army. They lacked steadiness and self-control, and their shooting was often wild. Many of them were individually good marksmen, but not with the service rifles; while many others of them had never practiced marksmanship at all.*

It is a subject for regret that the administration and commissariat of so fine an army should have been so utterly unworthy of its achievements. Supplies were insufficient. There was a lack of transport wagons. The clothing of the men was unsuited to the climate. Smokeless powder was scarce, and the old-fashioned Springfield rifles of the volunteers were almost useless as against the Mausers with which the Spanish



GENERAL SHAFTER

troops were armed. Although the purpose of the Americans was to take a fortified city, no siege artillery had been provided; and in the fight at El Caney, only four small field-pieces were present to support the American attack. After the battles of July 1st there set in a reaction of feeling which threatened to impair both the *morale* and the physical fitness of the army. The trenches were full of water from the tropical rains; malarial fever began to spread among the

*See the opinion of General Joseph Wheeler as given in his book, *The Santiago Campaign*, pp. 82-86. (Boston, 1898.)

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ADMIRAL CERVERA

troops, and there were some cases reported of the dreaded *vomito*. The army at no one time had rations sufficient for more than twenty-four hours, while medicine and surgical attendance were shockingly inadequate to its needs. Two days later (July 3rd), General Shafter, far in the rear of the army, sweltering with the heat and tortured by gout, felt the effect of these depressing conditions so strongly that he telegraphed his belief that Santiago could not be taken with his present force. Nevertheless, he sent to the Spanish General a demand for the surrender of the place, to which a curt refusal was returned.

On that same day, however, and even while Shafter was telegraphing in terms of marked despondency, the *coup de grâce* was given to the Spanish cause. At nine in the morning, Admiral Cervera's six ships emerged from the harbour entrance and under a full head of steam sought to break through the blockading fleet. In a running fight of four hours every one of his vessels was destroyed by the terrific fire from the American battleships and cruisers, which in their turn suffered scarcely any loss. The Spanish Admiral and more than 1700 of his officers and men were captured. The victory was as complete as that of Dewey at Manila. It was less glorious, because at Santiago the odds were overwhelmingly against the Spaniards. They were outnumbered three to one, and it was a fight of cruisers against battleships. By an unhappy chance, Admiral Sampson, whose far-seeing sagacity had planned the battle just as it was actually fought, took no part in it. On board the *New York*, he had gone to Siboney to confer with General Shafter, and he returned in time to fire only a few long distance shots and to be a mark of the Spanish batteries on the shore.

From this moment the fall of Santiago was assured. General Toral, in command of the city, delayed surrendering it, with the true Spanish procrastination, making demands and asking concessions which the Americans refused. Finally, Admiral Sampson moved some of his larger ships within range and began dropping shells with mathematical precision into the centre of the town. This proved to be an effective argument; and on July 17th a formal surrender was made to General Shafter. At high noon on the same day a detachment of American cavalry, infantry, and artillery entered the city and hoisted the national flag over the municipal buildings. More



M. JULES CAMBON
THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

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than 10,000 Spanish soldiers were given up as prisoners, and after a brief detention were sent to Spain. An unusual incident marked their departure. They published an address to "The Soldiers of the American Army" in which they said:

"We should not be fulfilling our duty as men in whose breasts there exist both gratitude and courtesy, should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell. You fought us as men, face to face, and with great courage. You have complied exactly with all the laws and usages of war as recognised by the armies of the most civilised nations of the world; you have given an honourable burial to our dead; you have treated our wounded with great humanity; and lastly, to us whose condition was terrible, you have given freely of food, of your stock of medicines, and you have honoured us with distinction and courtesy. With this high sentiment of appreciation from all of us, it remains to us only to utter our farewell; and with the greatest sincerity, we wish you all happiness and health in this land which will no more belong to our dear Spain."*

The downfall of Santiago gave to the Americans the whole eastern part of Cuba. Yet this of itself did not necessarily involve the termination of hostilities. Havana was still untouched. It was garrisoned by a very strong force and protected by powerful fortresses. Its people were intensely loyal to the Spanish cause and were eager to have the Americans make an attack upon the place. Reverses elsewhere had no effect upon the Havanese. Women's garments were suspended in conspicuous places throughout the town, bearing placards inscribed: "To be worn by those who are willing to surrender." The war, however, was ended through considerations which had nothing to do with the condition of affairs in Cuba. One powerful factor in bringing Spain to terms was found in action taken by the Navy Department in Washington. Early in June, Spain had got together at Cadiz a second squadron commanded by Admiral Camara. It consisted of the battleship *Pelayo*, an armoured cruiser, six converted cruisers, and four destroyers, with a number of auxiliary vessels. On June 18th a report reached Washington that Admiral Camara was under orders to proceed to the Philippines by way of the Suez Canal, and to fall upon Admiral Dewey's squadron ere it could be reënforced. For a moment the news aroused a feeling of anxiety. The *Pelayo* was supposed to be a very formidable vessel; and, on paper at least, the cruisers assigned to accompany it were more than equal to those which Dewey had at his disposal. Many were the plans suggested to check this threatening expedition. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the wealthy proprietor of a newspaper in New York, cabled one of his agents in London to purchase a merchant vessel, load it with coal, and proceed to the Suez Canal with the purpose of there sinking the ship so as to block the canal against Camara's squadron.* But meanwhile an effective counterstroke had been planned in Washington. On June 27th, Commodore J. C. Watson was put in command of a squadron consisting of the battleships *Iowa* and *Oregon* and four cruisers; and the announcement was made public that this squadron was to sail immediately for the coast of Spain.

The manœuvre worked effectively. It was perfectly well known to the Spanish Government that the great seaport cities such as Barcelona and Cadiz were practically defenseless. Their old-fashioned fortifications would have crumbled like chalk before the huge guns of Watson's battleships. To send Camara away would be simply to invite attack. Nevertheless, Camara began his voyage, passing through the Suez Canal on July 2nd. The Anglo-Egyptian Government, however, forbade him to take on coal at Port Said. He lingered for a while; but presently, when he had received the news of Cervera's defeat at Santiago, he turned his vessels homeward. All that he had accomplished was to enrich the treasury of the Canal by the sum of $280,000, which he was compelled to pay in tolls. The menance of Watson's squadron had accomplished, however, even more than at first sight was apparent. Those European Powers which had been unfriendly to the United States were aghast at the thought of American ships of war carrying on hostile operations in European

* Alger, *op. cit.*, pp. 280-281.

*See the account in Creelman, *The Great Highway* (New York, 1902.)

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waters. The immense energy and efficiency of the United States inspired nervous apprehension in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Hence, strong pressure was brought to bear upon the Spanish Government to end a war in which no hope for Spain could be discerned. This pressure was supplemented by the appeal of Spain's commercial interests and by the condition of the Spanish Treasury. Public securities had fallen in value from a little more than 60 to a little less than 30. Spanish commerce was at a standstill. The Atlantic seaports dreaded an American invasion. Therefore, on July 26th, the French Ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, on behalf of the Spanish Government, opened negotiations for peace. Through M. Cambon, President McKinley announced the terms on which the United States would consent to suspend hostilities. On August 12th, a protocol was signed at Washington as a preliminary to a treaty of peace to be afterwards negotiated. The war was now practically at an end.

The news was at once telegraphed to the American forces in different parts of the world. It reached Puerto Rico just in time to end a campaign which had only then begun. A force of 3500 American troops under Major-General Miles had been landed in that island, and had advanced upon the fortified city of Ponce. Only slight resistance was made by the Spaniards, while the inhabitants of the various towns and villages had welcomed the invaders with triumphal arches and by strewing flowers in their path. This nineteen days' campaigning was therefore the source of considerable raillery in the United States, where it was described as "a military picnic." When, however, the news of the signing of the protocol arrived, the American troops were in line of battle and a really serious engagement was impending. It was not fought out because of the telegraphic orders from Washington and from Madrid.

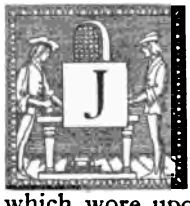
To all intents and purposes the war was over. It had lasted less than four months, yet in that time the power of Spain had been completely humbled. Her possessions in Asia and in the Western Indies lay at the mercy of the United States, which by reason of this fact now ceased to be reckoned merely as a North American Republic and assumed its rightful place as a great world power.

A MOTOR-CAR DIVORCE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

CHAPTER XIII



OHN bears no malice—when he has his way. He even makes excuses for my shortcomings, and lets me sleep into the morning, blaming himself for the long run which wore upon my nerves. He never knew how little that wild ride had caused my lapsing into lazy hours. Nobody knew in all the Albergo San Marco but myself and the night watchman.

One may judge how very *nouveau arte* the San Marco had become when an all-night waiter was introduced along with the innovations in twisted electroliers and ash trays made out of curving ladies. I had not expected the waiter. It is quite bad enough to steal through the empty stone corridors of an hotel in a kimono over your nightie, with only space staring at you and making hideous faces where your bedroom candle throws no gleam. But to be confronted right at the door of your destination—the reading-room—by a sleepy man in shirt

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sleeves, who, "always the politeness," struggled into his coat at your approach (although you yourself had nothing at all to struggle into), and—well, such a turn of affairs is altogether too nerve-racking, especially when you love your husband, and yet are fleeing from him with a breaking heart.

All these things happened to me after I had put down in my book of inner thoughts the dreadful doings of the night, and John was coughing away in the next room—he says he coughs, not snores. First the resolve had come to me after some tears, much fierce indignation and fine speeches, both to John and to Mrs. Baring. Oh, had they but been present! It was not a crazy resolve or a hasty one, but a very simply formed desire to take the boat from Genoa, and to take it quite alone. I didn't mean by that to charter it, but to go without John and without clothes, shorn of my husband and my vanity, home to work.

Everything was planned systematically. Nothing was done without reason. The midnight prowl to the reading-room half clad was emblematic of my final leave taking. The sleeping watchman, roused to unusual activity, represented but the first of the obstacles that I would have to overcome. This was mastered by a bribe, or the promise of one. I never have my purse when wearing a kimono, but he understood.

"Silence is all I ask of you," I told him; "please hold the candle and get the key to the reading-room door."

He did delightedly. He hoped it was going to be an intrigue, and asked if he should light the upper hall. I was very stern with him then, and he brought the papers, the ones from Genoa, later found the column for me and eventually explained what boats were departing and what ones coming in. When he named the outward-bound ones he ran away from me, and for those that were entering port he bounded back. He was enjoying my clandestine meeting with the newspapers much more than I was, for it is not easy to get the sailings straight, and when I thought how John had always done this for me, the tears rushed down like a tidal wave all over the North German Lloyd and blinded me, so that the watchman waiter had to tell the *"gentillissima signora"* after all, that this day which was dawning being Monday, she could so easily get the boat of Thursday, the *Königen Luise,* and sail away from sorrow.

At this gentle prodding for the truth on the part of the romantic waiter, I was again severe with him, and yet again was forced humbly to beg his silence.

Intrigue has its price. He obeyed me to the letter, but in the hope of further developments dogged my footsteps all the morning, and when my fascinated eyes met his, would roll his own, drop the left lid, and slyly lay a finger on his lips. John almost caught him as he was bringing in my breakfast—did so, in fact. The wink was too far on the droop to be withdrawn, but with rare presence of mind he worked the other boldly, and continued doing so, first the right, and then the left, like a poor, nervous, twitching wretch, instead of the night errand that he was. His interest in my welfare hastened our departure. I myself would have stayed on a day in this quaint town, with its beautiful churches, which no one knows, but in fear that I might miss the *Königen Luise,* he dwelt upon the dangers of the mountains, the suddenness of the turns, the overhanging rocks, until John, who would rather face a danger than eat a lobster, grew frantic to press on.

John and I were not bad friends. He was all gentleness, cloaking his satisfaction at the losing of me with extra touches of compassion. I, more in sorrow than in anger, accepted what he offered me, sure that my sweetness would leave a deeper memory and a bitterer one when he was free. When *he* was free! Oh, heaven! Always in my thoughts it has been I who would enjoy that blessing. I had not dreamed that John would prize the privilege also, and now he fights for it, fights for one moment of grass widowerhood, that in the next he may be bound again. Prometheus bound! Was it a vulture that did claw him then, or was it a giraffe?

(Note.—I find at times when overmastered by emotion a tendency to blank verse. I regret that the humiliating cause of these metrics prevents its repetition to the Minerva Club.)

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Anyway, we left at noon, rolling out from a real garage, part of the real hotel, our tank full of gasoline, and more in a *demijohna,* ready for a hundred mile drive over the Apennines once more to Genoa. The watchman waiter ran beside us to point out the road, and my last look over my shoulder embraced a vision of the creature making mad gestures indicating silence.

We had chosen a route that took us immediately into the Apennines, away from the railway and from all towns of importance until Genoa was reached. We may have taken this because it was a road of many difficulties—nothing suits John now but the worst, and I must say that he got it. I should have looked upon the actions of the car as a punishment to him had I not suffered also. No one likes to climb a chain of mountains with an engine going like a natural gas well, roaring terribly, then thumping and bucking and going through a number of its baby tricks which we had thought forgotten. John would cry nothing at all but "All was so lovely yesterday," like an impassioned lover, and I was equally distracted.

"I suppose, John," I inquired cautiously, "we'll get to Genoa to-morrow?" That would give me all day Wednesday, I reasoned, to convince John I was going to leave him, and to go on board Thursday alone in the world. It was a perfectly natural question under the circumstances, but John, not understanding, thought I was growing sarcastic, and quite bellowed at me. When things go wrong with the car, John doesn't like to have me ask questions. He gets particularly furious if I say to him, "What's the matter with it?" and of course, anxious to get on as I was, I repeated the query several times. He ought to take it as a compliment, it shows my perfect faith, but he doesn't. "Margaret Ward," he shouted when I had asked him what was the matter with it for the third time, "If I knew what was the matter with this car I'd fix it. You and Douglas Warwick would make a good pair. What you two need is a little gold motor car built in heaven with the angel Gabriel as engineer."

You see, he was trying to pair me off with Douglas Warwick already, but I never let on. I just said, "You're mixed in your angels. Gabriel will be my tiger and blow his horn, but I'll have Satan for chauffeur."

John sneered at my wit. "So you think Satan could run motor cars better than I can, do you?"

"He ought to, he made 'em," I replied. This was clever, but did not clear the air. He started to give me a lecture on my lack of appreciation of the delicate construction of an engine, and paid ours some very high-flown compliments, hoping it would be flattered into moving more evenly, but it was perfectly indifferent to his wiles, and went puttering up the mountain side as though my entire future did not lay in his hands, or perhaps I should say cogs.

It was a lovely mountain, too, though not at all Italian, except for the fine roadbed and the pink stucco houses now and then. The foliage and the character of the country were like the hills of Oregon. I had to keep saluting all the countrymen and hear their *"boun'giorno"* to assure me where I was. So in this fashion we bobbed on to Bobbio, and stayed for lunch. That Bobbio luncheon and the waiter who served it, and the landlord who charged for it, and the landlady who cooked it, I never wish to see again. They were stolid people of the north. They were, even in Bobbio, Americanised. They did not call the omelet, when refering to it, "half a *lira,*" nor apostrophise the wine as "forty cents," but they thought in silver currency, and would have murdered us for gold pieces had not the *carabinieri,* the police, lived practically in their back yard.

They were good people to get away from, even to crawl away from, and crawl we did, for the tinkering in the courtyard of the knavish landlord (thirty cents) did little to pacify the growling of our car. Then came some six miles of wonderful up-grade road, a road that would make the turning of the letter "s" look like a telegraph pole by contrast. With all our difficulties, John managed beautifully, saving the engine on every slight descent, and filling me with a chaos of delight and misery. Well, there is one thought to comfort me, when he and that large woman drive together, she'll

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have no chance to exercise her skill. I could just see them racing for the driver's seat, and criticising one another's steering. How they will fight!

I was almost in a glow of humour over the prospect when the car stopped, not a stop that would suggest a going on after a fresh breath, but a dead stop. The kind of stop that never happens until the sun is setting and one is miles away from everywhere. We had twisted ourselves up the mountain to a great height, almost to the summit, and were in a solitude of woods; three miles back lay a wayside drinking place for the peasant people, an *osteria* that was all, except our new friend —Thirteen-thirteen.

He was the oldest inhabitant, not only of that locality, but of any other. He didn't care at all whether his shirt was closed or open, which is the indifference of the very young or aged, and he chewed tobacco. Had he kept it to himself we would not have minded, but he did not. He was not a gentleman, yet apart from this anomalism of tobacco chewing in Italy, we knew he was no common bird of prey, and when we looked at our poor broken car's odometer, we read his name, it was 1313, and our Evil Genius.

He sat up on the broken wall at first and chirped, ending his lay by a trembling outstretched claw and the pointing to his lips, the plaint of all Italian beggars.

"For two cents, Mr. Thirteen-thirteen," responded John to his plea, "I'd push you over that wall into the valley below."

"Macaroni," cheeped Mr. Thirteen-thirteen.

"Yes, by George, I'll do it, and hang over to hear you squish."

"John, please!" I cried, alarmed at his fascinated contemplation of the balancing Genie.

"No?" he asked, turning to me. "It's all for you, dear; we can't stand a double thirteen in miles and man both. One or the other has to go if we expect to."

"If we turned off the power, John, and coasted down hill backwards for a while, that would take some of the miles off, wouldn't it? Then we might make a fresh start."

"Very clever," said John approvingly, but with an acid sweetness, "and when we get up the hill again and reach 1313 in distance, where will that Evil Genius be but right where he is now? And then where will we be but—"

"Right where we are now," I disconsolately completed.

"But don't lose heart," continued John, "you can't take off a mile, odometers weren't built for that placid kind of motoring. It's quite the other way with them. We'll only put some on, so after all the idea is a good one. Besides," and he looked gloomily down the valley to the small house fading in the gathering dust, "I guess the *osteria* through the night for us."

John's idea was to push the car with the engine turned off along the bit of comparatively level going which we had so strived to reach until the sharper descent began, then jump in and by looking over the shoulder guide the motor down the three miles of twisted road. I was forbidden to help; my part was to have been at the brake in case—well, in case—but I was destined for a grapple with the Genie, that whimsical old gent who wished to work.

No sooner did he discover John with shoulder against the hood, pushing back his car, then he hopped from off his perch, and with the strength of a gnat endeavoured to oppose him by pushing forward at the rear. There was not much left in the old man's mind that was not addled, but he knew when the wrong end of a motor car was going forward, and he strove for peace and order.

"Get out of the way," roared John.

"Thirteen-thirteen, you will be killed," I urged, hastily descending. But exhortations were lost upon him, between cheeps of "macaroni" and "*io fame*," he laid his trembling hands upon the baggage, and strained his face like a Samson lifting mighty weights.

"Shoo!" I cried.

"Scat!" screamed John, weak with laughter. Yet the car was beginning to descend, and still Casabianca stuck to his post. In a wave of fear that the wheels might be upon him, I gathered up our Evil Genius around his skinny waist, and jounced him down in the roadside, where he sat, spent and quite bewildered. And when I flashed a four-cent piece for him if he wouldn't work, he straightway be-

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came a member of the idle rich and patronised us.

Coasting backward down a tortuous grade in semi-darkness has all the pleasant characteristics of a Welsh rarebit nightmare. We very nearly picked up the mail coach going through from Genoa to Piacenza and adding it to our baggage in the rear, but it escaped us by an inch. It was a thrilling moment as we backed past, but the peasants inside wore only an exasperated air, as though this last whim of the travelling rich was too much for their patience. We did not want them decorating our trunk any more than did they, for it was the present weight at the back that was hastening our arrival at the *osteria*. I heroically contemplated at one time leaning over and heaving our ballast to the winds like an aeronaut. Could I have thrown out John's effects and kept mine, I would have done it in a minute, but there was no time to divide them, and before I could dispose of the rear lamp, we were in the open stable of the pink inn.

There was the usual ragged crowd in attendance, and there was the enormous fireplace in the single room, the hens, the cats, the dogs, the wine of the country with *"salute"* all round before we drank. Then amid the ducking of heads and responses to our toast, came the soft voice of an English-speaking *ragazza*.

"What is the matter?" said the girl, stepping out of the crowd. They made way for her and watched us proudly, keen for our exclamations of delight. We nobly rose, John shaking hands with her as though she were a long-lost sister or a mechanician, while I begged for the story of her life.

It was very simple, six years of Hoboken and back again to visit. Already she had lingered two years, for her parents were old, but she was not happy. "The Apennines are pretty, but not like Jersey." She had a beau in Hoboken; then, too, our language, it was leaving her—that was her great regret.

"There is nothing left," she said, in her sweet voice, "one day I forget dog, the next day I forget horse. I must go back, Oh, Dio! I must go back. These people here, they think that I stay always, but for me, *signora*—nit!"

It was a little sudden, but it brought us back to earth, John positively asserting her vocabulary had still the flavour of New York. She became our interpreter and adviser, and the result of her advice was Bobbio. I struggled against it, and the waiter, and the landlord of the silvered speech, but the pink *osteria* which had fathered her was not for us. So quality was bundled into a springless victoria. A bag of oats was added as fodder, either for us or for the horse, it never developed which, and a minute boy of ten climbed to the box. The landlord's face looked like three dollars when we made our reappearance in Bobbio. Had not the dollars borne the stamp of surprise, I should have accused him of direct collusion with the tobacco chewer of the mountain peak, but he had evidently not counted on us, and the agility which he put us into eighty cents, or rather a four *lire* room, was only exceeded by our agility in getting there. We had a council ere our five cents (i. e., candles) were extinguished, not one of war, as on the night before, but one of things to do. John unfolded, and my train of thought ran parallel with his. I wondered curiously as John saw me propped up against the pillows, my face glowing, how he would shape his plans could he know mine. Would he plan for me as I was planning to catch that boat to Genoa? Would he do it gladly? John was smoking his pipe, talking between whiffs, I was thinking in brackets.

"The thing to do is to make Genoa by Tuesday night, that is to-morrow," John puffed.

(That gives me then a day of grace, I thought.)

"There is just one way to do it, but it is hard on you."

(Not half as hard as you have been.)

"I must leave you, and you'll be lonely."

(I have been lonelier oftener in greater crowds.)

"I'll take the coach for Piacenza. It leaves at three A. M., and get a mechanician. A breakdown forty miles from railroad or a mechanician, by Jove! It's tough."

(And sixty miles from Genoa.)

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"We'll be back by early afternoon. We'll get a good, swift horse and take you on."

(On to our parting, John.)

"When the repair is made we'll have another try. It won't be dangerous going, there ought to be a big, white moon."

(There is going to be a big, white boat.)

"And when we get to Genoa, we'll have a breakfast. You and old Warwick and Mrs. Baring."

(She'll hyphenate the names, I know she will. Ward won't be good enough for her.)

"And if we miss her, and by George! we may; she took a simpler route, then we'll press on to Nice."

(It's my heart you're pressing on, John Ward, my heart!)

John knocked the ashes from his pipe, and went at his puttee straps, but I continued with my reasoning.

(You are in haste to get away to the woman you love, John, and I am in haste to get away from the man I love—John. And the fever in your blood catches my boat. It'll be you that can get the divorce now. "Desertion," the Minerva Club will cry, and "fine mentality," they'll say again, but I don't care now what they'll say. I'd like to knife them all for forcing me to this. They started it, they and that Meredith with his ten-years clause. A nice way for a married man to talk, I'll bet he's been quite happy all his life. And now he's getting old in years, says all these clever things to shake us up and rattle us. A big mind should be careful what it says, some of the little minds don't get things straight, and always there's a Mrs. Baring hanging round waiting for a wife's misunderstanding. Why, he's a smarty, that's just what he is. Yes, a smarty, and a wrecker of homes, a wrecker of homes—breaking up my flat like this.)

John kicked his leggings off and turned to me. I tried to hide my face, but he caught my hands and whistled wonderously. "Why, how your eyes shine, Peggy. I never saw you look so well. What happy thoughts are in your little head?"

I rose right up and stared at him. "John Ward, do I look happy?"

"Radiant."

"Then go to bed. My future is mapped out for me."

And all night long I dreamed of footlights on a big, white boat.

On Tuesday morning an hour before the dawn John left me with a kiss upon my lips. Before the day was over it seemed the kiss of Judas. On Tuesday noon I packed my bag and waited for his coming. Wednesday night came and I was waiting still. One thousand years in Bobbio, but after Bobbio what? I had just two dollars in my purse, ten *lire*, and the landlord wore a "V" expression every time I looked at him. I think the *signora* was a little sorry, and a little proud. Not every innkeeper has a deserted wife to point out to her friends. The friends dropped in to call, and watched the wife as she herself watched the road and made poor calculations in her mind as to the value of a ruby ring in Bobbio, and wondered if the steerage would be so very dreadful.

We had gone over all our plans before John left, and all seemed so simple that Bobbio up till Tuesday afternoon was quite a pleasant place. Who would have ever thought to look at Bobbio that a saint, a rival of St. Benedict, would have chosen it for life, but he was driven to it. It was his fatal beauty that caused his exile from all joyous places. There seemed to be no place where he could hide himself, this Colombo, so that the women would not seek him out and pester him, but Bobbio. He had tried bear caves, the bears themselves gave up their homes at his appearance, for he made just as great a hit with animals, but always some wise lady of that seventh century would trace him to his lair and smoke him out. The fear of bears was nothing to these women, but they drew the line at Bobbio.

It was late afternoon when I went a second time to see the abbey which Colombo built, not that I was wild about Colombo, but thought a picture of him that would suggest his lineaments would be a slight diversion. I had stared so long up the white road, yet in that way I missed him. Not missed the saint, but John. He and the mechanician stopped only to change horses, the waiter told

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me, and then fled on. "Fled" was the word the servant used; in Italian it is worse in sound, and he gave it all his value.

"He asked for me?" I quavered. The man reluctantly admitted that he had, but had bade him say on no account for me to follow him. The dress suit case was handy, and I sat on it. The *signora* looked at me pityingly, and her friends came over. I set my teeth and smiled. A set teeth smile is not a pretty thing, but it was the best I had to offer the *signora's* friends.

"Then he'll return to-night," I said to the *signora,* "and I'll unpack my things." I was a daughter of the Minerva Club, you see, I was brave, I was wise. I was a daughter all the afternoon. I walked, I watched the road, I counted out my money, and I watched the road. At night the mail coach set down its load of weary travellers. They ate when I did, but in the common room. I had the waiter in a room all to myself, while the *signora's* friends looked through the flapping blinds. The officer of the *carabinieri* sipped his vermouth outside the door, and would have talked to me but my eyes were straining through the darkness of the road. Up till midnight I was a true daughter of my old Minerva Club, that and my faith in John, who never yet had failed me, though he had hurt me, kept me brave; but when my candle guttered out, and the room was dark, and the rain drops fell upon the tiles as they once fell upon my grandfather's roof when I was just a little thing and visiting, why then I gave up trying and I cried. Just cried because I was deserted, and the rain was falling, and I had no money, and it was already Wednesday. One day more to get the boat from Genoa. "Just to get home." My pride had been reduced to that—"Just to get home."

After awhile I slept a heavy sleep, the sleep that sticks one's eyelids and that clogs one's brain—the sleep of tears. After awhile I dreamed that I had heard a motor horn, and half waking dreamed it once again, and quite waking, knew it was no dream at all, but the clear, high pitched note of our own car. I ran to my single window, which gave upon the courtyard and not upon the street, and listened once again. Again it sounded, but the warning this time turned me quite cold, for surely it was growing distant.

I cried out at the cruelty of this, and without a candle or light of any sort groped along the stone corridors to a small window that looked out upon the road. Again I heard the horn, still fainter and farther down the valley. Still farther down the valley! I pressed my hand against my mouth to keep from screaming out the truth: that John had passed along the road. I looked down on the muddy way, and by the hanging lantern of the inn saw the broad track of motor tires. So John had passed me by!

Until morning I tossed about, and cried sudden freshets of tears, and counted over my money, but when the sun was growing warm I slept again. At noon I rose with that new strength and faith in life that sleep gives, even running husbands have their noble points, for quite three hours I felt that I could trust in John, and that this patience which we teach to little children but do not know ourselves must be my close companion for to-day. Some message *had* to come before the night would fall. Then if he failed me, I would leave the ruby ring, take what was left, and join the peasants on their mountain trip to Genoa. In following this plan, there was one feature that seemed to favour me. I had deciphered from a poster which lured the country people to a newer world that the boat sailed late on Thursday. So, did the diligence make decent time, I could sell all my other trinkets when I reached the city and still catch the steamer.

I did not mind the *signora* looking at me pityingly now, nor her friends who whispered *"poverina,"* nor the landlord, whose face had grown to several dollars, but very anxious ones. My watch was mostly in my hand throughout the afternoon, and the blood pumped up into my face at distant sounds that might have been a motor. And once I stood before the abbey and whispered to that beautiful Colombo, "Oh, please, dear saint, make John come back; oh, please, dear saint, give me a sign."

And old Colombo, never liking women, anyway, just grunted out, "I'll fix her,"

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and straightway the diligence that was to take me on to Genoa lumbered into view. One hour they had for supper, and I one hour haltingly to explain and offer up the ruby. With heavy feet I stumbled back. With heavy eyes I met my landlord's; the landlord's eye looked not a penny, they were smiling.

"The *signora* has a letter," said the landlord.

"It all depends on the commencing," I told the landlord, but I spoke in English. "He may not want me back, you know."

"*Non capisco,*" said the landlord, as I broke into the letter. "*Io*"—but I stopped him with a cry of joy.

"It doesn't matter if you don't," I answered him, "he starts it off, 'My darling.'"

CHAPTER XIV

This was John's letter:

MY DARLING: Seven in morning at present writing—grey, drizzly but Piacenza. Sand man in my eyes but must write to my child to set her little heart at rest before I go to sleep. Definition of sleep? A thing to do when everything else is done. Haven't "met up" with it for twenty-eight hours, but expect to shortly.

Felt mighty bad, Peggy, not to see you when Faust and I drove through in a hired cart yesterday afternoon. That soiled waiter said you had gone off to pray. Faust wouldn't wait—declared you'd have more comfort where you were. Faust is the mechanician—a skilful, wilful person. Insisted that I drive the car back to Piacenza for a good going over in his garage, and let the *sposa* follow in a carriage. Follow in a carriage, *sposa,* and picture John making that descent at night—blackness, exposed cliffs, trees blown across our path—just Faust and I and humping, bumping car.

This no news to you, however, if you received the note I stuck under door inn as we passed through at midnight. Hope you found the twenty francs as well. I feared you might run short of pocket money, but if you've bought the town of Bobbio, please drop it down a chasm as you come along. Tooted hard to wake up that gang of cut-throats—no offence to you—knew you couldn't hear me, being way at the back. So we pegged on, conviction growing firm in minds of both that gasoline was watered. Me flimflammed, Peggy, when I filled the tank right here in Piacenza, just like old farmer—shell game—county fair.

Faust and I did not pry about the gasoline with matches, both thinking well of our respective faces, but as the dawn was breaking rolled snorting vehicle into an empty stable just as the rain descended in a torrent. To my surprise the barn was full of labourers, men and women, stretched on the ground, making acquaintance with that exhaustion known as sleep. They staggered out as we came in, rubbing eyes in lieu of morning toilet, ready for the day. Faust took it as the natural course of life, but seems to me, Peg, things need a lot of evening up somehow.

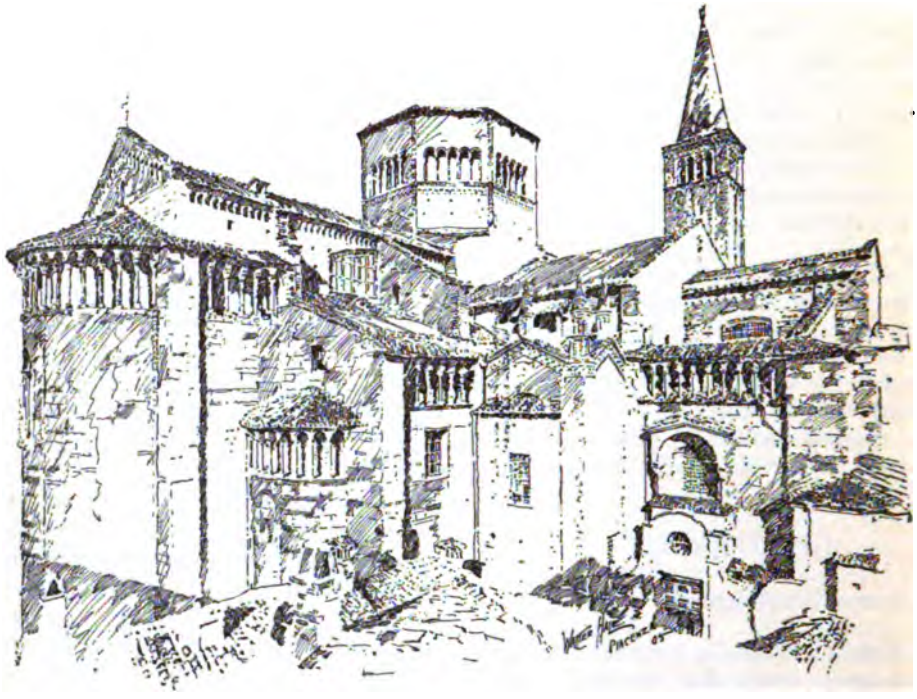
It *was* water! Watered stock, my dear, sold to old Gaffer Ward. Mechanic cleared out carbureter and we went gallumphing on, young Mr. Motor very happy to be vindicated and Faust filled with satisfaction and talking of "the ladies," as Italians always do when joyful. I didn't mind so long as he was a success with carbureters too.

That wasn't all—don't think it. It was a night of H_2O with us. Five miles further found that the radiator needed what the gasoline did not but had. It was coming down a foot an hour out of the clouds, but not collectively. Away off in the mist we saw a water tank, one belonging to the government, but we didn't care. Ward on the ground, Faust on his shoulders dipping from the top with bucket. Results fine. Ward very proud, thinking himself tumbler at the show, lifted one leg and waved the other casually. Faust not prepared, clutched something hurriedly, down came a twenty-gallon douche and Faust—both on my neck. Then "adding to the horror of the scene" was heard the pit pat of the county constables.

Tremble not, we left them far behind, and made for city gates. Upon approaching them an auto of home make rolled from the barriers and bore down on us. We splashed each other as we veered with a friendly exchange of mud. "Hello!" said the driver, and I could hardly answer "Hello!" before the mist had swallowed them. Me, kind of tired and maudlin after long night, winked back a something in my eyes—just water, Peggy, water.

Your sleepy
JOHN.

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PIACENZA

Various emotions filled my heart as I read John's letter. The very elemental one of making all kinds of a racket until I discovered who found John's midnight note with the twenty *lire* enclosed, gave place as I continued to a sweet thankfulness that the additional forty *lire* had been safely delivered through the agency of the mail coach. I found myself inexplicably weary, too, with no strength to pick out insulting words from my red dictionary, and howl them interrogatively at the waiter or the knavish landlord. Doubtless they would deny stealing the money did I ask them, and that would be a humilitating defeat, better, for better, to remain seemingly unconscious of the crime. I think it is a Tammany policy and inculcates self-respect if nothing else.

At three the following morning I covered the ground in a hired *carozza,* once more over the old trail to Piacenza. The driver kept peeping around at his perplexing fare, who refused to take any notice of the wonders of the sunrise, and who spent her time jingling a coin in her hand and flipping it down upon her knee with the repeated cry of, "Heads, I go; tails, I stay." He couldn't understand, and I couldn't explain to him, just how serious a game it was to me—especially as it kept coming out "heads" every time, so that I was obliged to do it over and over again in order to give "tails" a perfectly fair chance. But even with a hundred trials and several different kinds of coins that fierce Vittorio Emmanuele kept bobbing up, and I know now why I never liked his face—there's something sinister about it.

It was comforting to have my plans so thoroughly decided, although, of course, I always meant to take the boat. John had been kind to me, his letter breathed his thoughtfulness. Why could I not for once be kind to John. I would. I'd take the boat. But if he thinks for half a minute that the Minerva Club will not see through this scheme when, after the decree, he marries Mrs. Baring, he doesn't properly estimate their keen sagacity. Oh, how that drives the iron into my soul! To let them know that John could ever care for anyone but me. I *must* stay on. At least I am a "habit" since I am a

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wife. He's thirty-eight—even a habit can endear itself. I flipped coins madly after these reflections, but the royal family stared up at me with little variation. "Heads I go," was the final, last and ultimate of all the ultimati.

Anyway, it's great to have the right upon your side, especially if your husband won't stick by you. But John looked like a sticker when he met me at the station. And he was glad to see me, and I was glad I was a "habit." The car was waiting, and we started off with the steady, reassuring heart throb of an engine which had suffered but was itself once again.

"It was the water, Peggy. More in the tank, more in the tubes—and dirt besides. Never let me wander from my chamois skin again. There are some strainers that these dogs use that hold the water, and others fixed to let it through. I said a few things to the dealer here that he won't forget soon. But the only way to make sure, the mechanician tells me, is to buy from a fresh *demijohna* that hasn't had the plaster broken from the mouth. Still this is the first time, and," nodding grimly, "it will be the last."

Then, as a new thought appeared to strike him, he made a gesture toward his pocket. "Dig your hand down deep in my pocket, child. A crazy-looking waiter handed me some sealed instructions to give to *mia sposa*. It was the nervous man."

I dug down and peeked into my letter.

GENTILISSIMA SIGNORA: There is yet time, but quick, quick, quick.

ANTONIO.

"What is it?" questioned John.

"Says my handkerchief has not been found. I dropped one." Which I had.

"Must have stolen it, the beggar. He was blue with fright or rage or some such passion when he heard of our delay. I thought he'd tear his hair out."

"Oh, no, I think he's just romantic, John, and is doing what he thinks I want —or what I ought to want," I added softly.

It was very nice to sit close to John, to keep my hand upon his coat sleeve, and to say "dear" to him often. I knew I dared allow myself such weaknesses, since it was for the last time. John liked it, too, and, as always, when he's happy, opened the throttle wide along the level road through Voghera and Novi Ligure, and made the landscape whiz. I couldn't very well insist upon him going slower, being so anxious to catch the steamer. Still it seemed cruel rushing me out of his life like that, and just for the æsthetic side I was glad when we began to climb again. We had to go quite slow, in fact, for while the route was milder than the Bobbio one, as John himself said, "An Apennine is a mountain, and not a sausage, no matter how you go."

We had stopped for luncheon at Voghera, and again at Novi at my suggestion for a cup of chocolate. It must be understood I was in haste, but felt the wisdom of storing up what strength I could so as to be quite ready for the ordeal of parting. John, out of decency, would have to make a fuss, I argued, and it would be exhausting to say no to him. I wouldn't have him on the pier, I had quite decided that. Even when the heart is breaking, something awfully funny always happens. Once, a hundred years ago, when I was young and mother took us girls to Europe, the nicest man I knew came down to say good-bye. He stood right by a window on the second floor of the pier, so that we could look into one another's eyes up to the last. And how we looked! The bell rang, and the waters churned, and the people wiped their eyes and cheered, and as the boat swung out I tore a bunch of violets from my heart and threw them to him. He caught and kissed them beautifully, and then that awful boat came back and stayed for fifty minutes. We hated one another ever afterwards, so I made up my mind when John and I must part we'd run no chance of the ridiculous.

I had intended saying many things to John before we reached the city, but when we made the summit and started to wind down it was so very turney that I thought it best to keep his mind upon the steering wheel. We sped on with great rapidity, too fast by far. It was most dangerous. John said he liked it. We would get in quite early, and I said, "That's good," with emphasis, hoping he would remem-

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ber the import of my words when I was far away. When I was far away! That touched my heart. We were so near, very near, to parting. And then before we reached the city, just as we struck the awful road that leads up to the gates of Genoa, I did an awful thing. I hate to tell it, and never will I know how it could possibly have happened. It was this way. John yearned hard for a smoke, and I was sympathetic, wishing to humour him on little things, and said I'd steer while he could get a light. I did, but oh, that road! It was so jolty, and before I had steered for fifty feet, right in our path ahead of us, I saw an awful rut, and as I saw the rut I saw some barrel staves that lay upon the other side. Upon my word I didn't know the nails were half so long as they turned out to be. I simply thought it might be well to take the staves in preference to the rut. So I turned out. And then, can you believe it, we had a puncture! It was our first. In all our sixteen hundred miles we had never met barrel staves like that, and John had been "some proud" of such a record, especially as the tires had been made at home, and were not those French affairs. He didn't stop for much lamenting, just said, "We'll make a good run yet," right in the face of all my planning —I *mean*, a puncture takes so long to fix. And being nervous (fearing that I'd miss the boat) I couldn't find a single tool without John's getting up and helping me. And when I handed him the inner tube I lost the top off the valve, that took time, and still it did get fixed, and John is such a horribly dexterous driver, that just as the sun plopped into the sea we reached the lighthouse, and when we turned to run along the quay into the city the stars were but beginning to peep out.

And what a sight that harbour was! Small, its miles of docks a mass of merchandise, with craft of every kind from every country packing the basin, some quietly at anchor, some pulling up their hawsers, some settling down with the great noise of chains, some coming swiftly in before the sunset gun would close the port, some stealing out, leaving a knife-like cut in the quiet water. There were all kinds, and there was one, a great white boat, with rows of bullet-headed lights, not in the harbour, but beyond, with her long nose straight for the west, and going it like mad.

"That is a pretty boat out there," I breathed to John.

"Why that," said John, "that is the German boat, the *Königen Luise*. Pshaw! but for our bad puncture we'd have seen her start. You did that." (This to me.)

"I know I did," I answered, and smiled at him the wise smile of the sphinx.

CHAPTER XV

Now that ill-luck had prevented me from going on the boat and making a swan-like end (a swimming, not a singing one), there was but one road left for me, that was the noble path of Dame Griselda, a sort of Griselda up to date, for I intended to figure slightly in the fight, though always gently. Once I saw a picture of a "lady featherweight," she seemed a very dainty person, and while differing in costume, I feel a little like her. The poster said she was so square, and that's what I am too. So if John can only keep his head, he'll find before the trip is over that a square "habit" is better for a wife than a giraffe.

Many things have happened since we drove to Genoa. Plans have been changed. and I am doubtful still if it was the woman or the mountains that forced John to hurry on the morning after we arrived. John said nothing but a cow-catcher could clear their paths, and if I'd get up with the dawn, before the citizens heard he was leaving, he was game for it also, but that was after we met Mrs. Baring and found that she was leaving early too. At four she left. I said that we might get away at six. It was a challenge, but I said it pleasantly. I had thrown down the glove, or rather, since I had become a lady featherweight, I had put it on. It was a gentle mitt.

I looked at Miss Grey as I did so, and to my great surprise and discomfort, I found her large, white eyes fixed on me in a wild appeal, and under cover of a general laugh she whispered, "Watch them closely, I'll not be there." I reddened at this, and I quite determined in spite of my sympathy for her lone estate

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that I'd not let her spy upon my husband, nor to suggest that I should, and when the chance presented itself I swept her out of the *salle à manger* and up to our own room for a few words between ourselves.

I had to be quite stern myself, and think of my great wrongs and of this added humiliation, or I would have melted at the sight of poor Miss Grey, who sat quite rigidly on a chair, grasping her left fingers tightly with her right hand as though she feared that they might tell tales.

"Why don't you go with Mrs. Baring?" I asked sternly, plunging right in.

"Because she doesn't want me to," she answered with some heat. "I think she fears I interfere," she added bitterly.

"But don't you see I am with them almost always?"

"You serve her purpose. She needs you. It gives a proper air to what is going on."

It was not a pretty speech, and she jerked out the words as though it hurt her. I could see she spoke from that wicked sense of duty which makes a very good woman so great a pest on earth, but how it cut me.

"Miss Grey," I spoke kindly, "this can mean nothing to you except that now you find yourself much more alone. It's only her companionship you are losing, probably her friendship stays the same for you."

I stopped, for suddenly Miss Grey became Miss Grey no longer. Two red spots burned hot in her cheeks; shame crept up into her eyes, and yet she looked straight into mine.

"You don't suppose," she made response, "that I am really suffering because a woman, my employer, turns her back on me? You don't suppose I'd care for that?"

I stared at her bewildered. "What then?" I said.

She swallowed hard, her eyes still glued on mine.

"Go on," I urged.

Then in a burst the words came from her. "Well, why not speak? For just once in my life I'd like to tell the truth. To have out what I feel. I often thought when I was a girl that if I could stand out on the street corner and just for once shriek up to the skies all the low things I had ever heard or read about, I could go on, if I would be allowed after that torrent, and play the lady. Of course, I never did shriek out, because I've always been one of these paid companions whose duty is to be amiable at twenty plunks a month. I said *plunks*, you noticed that? I'm glad I said it. Of late years I haven't wanted to shriek out. It frightened me to think about it, and so the strength of that suppression has gathered to this great confession. My heaven! That's a rhyme. Did you ever hear of anything so awfully ridiculous?"

Miss Grey began to laugh hysterically. I shook her hard.

"Don't stop," I cried. "The grimiest things in life are always funniest. Go on."

She stared at me a moment, then laughed a little and went on. "You think it's funny, do you? Yes, I suppose it's funny for an old maid like me to so forget her shame and pride and decency as to love where there's no love for her, to give what's never asked of her, to die a hundred pangs of jealousy, and go on living as she dies with a paid companion smile upon her lips, I guess that's funny."

My brain was thick. "But are you crazy? How can you feel so over Mrs. Baring?"

Miss Grey rose to her feet and spoke with a great wave of shame yet glorious courage. "And are you a fool? Must it be lettered on a blackboard for you? It's not the woman." She screamed it out as she might have screamed once on that street corner. *"It's the man I love."*

There was an awful silence, and Miss Grey sat in her chair again. I found myself not very sorry either for her or me, but just apologetic and embarrassed at forcing her confession of her love for my unworthy husband. I felt I should resent it, and yet, even while I thought of him as an unworthy thing, my admiration for him suddenly increased. I'd rather that it hadn't, but it did. I can't explain it, and I know that the Minerva Club could never set me straight. Miss Grey had no emotions. She sat there, spent but splendid.

"I'm so sorry," at last I stammered.

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"I'll not tell, of course. I'm not happy, either. We'll have to stick by one another."

"You're very kind," she murmured stiffly. My commonplaces bring her back to her narrow self once more. "We had some sympathies in common in Bologna, I remember, still on that day she smiled on everybody. You shouldn't mind a general distribution."

"She can smile on any man but one," I said.

"I know, I feel so, too," Miss Grey replied.

"Oh, don't, it is too hideous," I cried.

Then Mrs. Baring's voice out in the hall put us in our accustomed rôles once more. We got into them easily, and things went on just as they always had. That phenomenon has ceased to vex me, and if John has learned as much of motors as I have of life in these five giddy weeks, he can build cars for a living, and I'll guarantee to sell them.

The exodus from Genoa was full of motor joy, the cup not running over till the suburb of Sestri was passed through, for the condition of the roads was horrible, and the traffic even in the early morning very great. The Riviera di Levante is a rosary of towns, rugged little jewels, held together by one lovely compact pearl of road. It is one of the few ways in Italy constantly used by autos, and dire threats for those who speed are displayed at the entrances of the villages. There were hills, of course. Italy is pretty full of them, the road winding in and out of sweet-smelling pine forests, skirting the edge of the cliffs that bore sheerly down into the sea, or running placidly along in touching distance of the lapping waves. There was to be a hundred miles of this, and I was very happy, filled with the contentment that is derived from living in the moment, but not so John.

He had read something in the evening paper on the night before, had spelled it out laboriously, that had, in a way, darkened the beauty of this run. It had to do with mountains and a race. John argued to himself and me along the road, the arguments were fragments flung at me from time to time. I didn't answer all of them; he didn't wish me to.

"There is going to be a great race two days from now, I've read," John began, casually—"the Alpine climbing contest of the year."

"Horse race?"

"Great Scott, no! Motor! It's over the Mt. Cenis pass, or rather up to it. The motors start from Susa. That's on the Italian side." (Pause.) "One goes by way of Turin."

"Who goes?"

"Those coming from the Italian side, of course. Don't be so stupid, dear. Napoleon built the road. It's a fine road, no villages like this punk piece we're getting now."

"But see the sea. It's lovely, John, as smooth as glass."

"Fine. But can you drive a motor on it? No." (Silence.) "You've never motored in the Alps, have you, Peggy?"

"Now, John, you know I haven't."

"Nor have I, either. It's quite a thing to say when you get home, to say you've motored through the Alps. Not many American cars have done that, you bet."

"We have crossed the Apennines three times."

"Two and a half. That trip to Bobbio was only half the way."

"It was almost to the summit. We did the work."

And this time John was silent for a minute, then he broke out again emphatically.

"Look here, Peggy, I think if we don't cross the Alps we'll be short sports."

"Now, John," I cried out in despair, "don't bully me like that. You know you can't say anything more dreadful to a true American."

"Of course I can't," triumphantly. "That's what we'll be," he added with conviction.

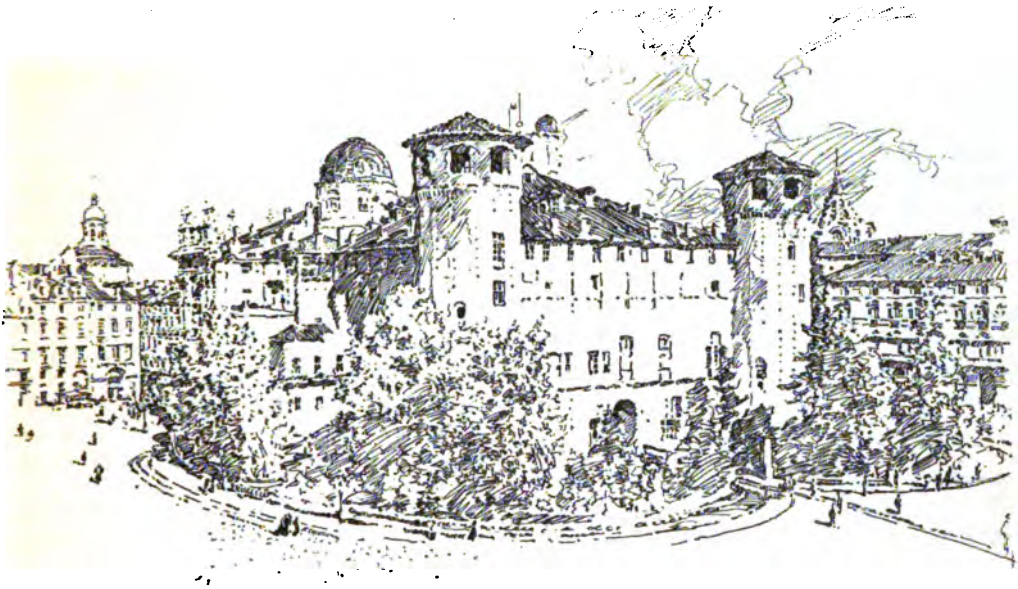
I made another effort. "But, John, we are miles out of the way."

"Oh, not at all," said John; "we'll have some breakfast at Savona, it's just a few miles on, then we can cut across the Apennines and go by way of Acqui, Nizza, Asti, and a whole lot of towns. I've got it written down." John had the grace to blush.

"Have you been studying this all out?" I asked him.

"Well, since you press the point," he

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TURIN

reluctantly admitted, "I looked it up in the garage. That's why I was so late in coming round to the hotel."

I didn't speak.

"We've covered this road now for thirty miles. It's all like this, just towns and road and sea. Think of that race and of those giant cars. Just think."

And I was thinking, but not of the race of motors. It had occurred to me that John had quite forgotten Mrs. Baring, which was a pleasant thought, but I dared not let it linger; like a true lady featherweight, I must be fair and square.

"But Mrs. Baring, John," I nobly urged, "she's got the start of us by two good hours at least. She and her party will expect us on to Nice to-night."

His reply was long in coming, but it was well worth while.

"I never gave my word we'd come. It won't affect her plans. I want to be with her, of course, she's fine, but, Peg," his tone was pleading, "a woman's not the Alps."

I rippled gloriously. (That sounds like Henry James.) "Of course she's not," I said. "You're right, John, after all, we will go over the Mt. Cenis." And dear John thanked me humbly.

Savona was a town of factories and wharfs, and a pleasant open space where the *ristorante* stood, and underneath its colonnades we had our *déjeuner*. I had fresh lobster, very good and very cheap, but John ate maps and drank race notes. The run to Turin was one hundred thirty miles. His plan was to put the car in a garage upon arrival for a good going over, then sleep through Saturday, and at midnight make the start, that we might reach the summit before the barriers were up. John said we would probably find companions on the way. We did. Waste places in Italy are rare.

The road on to Turin offered no great obstacles. There were steep grades, of course, and John became quite peevish when I chose for my evening hymn "Over the hills to the poor house"; but he need not have been so sensitive, we "ate them up," just as we "bit the dust." I never had such large bites of a commodity before. As a rule, it lingers in the rear to inflict those poorer in horsepower if not in expletives.

As we neared the end of the run, the darkness of the night was made thicker by this dust that the soft wind swept about us, but the direction of Turin was

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unmistakable, for we were not alone save for the sense of isolation that one feels in a country that is unknown to him. We found companions on the way, if there is companionship in the sound of a deep horn in the far distance, accompanied almost instantaneously by a terrific rush of wheels and more blinding dust as some great motor pounded past us to Turin. From all the country roads they came pell mell into the city, we, feeling our unaccustomed way, were left behind as recklessly they crossed and crisscrossed one another or bored in upon their rivals with loud laughter. John stood it just as long as I thought he would.

"See here," he finally exclaimed, "I must get into this. What do they think this car I'm driving is? A wayside bench?" And he opened up the throttle.

Prudence and satisfaction strove for mastery with me. I understood their lack of fear. To the man inside the car that element becomes a tiny part of him before he has motored many miles. The very bigness and the power of the machine that carries him along gives to him a feeling of security. What keeps the man inside within the bounds of law and order is the fear of what happens to the man outside, and when there is no man outside to reckon with, then—John opens up the throttle. I thought as he joined in the general scrimmage and swung past one large car, to be halted by another crossing us, what Miss Grey had once said, that the only hope for the pedestrian was to let these cars exterminate each other, or give them more time, when each would exterminate itself, and as the thought passed through my mind, out of the dust strong in the light of the first city electric pole flashed a big car with the glitter of a uniform deep in the tonneau, and a laughing driver, who was steering with one hand as he waved the other in the air.

Five seconds afterwards, out of the blinding dust ahead of us, came a great crash, a great cry, a great silence. Then the sudden set of brakes was heard from the cars that were near the dreadful spot —quickly, like a military order—the grinding of the wheels, and the warning call raised for those in the rear of *"Accidente, accidente!"* The pall of dust rose slowly, and by a pillar of stone that marked the way lay the wrecked motor of the laughing driver.

The bodies had been thrown an unbelievable distance. They lay quite still, the three, face downward, flung to death. I think that John got out; I know I did not move. I watched. It was too big a thing for any feeling that I could possibly display. I simply watched. Some woman in a car near by began to shriek. "Ah, Dio! Dio! Dio!" shrieked the woman. Her voice added to the general confusion that had followed on the silence and the lifting up of the dust curtain. The bodies were turned over, and there was a demand for a *dittore.* It was taken up by all the crowd. *"Si, si, dittore,"* was the cry. But there was no response, and nothing done beyond the idle pulling about of the bodies. The officer's gold braid shone brightly. I couldn't see his face. John said that the delay could not have been two minutes. Perhaps so. The true measuring of time should be by circumstance.

I only know a man, young, blond, leaped from a great grey motor that had shot from out the city, and with the help of John had lifted the poor officer, who was limply dead, and the other two, who bore faint signs of a life expiring, into the big grey motor and whirled back into the town. When a general is needed, a general will be found. A cordon of *bersilieri,* the patrollers of the roads, came swiftly down the street. The splintered car was guarded for the night. The knots of haggard motorists broke up and turned each to his separate motor. The engines pounding angrily at their repression were released, and the autos raced, *raced,* mind you, on into the city.

When John came back from the garage and found me in my room, he held a telegram.

"I wired from Savona," he announced; "it's quite all right. We'll meet again at Aix."

"Who will?"

"Why, you and I and Mrs. Baring. Aren't you pleased?"

"I somehow don't think that I care," I answered dully. When you have dipped a little in the book of Death the telegram of Life is hardly worth the reading.

(*To be continued*)

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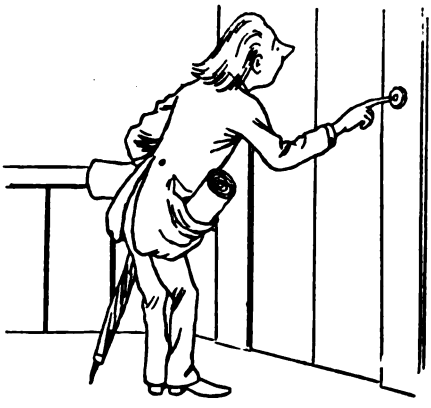
AN ICY RECEPTION

(A DRAMA)

CHARACTERS: { The Struggling Author - - Aged 21
The Unsympathetic Editor - " 61
The Butler - - - - - - - - " 57
Passers By, Dogs, Etc.

TIME, OUR OWN

"They order this matter better in France," said Laurence Sterne at the beginning of *The Sentimental Journey*. But the following little pictorial drama from the pen of Caran d'Ache tends to convince that the relations of the poet with his manuscript and the hard-hearted editor are much the same all the world over.







I



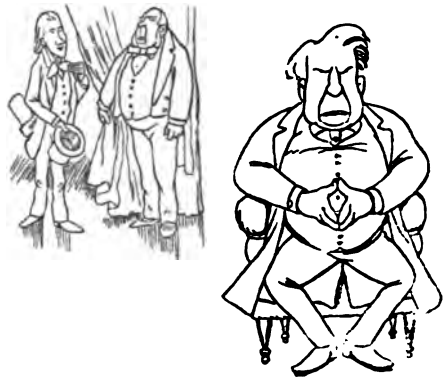
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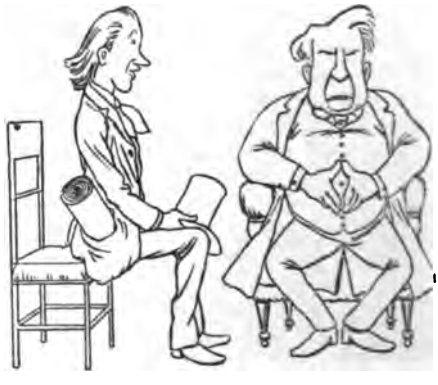
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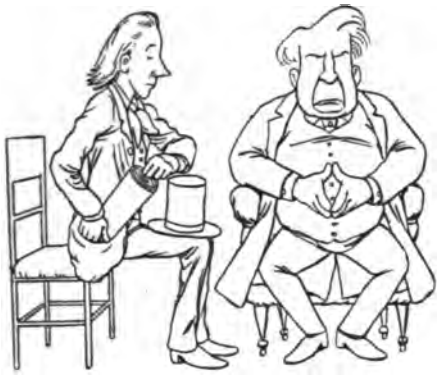


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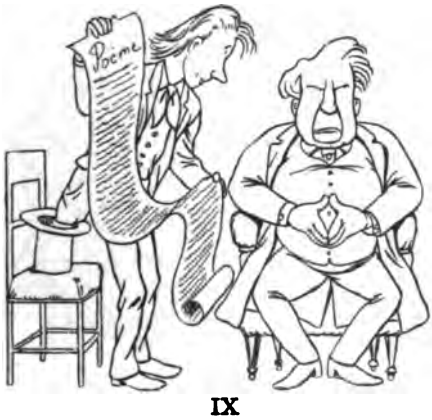


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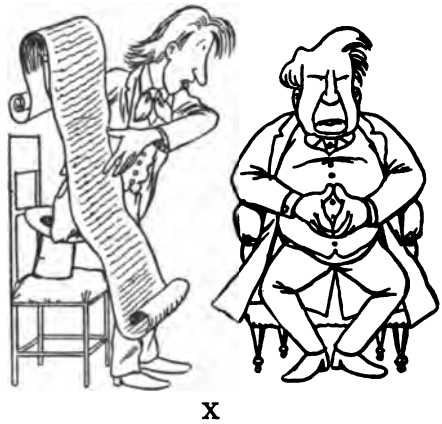
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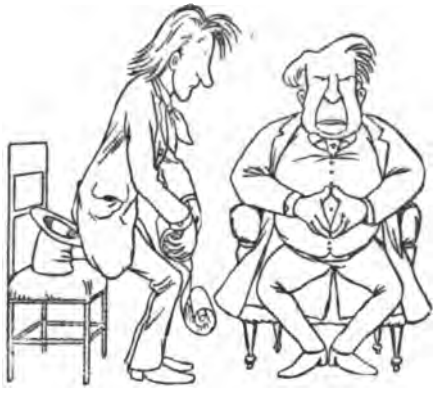


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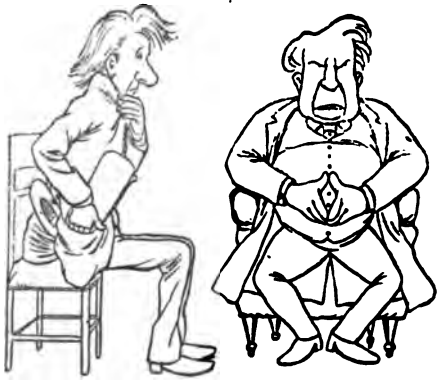


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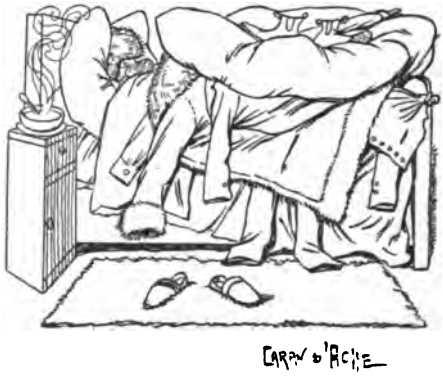
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THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Alfred Russell Wallace's "My Life"*

This is the story of a living paradox: a discoverer with Darwin of natural selection, yet "more desirous of discovering new truths than of gaining credit for himself;" an agnostic as regards religion, yet a believer in spiritualism; a scientific reasoner, yet an opponent of vaccination; a man of strong feelings and prejudices, yet, like one of his disembodied spirits, able to get outside of himself and write an autobiography as interesting as it is disinterested.

As an evolutionist Wallace naturally begins with an account of his ancestry and environment. Coming from rather long-lived families, from the paternal side he thinks that he inherited a certain amount of constitutional inactivity or laziness, while the necessity for work that resulted from his father's loss of property was perhaps a blessing in disguise, beneficial for developing whatever powers were latent in him. Thus his early life on the river Usk and his boyish explorations with his brother brought out that love of nature, with its mystery and charm, which made him one of the most famous travellers of his day. So the simplicity and kindliness of home life contrasted with the days at the Hertford school, where the rod was not spared, accounted for his later belief that the only way to teach and to civilise, whether children or savages, is through the influence of love and sympathy. Remembering how his father treated him with the tolerant courtesy of a gentleman of the old school, while his masters crammed down his throat the "degrading and horrible religion" of future rewards and punishments, Wallace came to have the most absolute respect for the rights of others and a certain disrespect for the dogmas of Christianity. Hence arose his admiration for secular philanthropists like Robert Owen and his indignation against so-called Christian governments—the English which professes the brotherhood of man and oppresses the Irish; the American which starts with the Declaration of Independence and rules the Filipinos against their will.

As a relief from these strenuous passages are the author's delightful descriptions of his rural excursions in English shires and Welsh valleys. Engaged with his elder brother in surveying trips, at the time of the mania for railway building, the two managed to have a deal of fun in the midst of hard work. The accounts of the old inns and the farmer's club form a sort of genuine *Pickwick Papers*, while the characters found in the remoter parts of Wales are worthy of George Borrow. Thus he met a young Welshman who "prided himself on being a kind of champion smoker and assured us that he had once, for a wager, smoked a good-sized china teapot full of tobacco through the spout." Although the young surveyor found it delightful to be cutting all over the country, following the chain and admiring the beauties of nature, he was nevertheless oppressed by the all-embracing system of land robbery exhibited in the immense holdings of the church and the many useless estates of the nobility. This ultimately led him to advocate the theories of Henry George, to aid in forming the Land Nationalisation Society, of which he was the first president, and to deplore the colossal land speculations of the Western States, the wealth from which "gained by individuals, initiates that process which culminates in railroad and mining kings, in oil and beef trusts, and in the thousand millionaires and multi-millionaires whose vast accumulated incomes are, every penny of them, paid by the toiling workers."

But perhaps Wallace the socialist is not as interesting as Wallace the naturalist, for he does not appear so strong in

*My Life. A Record of Events and Opinions by Alfred Russell Wallace Author of "Man's Place in the Universe," "The Malay Archipelago," "Darwinism," "Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Natural Selection and Tropical Nature," etc. With facsimile letters, illustrations and portraits. Vol. I., pp. vi. and 435; Vol. II., pp. vi. and 464. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1905.

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high finance as in low life. It was while teaching small boys in Leicester that he formed a taste for the wonders of the insect world, which opened a new aspect of nature, without which he might never have ventured on his journey to the Amazon. This, he asserts, was one of the events which formed a turning point in his life, the other equally important circumstance being his reading Malthus, without which he would probably not have hit upon the theory of natural selection and obtained full credit for its independent discovery.

To his published travels the author now adds some hitherto unpublished letters descriptive of the wonders of the South American forests, a fire at sea by which his painfully gathered collections of birds and beetles was destroyed, his voyage to Singapore and his adventures in the Malay Archipelago. As showing the humour of a writer who disclaimed the sense of humour, we may here quote from a letter written from the tropical jungle in June, 1855:

"I must now tell you of the addition to my household of an orphan baby, a curious little half-nigger baby. Don't be alarmed; I was the cause of its mother's death. It happened as follows: I was out shooting in the jungle and saw something up a tree which I thought was a large monkey or orang-utan, so I fired at it, and down fell this little baby—in its mother's arms. What she did up in the tree, of course, I can't imagine, but as she ran about the branches quite easily, I presume she was a wild 'woman of the woods;' so I have preserved her skin and skeleton, and am trying to bring up her only daughter, and hope some day to introduce her to fashionable society at the Zoological Gardens. When its poor mother fell mortally wounded, the baby was plunged head over ears in a swamp about the consistence of pea soup, and when I got it out looked very pitiful. . . . About a week ago I bought a little monkey with a long tail, and as the baby was very lonely while we were out in the day time, I put the little monkey into the cradle to keep it warm. . . . It is the most wonderful baby I ever saw, and has such strength in its arms that it will catch hold of my trousers as I sit at work, and hang under my legs for a quarter of an hour at a time without being the least tired. . . . From this short account you will see that my baby is no common baby, and I can safely say, what so many have said before me with much less truth, 'There never was such a baby as my baby,' and I am sure nobody ever had such a dear little duck of a darling of a little brown hairy baby before."

Volume II is taken up with chapters on the explorer's friends and acquaintances, his American lecturing tours, a sketch of his life work and those changes in thought which carried him from land naturalisation to socialism, and from mesmerism to spiritualism. After quoting some of their letters there is given an outline of the chief difference of opinion between Darwin and the author on the origin of man and the heredity of acquired characters. Here Wallace confesses that he is more of a Darwinian than Darwin himself, yet never does he begrudge to his colleague the glory of the greatest discovery of "the wonderful century." Likewise in Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* he perceives certain defects, yet considers these as but spots on the sun of his great intellect. With Huxley also he differs, still he looks up to the anatomist as being immeasurably superior to himself in scientific knowledge.

And yet Wallace's modesty and dislike of controversy did not prevent him from gradually acquiring confidence in his own judgment, so that, as he tells us, in dealing with any body of facts, provided he clearly understood their nature, he was able to draw conclusions to which the scientific world is now coming round. So in reasoning upon the general phenomena of nature and of society he felt able to hold his own with his contemporaries, though he was conscious of an inferiority consisting in his limited knowledge and smaller power of concentration for long periods of time. Adding to these qualities a certain natural diffidence, Wallace protests that in the United States he met hosts of people who were "really too polite and enthusiastic—'proud to meet me;' 'honour and pleasure never expected;' 'read my books all their life!' etc.—leaving me speechless with amazement."

There now follows a store of anecdotes on American thinkers and American ways, from the absent-mindedness of Professor Sylvester, of Johns Hopkins University, to the vagaries of Boston spiritualistic mediums. Returning to England, after his trans-continental lecturing tour, the author gives a most amusing account of his experiences as a civil service examiner. For example,

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to the question: "Mention the natural habitat of the horse and elephant," the answer was given: "The habit of the horse is ploughing, the elephant goes to shows;" and when asked to describe the origin of icebergs, the student replied: "They come from the Alleghanies on the east of America; when they reach the valley below they melt and form small straits, which in time spread out into rivers. They enrich the climate through which they pass."

The absurdities of these papers led Wallace to doubt the good of examinations under government auspices, and yet in the next two chapters we find him arguing in favor of government ownership of land, and, after giving high praise to Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and *Equality*, declaring himself an out-and-out socialist. But these very inconsistencies, like the transition from mesmerism to spiritualism, furnish proof of the author's ingenuousness. So after giving a summary of his own character, from a most remarkably objective point of view, he closes with a list of his dozen "new ideas"—those suggestions or solutions of biological problems which he has been the first to put forth, from his independent discovery of the theory of natural selection in 1858 to his recent simplification in the classification of the races of men.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

II

Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis."*

This last work of Oscar Wilde's may be read with deep interest from many points of view; but it is perhaps most truly remarkable as a piece of introspective psychology. Here was a man, intellectually cultivated to an unusual degree, luxuriously nurtured, sensitive, imaginative and emotional, with every perception and every nerve strung to a pitch of exquisite delicacy. As he truly said, he was an *enfant de son siècle* who had made a cult of pleasure, of sensation. He writes of himself with perfect frankness:

> "I don't regret for a single moment having lived for pleasure. I did it to the full, as one should do everything that one does. There was no pleasure I did not experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honeycomb."

Then take a man like this and plunge him suddenly into irretrievable disgrace; strip him of friends, of honour and of all the appliances of luxury; clothe him in the coarse garb of a convicted felon, and make him lead a felon's life, with all its infinitely degrading concomitants—the coarsest fare, the stifling cell, the proximity to lower criminals than he, the oakum-picking, that tore and stained his delicate hands—and what then? This book, at least, gives answer to that question so far as the experience of one man can give it.

He might have died of shame. His brain might well have given way and left him an incoherent, gibbering maniac. Or he might have become a crushed and shattered misanthrope. Speaking of prison life, he says: "The most terrible thing about it is, not that it breaks one's heart—hearts are made to be broken—but that it turns one's heart to stone." Yet after the first ghastly hours when his shame and punishment were new, Wilde seems not to have been shaken from the mental attitude which was inherent in his very nature. To him it was all experience—life—a new chapter in the record of sensation. And so to the end he was eternally consistent, and underneath the novelty of the mood that swayed him, he was still the Oscar Wilde of old, weaving graceful flowers of speech and tendrils of exotic fancy even around the bars that caged him in.

This will appear to many an unsympathetic judgment; yet every page of *De Profundis* strengthens and confirms it. The past is not regretted, for the past is an essential background for the present. Without the lutes and honeycombs, the contrast of the oakum and the stone-flagged cell would have been less piquant. Even in disgrace and sorrow there is something fine. "Sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. There is nothing that stirs in the whole world of

*De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. With portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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thought to which sorrow does not vibrate in terrible and exquisite pulsations. The thin, beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold that chronicles the direction of forces which the eye cannot see is in comparison coarse."

And so Wilde records in words that are full of music those "terrible and exquisite pulsations." He dwells with epicurean tenderness upon Dante and St. Francis of Assisi, upon Demeter and Dionysus and Christ. "Christ's place," he says, "is with the poets." And the place of Oscar Wilde is with the Greeks. It is as a Greek of the decadence or of the soft Ionian type that one should think of him and judge him. He was a Hellene post-dated, and no Englishman—a sensuous, beauty-loving soul, at once poetical and pagan.

Rafford Pyke.

III

Mr. Darrow's "An Eye for an Eye."*

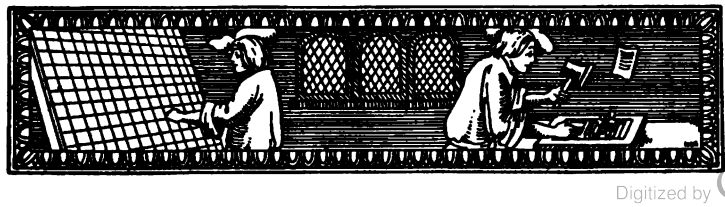
In a trilogy of one act dramas under the common title *Morituri,* Herman Sudermann depicts the mental state of three men in the prime of life, with everything to live for, who know that in less than twenty-four hours they will be dead. Two of these little dramas are merely literary "stunts," although very clever stunts. The third contains a strong arraignment of certain false social traditions. Comparison with the Sudermann drama-cycle is what comes to the mind in reading Mr. Darrow's book; that is, if one is obliged to find some terms of literary criticism or literary comparison for it. But it is as difficult to apply the standards of academic criticism to this book as it would be to apply them to an actual death-bed confession. And yet if to create an illusion, to attain the effect aimed at, completely and entirely, is literary art, then Mr. Darrow's work is literary art of the highest, in spite of an apparent neglect of all the canons of literary art.

Mr. Darrow's hero, who, on the eve of his hanging for the murder of his wife, tells a friend how it happened, has one point of difference from the Sudermann heroes in that, although still in the best years of his life, and strong and well, he hasn't so very much to live for, unless it be the mere brute instinct of continuing to live. Jim Jackson realises that he is one of the many who "didn't never have a chance" in life. The very mildness and humility of his attitude towards life, brought about by a natural gentleness of disposition and the consciousness of the shadow of death hanging over him—this very mildness is a more severe arraignment of social conditions than the fiercest tirades could be.

This simple crude narrative of an unlettered man in the lower walks of life—digressing often to dwell upon what appear to be unessentials, but holding the thread straight and true with wonderful directness—throws a cruel searchlight upon so many evils of our modern social system that it is hard to know just where to begin to enumerate them. Whether it be the sin of the death penalty, the crime of hasty public opinion and a system of justice-machinery influenced thereby, or the influence upon public opinion of a sensational press—or the greater, because more fundamental, wrong that keeps the man at the bottom of the heap down beyond all hope of rising except through dominant brutality—all of these are held up in Jim Jackson's simple rambling story in a way to make the most thoughtless shudder.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*An Eye For an Eye. By Clarence S. Darrow. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company.



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THE TAINT OF MELODRAMA AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



ANY critics find a congenial and harmless pleasure in trying to explain why the popular standard in fiction and the drama has not risen to a higher level. At least it is harmless so long as we realize that such attempts seldom contain more than a few half-truths intermixed with a good deal of random guessing; for you cannot reduce to a mathematical proposition a question as broad and unstable as human nature itself. But perhaps it is no wilder a guess than many others to lay the blame upon the inability of the average reader, and the average writer too, to draw a hard-and-fast line between the novel of adventure and the out-and-out melodrama. Ask the next person you meet casually how he defines a melodramatic story, and he will probably tell you that it is a hodge-podge of extravagant adventures, full of blood and thunder, clashing swords and hair's-breadth escapes. Here again we have only a half-truth. These things are all ingredients of a melodrama, but they cannot by themselves make it melodramatic, nor explain why it is so. There is nothing inherently melodramatic in thunder or in blood. The clash of swords, the roar of cannon, the groans of the dying, the whole red spectacle of actual warfare, is not melodrama, but grimly sober prose; the violent death, in war or in peace, by poison, suicide, collapsing houses or sinking ships, is one of the common-places of modern existence. And commoner even than the violent death is the hair's-breadth escape. A few weeks ago, in a collision between an express train and a local, one passenger coach was ground to kindling wood, and the reported casualties included one dead and upward of forty wounded; in other words, forty hair's-breadth escapes to one violent death. And in the daily life of a big city that is probably a fair average proportion. The author who just saves his hero forty times and lets his villain die by violence is not perhaps writing an artistic story or one that will win credence; but he is not necessarily writing melodrama. Quite recently in an installment of Italian magazines that arrived in New York in a single mail, no less than three short stories, by three different authors, ended by the hero or heroine falling headlong to death from a third-story window. Any one of these stories by itself might have been accepted without protest; but the three together, the accumulated horror of them, not unnaturally led to their being tossed aside in disgust, with the verdict "rank melodrama." And yet within a week a New York paper contained a record of the same number of deaths through falls from windows; within the limits of greater New York alone.

The truth is that the taint of melodrama is quite independent of character or plot. It rises from the method of the telling. It makes you look upon life through defective lenses that magnify and distort reality to the verge of caricature. To grasp just what the word "melodrama" means, one should remember its earlier use as a synonym for opera—a drama interspersed with song. Consider for a moment the extent to which the opera differs from real life, and you have a pretty clear idea of the falsity of conventional melodrama. The opera is a world where men and women sing their clearest, highest notes when they are suffering, persecuted, dying. In real life, we have the silence of despair, the discord of human agony, the death-rattle. In the opera, the orchestra heralds the approach of joy or sorrow with appropriate strains or dirge or lyric; the lime-light moon pours its brightest rays on happy lovers; the world grows dark when murder stalks abroad. In the real world, fate has a bluff and inconsiderate way of dropping from a clear sky, without the kindly warning of a preliminary funeral march. In the opera, neither fire

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nor sword, sickness nor imprisonment avails to mar the spotlessness of the tenor's linen, or disarrange by a single hair the faultless coiffure of the soprano. And in the opera we forgive all this, because the vital, living part of it is not the libretto, but the music; and because the singers, with a few soaring notes, can make you oblivious to all the incongruity, the falsity to life.

But melodrama is a sort of bastard cousin to the old Italian book of the opera, retaining all its absurdities without the music which alone was its excuse for existence. In play or in novel, the melodramatic taint shows in the tawdry, tinsel glitter, the dark-lantern atmosphere, the glaring falsity, not of the things that are done, but of the way they do them. In plays and novels of the romantic school, it is permissible to take a hero an inch or too taller than other men, a degree or two stronger, a bit cleverer of brain and nimbler with the sword. But it is not enough to tell us all this; it is necessary also to make the hero live up to his reputation—make him do the things demanded of him by his extra inches and extra muscles and extra cleverness—and at th same time not overdo them. To paraphrase the hackneyed formula, the romantic hero can get the better of some of his enemies all the time and all of his enemies some of the time, but not even a Dumas Musketeer can get the best of all his enemies all the time. That is a valuable fact that Harrison Ainsworth does not seem to have known; and there we have one of the numerous reasons why Dumas was a bigger novelist than the author of *Admirable Crichton.* What one really cannot forgive to melodrama is not so much that it tricks us into believing for the time being a series of happenings that would be impossible in real life—but rather because, by overstepping the mark, it destroys illusions, spoils a dramatic effect by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum.* There was a luridly romantic piece upon the boards upward of a generation ago—the name escapes the mind for the moment—but there was one memorable scene in it that always provoked great applause from the upper galleries: the scene in which the hero escapes from the tower with a rescued baby under his arm, crosses a raging torrent, leaping from stone to stone, and meeting his arch-enemy in the dark, fights him to a finish, the rescued baby still tucked cosily under his left arm. This of course is rampant romanticism, but the one touch too much, the touch that turns it into opera-bouffe, is the fact that throughout all the turmoil and excitement that rescued baby is supposed not to have once waked up!

Since the novel of adventure is a popular type with most men and with some women, it is a pity that we so seldom find one that really deserves the name, one that carries us triumphantly and masterfully along with it, and leaves us with an abiding sense of its genuineness, its possession, in short, of the true spirit of adventure. Whether it is a story of the Valois kings or the Pilgrim Fathers, the Western cow boy or just a light social comedy of errors, like *The Man On the Box,* in nine cases out of ten the taint of melodrama, the glare of the light, reveals itself to spoil the illusion. Other things it is chiefly the so-called historical novel that seems to turn to melodrama as naturally as milk turns sour. And the most exasperating book of all is the one that is melodramatic only in streaks. You take up such a book in an indulgent mood. The frontispiece, with two Louis XV courtiers settling an affair of honour, or a much-befeathered Indian neatly removing a scalp, ought to warn you. But instead, you tell yourself this is just the sort of book you have been looking for; you are going to shut your eyes to its exaggerations, you are going to yield yourself to it, believe in it, let it give you pleasant little thrills, such as years ago you used to get from Scott and Dumas. And because it is only melodramatic in streaks, you almost succeed. And then suddenly you run across an episode so brazenly extravagant, so cheaply lurid, so grotesque, that you recognize it for just what it is, plain ordinary opera-bouffe. The heroine, why she is simply Madame Angot's daughter or the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein; those brave marines are only the crew of H. M. S. Pinafore, those blood-curdling pirates are nothing more dangerous than the Pirates of Penzance. There is only one other type of fiction more irritating, and

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that is the story which tricks you into reading it halfway through before you discover that it is only a disguised advertisement of a popular automobile or a new health food.

One thing to be said in favour of Randall Parrish's books is that the melodrama does not appear in streaks; it is part of their very essence; you recognise it at once from a certain trick of style that sounds like an echo of Ouida at her worst.

A Sword of the Old Frontier

Open at random her latest volume, *A Sword of the Old Frontier;* you are sure to encounter some grandiloquent turn of speech that is meant to show you how different her characters are from ordinary mortals, and how differently they speak and act. The soldiers, trappers, scouts, the dainty French women, the swarthy halfbreeds that throng her pages are not merely a mixed crowd: they are "an almost constant stream of miscellaneous humanity." A mixed crowd is expected to be roughly clad, but "miscellaneous humanity" wears "the coarse habiliments of the plains"—all but the dainty French women and the Indians. The former are not merely women: they are "quality in high-heeled shoes and laced petticoat;" and when the band plays, they do not merely dance, they "yield impulsively to the witchery of the music." As for the Indians, they too are different. Ordinary Indians are just half naked. Randall Parrish's Indians go about "in almost total nudeness." As for the story itself, it unwinds in a swiftly moving panorama of events at Fort Chartres and Detroit in early colonial days—a panorama full of war and carnage, French finesse and Indian treachery, all painted in flamboyant colours. The story moves forward in a rather breathless way. An ex-officer, cashiered unjustly, and now masquerading as a simple *coureur de bois,* is sent on a delicate mission to Pontiac, the chief who is preparing a raid upon the English settlements. France and England are nominally at peace, and the *coureur de bois* simply has to make Pontiac understand quite confidentially that whatever harm he does those English settlements will secretly gratify France immensely. There is a treacherous half-breed with whom the hero quarrels in the opening chapter, publicly denouncing him in a speech intended to be stately, but which somehow smacks of Billingsgate: "Sacré! I am a gentleman of France; I do not fight such half-breed dogs as you." There are also two young English girls, on their way to join their families under guidance of this same half-breed dog. Our *coureur de bois* has plenty of work cut out for him: to fulfill his mission to Pontiac, to protect the two girls, who don't trust him, from dangers they won't believe in, and to keep clear of the half-breed's treachery. And it is only when the last page is turned that you realise he has not succeeded by his own efforts in doing any one of these things. His mission to Pontiac is a failure; the half-breed checkmates him at every move; and it is only by blind luck that the girls escape and that the *coureur de bois* lives to marry the one he has chosen. And that is all there is to the story.

Sir Galahad of New France

Sir Galahad of New France, by William Henry Johnson, offers in some ways a pleasant contrast to the foregoing book. Ribaut's ill-fated attempt to found a French colony on the Florida coast, in the year 1652, and the subsequent capture of the colonists by the Spaniard Menendez. It is a tale based upon The historical setting of the story distinguishes it from the great mass of colonial romances, and the simple, straightforward style of narration, free from all verbal embroidery, also speaks in its favour. Etienne Cazenove, the Sir Galahad of the title, promptly banished by the colonists, because he is too refined to join in with their freebooter methods, is nursed through a long illness by a young Indian girl, daughter of the Natchez tribe; and throughout many months he and the Indian girl live blamelessly together, he teaching her not only his language but the rest of his small store of learning. In the evenings, his bible serves as spelling-book and reader, and at night his sword lies on the ground between them, in good old knightly fashion. It is a harmless little idyl, pleasantly told,

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a new version of *The Forest Lovers,* plus a race problem, and minus Hewlett's genius. If you can share the author's conviction of the high racial quality of the Natchez Indians, if you can accept the possibility of an Indian girl with a beauty like a Greek goddess and a mind capable of enjoying Homer, you may find pleasure in a volume which others will toss aside as too much of a strain upon credulity. But at least it is not melodramatic.

A Maker of History

It is hard to avoid melodrama in stories that deal with the international relations of the great nations of Europe especially where the author takes the liberty of inventing secret treaties and bringing France and Germany, England and Russia to the verge of an imaginary war. That is why such a book as *A Maker of History,* by E. Phillips Oppenheim, deserves something more friendly than a mere perfunctory notice. In substance, of course, it is merely a sort of exalted dime novel. But it is written with such admirable restraint, such a matter-of-fact style, as though the events were being chronicled for the columns of a conservative daily newspaper, that you are cleverly led on from mild curiosity to a breathless sort of interest, from an amused tolerance to a sense that the outcome of that book is of quite seriuos import. And really the basic idea is undeniably clever. A mild and inoffensive English youth, stepping off from a stalled train near the Russian-German frontier, fiinds himself left behind on the tracks, and lying down to take a brief nap under a heap of forest leaves awakes just in time to see a meeting between two exalted personages who have arrived, each in his private car, the one from the east, the other from the west, and whose interview is a state secret destined to change the map of Europe. The mild young Englishman, not for a moment dreaming of the magnitude of the thing he sees, witnesses the signing of a treaty that is to blot England from the geography of Europe; and when a stray breeze wafts page 17, the page with the vital conditions on it, through the car window, he picks it up and pockets it as a souvenir of an interesting scene. He does not know that from that moment he has become a "maker of history," that the fact of his presence at that spot becomes known, and the emissaries of three different governments dog his footsteps all the way back to Paris, where one night he happens to visit the Café Montmartre and then quietly drops out of sight. His sister, coming to Paris in search of him, follows the trail as far as the Café Montmartre, and then she too vanishes as completely as though she had stepped over a precipice. The man who loves the sister also follows the trail to the Café, and for the time seems on the verge of success; but the poor little French girl who promises to give him information is found the next day with her throat cut. Undoubtedly the taint of melodrama lies heavily on some pages of a story of this sort; but you really do not mind that—all you are thinking of is that you want to know what has become of the Englishman, what has become of the Englishman's sister, what has become of the missing page, page 17 with the vital terms of the secret treaty. And when at last you find out, the interest does not suddenly weaken; there is none of that sensation, only too common even in dime novels of the exalted type, of having been tricked into an undeserved and unseemly enthusiasm. It is a book that promises you at the outset to furnish a couple of hours of substantial entertainment and it keeps its promise like a gentleman.

Hearts and Masks

It seems a trifle unjust that the taint of melodrama should attach to the use of any striking coincidence in fiction. Such strange coincidences happen constantly in our own experiences of life that even the most pronounced realist may feel himself justified in using them. And yet when the plot is made to hinge upon a coincidence, such for instance as a close personal resemblance between two men, one cannot help feeling that even so cleverly managed a story as *The Masquerader* has the melodramatic taint. Harold Macgrath's new story, *Hearts and Masks* is in the nature of an exception. Although its very structure rests

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upon a coincidence, and a three-ply coincidence at that, it is such an airy, gossamer, soap-bubble sort of book that one could not reasonably weigh it down with the ponderous reproach of melodrama. It is nothing more serious than the history of a masquerade ball, to which the guests have been invited on a new and ingenious system. In place of tickets of admission, two packs of playing cards have been sent out, one pack distributed among the men, the other among the women; and when the maskers arrive, the cards not only serve to admit them, but also to pair them off for the evening. Now it happens that the hero, who has not been invited but hears of the masquerade quite by accident, decides to run the risk of going without an invitation, and cutting a pack at random, draws for his card of admission the ten of hearts. It happens further that there is another unbidden guest at the masquerade, a woman, and her card also is the ten of hearts. And finally it happens that when the fun of the evening is at its height, the announcment is suddenly made that there is a thief in their midst. Watches, rings, necklaces, a fortune in jewels, are missing. The doors are hastily locked, and identification of the guests begins. The crucial point is the third ten of hearts—who is the holder of it? And here again coincidence plays a curious and this time a conclusive trick.

Jules of the Great Heart

An example of a series of dramatic happenings told without a touch of melodrama, is *Jules of the Great Heart,* by Lawrence Mott. Jules Verbaux is a French Canadian trapper, whom the Hudson Bay Company regards as an outlaw, and there is a price upon his head. The other trappers, whites, half-breeds and Indians track him persistently; but he slips through their fingers, time after time, doubling on his trail and eluding his pursuers with the cunning of the furry creatures that he has so long hunted. The sense of the cold and loneliness of northern forests, the pitiless cruelty of northern storms is given with the same sort of strength that gave distinction to Jack London's early Alaska stories; and there is in addition a warm human quality, a suggestion of kindliness and sympathetic heart beats, which is precisely the quality that has always been missing in the author of *The Sea-Wolf. Jules of the Great Heart* stands out prominently among the books of the month, not merely for its individual merit as a vigorous picture of a strange and interesting phase of life, a charactter study of uncommon quality; but more particularly because of the conviction which comes over the reader that the author of such a book is destined to do other and bigger things—that he is a man to be remembered and watched.

Seffy

If you are looking for melodrama, you might as well pass over the dainty little volume called *Seffy,* which John Luther Long defines in his subtitle as "a little comedy of country manners." You cannot reasonably expect much lime-light, when the scene is a sleepy little Maryland village, and the hero a slow and bashful Pennsylvania Dutchman. But if you want a tender little story, exquisitely told, and full of the delicate half-tones of human emotions, then you will appreciate this chronicle of poor, slow, blundering Seffy, who fell so far short of the village standard of manners that his blunders gave an undeserving rival the chance to step in and win his Sally away from him. It is a story which shares the tenderness and pathos of *Madame Butterfly,* even though it lacks the former's picturesqueness.

Ben Blair

An uneven book, which has some chapters of refreshing strength, is *Ben Blair,* by Will Lillibridge. The atmosphere of western ranch life is unmistakable; the local colour, the local point of view have a genuine ring to them; to this extent the book carries its credentials with it. Good also, in its way, and full of grim interest, are the opening chapters in which Ben Blair's mother, the poor wreck whom her husband's ill usage has fairly hustled to her grave, dies tragically, and little Ben, scarcely more than a baby, burrows desperately into an underground tunnel, to escape from the man who would make him share her fate.

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Ben's adoption by a kind neighbor, his growth in bodily strength and in cowboy knowledge, his friendship ripening slowly into love for the girl on the adjoining ranch—all this is told with vivid directness and sincerity. But the girl has a restless desire for a different life from that of a western cattle ranch; and she has a father willing and able to gratify her whim to come east, and a worldly mother more than willing to cajole her into a loveless marriage in New York. The part of the book which tells how Ben Blair comes to the metropolis in pursuit of his lost love, and like Young Lochinvar, snatches her triumphantly away, almost from before the altar rail —this part cannot perhaps be fairly stigmatised as crude, but it lacks the sureness of touch that stamped the earlier chapters, and it shows besides that blemish of many a better book than *Ben Blair* can aspire to be, the taint of melodrama.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THOMAS HARDY AND LONGSTREET



N November 4th of 1905, the New York *Times* in its Saturday Supplement published a question addressed to it by a correspondent in Morgantown, West Virginia. The correspondent wished to know whether the works of A. B. Longstreet, the Georgia author were still in print. To this inquiry the editor of the Saturday Supplement replied: "We find no record in Allibone or elsewhere of this author."

Here is still another instance of the mutability of literary fame. Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, of Georgia, was born at a time (1790-1870) when the man "who did" was the happy exception and did not belong to a remarkable average. Longstreet was widely known as a lawyer, a judge of the Supreme Court, and a clergyman in the Methodist Church; at different times, he was President of Emory College in Georgia, and of the Universities of Mississippi and South Carolina. He was, however, best known as a journalist and author.

Longstreet lived at a time when, in the United States, the lawyer, teacher, minister and author, were confined within restricted limits, and when it was not unusual for personality to become picturesque and unique. He was a popular lawyer and minister in the days of the old South, when those professions necessitated long journeys on horseback through lonely stretches of primeval forests, and across country settlements palpitating with the glow of a strenuous, yet, untrammeled life. From these long itineracies through the backwoods and villages of the Georgia of the first half of the last century, when he held religious services in crossroads "meeting houses," and attended court at the small county seats, Longstreet acquired an immense amount of first-hand knowledge of elemental human nature, and learned to know both God and the devil. From this rich fund of experiences, came his famous book, *Georgia Scenes,* which, after having been out of print for a number of years, was republished in 1897, by Messrs Harper and Brothers.

That Augustus Baldwin Longstreet is so entirely forgotten by the literary editors of the present day, may account for the fact that no one of them, aparently, has noticed the inspiration drawn from him by a famous contemporary English novelist. Let us compare a passage from the twenty-third chapter of Hardy's *The Trumpet Major* describing a drill of raw recruits with a passage from Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* which depicts the drill of a Southern military company.

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LONGSTREET.

"But as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for that purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.

"'Why, look at 'em,' said the captain; 'why, gentlemen, you are all crooking in at both ends, so that you will get on to me by and by! Come gentlemen, dress, dress!'

"This was accordingly done; but impelled by the same motives as before, they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were permitted to remain.

"'—and I want you, gentlemen, if please, to pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentlemen, if you please; and if I should be agoing wrong, I will be much obliged for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please.

"''Tention the whole! Please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word "fire" you must fire; that is, if any of your guns are loaden'd, you must not shoot in yearnest, but only make pretence like; and you, gentlemen,

HARDY.

"Every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those at the end of the line pressed forward for that purpose, till the line assumed the form of a horseshoe.

"'Look at ye now! Why, you are all crooking in. Dress, dress!'

"They dressed forthwith; but impelled by the same motive they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were despairingly permitted to remain.

"'Now, I hope you'll have patience,' said the sergeant, as he stood in the centre of the arc, 'and pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to ye; and if I should go wrong, I shall be much obliged to any gentleman who'll put me right again, for I have only been in the army three weeks myself, and we are liable to mistakes.'

"'Please, what must we do that haven't got no firelocks?' said the lower end of the line in a helpless voice.

"'Now, was ever such a question! Why, you must do nothing at all, but think how you'd poise 'em if you had 'em. The middle men that are armed with hurdle-sticks fellow soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches and cornstalks, needn't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

"'Handsomely done! and all together, too, except that one-half of you were a leetle too soon, and the other half a leetle too late.

"''Tention the whole! To the left—left, no—right—that is, the left—I mean the right, left, wheel, march!'

"In this way he was strictly obeyed; some wheeling to the right, some to the left, and some to the right-left, or both ways.

"'Stop! halt! Let us try again! I could not just then tell my right hand from my left! You must excuse me, if you please; experience makes perfect, as the saying is. Long as I have served, I find something to learn every day; but alls one for that—.'"

and cabbage-stumps, just to make believe, must, of course, use 'em as if they were the real thing. Now, then, cock fawlocks! Present! Fire! (Not shoot in earnest, you know.) Very good—very good indeed; except that some of you were a little too soon, and the rest a little too late.

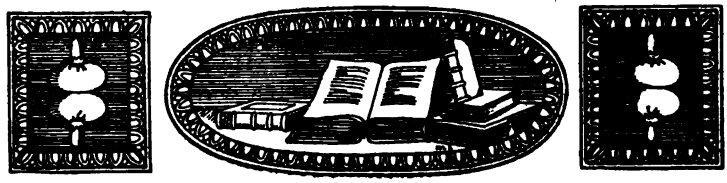
"''Tention! To the right—left wheel. I mean—no, no—right wheel. Marr-r-rch!'

"Some wheeled to the right and some to the left, and some obliging men, including Cripplestraw, tried to wheel both ways.

"'Stop, stop; try again. Gentlemen, unfortunately when I'm in a hurry I can never remember my right hand from my left, and never could as a boy. You must excuse me, please. Practice makes perfect, as the saying is; and much as I have learnt since I 'listed, we always find something new. Now, then, right wheel! march! halt!—'"

The comparison is interesting, but it needs no comment. It may be commended to the attention of the gentleman who addressed the New York *Times* from Morgantown, West Virginia, and incidentally to all students of literary coincidences.

Lyndon Orr.



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EDUCATION

THE NOBLEST OF PROFESSIONS



I SUPPOSE no generation of men has possessed a theory of education sounder in principle or more ingenious in detail than ours. We know what we ought to be doing, and several ways in which we might be doing it; and all this knowledge is so important and so satisfying as to obscure the minor consideration that we are actually doing something quite different. Hence, the wonder and even indignation with which, from time to time, we find ourselves regarding a fact which is intelligible enough, Heaven knows, in the light of that consideration. I refer to the low status of the teacher as a human being among other human beings.

By the teacher, I mean most teachers, in a crude numerical sense, most of those who sit behind desks in schoolrooms, whether the individual chances to constitute a primary or a post-graduate cog in the "educational" machine. It may not be a reasonable thing to lump all these persons together. They all sit behind desks; have they anything else in common? What is this pedagogue, when we come to think of him?—it will not be often; most of our thought is devoted to his precious charges. What is this teaching person?—a priest? or a sad ass? or simply a poor devil being crushed under the educational car? Does he practise "the noblest of professions," or, on the whole, a rather mean trade? Is he a scientist sworn to apply the rules of "pedagogy," or a missionary devoted to the diffusion of the gospel of "culture"? Socrates, Erasmus, the Arnolds, William James: why is this not "the noblest of professions"? Ah, but what of the dull girl (underpaid, perhaps, but certainly dull) who usefully whacks the three R's into the resilient head of the public infant! What of the Ph.D. of a post-graduate instructor, who, himself as full of meat as an addled egg, is incapable of whacking anything into anybody's head? Think of the number of guileless but mischievous persons who have taken up teaching as a makeshift (yes, there are parallel cases in the ministry and elsewhere), and who have kept on teaching, because it really doesn't matter to them what they do, or because they can't think of anything else to do. What with our lack of a religious establishment, and the small and diminishing number of our government sinecures, they would be hard put to it to lie down with equal comfort in the shadow of any other profession or trade. After all, the worst thing about it is that all people of this class are not drones; many of them become respectable mechanics, abundantly able to do what they are paid to do: actually, if not theoretically, successful teachers. Think again of the class, which passes almost insensibly from one side of the desk to the other; men of acquisitive mind, with a natural bent towards the academic life. Does even this favoured class find in the routine of teaching an opportunity and an incentive for the exertion of its best powers? The question of first motive is not the important one; people drift into all professions and trades, and in teaching, as in other pursuits, often do good service. But in what, practically, does the good service of a teacher consist, in most cases and in the long run?

We can all imagine the ideal teacher; most of us are able to connect that ideal, by however slender a link, with the memory of some particular person. Happily for us, there do exist teachers with an insatiable desire to impart, and an indomitable instinct to arouse; whose hand cannot be subdued to what it works in. They are, and must be to the end of the chapter, *persons*. Their method of teaching is as truly a part of them as their style would be in literature, or their

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tactics in war. It is sufficiently clear that if all those men and women who sit behind desks in schoolrooms were of this type, we should need no text-books, we should need no stated pedagogical theory. These masters, in truth, afford the only reliable data for the formulation of such a theory; precisely as literary masters afford the only reliable data for grammatical and rhetorical theory. The work of such men embodies principles which the rest of us, in our laborious way, make shift to reduce to rule. In constructing our code we have taken one step towards efficiency—an efficiency which, alas! is not required of us, and which few of us are strong enough to pursue without hope of approbation. In teaching, as in other callings, the veritable master is rare; but here, as elsewhere, there are numerous degrees of usefulness below, yet not remote from, any degree of mastery. The sad fact remains that the kind of usefulness required of the ordinary teacher is at a polar remoteness from that excellence to which, as it appears in the exceptional teacher, we yield a complimentary homage. To force our pupils to learn things, to excite them to a shallow mental activity, is to make ourselves indispensable; to arouse and cultivate in them, at whatever expense to ourselves, a strong and intelligent desire for true education, is, however admirable a proceeding in theory, a practical impertinence.

Does not this fact go far towards accounting for the low average of intelligence among our lower teachers, of true cultivation among our higher teachers, of a dignified effectiveness upon whatever professional level we may choose to turn the searchlight? Narrow minds, petty souls, flabby wills, making a go of it in this noblest of professions; it is a spectacle to be deplored rather than marvelled at. The limitations of the teaching class, as a class, are, we have often been told, due to the small consideration with which its lower ranks, at least, are treated by a gross world. They are not paid enough, they are not given a chance socially, and what not. Isn't this rather putting the cart before the horse? Who says that they fail to teach what they are expected to teach, that they are paid less than their task deserves, that they are given less social consideration than other menials of their class? Yes, menials—so far as their work is concerned. One may have the luck to have a gentlewoman for a housemaid; she adds, perhaps, a touch of refinement to the processes of dusting furniture and making beds. But she is paid, and ought to be paid, for doing what she is required to do; hers is honest work, but we do not commonly invite her to the family table, or assure her that she is practising the noblest of professions. The best luck we can wish her is escape into some walk in life in which gentlewomanliness is, as it were, a part of the job. It is all very well for us to exhort the man behind the desk to put all his strength into his work. The situation remains the same; small powers backed by a neat system are quite sufficient for the task he is paid to perform.

That task is a fatally simple one: to assign lessons, to hear recitations, to hold examinations, and to turn in marks. Any fair mental mechanic not incapable of keeping order can do this. It is no trick at all. Do you fancy yourself something more than mere mechanic and disciplinarian? Do you imagine yourself doing far more than you are paid to do, arousing and inspiring your pupils to greater effort than is absolutely required of them? Try it. If you are one man in a thousand you will succeed in lifting yourself by your own boot straps; two or three of your pupils may succeed in lifting themselves: you are a great teacher. But you no more earn your salary than the droning fellow in the next room, who causes his pupils to acquire facts, to retain them for purposes of examination, and to expel them accurately at a given moment. We have a beautiful theoretic ideal of education; but what, if not this, is our practical working ideal? Any system of education has its true root, not in the character of the object desired, but in the character of the object required. So long as our universities continue, year by year, to stamp the hall-mark of the educated man upon hundreds of ignorant and but semi-literate "graduates," we have no cause to wonder at what takes place on either side

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of the desk in the primary and secondary schools. All good things are desired and made possible in our big colleges; yet if a man, by dint of a decent mental endowment and a fair memory, is able to "pass," to get behind him, out of his system, a certain number of courses, he may become a Bachelor of Arts, and if he cares to take the trouble, a Ph.D. By that time he will be fit to teach, and "no mistake."

But what we set out to do was not primarily to pronounce our present system of education a total failure; nor was it to lament the fate of the pupil. Over that young person everybody is prepared to yearn. It is in the name of the teacher that I am calling attention to the discrepancy between our theory and our practice: surely a melancholy fact for him that after a few centuries' talk about education being a "drawing-out," and what not, his real business should have turned out to be a mere filling-up. Did you ever have a class grin at you, or scowl at you, for babbling about subjects that were not to "count" on examination? How can such treatment help affecting a teacher of any sensitiveness, which is to say, of any potential effectiveness? He must resign himself to beat the air, or resign himself to be a drudge. He must express the best of him through some avocation, or express it not at all.

This, then, is the effect of his pursuit—the pursuit to which, for one reason or another, he is committed for life—upon the character and human usefulness of the ordinary teacher. How far does it fit him to deal with the larger world in which, outside school hours, he must take his place? Doesn't it evidently unfit him? Isn't it clear that his calling, far from constituting a point of contact, obtrudes a considerable obstacle in the way of a normal relation to other men, and a normal attitude towards life? Parsons are inclined to a similar disability; but individually they have their chance. The authority they exercise need not be a petty one; it is hardly the fault of the task if their remoteness be not a remoteness of superiority. Certainly this cannot be said of teachers. Small authority over inferiors is their portion, their duty; and comes to be, in how many cases, their joy and their undoing. To take pleasure in lording it over undeveloped minds, and to shuffle in the presence of those who should be met on terms of equality: these are the two concluding scenes in the experience of how many men, who in other callings would, at least, have remained human. Their only hope of salvation is to do something outside of the classroom influence; something that brings them into association, and, if possible, competition with other men; and to do it well.

Is this easy? If one's straw is all used for fuel, how is one to make up his tale of bricks? So much time occupied, so much crude energy put forth towards the attainment of a dubious end, and what are most of us good for? There will always exist a happy minority who cannot be downed, will not be baulked of efficiency, will find their way into waters upon which their bread may be scattered with some possibility of salutary return. We, it is more than probable, are of the luckless majority; we succumb to long hours, hard labour, and, it may be, the cynicism of the half-hearted drudge. We end by losing faith in ourselves, and becoming mere gerund-grinders, or, at worst, parasites, safe among our kind in the contemptuous toleration of a busy community; day nurses, true pedagogues, sure of our pay, if we do not thump our charges with actionable zeal. We bear a visible brand: anybody can "spot" us on the street or in company. The clergyman or the physician has his recognisable earmarks, but they are less naturally considered a stigma. Why? Because the *successful* clergyman is seldom merely a clergyman, or the physician merely a physician. He has a better chance than the teacher of continuing to be, or getting to be, something more than a special functionary. He is brought in contact with men; his work itself gives play to his best powers. He is, more often than not, pleasant to meet in a casual way, a delightful companion at close quarters, able to hold his own in any genial contingency. To be a "fine teacher," on the other hand, is not at all to qualify oneself for such a part. It is not the dull teacher, the unsympathetic

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teacher, the pedantic teacher, who falls a victim to small authority. Consider the mean expedients of alleviation to which the teacher of naturally strong parts is reduced by his disgust of routine. How should they fit a man for converse with his equals—this cheap sarcasm hurled at some defenceless one who has said something stupid, or something original; that small jest, à propos of some particular "passage," of which school tradition has informed the class days in advance, and to which only a few bold spirits dare pay the deserved tribute of a sneer. Being up in pedagogical theory does not prevent this kind of damning indulgence. It represents, we suppose, only the instinctive revolt of human nature against the admission that it is a machine. No doubt, the London cabby and the Billingsgate fish-wife are obeying the same impulse in their pursuit of a forcible rhetoric.

Well, as we have intimated, the fit result of this habit of petty authority, coupled with a sense of actual futility, is a stiff and surprised sheepishness in the presence of one's fellow-man. There one does not find himself to be a person of recognised authority and wit; does not feel himself to be a person of easy and acceptable presence, a man among men. Yet he is, according to the official tests, a perfectly successful teacher: do not his pupils invariably pass their examinations? Discipline and drill have been demanded of him, and he has supplied those commodities to the complete satisfaction of all concerned of the pupil, the parents, the school authorities, the college examiners, the committee on degrees. Incidentally, to be sure, he may have stultified himself morally and intellectually, may have disqualified himself for life.

H. W. Boynton.

REVIEWS

THE PRESENT TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*

Thirteen years ago the English Conference appointed by the Committee of Ten recommended to that body a plan for the study of English which has formed a basis for what may be called the official thinking on the subject. Its tenor agrees with the general college requirements for admission, with the Uniform Board examinations and so forth. It offered a sort of ideal towards which teachers of English might strive if they liked. That report recommended the discontinuance of the study of English literature in a special text book, offering in place of it a series of masterpieces from Chaucer to Tennyson and Lowell, and presenting the idea that the history of English literature was best known in the form of a number of great works of literature.

That was a dozen years ago: during the past few years there have been published a considerable number of text books on the history of English literature and American literature, so that now almost no educational publishing house is without some recent work of the character. The effort of the Committee of Ten, or its English Conference, to turn the study of English literature into new channels has, therefore, not been entirely successful.

These books have been of a various character. The books published ten years or so ago, like the first books of Mr. Pancoast, tried to join to the study of masterpieces a consideration of the history of literature or vice versa. Mr Pancoast's book was published in 1892. It tried "to answer the needs of those who are beginning to teach according to the new methods." In accordance with that idea the book contained a great number of complete works of important authors. *The Nonne Prestes Tale, The Merchant of Venice, L'Allegro Il Penseroso, The Rape of the Lock, The Ancient Mariner* were given practically complete. Since that book there have been a number more of somewhat the same character.

Of these one of the latest is Gwynne's *Masters of English Literature* published a year or so ago. This book is planned not as a regular history of English literature but as an account of the more important authors. It has chapters on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Herrick, Bacon etc. But the true character of the book is not indicated by the chapter headings: the chapter on Spenser, for instance, contains almost as much on Marlowe (and that as a dramatist) as it does on its especial topic; the chapter on Bacon is more than half on Bacon's immediate successors, especially Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor. The book shows an effort of the different masterpiece idea to get the advantages of a history of literature. But is is all a question of selection: Mr. Gwynne names in the titles of his twenty chap-

*English Literature by Alphonso Gerald Newcomer. Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago. A First View of English Literature by William Vaugn Moody and Robert Morse Lovett. Charles Scribner's Sons New York.

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ters some twenty-seven authors but he actually treats in some detail of as many more, while his index shows mention of about a hundred and fifty. That is not so large a number as are dealt with by the writer of a regular history of literature for the school, but every one must omit a good deal in a school text book: Mr. Gwynne merely omits more than most of the writers of out-and-out histories.

Of these latter we note especially two that have come to our immediate notice. Prof. Newcomer's book was published early in the year: Messrs. Moody and Lovett's appeared in the fall. They are excellent books: each would provide quite a satisfactory textbook for the high school or indeed lower college classes. We shall not offer much of a comparison of them, if only that we have put one of them to a much more rigourous test than the other. In the general plan of typography the former appears superior; in the actual printing and especially in the pictures, the latter undoubtedly is so. The two books do not differ very strikingly in their arrangement of material: Prof. Newcomer treats of Old and Middle English a little more fully but not notably so; he gives some consideration to later Victorian authors whom Messrs. Moody and Lovett omit. But in general the two books cover much the same ground, and they cover it in much the same way: each has a well written narrative embodying exposition and criticism, each has aids such as tables, questions for review, bibliography and guide for further reading; Prof. Newcomer gives rather more in the way of short illustrative extracts. As to the soundness or the illuminating quality of the criticism, we like them both, with some reservations, and cannot say that either appears markedly superior. They are excellent books of their kind and there have been a number of other good ones within the last few years.

What is to be said of such books, recommending as they do a kind of study of English literature very different from that to be gathered from the official statements of the institutions in which their authors hold professorial chairs? This is certainly not the place to discuss at length such different modes of teaching. We shall merely note along with our mention of such books a matter of which the general reader may be unaware.

About a year ago a Conference in Uniform Entrance Requirements in English was held in which were represented the Associations of New England, the Middle States and Maryland, the North Central States and the Southern States. That Conference substituted for the previous requirement of nine or ten masterpieces to be studied, a list of about fifty works from which ten were to be selected under certain restrictions. The principle of this action (if there were any principle beyond that of compromise) would seem to be a more vigorous re-affirmation of the idea that the study of independent masterpieces is the true line of work. The former requirements offered a number of authors that were supposed, theoretically at least, to cover in a representative way, the field of English literature. From the present list one could select the following as a course of study, in addition to two plays of Shakespeare.

The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
The Deserted Village.
The Vicar of Wakefield.
Cranford.
The Sketch Book.
The Essays of Elia.
The Lady of the Lake.
The Lays of Ancient Rome.

Such a choice would be, to our minds, as good as the following, which is equally possible.

The Pilgrim's Progress.
The Faerie Queen.
The House of Seven Gables.
Silas Marner.
Heroes and Hero Worship.
Sesame and Lilies.
The Ancient Mariner.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.

Neither list would be a good one so far as a knowledge of English literature is concerned. Neither is absurd but each is practically limited to a single rather narrow view of literature, and, further, each is such a selection as might naturally result from a special leaning or interest on the part of a teacher. A student who has rightly pursued any such course will have a certain appreciation of literature but very slight knowledge of the literature of England and America. We have therefore a certain sympathy with books like those which we have particularly noticed. They have their drawbacks, especially in the hands of a poor teacher. But they offer the opportunity of an acquaintance with our literature that we conceive to be very useful.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

PSYCHOLOGY.*

It is safe to say that Professor Titchener's Experimental Psychology is much the most important general work on the subject yet published by an English writer. The first volume, *Qualitative Experiments*, has been issued several years, and is now familiarly known. The second volume, *Quantitative Experments*, is but just produced—a welcome completion of the author's plan. Like Volume I., it comprises, as separately bound parts, an Instructor's and a Student's Manual, supplementing one another. The primary aim of the whole work is denoted by its subtitle, A Manual of Laboratory Practice, but the book (and especially Vol. II.) should not be narrowed to this connotation; for the manuals comprise

*Experimental Psychology: A Manual of Laboratory Practice. Volume II. Quantitative Experiments. By Edward Bradford Titchener. Macmillan Co., 1905.

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an amount of critical and original material that clearly belongs to the constructive rather than to the pedagogical aspect of the science. One is led to suspect an over-devotion to immediate utilities in this mingling of pure science and pedagogy, but there can be no serious quarrel with a theory which has led to so valuable a result.

In the contents of the volume at hand are chapters on Preliminary Experiments, comprising experiments in tone and pressure discrimination, leading up to demonstrations of Weber's Law; on the Metric Methods—historical notes accompanying the experiments; on the Reaction Experiment, the Psychology of Time and the Range of Quantitative Psychology. The Instructor's Manual contains, in addition, appendices giving examination questions, bibliographies and a list of important instruments for psychophysical research with prices and names of makers.

It is noteworthy that more than half the space devoted to experiments is given up to the chapter on Metric Methods. Taken in connection with the introduction (Instructor's Manual) of over a hundred and fifty pages treating the Rise and Progress of Quantitative Psychology, this treatment of method gives the book decided distinction as an original and timely contribution.

Experimental Psychology has reached a stage where it may fairly be expected to begin to take stock of its progress. If it has not achieved all that was expected of it a generation ago, it has at least attained self-confidence and a coolness of judgment due to the surety and value of its established facts. It has ceased to be propaganda; it has become a science; but it is a science yet too immature for vainglory. Its pressing problems are still those of methodology, and its need is much more self-criticism than aggressive zeal.

In his careful history and cautious analysis of psychophysical method Professor Titchener shows himself keenly alive to the true perspective and present need of his science. The amount of material brought together, the fairness of his comparisons, and the acumen of his criticisms make his work an invaluable summing up of the all-important present issue of quantitative psychology.

The author's general thesis is that the whole range of mental phenomena may be brought within the range of experiment, either qualitative or quantitative. Whether the qualitative range may eventually be reduced to quantitative treatment he is not ready to say, but he points to the advances in that direction. As to the interpretation of quantitative method, he accepts a reconstructed Fechnerism, taking as cardinal points of the theory of mental measurement "(1) the bracketing of the two limens as facts of friction in the mental machine, and (2) the substitution of sense distance for absolute sense magnitude. The limens thus become irrelevant to Weber's Law, excepting in so far as the *DL* [difference limen] is an instrument of analysis at large; and Weber's Law itself becomes a law not of sensation intensity, but of our estimation of sense separateness within the intensive continuum."

It should be noted that Professor Titchener himself recognises the element of idiosyncrasy which any individual selection of experiments for laboratory courses must entail, and he plainly intends that his manual shall be freely supplemented by judicious choice from other sources. This, of course, does not impair the value of a guide from a laboratory chief of his experience. If there is anything to regret in the work it is nothing more serious than the sometime bizarre minglings with the English of French and German. But the book is meant as a manual, not as an essay.

H. B. Alexander.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

BOTANY*

Professor Coulter is one of the foremost teachers of botany in America, and his several text-books, between some of which there is not a little similarity of scope, have been well received, and have afforded a healthful and invigorating stimulus to the teaching of a subject, which in the minds of many has very much needed it. The ground in the present work covers. in discursive manner, the ground which would normally be the extent of the high-school course, and the book must, in the author's view, be regarded as supplementary

*A Text Book of Botany for Secondary Schools, by John M. Coulter, Professor of Botany, The University of Chicago. (New York, D. Appleton and Company 1905.)

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to the regular laboratory and field work. The modifications in the text are due in large part to the many suggestions which have been received from secondary teachers, and thus the value of the matter to high-school pupils will be assured. The treatment is in restricted parts rather less illuminating than it might well have been. Thus the interesting observations on the peculiarities of sexual reproduction in *Mucor* and its congeners should, we think, have been included. The illustrations are good, many are excellent, and a number are new. We regret that some of those in the latter part of the book should have been taken at second hand from the work of Schimper, for the reason that there are so many better ones available nearer home. They have, moreover, lost pungency of detail in the reproduction.

CIVICS

Civics,* by S. E. Foreman, Ph.D., is an advanced text for high schools and colleges, which aims to impress the spirit of our institutions upon the student as well as to give him an idea of their form. Hence the real workings of all important political institutions is discussed as well as their legal structure. The conception of the subject held by the author—the only true conception to adopt for college and high-school students—is that the ultimate purpose of the study is to develop political and civic morality. For this purpose a knowledge of our political institutions is necessary, but even more so a knowledge of how they work and of the responsibility of the citizen for their functioning.

ENGLISH: AIDS TO TEACHING.

The inductive or laboratory method of teaching presents no more remarkable instance of its value and of its conquest over other methods than in the study of the vernacular. Almost innumerable texts have appeared to assist in making the study of English practical and to give to the student both appreciation of literary products and power to use language effectively. Three such volumes have recently been added to the long list already issued by the publishers.

Professor George R. Carpenter's *Model English Prose*† is designed for students in the upper classes in high school, who have already had an elementary course in composition and rhetoric. The purpose of the selection is to furnish models for analysis and for imitations. The selections are rather more complex than those frequently included in such volumes. The types represented are ample: types of the narrative include autobiography, biography, history, travel and fiction. The section on "Style," including examples from Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Newman, Ruskin and others, is especially noteworthy.

Specimens of Discourse,‡ by Dr. Arthur L. Andrews of Cornell, is a similar aid for college students beginning the study of English. More specifically it presents types of discourse relating to the environment and the activities of every day life through the study of which the student may acquire some skill in expressing his own ideas or experiences rather than merely summarizing ideas expressed by others. In a lengthy introduction the author gives a variety of themes, analyses them, and gives specific advice for the elaboration of the various types of description, narration, exposition, etc.

English Essays,* by Professor W. C. Bronson of Yale, has a more limited purpose—that of presenting selections that will cultivate in the student a liking for good English prose, of the essay type. Since the selections are determined by the intrinsic interest of thought and style, a more attractive volume than the former ones results, but at the same time one more of the traditional character. The chief exponents of English style from Bacon to Pater and Stevenson find representation. An appendix adds examples of early English style from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. Brief biographical and critical notes are also appended. While the volume is in no way designed as a text in the history of English literature, it would prove a most excellent companion piece to such a course.

ENGLISH CLASSICS

Longman's Series of Classics include the recommendations for preparation for the college entrance examinations from 1906 to 1911. To this series have been added *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, edited by Professor Baldwin of Yale, *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*, edited by Doctor Flint of the University of Chicago, and *Webster's Bunker Hill Orations*, and *Washington's Farewell Address*, edited by Professor Scott of the University of Michigan. The entire series is a most attractive one and the three volumes mentioned conform to the general plan. A distinctive feature of the plan is that the volumes are not overloaded with comments, notes and introductions. The suggestions for teachers also included in each volume are excellent; while the introduction emphasizes for the student the important points in life and character of the author as well as the type value of the selections to be studied. The notes are good and not of the obtrusive and extreme pedantic type.

ESSAYS IN EDUCATION.

Great Pedagogical Essays from Plato to Spencer,† by Professor F. V. N. Painter, consists of selections from the most noted educational treatises of all ages. Necessarily in a work of four hundred pages the selections must be brief, and the writers represented comparatively few. Seven selections represent the classical age, four the middle ages, six the renaissance and reformation period, and nine the more recent centuries. The chief objec-

*The Century Company, New York.
†The Macmillan Company, New York.
‡Henry Holt and Company, New York.

*Henry Holt and Company, New York.
†The American Book Company, New York.

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tion to these selections is that there is no unified basis of selection. Some of the essays deal with educational ideals that are remote from any practical bearing, some relate to educational reform, some to institutional organisation, and some to methods of teaching. As a matter of fact, any volume of this size is inadequate for the presentation of any one of these phases of educational literature, and consequently no good conception of any one of them can be given. The title would seem to indicate that it was an exposition of educational ideals that was to be presented through these essays; but selections from the Capitularies of Charlemagne or the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits do not give the conception of education held at the respective periods, though selections could have been made that would. Nevertheless, the volume gives a good survey in a brief compass, the introductory biographical sketches are helpful, and every volume that will assist in broadening the interests, clarifying the ideas and determining the ideals of teachers is to be commended.

FRENCH TEXTS

Waterloo,* par Erckmann-Chatrian, abbreviated and edited with introduction, notes, vocabulary and composition exercises, by Victor E. Francois, Erckmann-Chatrian's *Le Conscrit de* 1813 and *Waterloo*, hardly need any introduction to the teachers of French. Such stories are the envy of teachers of German, who have difficulty in finding easy material full of life and incident. The notes of this edition, though few in number, are to the point. An especially commendable feature of the book is the plan of the composition exercises. Grammatical points of review are suggested, followed by short illustrative sentences connected in thought to be translated into French. The sentences are, on the whole, exceedingly well done, and ought to produce good results if properly used.

Choses de France, Leçons de Conversation,† by C. Fontaine. This is an attempt to give in brief compass sufficient material for conversation, and at the same time increase the American boy's knowledge of the country and customs. The questions that follow each lesson are meant to be suggestive. The field covered in the hundred and odd pages is an extremely comprehensive one. In the first part there are lessons dealing with the geography and commerce of France; in the second, brief sketches of its rich history and constitutions. Of course, the chapters are meant to be developed by the teacher; still the impression left upon the reader is over-emphasis of dates, figures and facts. Conversation to be successful must be based on interesting and adaptable material. A well-written account of contemporary France told in as many pages, with less cramming of facts, would seem to meet the demands of the present day better.

Histoirettes et Poésis Choisies pour les Enfants,* by Marie M. Robique. This is a rather attractively bound and printed book, containing in the first part bright stories and letters suitable for young children from eight to twelve. The second part consists of fables and poems for committing to memory that require considerable knowledge of vocabulary and idiom for adequate understanding. The vocabulary used in the text is fairly extensive, but is only meagerly represented in a loose sort of way at the end of the book. The questions and answers on the various texts in the first part might well give way to some definite grounding in the language. The class of teacher who would select the book and could use it successfully, would not need any such help.

La Fille de Thuiskon—Teuton ideals in French prose, arranged and edited with notes and vocabulary by Kate Thecla Conley. The selections are designed for school and home use. They consist of a large number of well-known German poems by Goethe, Bürger, Heine, Klopstock, Schiller and others done into prose by Labrunie. However good the French prose version may be, it seems strange that they should be edited here in America to replace the German originals. Surely there is no lack of French prose expressive of wholesome French ideals. The book is uncalled for here in America.

GERMAN TEXTS

Die Blinden,† Novelle von Paul Heyse, with introduction, notes, exercises and vocabulary by W. H. Carruth and E. F. Engel. Although this may be regarded as one of the best of Heyse's short stories, yet its appropriateness as a class-text is open to grave question. There is too much that is harrowing either in the story or suggested by it for a class to spend several weeks reading it. At any rate, the text is suitable for high-school classes. Is it not time to call a halt editing such stories as this and *Der Letzte*, by Wildenbruch? The work of editing is well done. The notes are carefully chosen, and the translations of phrases in them are happily rendered. Placed before the seemingly adequate vocabulary, there are connected passages set for translation into German. The English reads very smoothly on the whole.

Herodes und Mariamne,‡ eine Tragödie in fünf Arten, von Fr. Hebbel, edited with introduction and notes by Edward Stockton Meyer. This edition of Hebbel's first great tragedy of the second period ought to be warmly welcomed for the use of advanced students of German literature. Prof. Meyer gives in the introduction (p. XXXVI.) an exceedingly well-written brief life of Friedrich Hebbel and appreciative critical estimate of his position in German literature, with particular emphasis upon the drama in question, its source and treatment. A selected bibliography

*Henry Holt and Company, New York.
†William R. Jenkins, New York.

*William R. Jenkins, New York.
†The American Book Company, New York.
‡Henry Holt and Company, New York.

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follows. The notes are very brief (too brief, perhaps, for any but advanced students) and are almost entirely restricted to the literary interpretation of the text. They are prefaced by an analysis of the structure of the plot in which Prof. Meyer thinks we have "an almost perfect example of dramatic art."

ITALY'S HISTORY.

A Short History of Italy,* by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, gives in the brief compass of four hundred pages, a sketch of the period from the close of the classical period to the present time. For the reading public rather than the scholarly world, the volume combines brevity, conciseness and a grasp of essentials with accuracy of fact and a pleasing narrative style. The method of analysis of periods is dramatic, but the account is so brief as to lack the living quality that can only be gained by a fuller account of men and motives, or of motives as seen through the details of action. The author has accentuated, rather than minimised, as detailed study is most apt to do, the cataclysmic character of the renaissance period. "Italy suddenly leaped forward, as if she had drained a beaker of champagne," is not the sort of introduction to the classical revival that will commend the volume to the student. And it is to be regretted that the book, which undoubtedly will, as it should, find a ready welcome by many desiring a brief sketch of the country where history has been most in the making, should lend itself to the view so out of sympathy with the present point of view, and so destructive of the idea of unity where amidst the greatest diversity it finds some of the most dramatic evidences.

MATHEMATICAL TEXTS

First Year in Algebra,† by Frederick H. Somerville. This text presents an introductory course in algebra adapted to the grammar grades. It is written for beginners, with full explanations at points where difficulty is usually met. The exercises are carefully graded. The chapter on factoring is particularly thorough and systematic, while that on substittution contains good applications to mensuration and physics.

From the pedagogical standpoint, the book contains nothing new. The transition from arithmetic to algebra is not good, the uses of algebra are not in general brought out, the problems are the usual mediæval ones, with little application to the life of to-day, and the arrangement of topics is the time-honoured one.

Advanced Arithmetic,* by Elmer A. Lyman. This is a usable advanced arithmetic, intended for pupils who have completed the grammar grades. The foundation principles are emphasised, approved methods of computation are presented, including short processes, and the essentials of modern business arithmetic and practice are considered. Interesting facts from the history of mathematics, showing the development of the particular subjects under consideration, are inserted, and add interest to the work. The book is a good one and deserves an examination.

Elements of Descriptive Geometry,† by Charles E. Ferris. For a number of years it has been the practice of draughtsmen to work in the third quadrant, while the texts on descriptive geometry have been almost uniformly teaching the subject in the first quadrant. The modern spirit in the teaching of mathematics demands that a subject be taught as it is used in practice. In this work Professor Ferris has successfully presented the elements of descriptive geometry in the third quadrant, and has added a large number of practical examples which will fully illustrate the principles of the subject.

*Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.
†The American Book Company, New York.

*The American Book Company, New York.
†The American Book Company, New York.

THE BOOK IN THE MAKING

Under this head it is proposed to consider, from time to time, the recent publications that seem to exhibit particular taste in typography and general make-up, the purpose being to increase the appreciation of good book-making by the general reader.

It is particularly encouraging to the student of typography to consider some of the recent publications from a mechanical standpoint. These are from plants that survived the private press epidemic of a few years past, a condition, however, that had its use in stimulating and increasing the interest of the reading public in the mechanical makeup of books in general. The present examples fairly represent the "survival of the fittest," and now that a reaction has taken place and the conditions have become normal, we may expect an increasing improvement in all lines of book-making; indeed, there are decided evidences of it already.

A new organisation, which promises excellent practical results in the development of the printing craft, is "The Society of Printers," which was recently started in Boston with the definite purpose of increasing the interest of the reading public in printing and book-making

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as an art. The Society now has in the press a first text book, which will be used in this new branch of instruction in the Public Schools of the State of Massachusetts. It is intended to assist the children in properly arranging, in book form, regular school work, such as essays, etc. Other immediate plans of the Society include an exhibition of printed books representing the progress of the art of printing from its discovery to the present time. This will be held in the Boston Public Library some time in the month of January.

The productions of the Merrymount Press of D. B. Updike always appeal on account of their unfailing good taste and simplicity. A good example of this is the edition of *Thackeray's Letters to an American Family.**

This is a book which retails for $1.50, and yet has all the care in its design and production of a high-priced limited edition. Its make-up throughout, from the nicely balanced type page to the binding with its old-style embossed cloth sides and leather label, is simple and dignified, and thoroughly in keeping with the subject. The charm of the contents of this book, giving as it does such an unusual insight into the attractive personality of Thackeray, together with the successful make-up, combine to make a volume that is to be doubly valued.

Another good example of the work of this press is *Arcady in Troy,* a thin, tall 12mo, in an edition of seventy-five copies privately printed. The title-page bears a decorative arbour effect in Italian style, printed in a gray-green. The binding is modest, but appropriate, in brown paper boards with a linen back. The matter of this book consists of a description of a private garden in Troy, N. Y., which was the subject to two local newspaper articles. The book contains two photogravure insets showing different views of the garden but these we would rather not have seen used, since they tend to destroy the illusion which is so pleasantly produced by the subject matter.

A Book of Beverages is a delightful example of old-style composition. It is a thin volume of forty pages, bound in boards, covered with an old-style blue barred paper. This little book was sold for fifty cents at a church fair with good profit. It is in the production of such moderate-priced books that Mr. Updike justly takes some pride.

*The Letters of William M. Thackeray to an American Family. With an Introduction by Lucy D. Baxter. New York: The Century Company, 1904.

*Brown Letters.** Aside from its curious contents and attractive typographical style, which is thoroughly in keeping with the period during which the letters were written, this book has the added attraction for the bibliophile of being limited to only twenty-five copies. It was privately printed, and for private distribution. With such material as this, Mr. Updike is manifestly in his element, and the result is a volume that is thoroughly acceptable.

By the way, Mr. Updike announces the establishment of a bindery at the Merrymount Press, under the charge of Mr. Peter Verburg, whose work is already favourably known in Chicago and New York. Mr. Verburg, who studied some time ago under Mr. Douglass Cockerell, was at one time an associate of Miss Starr in her bindery at Hull House, Chicago, and later on was employed by Mr. Ralph Randolph Adams at his bindery in New York, both as a designer and binder.

A new volume, to be valued for its particular historical interest, as well as for its typographical excellence, is *Manhattan in* 1628.† This is a quarto in a limited edition printed at the Marion Press of Frank Hopkins. The style is simple and in keeping with the period covered, the type being a 12-point Caslon, liberally leaded, and printed on a Van Gelder paper, with well-proportioned margins. The book contains numerous gelatin facsimiles of primitive prints of Manhattan, perfectly reproduced, and an attractive feature is the forty-six spellings of the word "Manhattan" as compiled from various early records. The binding is in old-blue paper boards, relieved by small corner tips and narrow strips of orange cloth at the joints, representing the official colours of "Old Manhattan." The book, as a whole, is representative of the workmanlike productions of Mr. Hopkins.

The limited editions which are being published periodically by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, under the supervision of Mr. Bruce Rogers, have been uniformly attractive, and the

*The Letters of Three Dutiful and Affectionate Rhode Island Children to their Honoured Parents. Boston: D. B. Updike, 1905.

†Manhattan in 1628, as described in the recently discovered autograph letter of Jonas Michaelius written from the Settlement on the 8th of August of that year, and now first published. With a review of the letter and an historical sketch of New Netherland to 1628. By Dingman Versteed. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1904.

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fact that they are exhausted on publication, is an indication of their value to discriminating collectors. A recent and representative example is the *Georgics of Virgil*,* a small octavo volume printed on a fine quality of Dickinson hand-made paper, in a handsome italic font, with swash capitals and decorative initials. The four books into which the volume is divided are embellished with decorative headings drawn in an antique style and printed in old-red. The title and text page are decidedly attractive in composition, and the consistent typographic style throughout is noticeable. The book is bound in half Italian parchment, with paper sides, and in this last particular is to be found some criticism, the figure design being of the paper representing the one unharmonious note, since the design has nouveau feeling rather than the old Italian tendency which would have been more in keeping with the contents. The book was published in an edition of three hundred and twenty-five copies.

Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana.† This book, which has been recently published by the same house, and which includes the Jefferson-Dunbar manuscript, is an interesting example of old-style composition. A slight criticism might be made of the use of the ornaments, in some instances as head-bands. As units, these are interesting in design, and where one design is used uniformly, as on page 5, they are most acceptable, but in other instances, where several designs alternate in the border, the effect is decidedly unpleasant. The composition of the label is worth speaking of, and, as a whole, the book represents the uniform excellence of such editions as these publishers are regularly bringing out.

Another volume recently published by this house which is most satisfactory in its simple typographical make-up and desirable for its contents is a *Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne*,* bound in smooth red cloth, with a paper label, and uniform with their complete edition of Hawthorne's Works. It is a thoroughly satisfactory and bookish production. The Bibliography was compiled by Miss Nina E. Brown, and represents the thoroughness of detail characteristic of the trained librarian. The book is comprehensively arranged, and the items for the most part very completely covered, so that the volume stands as a genuine contribution to bibliographical literature, and must prove invaluable to the Hawthorne student. The difficulty of establishing a consistent and pleasing style of typography for a volume of this character must be obvious even to the lay mind, and in the present volume this has been splendidly worked out. It is good to have the publisher's promise of future volumes covering the bibliography of other American writers of this period, and Miss Brown may congratulate herself upon having set an excellent standard for the volumes to follow.

*Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin into English by J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.

†Documents relating to the Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana. I. The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana. By Thomas Jefferson. II. The Exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers. By William Dunbar. Printed from the original manuscripts in the library of the American Philosophical Society, and by direction of the Society's Committee on Historical Documents. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.

*A Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Compiled by Nina E. Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Journal of Latrobe. By Benjamin Henry Latrobe.

Irregularly kept diaries covering only a very few years are the chief sources of information concerning the life of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the architect of the National Capitol at Washington. These notes include descriptions of Virginia, its people and its hospitality; of George Washington in his home at Mount Vernon; of Philadelphia, where Mr. Latrobe introduced the water-works and built the Bank of Pennsylvania; of the National Capitol; of his voyage to New Orleans; and of the city of New Orleans, its people and its customs. There are, also, chapters on Limitations of Louisiana and on Fragmentary Criticisms. The volume is well illustrated.

Outside the Law. By James Barnes.

Lorrimer, the hero, is an expert photographic etcher and engraver, who makes a livelihood by reproducing rare engravings and mezzotints so perfectly that the copy cannot be told from the original. The old German assistant, whose death has just occurred as the story opens, has been for some time forging thousand dollar bills. Robberies follow the forgery, and affairs have arrived at a crisis when the situation is saved by a woman.

The Century Company:

Zal. By Rupert Hughes.

A Polish pianist who comes, as a stranger and without money, to America is the central figure in this romance. The homesickness and sorrow of the Polish emigrants are of two kinds: when a man is homesick for the home to which he eventually intends to return, he calls it tesknota; but when he knows that he has broken all ties forever, there being neither a home to go to nor a relative to welcome him, and yet longs to go home—that is zal. The story tells how Ladislav Moniuszka wins both name and fame in New York, and how he secures Rose Hargrave for his wife, despite the fact that he has bitter odds to contend against.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

King Lear. By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

In this "First Folio" edition of "King Lear," which reproduces the text of 1623, and gives Shakespeare's original spelling and pronunciation, the editors have included explanatory notes, an introduction, a glossary, a list of variorum readings and selected criticism.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Tree Book. By Julia E. Rogers.

"A popular guide to a knowledge of the trees of North America and to their uses and cultivation." From the descriptions given by Miss Rogers in this manual, the novice may become familiar with the trees of this country; and from the instructions which are given for their care, the lover of trees may find some valuable suggestions. The sixteen plates in colour and one hundred and sixty in black and white from photographs by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, are no small addition to the book. These pictures show the bark, leaf, bud, flower and fruit of almost all the trees, and are of material aid in identifying the tree.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Charlotte Temple. A Tale of Truth. By Susanna Haswell Rowson. Edited by Francis W. Halsey.

"Reprinted from the rare first American edition (1794), over twelve hundred errors in later editions being corrected, and the preface restored." The editor has added an historical and biographical introduction to the book, a chapter on Montraville, a bibliography, etc.

The Grafton Press:

My Lady of the Search-Light. By Mary Hall Leonard.

The story which this verse tells is said to have been revealed to the author by the face of the Statue of Liberty during a moment's illumination by a searchlight from a vessel in New York harbour. The theme of the poem is womanhood in its relation to humanity.

Harper and Brothers:

The German Struggle for Liberty. Vol. IV. By Poultney Bigelow.

This volume records the notable events in Germany during the epoch from 1844 to 1848. It carries the history up to the re-birth of the national spirit, to the declaration of Frederick William IV., and the German National Assembly at Frankfort.

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Henry Holt and Company:

Animal Snapshots and How Made. By Silas A. Lottridge.

The author expresses the hope that this collection of sketches and pictures of birds and mammals, representing the work of several years, will extend the reader's interest in the animals about him. Among the mammals are descriptions of the woodchuck, skunk, raccoon, opossum, muskrat, fox, squirrel and mouse; the descriptions of birds include the robin, bluebird, chimney swift, bobolink, woodcock, crow, white wing, horned owl, screech owl and hawk. The illustrations are seventy in number.

John Lane and Company:

Great Japan. By Alfred Stead.

"A study of natural efficiency." The aim of this book is to give illustrations from the various sides of the national life in Japan, which show the advantageous effects to be derived from a universal and practical patriotism. The chapters discuss such subjects as: A Nation and Its Head, Ancestor-Worship, Education: the Foundation of the Nation, The Army and the Navy, The Position of Women, The Moral Question, etc. The Earl of Rosebery has written the foreword to the book.

The Macmillan Company:

The Girl with the Green Eyes. By Clyde Fitch.

This dramatic study of a jealous temperament is issued in a uniform edition with four other plays by the same author. The play is a familiar one to the theatre-going public.

American Painting. By Samuel Isham.

A new volume in "The History of American Painting" series, of which Professor John C. Van Dyke is the editor. In it Mr. Isham traces "the development of art in this country, showing the external influences that were brought to bear and how they were developed by the social conditions of America and the personality of the artists." In order that the surroundings in which these artists worked may be brought to mind, the author has given particular attention to the lives of some of the earlier painters. The volume, which makes a good appearance, contains twelve photogravures and one hundred and twenty-one half-tones.

The Life of Oliver Ellsworth. By William Garrott Brown.

In this study of a New England Federalist statesman and of New England life and civilisation, Mr. Brown says of the man who was once Chief Justice of our high court: "If any one man can be called the founder, not of that court only, but of the whole system of federal courts, which many think the most successful of the three departments of our government, Ellsworth is the man." A good deal of the information contained in this book has been gleaned from his letters and from near relatives.

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. By James Outram.

This book describes the Canadian Rockies, from Mount Assiniboine to Mount Columbia, a distance of more than a hundred miles. It also traces the history of this region from the first explorers seeking a way to the Pacific. Among the different points of interest with which Mr. Outram deals are: Lake Louise, Mt. Lefroy, the Yoho Valley, Mt. Forbes, Mt. Bryce, the Ottertail Group, etc. About fifty illustrations and three maps enhance the value of the book.

The Menace of Privilege. By Henry George, Jr.

"A study of the dangers to the Republic from the existence of a favoured class." The object of this work is "to show in a brief, suggestive way how privileges granted or sanctioned by government underlie the social and political, mental and moral manifestations that appear so ominous in the Republic." The work claims to make no outcry of pessimism; it is a word of warning and also of hope.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Australian Life in Town and Country. By E. C. Buley.

An additional volume in the "Asiatic Neighbours" series. Mr. Buley, who is an Australian journalist, shows how the Australia of the present differs from the Australia of years ago. Some of the topics discussed are: Country and Climate, Urban Australia, State Socialism and the Labour Party, Farm and Factory, Home and Social Life, etc. The volume is illustrated.

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Social Theories and Social Facts. By William Morton Grinnell.

In presenting his views on the subject of the economic and social conditions of to-day, the author enlarges upon the following suggestions: That we act in accord with nature, instead of trying to "re-create an impossible world, and to establish an artificial condition of life"; that we "execute the laws against concrete offenders when they pervert the interests of union and trust and harmony to their own ends," instead of legislating against abstractions; and that we come to realise that "the solution of the problems which confront us lies in the observance of the principles of religion and nature, and of laws which in their essence are as immutable as they are beneficial and wise."

Kate Greenaway. By M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard.

In this biographical and autobiographical sketch of Miss Greenaway's life and career, are extended references to her friendship with John Ruskin. Much of the correspondence between them is reproduced. Lord Tennyson was also included among her intimate friends, and Austin Dobson, George du Maurier, Princess Christian and the Empress Frederick among her many acquaintances. The book, which contains fifty-three full-page illustrations in colour and ninety sketches and full-page drawings in black and white, presents a very attractive appearance.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Irrational Knot. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. Wilson. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $5.00.
5. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $3.00.
5. Evangeline. Christy. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $3.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Perdita. Bayne. (Cole Book Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. (Century.) $7.50.
3. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. My Friend the Chauffeur. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Anonymous. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rose o' the River. Wilkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reckoning. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Debtor. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Woodcarver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Songs o' Cheer. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Spirit of Christmas. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 75c.
6. The Missourian. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. His Version of It. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Ballingtons. Squire. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Rose o' the River. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

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1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of Christmas. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 75c.
4. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $3.00.
5. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. 2 vols. (Century.) $7.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Louisiana. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
4. Yolanda. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Evangeline. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $3.00.
6. The Spirit of Christmas. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 75c.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Deluge. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.50.
6. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $3.00.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Ben Blair. Lillibridge. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rhode Island. Richman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
3. The Wood Fire in No. 3. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Pardoner's Wallet. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $3.00.
6. Animal Heroes. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. He and Hecuba. von Hutten. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Her Letter. Harte. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.
5. Loser's Luck. Jackson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Levantine Log Book. Hart. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $2.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Woodcarver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. A Sword of the Old Frontier. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month:

	POINTS
1. The House of Mirth. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50	183
2. The Conquest of Canaan. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50	163
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.	102
4. Nedra. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	64
5. The Gambler. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50	46
6. The Man of the Hour. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	34

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Don't Boil
Don't Soak
Don't Twist
Don't Use Soap
but DO use
Pearline
and use it in the
Pearline way

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All Woolens Need Pearline

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THE term "pagan" literally means *villager, rustic* or *barbarian*, and as used by Christians means an idolatrous or godless man—a heathen: A heathen means a *heather-man*, bushman or savage! Now consider the absurdity of applying this term *pagan* to the old Greek Philosophers, *Socrates, Plato* and *Aristotle*, three of the greatest minds in the history of religion, ethics and philosophy. These men were not rustics or barbarians and not *godless*, but eminently "godly," and represented the highest urban culture. In their works will be found the most exalted conceptions of God, the Soul, and a life of virtue. In the words of Socrates, 500 years before the New Testament was written, will be found a clearer statement of the doctrine of the immortal soul and its future states of probation, reward and punishment than can be found in any part of the Bible. And in Plato's Dialogues will be found a perfect statement of the Golden Rule, 400 B.C., and also a full statement of the modern utilitarian theory of ethics in terms identical with that given by our greatest modern evolutionist, Herbert Spencer. To get a true idea of "pagan" teachings and correct popular misconceptions, read vol. I of Evolution of Ethics by The Brooklyn Ethical Association, entitled *The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers*, 333 pages, 21 illustrations, including many portraits of the philosophers and a Life of Socrates.

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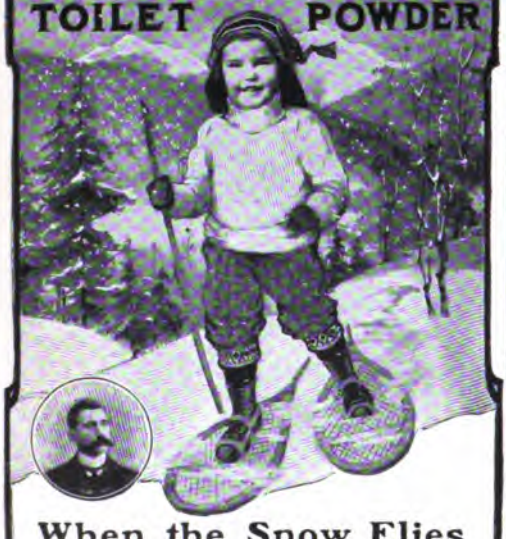
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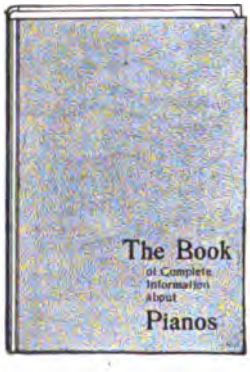
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Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	4,884,215.53
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	132,678.89
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	323,885.17
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	120,894.48
Other Claims,	317,611.87
Net Surplus,	**7,036,010.93**
Total Assets,	**$16,815,296.87**
Surplus as to Policy-Holders,	**$11,036,010.93**

LOSSES PAID IN EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS:

$102,847,801.66.

WM. B. CLARK, President.

W. H. KING, Secretary.

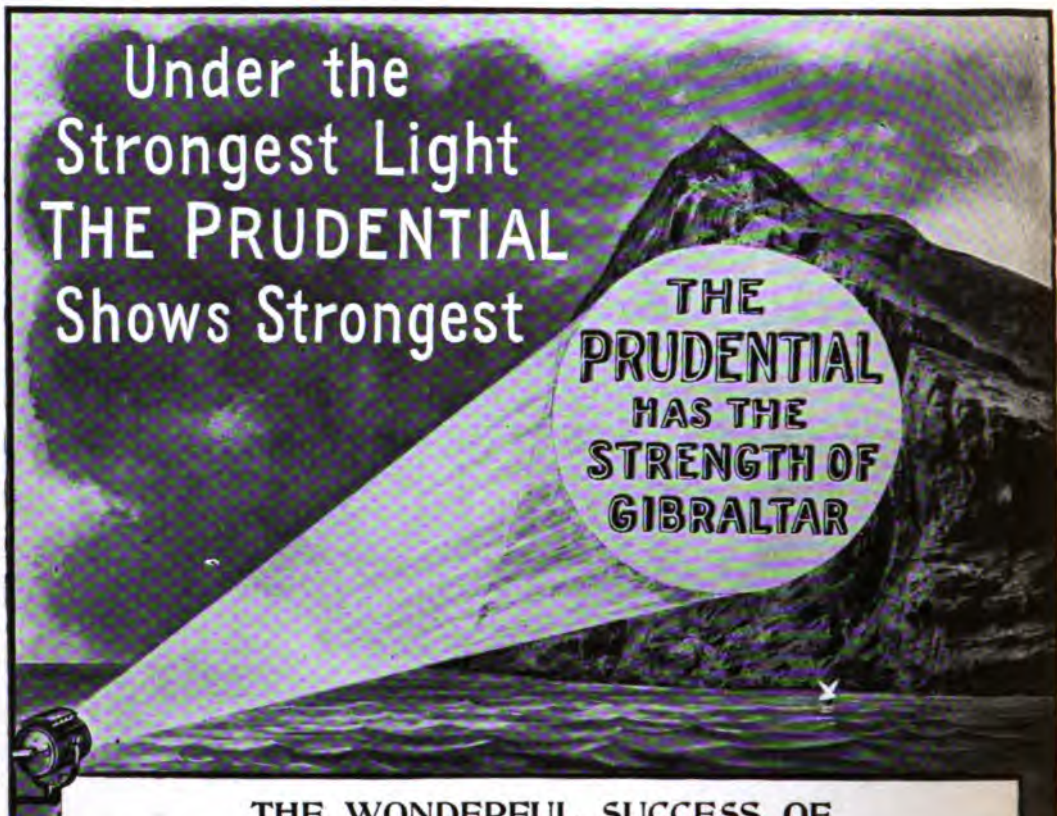
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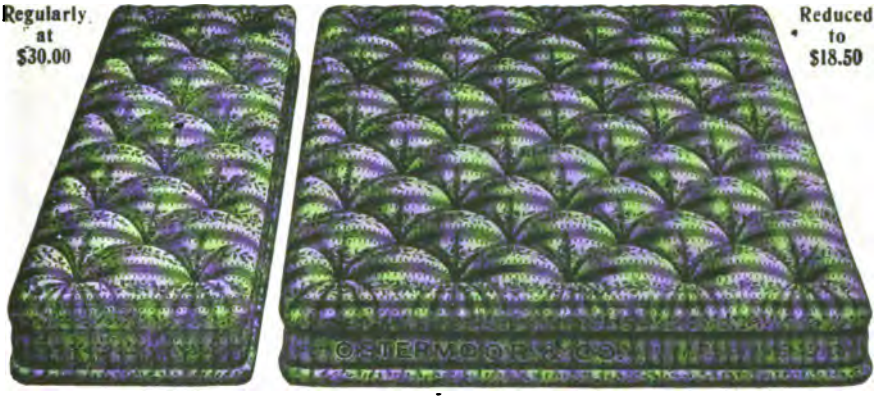
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, NEWARK, N.J.

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